



*The*  
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**KIPLING SOCIETY**



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## 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.1, will be open once a week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Please be sure to telephone before calling — HOLBORN 7597 — as the day is not always the same.

# THE KIPLING SOCIETY

## Forthcoming Meetings

### COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, 19th February, 1964, at 2.30 p.m.

### DISCUSSION MEETINGS

**Wednesday, January 22nd, 1964**, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House, Park Place, at 5.30 for 6.0 p.m.:—

A selection of Barrack Room Ballads will be read, to be followed by discussion.

**Wednesday, March 11th, 1964**, same place and time :—

*Captains Courageous* and *Kim* will be compared by Mr. P. W. Inwood, and a discussion will follow.

### SPECIAL NOTICE

At the suggestion of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London, our discussion in May 1964 will take the form of a joint meeting with them. The subject for discussion will be : The comparative influence on the youth of England exercised by Stalky & Co. and Sherlock Holmes.

The date will be Wednesday, 6th May. A more detailed notice will appear in the *Journal* for March 1964.

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## NEWS & NOTES

### HOPE HOUSE, SOUTHSEA

The hope was expressed in the last number of the *Journal* that some member would visit Southsea and send a description or even a photograph of Hope House, Somerset Place, 'the terrible little day-school' to which Kipling was sent by Mrs. Holloway during his last few years at Lorne Lodge. The attempt has been made by Mrs. M. Ryley — only to find that it is no longer standing.

It appears that the school building had been turned into a Dance Hall some thirty or more years ago, and that it was bombed during the last War. It stood empty and derelict for many years, but has recently been pulled down. At the moment a block of flats is being built on the site, and even Somerset Place itself has ceased to exist, the situation once so called being now merely a portion of one side of Green Street.

Perhaps a photograph of the school will turn up one day, now that it has been identified. It seems to have risen in the scholastic grade after the time when Kipling was there: his headmaster, Thomas Henry Vickery, held no degree and so cannot be traced among lists of University *Alumni*; but his successor, Edward M. Bewlay, took his B.A. at London University in 1882 and appears as 'M.A.' on the Southsea Rate Books in 1886. But any information about the school at any time during its career would be of interest.

### THE CIVIL AND MILITARY GAZETTE

After two false alarms, Kipling's paper has finally closed down. *The Times* announced that on September 3rd, 'the management today told the staff that there would be no further production of the paper from tomorrow.' It was founded in 1870 and was 'in its heyday in 1882' when Kipling was taken on by Stephen Wheeler 'nominally as Assistant Editor but in fact as general bottle washer.'

'*The Civil and Military Gazette* was soon compensated for its "over generous" salary to Kipling', wrote Josselyn Hennessy in *The Sunday Telegraph*, 'because in less than two years [after leaving India in 1889] he became a celebrity. Collectors demanded old proofs with his initials on them and copies of his original Indian paperback editions. The paper made as much out of this remnant-traffic as it had paid him in salary. There must be a score of Kipling's 'original' desks (large, old fashioned affairs with wooden balustrades) dotted about the United States, which *The Civil and Military Gazette* 'reluctantly' sold to grateful tourists.'

' But, Kipling apart, *The Civil and Military Gazette* made its own contribution to Anglo-Indian history and to independent India. Before the Government of India Act of 1935, India had no parliament, and, except for the Press, there was hardly any channel by which the desires or dissatisfactions of the people could find their way to those in supreme, irremovable authority. With the rest of the Anglo-Indian Press, *The Civil and Military Gazette* insisted on being heard. It fought the official idea that comments on the acts and policies of government was indecorous. It asserted the British subject's right of free speech. It knew that a timid or deferential newspaper, without political purpose or conviction, has no readers.

' By British standards Indian newspaper production is a 'cottage industry'. Circulations improve slowly with rising literacy, but often remain precariously small. The partition of India in 1947 dealt a severe blow to *The Civil and Military Gazette* by cutting it off from **half its old** area of circulation. That it survived another sixteen years in the service of Pakistan is a tribute to its tenacity.'

## B. H. WALTON

The query in the last number of the *Journal* about this Sussex friend of Kipling's has drawn no definite answer—except that the initials given in the Sotheby catalogue were quite correct, and he was not John Humphrey of Warbleton. For Mrs. M. B. Burns writes that she possesses a set of the red leather pocket edition—'incomplete, alas, which had been presented to B. H. Walton by Kipling. I bought it in a second-hand book shop in Eastbourne and was told it had been purchased from the original owners. Most of the books are merely signed by Kipling, who crossed out his printed name and then wrote it again in ink. However, *Plain Tales from the Hills* is inscribed :

To : B. H. Walton. s.y. Bantam

This Edition from the author :

Oct. '09.

*Rewards and Fairies* is inscribed (in a larger, more flowing hand)

B. H. Walton from  
his friend the Author  
Oct. 1910

Both books are signed, like all the others, by crossing out the printed name and re-writing it in ink.'

Any further information about Mr. Walton would be welcome.

[Having read the above in proof, Mrs. Bambridge writes :—

' B. H. Walton was a long-standing friend of Rudyard Kipling. He lived at Cawsand in Cornwall, where he had a small steam yacht called "The Bantam".

' The Kiplings sometimes stayed at Cawsand (about 1909 and 1910) spending long days in this yacht "whiffing for mackerel". Mrs. Kipling and Elsie were less enthusiastic about the expeditions than R.K. and John! ]

### KIPLING AND MUSIC HALL SONGS

There have been many replies to the query about 'Who were you with last night?' which is mentioned on p. 47 of *Sea Warfare*, the fullest and most comprehensive of which, that from Sir John Dodd, appears in the 'Letter Bag' section of the present *Journal*. Letters about this song were also received from Professor Carrington, Mr. W. G. B. Maitland, Mr. Barclay Leechman, Mr. W. P. Chambers and the Hon. Secretary — to all of whom we are most grateful. Mr. P. W. Inwood, besides offering to sing the song on request, also writes of another which is mentioned by Kipling that so far has not been traced to its source: 'The Strict Q.T.' which Pyecroft mentions in 'The Bonds of Discipline': 'The phrase was popular in speech about 1900', writes Mr. Inwood, and suggests that the song is mentioned in Christopher Pulling's *They Were Singing*. Perhaps any member who has access to this book will look for it there.—together with any others which are quoted or mentioned by Kipling and have not so far been traced. For example: 'She is coming, sister Mary', and 'Aaron and Moses' (*Stalky & Co.*, pp. 84 and 186); \* 'The Sentry Box' and 'Oh, it's weary waiting for Mary' (*Soldiers Three*, pp. 73 and 74), and the song mentioned in the first sentence of 'Badalia Herodsfoot'. And there are many more.

### COTTAR'S MARCHING SONG

It has usually been assumed that the marching song in 'The Brushwood Boy' (*The Day's Work*, p. 383) was written by Kipling. It runs:

'E's goin' to do without 'em —  
 Don't want 'em any more;  
 E's going to do without 'em,  
 As 'e's often done before,  
 E's goin' to be a martyr  
 On a 'ighly novel plan,  
 An' all the boys and girls will say,  
 'Ow! What a nice young man — man — man!  
 Ow! What a nice young man!'

This, however, seems to be disproved by a parody published in *Punch*, 31 March 1883, occurring in a prose dialogue 'Distribution dealing with the new Bankruptcy Bill, which goes:

We're going to do without 'em,  
 Don't want 'em any more;  
 We're going to do without 'em,  
 As lots have done before.  
 To deal with Commerce " on the square "  
 On a *very* moral plan,  
 And every noodle will declare,  
 "I am an honest man!"

It appears evident from this that the anonymous author in *Punch* was parodying, or adapting to his own purposes, an existing and presumably well known song — the very one which Kipling *quotes* in 'The Brushwood Boy'.

Here is another 'searcher' for our readers: What are the correct words of the original song? What was it called? Who wrote it and when? And when was it first published?

## KIPLING CRITICISM

Mr. J. I. M. Stewart's *Eight Modern Writers* (reviewed on page 18), which includes a study of Kipling, has been the cause of several references to Kipling by critics on their own account. It is sad to find how out of date they still are, and how ignorant of all recent Kipling criticism. Thus the anonymous reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement* (30 August 1963) who deals with Mr. Stewart's book at great length seems to take it for granted that *Kim* was Kipling's last work of any importance.

'With Kipling, for whom his sympathy is understandably imperfect, chronology is of little help in as much as the development, such as it is, is almost entirely without either psychological or literary significance. Kipling was born fully armed with imagination and technique: if he never lost the latter, the same cannot be said of the former. Successive summaries of his basically similar stories and verses do not assist the reader much, and may induce tedium . . .

'For all he admires Kipling's artistic dedication, his "brilliant historical imagination", and his technique, Mr. Stewart does not really like him. What he most dislikes in him, to judge by the emphasis laid on them, are the adolescent and sadistic elements that are wholly alien to James. Yet of the eight writers discussed, Kipling above all needs to be judged in the context of his period. Most of his best work was written by 1902. It is difficult for a latter-day liberal, and has been for nearly half a century, to stomach the *crudites* served up by a journalistic, jingoistic, Anglo-Indian champion of, simultaneously, the British *raj*; of an officer (and officer's wife) code that put class and regiment above humanity, let alone patriotism; of a warrant-officer code based on blarney and the buckle-end of a belt; of the absent-minded, Fuzzy-bashing tommy; and a Fuzzy — brutalised or sentimentalised—himself. But Kipling, however much his admirers and detractors may have misunderstood him at the time — and he was too equivocal to make for easy understanding — was acceptable at the time as a recognisable expression of the time.'

## ODDS AND ENDS

If any further proof were wanted of the genuineness of the *Letters to Guy Paget*, it is supplied by the fact that Kipling's own copy, still in the possession of his daughter, bears an inscription to him from Paget.

A rare Kipling item, 'Sons of the Suburbs', which seems never to have been collected, was offered for sale by Bertram Rota of Vigo Street, W.1, for £25. 'This copy', says the catalogue, 'has been neatly folded and bears notes in the hand of Kipling's friend, J. B. Booth, editor of *The Pink-Un*. It appears to have been tipped into a book and slightly damaged when removed . . . This poem was submitted by Kipling for the Christmas, 1916, number of *Blighty*. The management committee asked Kipling to tone down a reference to clergymen's daughters and gin. Kipling refused and withdrew the poem.' There are said to be about half-a-dozen copies extant, being single 'proof' sheets.

The set of the Sussex Edition belonging to the late Norman Croom-Johnson, sometime member of the Council of the Kipling Society, was sold recently in one of Messrs. Hodgson's sales for £370 — which is believed to be the record price so far.

It would be interesting to know how many sets of the Sussex Edition there are in existence. Charles Morgan suggests in *The House of Macmillan* (1943), p. 152, that the majority of the 525 sets were destroyed in the Blitz. The sets were numbered, and assuming that they were sold in numerical order, it might be possible to arrive at some rough idea if members would send in the numbers of sets of which they have any knowledge. My own is No. 21; the President's is No. 102; that at Bateman's is No. 158, and the one in the Library of the Kipling Society is No. 271.

An occasional volume is still added to the Library at Bateman's. Mrs. Newton writes that while she was in charge of Kipling's study three of our American members presented books : Mr. Charles Lesley Ames gave Lockwood Kipling's *Beast and Man in India*; Professor A. W. Yeats a copy of Charles Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work*, and Professor Morton N. Cohen his biography of *Rider Haggard*.

R.L.G.

## HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Mrs. A. R. Cornwell, Hon. Secretary of our Victoria (B.C.) Branch, has sent the following interesting note :—

'We completed our 1962-63 season in May, having held eight meetings. Attendances were good. The May meeting was the 30th anniversary of the founding of the Branch, and the programme was a résumé of our activities through the years, including 243 monthly meetings and 25 annual dinners in honour of Kipling's birthday.'

We send our heartiest congratulations to this splendid Branch. May they now have started on 30 more years of equal success.

A.E.B.P.

### NEW MEMBERS :

We heartily welcome the following NEW MEMBERS, recently enrolled: *SOUTH AFRICA*: C. N. Hampshire. *VICTORIA BRANCH*: Mrs. L. Newsom. *U.S.A.*: Dr. Nancy Thornton, R. Farrell, G. G. Klein, California University Libraries (Los Angeles and San Diego).

## KIPLING IN AUSTRALIA

by J. B. Primrose

KIPLING was in Australia from 12th November 1891 when he arrived in Melbourne on the *S.S. Talune* from Bluff, till 25th November when he sailed from Adelaide in the P. & O. liner, *S.S. Valetta*. Most of the time was spent in Melbourne but we have not much information about his doings. In general the details of the visit to Australia are not easy to determine, and *Something of Myself* is not an authoritative guide. Apart from placing the Australian visit before the visit to New Zealand, Kipling says (p. 97) 'The leading paper [i.e. of Melbourne] offered me the most distinguished honour of describing the Melbourne Cup, but I had reported races before, and knew it was not in my line.' According to the Melbourne newspapers, the Cup race was run in 1891 on November 3rd, and on that day Kipling was still in New Zealand, at Christchurch. It is quite possible, of course, that he had been invited by telegram or otherwise to report the race, but the reason he gives for his refusal is not his inability to be present. He also speaks of a visit to Sir *Edward Grey* in Hobart, Tasmania. He actually met Sir *George Grey* in Auckland.

While in Melbourne Kipling stayed at the Oriental Hotel, where, on the Thursday, the day of his arrival, he had a long talk with a reporter from the *Argus* about his travels in America and in New Zealand. Although he praised New Zealand in general, he had a few caustic remarks to make about the inhabitants. He had never before been in a country, he said, where people talked so much about work, and did so little. Politics played too large a part in their lives, and there were far too many members of parliament for such a small country. He was much disgusted in Dunedin at hearing how the unemployed were being paid 9/- a day, instead of being put to work in clearing tussock land. In Melbourne on the Thursday evening he visited the Austral Salon where he was present at a lecture given by the Government geologist. On the following day he was the guest at a reception given in his honour again at the Austral Salon. On the evening of the same day he left for Sydney by the evening express, and arrived there on the morning of Saturday, 14th November. He remained there till the evening of Monday the 16th when he sailed on the *S.S. Valetta* for Melbourne.

The *Sydney Mail* of November 21st, five days after Kipling had left, published a survey of his work under the heading Literature. It was a somewhat lengthy comparison of Kipling with Bret Harte. All that was said of Kipling's visit to Sydney may be quoted. 'Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose portrait appears on another page, reached Sydney on Saturday and departed for Colombo by the *Valetta* on Monday. Not much notice was taken, if any, of his arrival; not because we are not

interested as a people in the personality of prominent writers, or that the literary fame of our visitor was unknown to us, but simply because the visit was so brief.' The portrait referred to was the reproduction of a studio portrait by Elliott and Fry, London, displaying the spectacles and drooping moustache by which Kipling was generally recognized in the Antipodes. All that he himself says about Sydney is that 'it was populated by leisured multitudes all in their shirt-sleeves, and all pick-nicking all the day.' From which we may infer that he had spent some time on one or other of the famous beaches.

One incident connected with Sydney was reported in New Zealand papers. A telegram from Sydney, dated 17th November, announced that : 'in consequence of information received from India, Mr. Rudyard Kipling cut short his Australasian tour, and sailed for India yesterday.' Nowhere is any reason given for this sudden recall, but Kipling seems to have acted on it, although he also scattered abroad vague hints about various other plans. His return to Melbourne in the *Valetta* was noted by the *Argus* on November 19th. The report continues : 'Mr. Kipling is on a purely holiday trip, and his movements, to use his own expression, are 'pretty much mixed'. He may go on by the *Valetta* on Saturday, or he may not. He may stop a few days in Melbourne, or he may, at a few hours notice, set off for some other corner of the globe. In any case, he intends to visit Samoa, but he has not made up his mind whether the visit will be a prolongation of his Australasian trip, or whether he will make a run 'home' first, and visit Samoa on some other occasion.'

The newspapers record only two engagements during this visit to Melbourne, one on Wednesday, 18th November when he visited the 'Cake Fair' in the Town Hall, and the other at the Yorick Club on Saturday, 21st November, when he was entertained to supper, and 'a number of gentlemen representing the stage, the press, the fine arts, and the various professions took part in the festivities. The toast, 'The Guest of the Evening', was received with great enthusiasm, and responded to by Mr. Kipling in an interesting and humorous speech.' Somewhat contradictory accounts exist regarding the remainder of the stay in Melbourne. The shipping news in the *Argus* of 23rd November gives Kipling's name as a passenger on the *SS. Valetta* when she sailed for Adelaide on the 21st. On the other hand the *Adelaide Advertiser* (26th November) reports that Kipling 'arrived from Melbourne by the express on Wednesday morning, and at once took train for Largs Bay to join the *Valetta*.' Here he met again 'General' Booth, and sailed for Colombo that day. Nothing is recorded in Melbourne for the dates 22nd 23rd and 24th November, but there was considerable interest taken in a rumour which spread through Melbourne that Kipling's engagement to Florrie Garrard had been announced. The story originated in a letter written by a lady in England to a friend in Victoria as a quite casual remark, but it was soon worked up into a good tale. It was recalled that a brother of Florrie had once worked in a Melbourne Bank, and the *Argus* contributor produced quite a striking parallelism between Florrie Garrard and Kipling, and Maisie and Dick Helder in *The Light that Failed*. It was pointed out 'that Miss Garrard's favourite plaything was a revolver, with which she used to practise on winter mornings at

Beckenham, firing at a snowman across the garden, while Maisie's pet toy was the little pin-fire weapon that plays its part in the opening pages of *The Light that Failed*. If the coincidence is fortuitous, it is one of the most extraordinary in fiction.' The Christchurch paper thought that this was all in very doubtful taste, and even the Melbourne correspondent admitted that these yarns were to be taken with a large pinch of salt. It was also remarked that no one had ventured to question Kipling as to the truth or otherwise of the rumour. In Christchurch people were puzzled to know why Kipling left Australia so suddenly, and 'fled in glad haste to a warmer clime.'

Since writing the account of Kipling's visit to New Zealand (*K.J.*, March 1963), a further difficulty has become apparent. In the form of a query, 'Did Kipling actually see Pelorus Jack (*S. of M.* p. 99)? If so, when and where? He says . . . 'at Wellington, I was met, precisely where warned to expect him, by 'Pelorus Jack,' the big white-marked shark, who held it his duty to escort shipping up the harbour.' To begin with Pelorus Jack was a greyish dolphin about fourteen feet long. Its sex was never determined, and between 1888 and 1912 he was frequently seen in a stretch of water off Admiralty Bay which lies between the deeply indented mainland and D'Urville Island, from the Chetwode Islands to Cape Point. Pelorus Sound from which Jack's name was taken is to the South (approximately) of Admiralty Bay. In this area between 1888, when he was first seen, and 1912 after which no substantial records of his appearance exist, so far as is known, he used to appear at the bows of steamers, leap out of the water in front of them, sometimes rubbing himself against the side of the ship, and accompany them for about six miles, to or from the entrance to French Pass. Kipling was twice in Cook's Strait (between the North and South Islands) first on 18th October, 1891, when he arrived at Wellington in the *S.S. Doric* from Cape Town and on 2nd November, in the *SS. Talune* when he left Wellington for Bluff and Melbourne, but the normal courses of ships on these runs did not take them near Pelorus Jack's habitat. Besides this, apart from Kipling's statement, Pelorus Jack was never seen in Wellington Harbour, and was only rarely seen, and that just shortly before he disappeared, anywhere except in his usual area. It was in an N.Z.B.C. broadcast on Pelorus Jack in December 1962 that I first learned that Kipling and others as well had not given Pelorus Jack's location correctly. If Kipling had visited either Picton or Nelson on the South Island from Wellington by ship he could have seen Pelorus Jack, but in no Wellington, Picton, or Nelson newspaper has any reference to such a visit been found on dates on which a visit was possible. Kipling's account of Pelorus Jack was so circumstantial that it did not occur to me to examine it, and I was not familiar with the details of Pelorus Jack's habits at that time.

I cannot answer my question whether Kipling actually saw Pelorus Jack, but on the other hand, I have come to the conclusion that although Kipling's memory of his long-past visit to New Zealand and Australia was hazy and often inaccurate, when he wrote *Something of Myself* about forty-five years later, there is usually a substratum of fact in what he remembers, and we shall have to leave it at that.

## KIPLING IM VERMONT

by Donald L. Hill

### II

As for his attitude toward Americans, once we come to appreciate the frequency and trenchancy of his attacks on them during his Vermont period, it will be hard for us to think that any great change occurred, in 1896. The evidence Wilson gives to show Kipling's enthusiasm for America comes almost entirely from his letters to the Allahabad *Pioneer*<sup>8</sup>, written during his first trip across the country in 1889. These letters disparage perhaps as much as they praise: they attack especially the general lawlessness and violence of life in the western regions, the carelessness and haphazardness (which Kipling thought reflected a low regard for human life), the political ignorance and corruption which passed as glorious democracy, and the increasingly dominant influence of lately come immigrants over the older elements of the population. Other passages show that Kipling found a promise for the future in the 'American spirit', a compound of boldness, practical ingenuity, generosity, and good humour. Two years later in London he and Wolcott Balestier illustrated this spirit concretely in Nick Tarvin, the hero of *The Naulahka*<sup>9</sup>. Contrasted favourably with the stagnated Rajputs among whom he has his adventures, and even with the Anglo-Indian officials, who are represented in this book as exhausted and ineffectual, Tarvin is meant to recommend American optimism, hustle, and humane feeling. (The English reviewers saw what the authors innocently overlooked — that Tarvin's principles are those of a buccaneer.) But Tarvin is a crudely made deduction from the 'American spirit' rather than a distillation of any adequate experience of Americans. During Kipling's Vermont period, although his concern with the 'American spirit' and the ideal promise of America persisted, there was always a gulf between America as he conceived it and America as he observed it. The society which came under his direct observation in the 1890's repeatedly aroused his disgust and inspired him to ridicule. Before considering Kipling's direct reactions to American life in the 1890's, however, it is worth while to remember that his faith in America's future came to be matched by an affection for some phases of her past — especially that of New England. This affection was aroused chiefly, perhaps, by his friend Dr. James Conland, the family physician, whose acquaintance he made when Josephine was born in 1892. Conland had served during his youth in the Gloucester fishing fleet. His special knowledge of cod fishing led to Kipling's writing *Captains Courageous*<sup>10</sup>, essentially a very full 'feature story' on fishing off the Grand Banks. But it was more than this: as Kipling remarked forty years after, 'the book was not all reportage. I wanted to see if I could catch and hold something of a

8. Revised and collected in *From Sea to Sea*, 1899.

9. First published in *Century Magazine*, November, 1891 to July, 1892.

10. Serial publication of this book began in November, 1896, just after Kipling had left America.

rather beautiful localised American atmosphere that was already beginning to fade<sup>11</sup>. It has often been remarked that the book shows cod fishing as it was in the '60's and 70's, at the end of the sailing era, rather than as it was in Kipling's time, and doubtless this is so because Conland was interested in reconstructing his own youth rather than with giving Kipling the latest information on the fishing industry. Under Conland's guidance, at any rate, Kipling eagerly hunted out old wharves, old sailors' eating houses, old boats, old charts, and old tales. His sympathetic response to whatever traces he encountered of an older, more 'authentic' New England than that of the 1890's was encouraged also by Charles Eliot Norton, long a friend of the family. When Kipling saw Norton in Boston during the summer of 1893, Norton spoke lovingly 'of Emerson and Wendell Holmes and Longfellow and the Alcotts and other influences of the past . . .' He told a story of 'the middle or late 'Seventies' about an elderly farmer who, while watering horses for Norton and another professor, corrected the two learned gentlemen as to the source of a quotation which one of them had ascribed to Montaigne. "'Tweren't Montaigne said that'," remarked the old farmer. "'Twere Mon-tes-ki-ew'. And 'twas." But the golden age of well-read farmers, as of old-style fishermen, had passed away, and 'Norton himself, full of forebodings as to the future of his land's soul, felt the established earth sliding under him, as horses feel coming earth tremors'.<sup>12</sup>

Enough has been said to suggest that Kipling responded far more sympathetically to America's past and future than he did to her present. What impressions of America did he record during his Vermont period? At the outset he was entranced by the physical features of a world entirely new to him. He arrived in Vermont with Caroline for a brief visit in February, 1892. The snow was deep, the temperature about zero, the sleighs whirled across the snow with the sound of tiny bells. On this first visit he was fascinated by the unfamiliar life of the Vermonters and by the back-country sights: 'a wood-sledge drawn by two shaggy red steers, the unbarked logs diamond-dusted with snow, shouldered down the road in a cloud of frosty breath.'<sup>13</sup> He took an interest in the farmers' winter activities — taking care of stock, hauling logs for firewood, producing maple sugar according to the traditional ritual. 'It was all as new and delightful,' he wrote, 'as the steady "scrunch" of the snowshoes and the dazzling silence of the hills' (XIX, 12).

He nevertheless concluded immediately that the natives of Vermont lived very narrow lives. The villagers spent their days in an atmosphere of 'chicken suppers' and 'church sociables' on terms of 'terrifying intimacy'. Brattleboro had little direct intercourse with strangers, 'but it knows everything, and much more also, that goes on among them. Their dresses, their cattle, their views, the manners of their children, their attitude towards their servants, and every conceivable thing, is re-

11. 'Something of Myself,' *Works*, XXIV, 447.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 444.

13. 'In Sight of Monadnock,' *Works*, XII, 7-8 (first published in the *Times* and the *New York Sun*, April 11, 1892). The other quotation in this and the next paragraph are taken from the same source.

ported, digested, discussed, and rediscussed up and down Main Street' (XIX, 9). In the villages, life ran smoothly enough on the surface, but underneath, he saw. there was much to write, 'if it were worth while', about the local 'hatreds and troubles and jealousies'. On the farm life was desperately hard, all the young people having gone West. 'When the children depart, the old man and the old woman strive to hold things together without help, and the woman's portion is work and monotony. Sometimes she goes mad to an extent which appreciably affects statistics and is put down in census reports. More often, let us hope, she dies'<sup>14</sup>.

If Kipling thought village and farm life in Vermont dismal at first sight, he was utterly disgusted with life in New York. While he and Mrs. Kipling were lingering there before starting West for Japan in the spring of 1892, he denounced the city crushingly as 'a long narrow pig-trough . . . the shiftless outcome of squalid barbarism and reckless extravagance'<sup>15</sup>. Its paving, its police, and its sanitary arrangements were 'grotesquely bad'. The city was littered with filth, trash, and building materials. Its administration was hopelessly corrupt, lawlessness having been 'ingrained by governors among the governed during the last thirty, forty, or it may be fifty years . . .' The city was run by aliens; it was, in fact, 'a despotism of the alien by the alien for the alien, tempered with occasional insurrections for the decent folk'. But corrupt politicians were not entirely to blame, for they found in the city 'a people made to their hand—a lav/less breed ready to wink at one evasion of the law if they themselves profit by another . . .' There was 'a brutal levity of the public conscience in regard to public duty' and 'a reckless disregard for human life, bred by impotent laws and festered by familiarity with needless accidents and criminal neglect . . .' These were the national sins that had led to the Civil War, 'the most bloody war of the century, caused in a peaceful land by long temporizing with lawlessness, by letting things slide, by shiftlessness and blind disregard for all save the material need of the hour, till the hour long conceived and let alone stood up full-armed, and men said, 'Here is an unforeseen crisis', and killed each other in the name of God for four years'.

These opinions, uttered in 1892, were not new with Kipling then; they are much like those he had reported to *The Pioneer* in 1889. The thing that most struck him in New York was something he had mocked before: the foolish optimism and the extravagant self-congratulation of Americans. Criticism of New York they construed as 'malevolent attacks against the spirit and majesty of the great American people'. The slovenly state of the city they explained in terms complimentary to themselves, with appeals to the 'Spirit of Democracy' or to 'the future of this great and growing country', 'The freest people in the world'

14. Cf. 'Something of Myself,' *Works*, XXIV, 437: 'What might have become characters, powers, and attributes perverted themselves in that desolation as cankered trees throw out branches akimbo, and strange faiths and cruelties, born of solitude to the edge of insanity, flourished like lichen on sick bark.' ('Something of Myself' was written late in Kipling's life and left unfinished at his death in 1936.)
15. 'Across a Continent,' *Works*, XIX, 19 (first published in the *Times* and the *New York Sun*, May 4, 1892). This article is my source for all of Kipling's comments on New York.

considered themselves above criticism. It was long before the Balestier episode that Kipling wrote :

There is nothing more delightful than to sit for a strictly limited time with a child who tells you what he means to do as a man; but when that same child, loud-voiced, insistent, unblushingly eager for praise, but thin-skinned as the most morbid of hobbleddehoys, stands about all your ways telling you the same story in the same voice, you begin to yearn for something made and finished — say Egypt and a completely dead mummy (XIX, 21).

Obviously, though the American spirit might be a fine thing in the abstract, its opinion of itself in contemporary America was infuriating.

When he and Mrs. Kipling turned back from Japan and took up residence in Vermont, he apparently found no reason to soften the severity of his earlier criticisms. In 'A Song of the English', when Mother England speaks to her colonial sons, saying : 'Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways, Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise'<sup>16</sup>, is she not thinking of the American way, which was 'to thrust a piece of half-hanged municipal botch-work under the nose of the alien [Kipling in this case] as a sample of perfected effort?'<sup>17</sup> Elsewhere in the same poem (as it was published in England in 1893) appeared the following quatrain, as if spoken to England by Quebec:

From my grey scarp I watch with scornful eyes  
Ignoble broil of Freedom most unfree.  
Fear nothing, Mother. Where the carcass lies  
That unclean Bird must be.<sup>18</sup>

One is reminded of his sarcastic references in 'Across a Continent' to Americans as 'the freest people in the world' and of other still earlier expressions of contempt for American political cant. 'That Unclean Bird' is perhaps the rapacious immigrant, who, in Kipling's view, was then despoiling the rich carcass of indigenous America, perhaps the native American himself consuming the continent. The story 'Judson and the Empire'<sup>19</sup>, though it contains no explicit reference to America, is another work of interest here because of its contention that a typical democracy is so sensitive about its own dignity that it will defend it

16. *Works*, XXVI, 13 (first published in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, May, 1893).
17. 'Across a Continent,' *Works*, XIX, 21.
18. *English Illustrated Magazine*, X (May, 1893), S37. Among other changes made in this poem before its publication in *The Seven Seas* in 1896, this stanza was omitted, for reasons which Kipling does not give. Though it would have been one of the most harshly worded anti-American passages in the book, there is no reason to think that by 1896 he had changed the views implied in it; indeed, the poem 'An American,' also included in *The Seven Seas*, has passages fully as harsh which imply the same views. Perhaps, since *The Seven Seas* was to be sold in the American market, Kipling thought Quebec might not enjoy being represented in this scornful posture.
19. First published in the collection *Many Inventions*, 1893. The story deals with military brushes between the Portuguese and the troops of Rhodes' British South Africa Company; it was probably planned and possibly written in 1890-91, when these brushes occurred. But its antidemocratic passages were allowed to stand in 1893.

recklessly, even to the point of endangering international peace. The international disputes of a democracy 'end in the common people, who have no dignity, shouting the common abuse of the street, which also has no dignity, across the seas in order to vindicate their new dignity. The consequences may or may not be war; but the chances do not favour peace' (V, 387). A monarchy, on the other hand, remains dignified, according to Kipling, because all the kings and queens of Europe are 'one large family' who understand each other and who settle their differences by quiet talk. In general, only a monarchy can be 'a civilised land which is really governed' (V, 387). *The Jungle Books* do not mention America either, but it seems obvious that in at least two passages he had America in mind. In the first, Akela, the old leader of the wolf-pack, has, for some time been deposed, but the pack has not fared well. Many wolves, through lack of wise and steady leadership, have eaten bad food and fallen ill, or been trapped or shot. The pack, finally tired of running without a leader pleads with Akela and Mowgli ill council meeting, saying :

'Lead us again, O Akela. Lead us again, O Man-cub, for we be sick of this lawlessness, and we would be the Free People once more.'

'Nay,' purred Bagheera, 'that may not be. When ye are full-fed the madness may come upon ye again. Not for nothing are ye called the Free People. Ye fought for freedom, and it is yours, Eat it, O Wolves.'<sup>20</sup>

The *Bandar-log* are more contemptible in the eyes of the jungle folk than even Americans could have been to Kipling. Nevertheless they show in exaggerated forms some of the chief characteristics which Kipling had already attributed to Americans. They have no sense of law and no effective leadership; they are infirm of purpose but sensitive to criticism; their behaviour is capricious and undignified. They are addicted to a childish sort of boasting : 'they were always just going to have a leader, and laws and customs of their own, but they never did, because their memories would not hold over from day to day, and so they compromised things by making up a saying : 'What the *Bandar-log* think now the Jungle will think later,' and that comforted them a great deal.'<sup>21</sup> In some other respects they do not resemble Americans, but in view of Kipling's previously published comments on the American character, it seems impossible that he was not thinking of Americans while characterizing the *Bandar-log*.<sup>22</sup>

Kipling's criticism of contemporary America was thus, up through the *Jungle Books*, overwhelmingly hostile. It is surprising to find that he had retained his faith in the 'American spirit,' but it appears again unmistakably in the poem 'An American,'<sup>23</sup> which was an attempt to

20 'Tiger ! Tiger !', *Works*, XI, 109 (first published in *St. Nicholas*, February, 1894).

21 'Kaa's Hunting,' *Works*, XI, 38-39 (first published in *To-day*, March 31 and April 7, 1894).

22. G. M. Young says in the *DNB* : . . . his impressions of American society gave edge to the *Jungle Book* story of the *Bandarlog*.'

23. First published (with an additional stanza) in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 27, 1894, under the title 'As It Strikes a Contemporary.'

explain the American character to baffled Englishmen. The occasion of the poem was the great railway strike of 1894, which led in Chicago to serious riots and destruction of property. The poem shows the paradoxical character of Kipling's view of America: his persistent faith in the 'American spirit' and his conviction that the spirit was mocked by the contemporary reality. Here may be read the familiar charges that the American is a sloven who has come to be dominated by alien slovens (11.13-16), that by his actions he makes nonsense of his anti-monarchical and antimilitary professions (11. 17-22)<sup>24</sup> that he holds human life in low regard (1.23, 1.39), that his interests are trivial (11. 23-24), that he brings riots and even wars upon himself through his own lawlessness (11.29-32), that he is regarded by Europe with shocked disfavour (1.40), and that he is unimpressed by his own shortcomings (11.53-54). But the flaws in his character are not fatal. He will be saved by the boldness of his spirit (11.46-48, 50-52) and by his capacity for meeting his problems with a light heart. Even so, a national spirit may be trusted to take generations, if not centuries, to fulfill itself in the life of the nation, and Kipling implies that no immediate relief is in sight.

Kipling tells the English here that the American is a strange and contradictory creature of a sort not easily understood in Europe (11. 41-44). This is a significant theme. If the English and the Americans had developed so far along divergent paths that they had become incomprehensible to each other, if East was East and West was West, then perhaps Kipling must make his choice. A concern with the similarities between the two peoples would suggest that he regarded choosing between them as unimportant, but his concern with the difference suggests that he had come to feel the difficulty of straddling the seas. In this connection the story 'An Error in the Fourth Dimension'<sup>25</sup> is very important, for its theme is the utter inability of the American and the Englishman to understand each other. A young American, Wilton Sargent, rich enough so that he does not have to work, finds that public sentiment in America will not allow him to forgo the business life, but presses him to 'go to the office daily, as his father had before him.' Hoping to live his own life, he goes to England, buys a fine old house, and 'with the versatility of his race' sets out to be 'just a little more English than the English.' He finds with relief that in England no one pries into his personal affairs, that servants and business agents care for his possessions quietly and discreetly, and that life is conducted in a more orderly way than in America. He succeeds in acquiring the outward characteristics of an Englishman, though basically, of course, he is no more English than Wali Dad or Grish Chunder De, M.A. One night, to settle an argument of no great importance, he finds it desirable to run up to London. Since his family owns American railroads and he has always been used to taking liberties with trains, he innocently flags the Great Buchonian 'three-forty Northern up'. He is thrown off the

24. Cf. 'Judson and the Empire,' *Works*, V, 387: 'A true democracy has a large contempt for all other lands that are governed by Kings and Queens and Emperors . . . All it regards is its own dignity, which is its King, Queen, and Knave . . . The chances do not favour peace.'

25. First published in *Cosmopolitan*, December, 1894.

train and jailed for the night, but this is not the end of his troubles. The whole administrative staff of the railroad floods him with correspondence, asking for detailed written explanations, begging him to take up the matter through his legal counsel, assuring him that a court ruling on the duties of express trains in such crises must be obtained at once in order to protect the Queen's subjects from further interference with schedules. The railroad is a symbol of the sacred routine of British life. Not disturbed, it operates without commotion behind the scenes; its disturbance sets everyone in a flutter. When Sargent reveals that he thinks five minutes talk with the president of the railroad will suffice to settle the whole difficulty, the railroad decides that it is dealing with a madman. Changing its tactics, it tries to wheedle him into building at the edge of his estate a wall that will keep him off the railroad's property. Sargent himself gets thoroughly exasperated and in his excitement becomes once again an American.

There was no chance now of mistaking the man's nationality. Speech, gesture, and step, so carefully drilled into him, had gone away with the borrowed mask of indifference. It was a lawful son of the Youngest People, whose predecessors were the Red Indian. His voice had risen to the high throaty crow of his breed when they labour under excitement. His close-set eyes showed by turns unnecessary fears, annoyance beyond reason, rapid and purposeless flights of thought, the child's lust for immediate revenge, and the child's pathetic bewilderment, who knocks his head against the bad, wicked table (VI, 300).

Convinced by this incident that he can never be an Englishman, Sargent goes back to New York and resumes American ways. The story confirms the point made earlier in 'An American': that Americans are not merely transplanted Englishmen but a race apart, fundamentally incompatible with, and even incomprehensible to, the English. But it lacks that faith in the 'American spirit' which the poem shows. Wilson calls the story 'a hateful caricature, so one-sided that the real comedy is sacrificed', and cites it as evidence that Kipling ceased to admire the boldness of the American spirit. And indeed if this story were the last study of Americans done by Kipling in Vermont, one would have reason to conclude that Kipling washed his hands of 'the Youngest People' about a year and a half before the Balestier episode.

But the case is not so clear-cut as that; it is complicated, if not weakened, by *Captains Courageous*<sup>26</sup>. Something of the America of Kipling's own time is respectfully treated in this book in the character and achievements of Harvey Cheyne, Sr., a self-made millionaire of the legendary variety. Cheyne, Sr., is an older, shrewder, more accurately observed Nick Tarvin; or, except for the fact that he is a westerner, he might be the father of Wilton Sargent. His life was 'the story of forty years that was at the same time the story of the New West, whose story is yet to be written'. Having started as 'a kinless boy turned loose in Texas', having worked at scores of jobs in every western state, having steadily built up his holdings and ruined his competitors, he has finally become immensely rich in railroads, lumber, mines, and merchant ships.

26. First published in *McClure's Magazine*, beginning November, 1896.

He represents a new America, whereas Disko Troop represents an older one. But the two eras are closely related still, for Cheyne's spoiled son, Harvey, Jr., learns elementary morality from the old-fashioned Disko and not from his parents, while in return Dan, son of Disko, gets his big chance in Cheyne's fleet of Pacific tea clippers. The new age of the empire builders thus draws for its moral strength and standards, and for technical skill also, upon the older generation of hardy, small-scale *entrepreneurs*. The achievements of Cheyne, Sr., are offered as a fascinating romance, and his character is presented as a tribute to the American cult of hard work and business sagacity.<sup>27</sup> Kipling saw nothing ironic in the honest Disko's delight in his opportunity to put his son into the service of the unscrupulous Cheyne; Cheyne is admired as a heroic figure not only by the railroad men of all classes who work under him, but by Disko and his fishermen too. Kipling seems, therefore, in *Captains Courageous* to endorse American enterprise, big or little, as a character builder and once again to hold up the 'American spirit' for admiration. It may be doubted, of course, that *Captains Courageous* provides a perfectly candid record of his attitudes. For one thing, he must have thought it ungrateful to write anti-American criticism into a book which depended so largely on information supplied by Dr. Conland, whose friendship he valued highly and to whom he dedicated the book. For another, it was of course mostly a boy's book, urging the simple view that hard work in the open air will make a boy healthy, keep him out of mischief, and prepare him for a useful manhood. He believed that it is better for society to be unified and strong than to be over-curious about its own virtue, and even if he had doubts about the character of a man like Cheyne he would not have set them forth in a book for boys. Anyone who doubts that Kipling was capable of giving rougher treatment to a man like Cheyne is reminded of Sir Anthony Gloster, his British counterpart, the portrait of whom is meant not for boys but for adults. On the other hand, it would be foolish to deny that Kipling did find a great deal to admire in men like Cheyne and Gloster; one thinks of his veneration for Cecil Rhodes.

But even if Kipling did retain until the end of his American period a certain affection for some aspects of the 'American spirit', it should be clear that we cannot look upon 1896 as the date when he first became a hostile critic of America. As for his motives for moving to England, there were at least two which seem to be more important, if less dramatic, than the emotional shock of the Balestier episode. One was his growing interest in the English countryside, in the life of the English country gentlemen, and in a more tightly ordered society than he found in the United States. (Signs of these interests begin to show in his work long before 1896.) The other was his concern for the future of the British Empire, then apparently in straits, and his delighted recognition that the spirit of imperialism was rapidly awakening in England. The way in which these influences worked to draw him gradually back to England, however, is too long a story for this paper.

27. There is only one suggestion that Cheyne, Sr., may not be quite what he claims to be; the sceptical 'so he said' in the following description: 'Harvey Cheyne, alert and quiet, seeking his own ends, and, so he said, the glory and advancement of his country.' (*Works*, XVI, 161.)

## REVIEW

J. T. M. STEWART : *Might Modern Writers*. 704 pp. Clarendon. Press : Oxford University Press. 48s. Published 25th July, 1963.

EXCLUDING lists and index, this volume consists of 593 pages, the section on Kipling running from page 223 to 293 — in all 71 pages. The other seven authors are Hardy, James, Shaw, Conrad, Yeats, Joyce, and D. H. Lawrence. There is also an introductory chapter of 18 pages.

Mr. Stewart's book purports to be Volume XII of *The Oxford History of English Literature* covering the period from 1880 to about 1940 (excluding living writers), originally advertised as 'Modern Literature'. This is not the place to enter into the ethics of Mr. Stewart's almost or total exclusion of all but his chosen Eight : the main fault seems to lie with the editors of the *History* as a whole for trying to cram sixty of the richest and most prolific years of our literature into one volume when at least two would have been needed to do even bare justice to such a period. We may blame Mr. Stewart for the omission of such major authors from the earlier part of the period as Stevenson, Wilde, Barrie and Galsworthy — but the editors that we must look in vain for Gilbert and Pinero, Haggard and Doyle, Henley and Lang, and even Kenneth Grahame; and find only the briefest mention of Bridges, Delamare and the 'Georgians', of Wells, Bennett and Moore.

Taking Mr. Stewart's book simply for what is there — as a book on its own, and not a volume in a history of English Literature — it makes enthralling reading. No matter where we agree or differ over the relative importance of the authors chosen, Mr. Stewart catches and holds our interest with his excellent style and the masterly handling of his material; and having opened the volume to read what he says about Kipling or Hardy or Yeats, we read on and on — however much we may be bored by the actual works of Conrad or Joyce, and however much we may detest Lawrence or feel that we have left most of Shaw behind with our own adolescence.

Mr. Stewart has not managed to break away completely from the critical conception of Kipling which has been built up by the ignorant and the prejudiced during the last half century, but he has gone a very long way on the road towards fair criticism — and one must hasten to add that anything in Mr. Stewart's case which seems unfair is due to a subconscious assimilation of the critical views on Kipling so long current or simply to the personal bias which makes even his most ardent admirers like some of Kipling's stories less than the rest. Nor must we forget that certain items crept into the early volumes for various reasons unknown to the general reader which Kipling's mature judgement would probably have relegated to the limbo of *Abaft the Funnel* — if not to the outer darkness of *Flies in Amber*.

On the Indian soldier stories Mr. Stewart writes well and with complete understanding, and he goes so far as to say that 'On Greenhow Hill', 'The Man who would be King', 'Dinah Shadd' and 'Love-o-Wom'en' are 'four tales which would alone establish Kipling as among

the greatest writers of short stories'—even though it is obvious, reading between the lines, that he does not really accept their ethos, which he expands very fairly in a study of 'His Private Honour', ranking it only a little below them.

He has much less use for the 'officer-class' stories, though recognising the 'power' of 'The Mark of the Beast', and writing with more understanding and appreciation of 'To be Filed for Reference', 'Without Benefit of Clergy' and 'William the Conqueror'—though failing, like so many critics, to see the point of 'The Bronckhorst Divorce Case' and several better stories which have the same outlook, an admittedly difficult one to grasp under today's 'new dispensation'.

It would be impossible to go through Mr. Stewart's careful analysis and criticism of the majority of the stories. Though we would often disagree with what he says, or at least like to argue with him, his criticisms seem usually fair and reasonable—the biggest exception being his apparent lack of humour, which produces the usual diatribe against the 'brutality' of *Stalky & Co.*, describes most of the Pyecroft stories as 'unabashed orgies of oafish humour—for example 'Their Lawful Occasions' a dreadful mixture of music-hall badinage . . . and naval knowingness', and apparently includes 'Brugglesmith' in the same condemnation; and does not even mention 'The Vortex'. The one exception is 'Little Foxes', which he describes as 'a gorgeous Story'.

The only Pyecroft story to find praise is 'Mrs. Bathurst' (Mr. Stewart does not, by the way, believe that she is the charred tramp at the end), which indeed is linked with 'Love-o'-Women' and 'Mary Postgate' . . . 'The Wish House' may very reasonably be brought forward as the best story Kipling ever wrote' . . . 'Kim is Kipling's greatest book'. There are admirable descriptions of 'The Gardener', 'The Finest Story in the World', 'The Wish House', 'William the Conqueror' and 'They', while many others such as 'My Son's Wife', 'Friendly Brook' and 'An Error in the Fourth Dimension' come in for just and measured appreciation even though Mr. Stewart does not like them very much. He writes most interestingly on the 'Theme of Healing' stories; but the *Jungle Books* and the *Puck* stories are unduly slighted, and *Just So Stories* scarcely even mentioned.

'Kipling's verse is not so good as his prose', says Mr. Stewart, and treats it more shortly but well. He points out, following Mr. T. S. Eliot, that Kipling never tried consciously to write poetry, and comments: 'That such an ambition should be eschewed by a young man of powerful imagination and brilliant literary endowment is indeed remarkable, and we may see in it an impressive vindication of his stature as an artist. He himself knows the worth of his bays, has the born artist's knowledge of what is not his to attempt'. And he insists that he was always 'a dedicated artist' conquering many kingdoms, even though they lay among the foothills of Parnassus. 'The soldier poems open up a new and vivid world of the imagination'; the first stanza of 'The Absent-minded Beggar' is quoted—and 'there are three further admirable stanzas' . . . 'The Land', which is set beside 'Friendly Brook' in *A Diversity of Creatures*, is whimsically conceived,

yet it is fit to stand beside the story — a story in which Kipling's imagination is going almost as deep as it ever did. And it is on this territory that he comes nearest to full lyrical expression — as in 'Cities and Thrones and Powers '.

Finally it must be said that Mr. Stewart's over-all criticism of Kipling is remarkably elusive—perhaps intentionally. He makes definite statements about a few stories, but gives no summing-up, and passes few explicit judgements. He is, in the modern phrase, 'uncommitted': and in this lies a great deal of the pleasure which this extremely thorough, interesting and provocative book will give to all serious readers.

R.L.G.

Most critics end their reviews with a list of mistakes in fact. It is delightful to be able to point to virtually none in all that Mr. Stewart has written about Kipling. 'Purun Bhagat' is described on p. 262 as the last of the *Jungle* stories, when in fact it was second in *The Second Jungle Book* — and of those in that volume both the second written and the second published in periodical form. And there are four more poems in *The Complete Stalky & Co.* than in the original collection (p. 666), not one. But these trifles seem to be all.

## MARTELLO TOWERS

TWO of Kipling's Pyecroft stories allude to martello towers as features of the coastal landscape in Sussex and Kent. We are indebted to *The Mariner's Mirror*, the quarterly journal of the Society for Nautical Research, for permission to draw upon an article by the late Commander H. P. Mead, R.N., which appeared in its pages in 1948. This gives not only an excellent description of the towers in general but an account of Kipling's passing fancy for renting one of them as a summer cottage.

In spite of legends that these fortifications were invented by a shadowy Colonel Martello or Monsieur Martel, it is as certain as such things can be that the many cylindrical towers on our south-east coast — as well as a few as far afield as Kingston, Ontario, and Simon's Town in southernmost Africa — owe their origin and their name to a fort in Corsica which in 1794 put up such a stout resistance to a British attack that it was adopted as a model for our own coastal defences. 'Martello' is a corruption of Mortella Bay — Bay of Myrtles — where this tower stood.

Between about 1805 and 1812, when an invasion by Napoleon still seemed a potential threat, 103 martello towers were erected in Sussex, Kent, Essex and Suffolk, between Seaford and Aldburgh. Some variations in size and proportions, as well as in supporting works, are found, but all are cylindrical, nearly circular in section, having three floors and mounted up to three guns on top. Rather surprisingly, perhaps, sea erosion has done more than 'development' to abolish them; together, the two had reduced the number of survivors in 1948 to 45.

Commander Mead tells us that the plumbing and lighting of the towers was so inadequate — or almost totally lacking — that modification was needed to make them tolerable for even temporary residence, but:

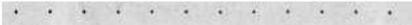
' In spite of these drawbacks there was some demand for such residences. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, at the instigation of his small daughter Elsie, was taken with this curious idea to inhabit a Martello tower . . . '

In 1905, then, just a century after the first towers were being completed, Kipling wrote to Admiral Sir John Fisher, the First Sea Lord—still a controversial figure today but unquestionably the character who, sometimes in conjunction with and sometimes in opposition to, Winston Churchill, dominated British naval policy as the threat from Germany developed—in the following terms :—

Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex. Sep. 21, 1905

Dear Sir John Fisher,

I want to rent a Martello-Tower on the Kent coast for a year or two as a summer refuge. Could you tell me to which of the Departments I should apply, the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports or who? I promise not to injure the article or let it be stolen.



Very sincerely,

Rudyard Kipling.

Fisher was on leave on the Continent at the time and referred the matter to Sir Evan Macgregor, the Secretary of the Admiralty :

Grand Hotel, Levico. Oct. 1, (1905)

Dear Macgregor,

Please see enclosed from Rudyard Kipling. He's a patriot and I would like to help him. Would you kindly write to Sir E. Ward and ask him as a favour to communicate with Kipling as I suppose it is the War Office who have the Martello Towers and would you kindly send a line and tell him what you have done.

Yours ever, J. A. Fisher.

Commander Mead comments : ' The answer is not recorded but of course the Cinque Ports had no concern whatever in the Martello towers, while the War Office only controlled those at Shorncliffe Camp and Hythe Musketry Range. In any case, none of Nos. 1 to 9 would have been suitable as a seaside resort, being too far from the shore. The Kent towers available, therefore, were restricted to two or three in the Dymchurch area. Anyway, Mr. Kipling's proposal fell through.'

This may have been just as well. Probably the project was one of those capable of no better subsequent defence than : ' It seemed a good idea at the time.'

## MEETINGS REVISITED, II

By The Hon. Secretary

IN November, 1955, some of us met to discuss 'In the Interests of the Brethren,' 'The Janeites,' 'A Madonna of the Trenches' and 'A Friend of the Family'. The introductory remarks on these stories, which were made at the time, follow herewith.

We've met today to discuss four of what I call Kipling's 'Freemason' stories, and I propose — so as to give you something to bite on — to run quickly through them, with one or two comments; after which I hope *you* will carry on, giving your own views and asking your questions; and if you do your stuff we'll certainly go home knowing more about these stories than we do now.

By the way, I've had a brickbat thrown at me for choosing these for our first talk. My assailant — I think quite outrageously — says they're of no interest to ladies or to men who aren't Freemasons. Well, I'll tell you why we chose them. It's because they form a definite group of stories with an unusual background, easy to get at because they're all in one book (*Debits & Credits*) — *and*, of course, because we consider some, at least, to be exceedingly good stories.

Now, why did Kipling choose to put four stories in this Masonic setting? I think one reason may be that it gave him an admirable way of telling War Stories after the First War was over. The first one appeared a month after the Armistice, and the rest not till 1924. They weren't collected together till 1926, so when most people first read them the war had been over for eight years.

I'm going to take them in their order in the book, as I think it's significant.

*Number One*, 'In the Interests of the Brethren', isn't really a story in the technical sense at all; it's a description of a Lodge Meeting, without any attempt to build up suspense. It has, I suggest, two objects: to prepare the ground for the other three stories, and to urge that during the upheaval of war, Masonic Regulations should be relaxed to allow greater facilities to the Services. It also flirts with the daring suggestion that Masonry, if it had seized its chance, might have done better in the War than Religion did.

Although the story by no means keeps you on tenterhooks, it's amazing how the interest is kept up. Why don't we get bored reading it? One reason is that everyone is so *nice*, and Kipling does make nice people frightfully nice! And it's an intensely *compassionate* story, not only in what everyone does, but in the way it's all described. The man who's forgotten all the passwords but blurts out: 'For God's sake let me sit in Lodge again, Brother!' or the 'Shell-Shocker' who weeps for joy while the others just say 'Let him leak — can't you see how happy he is!' That compassionate aspect will surely appeal to the Ladies. Then again, it's like a magic lantern, showing a whole string of attractive

shots one after the other : Burges's shop, the Masonic furniture, all the different characters in the audience. Finally it attracts because it lifts a tiny corner of the curtain that hides Freemason mysteries.

Does it leave any clear pictures in the mind? It leaves me with three : The little dark shop, with the ' Sealyham Terrier in silver spectacles ' behind the counter; the cripples ' surging and plunging' as they get to their feet at the meeting; and — sharpest of all — the sleeping soldier being tapped on the helmet when it's time for his train; do you remember ? he wakes ' in one vivid streak ', with a grab at a rifle that is not there.

And so to *Number Two*, ' The Janeites ', where Kipling sails away into a glorious piece of fun, that puts us on the best of terms with the Lodge, and makes us look forward eagerly to more — little dreaming of what's coming later ! The main theme of it is how a common love of Jane Austen forms a Freemasonry of its own, where all are out to do each other a good turn. If *anyone* should appreciate this notion it's we ourselves. If we heard a wounded soldier call his stretcher-bearer Gunner Humberstall, wouldn't we get him on to that Hospital-Train even if it meant kicking a Brigadier off it!

Technically, the story's beautifully done, in spite of being told in the most difficult way — at third hand. We're reminded for a moment of the Lodge and its lovely trappings, then we slide into the story without realising it's begun. To my mind it's far funnier than Kipling's more blatantly comic ones, like *The Horse Marines*. If I let out a sudden guffaw in the middle of mowing the lawn or drying the dishes, it's probably because I've thought of one of Humberstall's astounding observations : The ' Dope an' Dolly Shop ', ' writin' Obese words on the breech o' the ten-inch ', or the ' errin' parties ' in *Divorce Cases*; and talking of *Divorces* : ' I've 'eard better talk in our Mess than ever before or since; it comes o' the Gunners bein' a scientific Corps.'

The tragic breaking up of the Circus is carefully glossed over, so it doesn't upset us.

As for the Pictures it leaves in the mind, it's full of them. Humberstall himself, one of Kipling's Great Characters — enormous, flat-faced, with ' the eyes of a bewildered retriever '; the new lieutenant, called *The Gander* — ' on account of his profeel, which was the identical bird': Macklin, the mess-steward — we all know Macklin, the sort of offensive valet type; the incessant glasses of Port on the dugout table — you could go on for ever, but I must leave that to yourselves.

Would the Ladies like the story? I think they love Jane quite as much as men, so there must be something wrong with their judgment if they don't!

We're still laughing as we turn to *Story Number Three*, ' A Madonna of the Trenches ' — and we're caught with our pants down, aren't we ! Swept straight into one of the grimmest things Kipling can ever have written. Its main theme is that the young soldier, Strangwick, blunders on to a secret love that's so strong that when the woman dies the man's got no intention of living another day, and is convinced that he himself only has to die to join her again immediately : and in the boy's impressionable state he almost believes it too ! What makes it so frightful for him is that they're both elderly people and he knew them

well; twice he cries out, ' She nearer fifty than forty an' me own Aunt! ' But his final reaction is perfectly summed up by the Princess in the postscript to the story (Gow's Watch) : ' I have seen Love at last. What shall content me after ? '

And that's why I think this story, too, in spite of its horrors, should appeal to Ladies. It's very much a love story.

Once again, it's splendidly done; it gets you right inside that boy's skin, so that you feel as if you yourself were slithering along that " Butcher's Row " trench, with the Frenchmen's little boots sticking out of the mud. It's full of Pictures; I think the grimmest is the awful Trench Geography of the time : ' the place where those four dead Warwicks are heaped up ', and the tumbledown barricade that screened off ' French End ' and its unimaginable horrors.

Finally, it's almost the only Kipling story I can think of with a shock at the end of it. Do you remember? The ' elderly, precise brother ' gives his name as ARMINE, and the Doctor sums it up perfectly with ' That's all that's wanted ! '

I'm sorry to finish on a subdued note, but I cannot feel any enthusiasm for Story *Number Four*, 'A Friend of the Family'. Perhaps Kipling, after the dose he'd just given us, wanted to let us down gently and run out on a pleasant note; perhaps he was getting tired of Faith and Works as a background. Anyway, I don't think this story is anywhere near the class of the rest, and if someone can point out to me merits that I've missed, I'll be grateful. It takes five pages to get started, and then begins clumsily, and I don't find it ever takes hold. I think there are two reasons for this : the action happens in two entirely different places— the trenches and an English farm- and I just can't tie the two together; and secondly (a much stronger reason) the Hero's a Nobody; he's *got* to be a Nobody to make the story — he must make *no* impression on the other characters . . . but the result is that he makes none on the reader either.

The theme is, how a soldier who survived the Trenches does a good turn to the family of his disgruntled pal, who was killed — but I get no clear Pictures out of it. The only bit I did rather like was the way those two ill-assorted chaps became friends. Bert knew nothing about Sheep, but he didn't mind Hickmot talking Sheep for hours on end, so long as he, in return, could pour out his Grievance.

Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, there are the four Stories. Let's hear now which are your own favourites, what criticisms you have, and, don't forget, what you think of the Poems that go with them.

## ADDITIONS TO THE DOUBLEDAY COLLECTION

By Howard C. Rice, Jr.

(See *Journal* 140: 'Into the Hold of Remembrance')

THE Kipling correspondence, beginning in 1895, when the English author and Frank N. Doubleday first became acquainted in the United States, has been rounded out with more letters from Kipling, and a few from Mrs. Kipling, to F.N.D., to Mrs. Doubleday, and to their son, Nelson Doubleday. With this group of letters, totalling nearly one hundred and fifty pieces, the Princeton Library is fortunate in having what is perhaps one of the most extensive and consistently interesting bodies of Kipling correspondence extant. Among the recently added letters several addressed to Mrs. Doubleday in the years before World War I, when the Kiplings were busy cultivating the fields and gardens of Bateman's, their new home at Burwash in Sussex, are a pleasant reminder of the botanical enthusiasms that formed one link in this enduring transatlantic friendship. Mrs. Doubleday — Neltje De Graff Doubleday (1865-1918), whose popular nature books such as *Bird Neighbors* and *Nature's Garden*, published under the name of Neltje Blanchan, have been familiar to a generation or two of Americans — spared no pains in shipping American wild flowers across the seas to her English friends. One of Kipling's letters, written in May 1913, joyously acknowledges such a shipment: 'Got 'em nearly all in! They come in the pink of condition on a drizzly wettish day — ideal weather for planting . . . we forsook all for an hour and walked round with Martin *and* the dogwoods *and* the trilliums (or trillia is it) and the dog-tooth violets *and* the asters. Trilliums under East yew hedge; dog woods in the south-west bed. Azaleas (bless you for the azaleas) to thicken & glorify our existing stocks in the walled garden. It's a splendid year for azaleas by the way — and so on and so forth. I only wish you had been here to have assisted . . . I'm a bit bothered about the mocassin-plants — can't quite pick a site to suit me : and bitter experience has taught me that the pitcher plants must *not* be put in the sides of our roaring mad little brook. I'll find a still pond for 'em. And this time we've *massed* everything in clumps. Martin, left to himself, spreads 'em out in thin lines. Likewise the aster seeds (as well as the asters themselves) have 'duly come to hand' and by the blessing of Allah this autumn should be a New England autumn in the Reserve Garden.'

The last of the Kipling letters, written to Nelson Doubleday in 1935, are concerned mainly with the publication of *A Kipling Pageant*, but here again, a fleeting glimpse of earlier years in New England rises from the 'hold of remembrance'. In Marienbad, on August 22, 1935,

Kipling wrote of ' a most perfect climate and a dream of a golf-course ', then added : ' I never saw — outside of Vermont — woods and hills to match these.'

In addition to the letters written to various members of the Doubleday family, another unrelated group of some forty Kipling letters has also come — via the Doubleday family — to the Princeton Library. Extending from 1891 through 1922, this series was written to William Heinemann or his associates; the letters were apparently culled from the Heinemann files and presented to Frank N. Doubleday when he acquired an interest in the London firm in the early 1920's. Also among the additions to Princeton's Doubleday Collection is a scrapbook concerning Kipling's illness in New York in 1899, compiled by the proprietor of the Hotel Grenoble, and including the doctors' daily bulletins. Among the printed items is an extensive series of the separate issues of Kipling's poems and short stories printed by Doubleday in order to secure U.S. copyright before they were collected in book form. Of these, *Proofs of Holy Writ* (1934), one of Kipling's later stories, is worth mentioning here in an issue of the *Chronicle* where English translations of the Bible are discussed. In this ingenious tale, Kipling—himself a connoisseur of the English Bible and ' fencer-in-words '—imagines that the revisors of the King James Bible have asked Shakespeare's advice on a difficult passage of The Prophets (Isaiah LX). ' Will' and his friend Ben Jonson are portrayed at Stratford diligently comparing the various versions which they have spread before them, until they achieve at last the perfect phrases which will shine down through the centuries. Kipling's story, which appeared in *The Strand Magazine* (April 1934), was eventually included in the posthumously published ' Sussex Edition ' of his collected works (Vol. XXX, *Uncollected Prose*, 2) and in its American counterpart, the ' Burwash Edition ' (Vol. XXIII), but is not as readily available as his earlier and better known stories. Nelson Doubleday thought highly enough of *Proofs of Holy Writ* to have it reprinted as a small book — ' ten copies privately printed, February 1942 ' — which is now in the Doubleday Collection at Princeton, but unrecorded in the standard Kipling bibliographies. In a prefatory note to this edition, Alexander Woollcott relates that the story grew out of table talk at The Club, in London, about the baffling excellence of the style of the King James Bible. On this point, according to Woollcott, John Buchan spun a theory for the amusement of those present. Whereupon, ' Kipling leaning across the table, asked ; ' May I have that? ', much as he might have asked for his fellow-member's portion of gooseberry fool, should Buchan not happen to want it himself. The result was published in ... *The Strand Magazine* the following year.'

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## REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETING

*July 24, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House*

It is a trifle more than a year since Colonel Purefoy last led the discussion, and on that occasion we spent a delightful evening with Mulvaney and his friends. For this evening he had set himself a far more daunting task — the two remarkable medical stories, 'The Tender Achilles' and 'Unprofessional' — justifying his choice by saying that they are virtually unknown to all but the Kipling addict; they are involved and difficult but for all that far too important to be ignored; and incidentally are accompanied by three noteworthy poems. We should not, he said, as the Kipling Society, be doing our job properly if we continued to avoid plunging into these stories, recalling that a few years ago we took the plunge into 'Uncovenanted Mercies', a no easier task.

'The Tender Achilles' was dealt with first. It was the first to be published (*London Magazine*, Dec. 1929) and has a clear-cut plot, embodying Problem, Conflict and Solution. Its apparent slowness to get moving is because the author chose to employ his 'frame and picture' technique. The Doctors' Dinner at St. Peggotty's, and the later adjournment for drinks, form the *frame*, and then the *picture* of Wilkett and the resolution of his troubles is worked in, with all the digressions from the main point that this method is bound to involve. Kipling has used the method often before with success and the speaker considered that he had done so here.

Having given us a brief resume of the plot, Colonel Purefoy passed to a consideration of some of its outstanding passages. For me, at least, he said, undoubtedly the wholly unforgettable piece of writing is Keede's description of what goes on at a 'C.C.S.' — Casualty Clearing Station. One of the things we had to learn as young officers (and even earlier) was the path a wounded man took from bullet back to Blighty. R.A.P. (Regimental Aid Post), A.D.S. (Advanced Dressing Station), M.D.S. (Main Dressing Station), C.C.S., and what was dinned into us about the C.C.S. was that it was 'equipped to perform operations'. Well, here we have them! 'A couple of tents; a big acetylene over each table; dope and pads ready; nurses and orderlies with 'cutlery' and you're ready for visitors. They've been tagged and labelled by some poor devil up under fire (A.D.S.) and the Receiving Officer sends in the ones that look as if they had the best chance. Then *your* job begins. You've got to make up your mind what you're going to do, as soon as your man's on the table, because the others are waiting. Fifteen minutes per case, at the outside.' Reviewing some of the other outstanding points of the story, he referred to Kipling's genius at inventing names, with 'Howlierglass' as an example. The question of its meaning was satisfactorily answered during the discussion. Next, he said, there are two typical Kipling touches, in each of which he brings in women. 'He wrung his hands,' said Keede. 'Don't often see a man do that.' 'They do it oftener than women,' said Scree, which puzzled me till he gave a reason . . . And then, infuriatingly, he doesn't tell *us* the reason. The other one: 'Who juggled with the slides?' It wasn't a job to trust to a man. A man

would have said he had a reputation or something to lose.' How true! I can't, the speaker said, resist one more. Kipling makes Keede tick off Wilkett for saying 'To whom much has been given, from the same much shall be required.' (Dam' insolence — bookkeeping with God). I wonder if Kipling remembered that he himself, in one of his most famous and wonderful speeches (to the Canadian Club, Winnipeg) finished with these words: 'Even *I* have the right to remind you that to whom much has been given, from them much — much — shall be required.'

The two poems attached to this story were then examined. The very grim 'Hymn to Physical Pain', in which the speaker saw Kipling as saying: Terrible though pain may be, at least by its intensity it often blots out the far more torturing agony of the mind — shame, guilt, consciousness of failure, or just tormenting worry.

" The trusty Worm that dieth not —  
The steadfast Fire also,  
By Thy contrivance are forgot  
In a completer woe."

And the moment the pain slacks off: 'Instant upon the false release the worm and fire renew.' It is in this horror of consciousness, of the *brain thinking* (said the speaker) that I am so struck with the resemblance between Kipling's blacker thoughts and those of Emily Bronte, who wrote:

O dreadful is the check, intense the agony,  
When the ear begins to hear, the eye begins to see;  
When the pulse begins to throb, *the brain to think again*,  
The Soul to feel the flesh, the flesh to feel the chain.

The other poem, 'The Penalty', seemed to suggest a soliloquy, in lonely old age, by the conceited Wilkett, who was far too self-centred to give any thought to loving a woman. 'I have loved *myself*, and I . . . Have not lived and dare not die' — because who is going to bother to greet me, when I reach the other side?

Ten months later the other story, 'Unprofessional', appeared (*Storyteller Magazine*). Though it is, suggested Colonel Purefoy, a more 'difficult' story, it gets moving quicker and more understandably, being told by direct narration. The plot, however, is flimsier and harder to grasp. Harries, who plays at astronomy, comes into vast wealth, some of which he allots to two medical friends — a surgeon and a pathologist — on condition that they allow him to try out, on their expanded premises, certain theories he has acquired from observing the heavens. At this stage we are not told clearly what these are, but it is evident that Harries believes he is on the threshold of discovering some great secret of how the Universe is controlled. After a time his spies discover, through microscopes, that at certain times a sort of surging occurs in the cells of healthy tissues, though never in malignant ones. They christen this surging 'Tide'. Now we hear from Harries that he believes the tides are caused by some mighty influence that comes from God-knows-where. It appears that if a bug gets into a person or animal when its tide is flooding, it won't do much damage, but when it is ebbing it would be

fatal. Therefore important inoculations or operations should be done at the start of the flood tide, *which varies with the individual.*

Now, continued the speaker, we come to the woman, Mrs. Berners. She has a relapse after her cancer operation, because it was done in the afternoon, which turns out to have been her ebb tide. Vaughan does the second operation at the flood, but can he cheat the tides that way? From the evidence of the mice, it looks as if the second operation may have started a *new* tide (Harries says she has been started on 'a new tide of life'). By constant vigilance, however, she is saved. 'What does it all prove?' asks someone. 'Not a dam' thing,' says Harries. 'The main point is : it makes one imagine a bit.' After some observations about the characters, Colonel Purefoy concluded his remarks on this story by saying 'I don't think it is made clear enough *why* Harries thinks his astronomical observations justify scientists staring for hours through a microscope at body-cells. I think that if he had made his theories clearer at the start, when he first offers his friends the money, the story would be easier to understand. Finally, I don't see how Harries knew the woman's birthday.'

Lastly, Colonel Purefoy dealt with the poem, entitled 'The Threshold' — in fact, the Threshold of Human Knowledge. Not, he said, a well-known Kipling poem but, apparently, one that does follow history. Here are some notes on it, from the later 'Chandler', written possibly by someone present tonight. Remember the constant references to 'Ionia' :

Till, after many winters rose Ionia —  
 (Strange men brooding in Ionia)  
 Crystal-eyed sages of Ionia,  
 Who said 'These tales are lies.'

Here are the notes interspersed with quotations. 'This poem refers to the threshold of human knowledge, picturing the earlier struggles of man to acquire true knowledge of life, and of its developments, including the existence of inert matter. The Ionian School of Philosophy constituted the earliest set of thinkers who tried to solve these mysteries . . .'

We dream one breath in all things,  
 That blows all things between.  
 We dream one matter in all things —  
 Eternal, changeless, unseen.

'These thinkers did not get very far along the road to truth, their search being, as the poem states, finally overwhelmed by the heathen priesthood, by the power " of Babylon and Egypt . . . '\*

They overlaid the teaching of Ionia  
 And the truth was choked at birth.

\*Note: The work of these philosophers, however, does not seem to have been in fact 'overwhelmed by Babylon and Egypt', but rather displaced by that of the Eleatic School towards the end of the 6th century B.C., and this in its turn was absorbed in the Platonic Philosophy.

It died at the Gate of Knowledge —  
 The Key to the Gate in its hand —  
 And the anxious priests and wizards  
 Re-blinded the waking land . . .

But the poem ends, said the speaker, with Mankind trying to struggle back on to the earlier paths of knowledge; and perhaps Mankind, in its struggles, is represented by the bulky Harries.

The subsequent discussion opened with the mention of a parallel between the 'tides' in 'Unprofessional' and the statement in Act I of Shaw's 'The Doctor's Dilemma' that nature is always rhythmical: consequently 'inoculate when your patient is in the negative phase and you kill; inoculate when the patient is in the positive phase and you cure', which clearly indicates that the question of periodic rhythm (astronomy and astrology apart) was in the minds of the profession as far back as the beginning of the century. Mrs. Newsom pointed out that Kipling used the same idea in 'The Wish House'.

The origin of the sobriquet 'Howleglass' caused considerable speculation, and after a tentative reference to 'howlet' (Scots and Old English) Miss J. C. Macleod had the brilliant inspiration that it must be derived from Tyll Eilenspiegel, or Owl-glass, and later research has proved this to be correct, the Scots word 'Howleglass' being derived from this name. Miss Macleod is to be congratulated on an astute piece of induction. It is a fair inference that Sir James was intended to be a wearer of the large round horn-rimmed spectacles just then coming into fashion. We may suppose that Kipling's misspelling was not an accident but a pointer to the pronunciation he wanted.

To the question how much medical experience had Kipling, Mrs. Scott-Giles replied 'Quite a lot; he feared at one time that he had cancer of the stomach.' Doctor Tompkins in her book might be said to support this in the statement: 'It has often been said that Kipling was obsessed with cancer. Perhaps; art is often made out of obsessions. Every age finds death dressed in some prevailing fashion, and cancer is specially a modern dread.'

Referring to the characters in the stories, Colonel Purefoy remarked that Kipling appears to have found Keede a useful character; he also comes into 'Fairy-kist' and several Masonic stories. Possibly he was a portrait.

Some time was spent on the unexplained movements and phrases introduced into the stories, which some readers complained of as being rather too remotely allusive. It was, however, pointed out that Kipling does faithfully depict the Englishman's disjointed manner of speech, and Mr. Winmill gave as an example the *munshi* with whom he learned the vernacular, who spoke perfect English, and could read written English with no difficulty, but said he always found English most difficult to understand when two Englishmen were talking together. This at once brought to mind the poem 'The Puzzler': 'In telegraphic sentences, half nodded to their friends, They hint a matter's inwardness — and there the matter ends.' At this allusive and indeterminate diction Kipling is an unquestioned master.

Kipling's life-long interest in the other man's job was mentioned and in answer to a question it was said that he would spend a great deal of time going round, and listening to the explanations he was given, in complete silence, and it was not until later that he shot out his questions. Doubtless he absorbed his medical lore somewhat in this manner.

With expressions of great satisfaction and thanks to Colonel Purefoy the meeting then closed. I had it in mind to conclude with a medical anecdote from my own experience, but as it is a bit indelicate I refrained. I will recount it here as it is too good to waste.

During the last six months of my latest spell in Malta I dined every evening at the club with three medicos, all Irishmen, the Fleet Medical Officer, the Surgeon Specialist at the R.N. Hospital and the D.D.M.S. of the Army Command, and listened with avid attention to the medical 'shop' of which the conversation was largely composed. One evening the talk turned to a colleague recently selected for high preferment, whose professional abilities were not highly regarded in that company. After some minutes of talk the Surgeon Specialist, who had fallen silent, said gravely, 'Well, at least, he's got a good bedside manner. He doesn't kick the jerry.'

P.W.I.

NOTE : Report on Discussion Meeting of 18th September, 1963, held over till next *Journal* so as to print the whole of Mr. McGivering's paper on 'Kipling and Trains'.

## LETTER BAG

### CAPTAIN BAGLEY

May I add a note or two to Admiral Brock's fascinating account of 'Captain Bagley'?

1. The Admiral quotes from Admiral H. H. Smith's memoirs. The late Admiral Sir Richard Webb, an old friend of Admiral Brock's and mine, was in two ships running with H. H. Smith, and he told me that 'Humphrey Hugh was the best of shipmates: he never repeated in the *Ramillies* a story I had heard already in the *Magnificent*'.

2. Captain Ferris had previously commanded the *Arrogant*, one of the new 'hog-backed' cruisers ('A Fleet in Being', p. 48). The *Furious* was commanded by Captain Wintz, who had been a fellow sub-lieutenant in the *Rattlesnake* with Bayly; in 1900 he took out the new battleship *Goliath* to China just too late to join his old messmate on active service. Which, I wonder, was Kipling's host at dinner after the fishing party at Berehaven (p. 51).

3. Captain Bayly's proper A.D.C. at Tientsin (from the *Aurora*) was H. C. Halahan. He was killed at Zeebrugge on St. George's Day, 1918. Other midshipmen at Tientsin were Valentine Gibbs, *Barfleur*, also killed at Zeebrugge; F. A. N. Cromie, *Barfleur*, a pioneer submariner, murdered in Russia in 1918; E. G. Robinson, *Endymion*, who won the Victoria Cross at the Dardanelles in 1915; H. T. Dorling, *Terrible*, well known as 'Taffrail', the naval historian and novelist.'

J. H. OWEN.

## ' WHO WERE YOU WITH LAST NIGHT ?'

I gather from the September *Journal* that the members compiling The Readers' Guide are enquiring for details of the song 'Who were you with last night?'. This was written and composed by Fred Godfrey and Mark Sheridan, and B. Feldman & Co. took out the copyright in 1912. The words of it are as follows :

*Verse I*

In an office up the West, O-ba-di-ah, smartly dressed,  
Wandered in one Friday morn, In a brand new fancy vest. His  
pals all rose and said ' My word, you're a naughty naughty  
boy. Last  
night we saw you making eyes at a nice little lump of joy, You  
kissed her twice on the same place twice, and gave her waista a  
squeeze, So we'd  
like you to inform us, Mister O-ba-di-ah, please.'

*Chorus*

Who were you with last night ?  
Who were you with last night? It  
wasn't your sister, it wasn't your Ma,  
ah !  
Who were you with last night? Out in the  
pale moon-light, Are you going to tell your  
Missus when you get home, Who were you with last night?

*Verse II*

Like a rosy apple red, O-ba-di-ah, blushed and said,  
' You're mistaken, boys, because I was out with Uncle Fred.'  
His  
pals looked round and winked, then said, as they gave a know-  
ing grin, ' Do you  
always squeeze your Uncle's waist, and tickle his bristly chin,  
Does your  
Uncle too, wear a high heeled shoe, and a dainty powdered  
face, Does he  
sport a hobble skirt and bits of furbelows and lace? '

*Chorus**Verse III*

O-ba-di-ah said, ' I'm sure, My brother, pr'aps you fellows saw,  
They said ' Wow-wow, O-ba-di-ah, you can tell that tale to  
Noah, We  
knew you by your sprightly walk, and the tale you told was  
grand. Last  
night we saw you in the park there listening to the band. Your  
darling wife, she would have your life, and put your hair in  
curl, If she  
knew you'd been out walking with some other little girl! '

*Chorus*

I hope this information will be of use to you !

SIR JOHN DODD

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