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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.l, 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

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND COUNCIL MEETING

These will be held at 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, August 19th, 1964, starting at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

July 8th. Mr. J. H. McGivering on 'Kipling and Motors' followed by discussion.

September 16th. By request, more Barrack Room Ballads will be read, followed by discussion.

November 18th. ' Kipling's sense of mystery ' will be considered by Doctor J. M. S. Tompkins, followed by discussion.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of The Kipling Society will take place on Friday, October 23rd, 1964, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

The Guest of Honour will be Dr. J. I. M. Stewart, of Christ Church, Oxford, author of 'Eight Modern Writers' (pubd. 1963), which includes a major essay on Kipling. He is, perhaps, better known to many readers as ' Michael Innes ', author of many fine detective novels.

Application forms will go out in September.

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NEWS AND NOTES

THE KIPLING REVIVAL

Two new books on Kipling have already appeared this year, and the reviving interest is also shown by two quotations from *The New York Times.* The new Gallery of Modern Art in New York, opened in March was ' on view ' in February, and Ada Louise Huxtable wrote on 25th February : ' This month a steady stream of curious and privileged visitors has been entering its bronze-framed glass doors to be confronted with a discreetly chiseled quotation from Kipling on the marble elevator wall :

> But each for the joy of the working,
> And each in his separate star,
> Shall draw the thing as he sees it
> For the God of things as they are.

Kipling has been out of style in cultural circles for some time. So has the exclusively realistic and representational art of the Hartford collection, for which this is the teaser. But with that curious reversal of chic in which the chic New York world specializes, where ' out ' becomes ' in ' for the *avant-garde,* the Huntingdon Hartford gallery promises to make the unfashionable extremely fashionable from now on . . .'

Another detail thought worthy of mention by Nan Robertson on 11th January when describing the private portions of the White House since the new President and his wife have taken up their abode there : ' Among the books the Johnsons have brought to the White House is a frayed book, minus cover, of Rudyard Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads . . .'*

' KIPLING'S MIND AND ART '

A volume of essays with this title, edited by Andrew Rutherford and published by Oliver and Boyd at the price of 35 shillings appeared in mid March. Five out of the eleven essays had appeared before. The first, by W. L. Renwick, is a cautious and non-committal ' obituary lecture ' delivered in 1936 and published first in *The Durham University Journal :* ' Kipling's schoolboy philistinism was forced upon him by circumstances ; instead of growing out of it, he made it a habit — a bad habit. It is unnecessary to expose his offences against taste . . . and where we find so much work well done, forgiving the spoiled pieces for the sake of the perfect ones, it is our duty to give honour to the workman.' This is followed by Edmund Wilson's notorious essay first published in 1941 and later collected in *The Wound and the Bow* (1952) on ' 'The Kipling that Nobody Read '. This, as most of our members know,

' accounts ' for all that Mr. Wilson does not like in Kipling by means of a ' hate complex ' born in Southsea and nurtured under Cormell Price. It is an able and interesting thesis : it is unfortunate that it has misled Kipling criticism for twenty years, for much of the criticism of such stories as *Kim* and ' The Gardener ' is admirable and thought-provoking.

Next comes a rather trivial and schoolboyish essay by the late George Orwell from 1942, which might well have been left to slumber, together with that of a year later by Lionel Trillings—though both will have the merit of making the average Kiplingite turn (after his first roar of rage) to serious considerations of defence.

With Noel Annan's ' Kipling's Place in the History of Ideas ' (first published in 1959) we get on to real criticism and a real attempt to understand the author and his work. The rest of the essays were written specially for this volume and deal interestingly and usually expertly with various aspects of Kipling's Philosophy and Art.

Perhaps the most interesting, after Mr. Annan's, is that by Mark Kinkead-Weekes on ' Vision in Kipling's Novels ' : " Where *Captains Courageous* is objective in contrast with the overheated subjectivity of *The Light That Failed, Kim* moves beyond objectivity into drama : the ability to become many very different kinds of human being, and see with many very different eyes. This means that *Kim* is the most complex of all Kipling's accounts of reality, and potentially the finest . . . '

Good too is J. H. Fenwick's *"Soldiers Three',* in particular the detailed and perceptive analysis of ' On Greenhow Hill ', and the suggestion that ' his later stories lack the simplicity which India and his soldiers three supply, and they therefore lack also some of the appeal of these first achievements of his developing genius.'

' Kipling's Later Stories ' are studied by W. W. Robson with considerable understanding though the very late ones are obviously not among his favourites. ' They ' receives excellent treatment and high praise, ' but for close working and subtlety of means it is far surpassed by the later story ' The Wish House ', which has claims to be regarded as the most remarkable story Kipling ever wrote. Certainly it is difficult to think of any other short story in the language which is richer in content, and yet gives no suggestion of overcrowding.' But the short analysis of ' Dayspring Mishandled ' with which he ends is probably even more valuable — and certainly makes even the most habitual Kipling reader rush back to read the story again.

That is, I am afraid, the outstanding criticism of the book as a whole. It is certainly interesting to see what other readers think about Kipling — but how much does what they have here written add to our enjoyment of his stories? Too often there is a strong taste of the workshop ; sometimes one has the uneasy feeling that here are a number of ' experts ' turned loose on an unfamiliar author to practise the five-finger exercises of ' modern scientific criticism ' on the actual works of a great composer. A good deal of it is indeed thought-provoking and sends us back to the stories on the look out for hidden meanings, even for hidden beauties ; but sometimes the critical jargon seems to bear no relation to ' the ordinary human pleasure ' with which Lang said

that literature should be read, and seems indeed more in need of an interpreter than even ' Mrs. Bathurst '.

' ASPECTS OF KIPLING'S ART '

Professor C. A. Bodelsen's slim volume with this title, published by the Manchester University Press at 25 shillings, preceded Professor Rutherford's compilation by a couple of months. It is a fascinating book much freer from jargon and much more human than the later sections of *Kipling's Mind and Art.* The studies of ' The Bull that Thought ' and ' Teem ' are particularly interesting, and Professor Bodelsen's interpretation with the deeper textures of the meaning which he reveals as referring to Kipling's methods as a writer and his disappointment over the cold reception of his later stories has the ring of probability and is at least provocative. If the deeper meanings are there, they were intended and put there by Kipling, and so have far more weight and importance than the pointless probings of so many critics who profess to explore and reveal the sub-conscious.

But this is a book that every Kipling lover and Kipling student will want to possess and read — and so no further description is necessary. 'A graceful, lucid and original book,' says the reviewer of *The Times Literary Supplement,* ' a notable addition to the study of Kipling's art.'

MRS. BATHURST AGAIN

' Professor Bodelsen yields to the lure of trying to solve the problem of Mrs. Bathurst,' says the reviewer quoted above. ' Professor Bodelsen's solution is wonderfully imaginative, and one can happily fall in with the contention that Mrs. Bathurst was already dead when Vickery saw her on the cinema, whence his intense disturbance. But one's scepticism reacts when he argues that the seated figure struck by lightning was the ghost of Mrs. Bathurst. Can a ghost be struck by lightning and leave charcoal remains not to be distinguished from those of a man? Too much argument has been based on the illustration in *The Windsor Magazine* in which some declare the seated figure to be that of a woman. To many it seems much more like that of a man. The fact is that this tale, in common with ' The Turn of the Screw ' is likely to remain one on which there will be no general agreement. But apart from that it is a superb and moving story.'

Who first suggested that the second tramp was a woman? It seems definitely to be a man in the picture and, at the risk of stirring up a hornet's nest (' " It was a big stone I threw ! " chuckled Mowgli ') it seems definitely to be a man in the story.

Is it conceivable that an artist such as Kipling would blandly have committed the supreme improbability of not letting Hooper put Pyecroft right when he says : ' I don't envy that other man,' and of keeping his mouth shut over such a wonderful bit of gossip — quite apart from letting Pritchard or Pyecroft blurt out ' My God, it was Mrs. Bathurst ! ' when they made the discovery from Hooper's tale? He was dealing with real, live men : to prevent them from ' giving the show away ' if it was Mrs. Bathurst or even an unidentified woman, would surely have been to turn them suddenly into ventriloquist's dummies.

But, just in case romantic readers had been misled by the story — or the picture — did not Kipling safeguard himself against any misunderstanding by means of the extract ' From Lyden's " Irenius " ' prefaced to the story in *Traffics and Discoveries? '* She that damned him to death knew not that she did it, or would have died ere she had done it . . . ' and more to the same effect.

In fact, it seems to me that the moral of ' Mrs. Bathurst ' is very much in the Hardy vein : " The Duke, very exactly he hath told us, works God's will, in which holy employ he's not to be questioned ' . . . ' The President of the Immortals had finished his sport with Tess '.

R.L.G.

[EDITOR'S NOTE. Doubtless members of the Kipling Society will fly to their inkpots on the subject of ' Mrs. Bathurst '. I shall welcome all letters, and would like to remind them that my address is : Poulton-Lancelyn, Bebington, Wirral. On this occasion please add ' To Await Return ', and expect no acknowledgement, as I shall be in the United States for almost the whole of May and June. But all relevant letters on the subject which I find waiting for me at the end of June will be published in the September *Journal* in whole, in part or in synopsis according to number and nature. Other contributions will be welcomed as usual, but not acknowledged until July for the same reason. Any communication that should be dealt with while I am in the States could be sent to me care of the Hon. Secretary, U.S.A. (see back cover of *Journal),* but I hope this will not prove necessary . . .' Would you call a friend from half across the world? ... ']

ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1963

All our activities went according to plan : six well-attended Discussion Meetings (the Do You Know? contest was probably the most popular) ; the Burwash visit, on what was certainly the finest day of the year; and the very successful Annual Lunch, where the Guest of Honour was Professor Bonamy Dobrée.

Membership on January 1st, 1963	80S
Joined during year	45
Lost during year	55
Membership on December 31st, 1963 ...	795

Please do your utmost to recruit members ; only by keeping up a high membership can we maintain the *Journal* at its present tine standard.

A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS. We are very pleased to welcome the following, recently enrolled. *U.K.:* Misses H. and M. Macdonald; Lt.-Col. L. H. Landon ; Messrs. F. J. Bryan, R. Harvev, G. D. Martineau, G. F. C. Plowden. *PAKISTAN:* R. R. Malik. *U.S.A.:* Mrs. H. I. Poleman, Tennessee Univ. Library, Knoxville.

KIPLING AND TRADITION

by
Elliot L. Gilbert

WHEN Rudyard Kipling first began to make a name for himself in London with *Departmental Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads, Plain Tales from the Hills* and the railroad pamphlets, critics vied with one another to explain his success. Everyone agreed that his works blew like a fresh wind through the artistic hot-house of the Yellow Nineties, and since by that time Aestheticism and Decadence had already begun to seem a bit shop-worn, having developed without a significant break from the Pre-Raphaelite Movement of the previous decade, the element in Kipling's work that was most emphasized was its novelty. Not even the fact that William Ernest Henley, later Kipling's first London editor, had already for a number of years been attacking the extravagances of the ' art for art's sake ' movement could detract from the freshness with which his protegé seemed to be fighting the same good fight.

Everything about the young writer seemed new : his subject matter, his view of life, his style. Holbrook Jackson, in his book *The Eighteen-Nineties,* summed up this sense of novelty when he wrote that it was ' one of Kipling's chief distinctions to have been able to see and feel romance without the aid of antiquity.' Yet this statement, with its oblique glance at the Aesthetics' already tiresome penchant for the Culture of the past (' Art stopped short/In the cultivated court/Of the Empress Josephine '), illustrates very well the weaknesses in the case for Kipling's novelty.

In the first place, Kipling was really a late-comer to the ' romance of the here and now.' England had been celebrating its material progress for decades before Kipling appeared. In 1851, the Crystal Palace had elevated mechanical contrivances to the rank of museum exhibits, with Poet Laureate Tennyson hymning

> Harvest-tool and husbandry,
> Loom and wheel and enginery . . .

and in later years the same spirit would be manifested in the work of such contemporaries of Kipling as Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. The idea was plainly in the air. Indeed, it was precisely this universal preoccupation with the bright new gadgets of industrial England which had inspired the Pre-Raphaelite return to the past. Kipling may have stepped onto the literary stage just in time to see Romance bring up the 9:15, but before that it had brought up the 8:15 and the 7:15 as well.

Moreover, if the *times* about which the young authors wrote were not distant from his readers, the places and people certainly were. Few

Englishmen knew anything about India, or, for that matter, about Tommy Atkins, before Kipling's early work began to appear in Henley's *Scots Observer,* and so it was as much the exoticism of the far away as the romance of the here and now that accounted for the new writer's enormous popularity. And in this, Kipling was only following another tradition. Oriental fads had swept England periodically for years. The eighteenth century had had an important literary revival of interest in the East as had the Romantic Period, and the Aesthetic movement itself, to which Kipling was supposed to stand in such contrast, was deeply involved with Japanese art and culture. More specifically, Robert Louis Stevenson, who immediately preceded Kipling as a popular literary figure, and with whom the younger writer was often to be compared in later years, was a master of the adventure tale set in exotic places ; so, for that matter, was Joseph Conrad, even then in process of writing his stories about distant continents and islands.

Indeed, Kipling and Conrad were similar in many ways. They were both, though in different degrees, foreigners in England, and that foreignness, that double vision, so to speak, gave them a perspective on the country and a sense of its political and moral rôle in the world which other writers did not have or did not choose to make so much of. Then for both, the English language was — again in different degrees — a second tongue, one which had had more or less consciously to be learned and to the consequent special awareness of which can be laid, at least in part, another quality which the two men shared, stylistic brilliance and inventiveness and a concern for what sometimes seems pure verbal display. In subject matter they were also very close. Both dealt seriously with sensational materials, materials which forced them, all during their careers, to live down reputations as adventure story writers, and both sought to establish moral and ethical codes in their fiction, dramatizing the human condition in tales pitting men and women against the indifferent jungle, desert and sea. Such a story as 'The Man Who Would Be King,' for example, is, in conception if not in execution, extremely Conradian, and such other works as 'At the End of the Passage,' 'The Man Who Was,' and 'Without Benefit of Clergy' make use of elements which figure significantly in Conrad's own narratives.

Most damaging of all to Kipling's image as the arch foe of Aestheticism was the young author's spiritual kinship with aspects of the movement he had reputedly set out to overthrow. Holbrook Jackson underscored one point of similarity between the two supposed antagonists when he spoke of how Kipling used his 'rivals'' favourite weapons. 'He knew what he thought and said what he thought in his own way, with as little apology to precedent or convention as the most ultra-realist or impressionist.'[1] Just as important, Kipling's experiments with verse forms and his preoccupation with style also associated him, in spirit, with the writers of the Aesthetic Movement, (although Henley was himself stylistically inventive in his verse.) True, one of his strident music hall ballads would have sounded strange on the lips of Oscar Wilde or Lionel Johnson, but his obsession with form and structure suggests a link with these men that may well have been quite as

significant as the more obvious differences. His sestina was written in cockney dialect, but it was, nevertheless, a sestina.

Finally, the fact that Kipling's father was an artist, that his uncle was Burne-Jones, one of the great men of art in England, in whose house the writer-to-be was able casually to encounter such people as William Morris and the Rossettis, made devotion to a life of art almost inevitable for the young man. Later, he would use his youthful experiences as background for *The Light that Failed* and for such a story as ' The Eye of Allah '. More important, however, his early contacts with the artistic life — their naturalness and inevitability — helped to develop in him a wholly unselfconscious acceptance of the centrality of art, the very position toward which, in later years, many adherents of the Aesthetic Movement would have to struggle so deliberately and so painfully. Thus if Kipling never fell into any of the extravagances to which ' art for art's sake ' led in the period of the Nineties, neither did he doubt for a moment the absolute sovereignty of art in his life. And when he went out to India at the age of seventeen to serve as sub-editor of *The Civil and Military Gazette,* he did not put his art at the service of journalism so much as he forced journalism to serve his art, serve it to such good effect that the book which emerged from his newspaper pieces — *Plain Tales from the Hills* — was afterwards said by James Joyce to have shown ' more promise than any other contemporary writer's youthful work '.[2]

There were still other aspects of Kipling's subject matter and style which, though they struck early readers as startlingly fresh and new, were in fact parts of well-established traditions. For example, the author's verbal tricks, many of them catalogued by Leeb-Lundberg in 1909, and such extraordinarily popular catch-phrases as ' but that's another story ', helped at first to obscure the fact, quite apparent to later readers, of Kipling's great stylistic indebtedness to the Bible and to Elizabethan and Jacobean literature. Moreover, many of the author's verse forms, seemingly so novel because so originally employed, were in reality the musical hall ballads, the hymn tunes and the banjo rhythms of contemporary popular music. What's more, beast fables had had a venerable history long before Kipling produced the *Jungle Books,* with the *Uncle Remus* stories a recent precursor, and soldier stories in dialect had a history that went back at least to Shakespeare's *Henry V.*

Indeed, nearer to hand, as models for Kipling's dialect tales and for his use of local colour were, in addition to *Uncle Remus,* the stories of Bret Harte, which the author had devoured avidly in his youth and which were extremely influential, and the works of Mark Twain, a man whom Kipling had long idolised. The careers of Mark Twain and Kipling ran strangely parallel. Both men came from provincial and, in the view of the literary world, exotic backgrounds, both learned the craft of writing on their own, in print shops and newspaper offices rather than in universities, and both, in their free use of unconventional material and in their brilliant and innovative handling of the language, helped to break down the genteel literary traditions of their day. There are many echoes of Mark Twain in Kipling, of which the insistence upon accuracy

in dialect (an accuracy not always achieved) is only the most obvious. The adventures of boys, for example, loom large in the works of both writers. Then, the emphasis which the older man placed on meticulous attention to craft — on doing the job well — markedly influenced Kipling and, in part through Kipling, such a later writer as Ernest Hemingway. Twain was aware of Kipling and his homage, of course, and whenever he had reason to speak of the younger man, he always did so with great, if somewhat ironic, deference. ' Between us,' he said on one occasion, ' we cover all knowledge. He knows all that can be known, and I know the rest.'

This incomplete accumulation of sources and analogues has been designed to show how traditional were the elements of Kipling's art, and not, of course, to detract from the author's very real originality. Kipling was original, as all fine artists are, not so much in his materials as in the uses he made of them, in the new relationships he was able to construct out of old experiences. The British had heard hymn tunes before and they had also heard about their Imperial responsibilities before. But they had never before heard them linked in the way Kipling linked them, and it was to the novelty and the vitality of this new arrangement of elements that they chiefly responded.

Against such a background as this, Holbrook Jackson's explanation of Kipling's sudden success in London is easily understandable. ' Everybody felt,' writes Jackson, ' that a new force in a double sense had come into literature. It was a new voice, a new accent, in many ways a new language, and in every way forceful . . . '[3] But when, a moment later, Jackson adds that Kipling struck people as having ' had no antecedents ', we might well wonder what had become of all the readers of Burns and Dickens and even Surtees in England. And when the historian goes on to say that ' critics found it impossible to locate [Kipling], even when they admitted that he had earned a definite place in the hierarchy of art ',[4] we can only marvel that people should have failed to see how profoundly Kipling was involved with the traditions of world literature and of his own day.

NOTES

[1] Holbrook Jackson, *The Eighteen-Nineties* (London, 1913), p. 234.

[2] Richard Ellman, *James Joyce* (New York, 1959), p. 673, (note).

[s] Jackson, p. 232.

[4] Jackson, p. 233.

KIPLING AND R. L. STEVENSON

by Roger Lancelyn Green

As today is Robert Louis Stevenson's birthday, it seems appropriate to share this Discussion Meeting between him and Kipling — two of the greatest and most popular writers in the literary scene at the beginning of the eighteen-nineties. Stevenson was the senior by fifteen years, having been born in 1850, though he had not been a famous author to the knowledge of the general reading public for many years before Kipling's meteoric conquest of London 1890.

Although *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey* appeared as early as 1878 and 1879, and even before then the more discerning readers like Lang and Gosse and Henley and Saintsbury were looking eagerly each month for "the beloved initials" R. L. S. beneath articles in *The Cornhill Magazine,* it was not until the publication of *Treasure Island* in 1883 that Stevenson leapt suddenly to the foremost rank of living writers, assuring himself of even more popular fame with *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in January 1886, and consolidating it with *Kidnapped* later the same year and *The Master of Ballantrae* and *The Wrong Box* in 1889. In the matter of short stories, where Kipling's greatest strength lay, Stevenson had already produced some of his greatest, such as 'The Suicide Club' and 'The Sire de Maletroit's Door' in *New Arabian Nights* (1882) and an even finer collection in *The Merry Men* (1887), leaving only the South Sea tales of *Island Nights* (1893) such as 'The Bottle Imp' to be the fruits of his Samoan exile.

In the unfortunate absence of any collection of his letters, we do not know when Kipling began to read Stevenson: quite likely not until he was in India, and Stevenson's works of fiction had begun to appear in readily available form. (He is not likely to have read *The New Arabian Nights* on its original appearance in the weekly paper *London* in 1878, when he was a junior at Westward Ho! ; and he was presumably too old to be taking *Young Folks* when *Treasure Island* was running in it anonymously at the end of 1881).

However Kipling was obviously a devoted reader of Stevenson by 1888 when an interesting reference to him was included in 'Black Jack', the last story in *Soldiers Three,* first published in the booklet itself. In both the 'Railway Library' editions and the Sampson Low editions printed in London before 1895, the story begins with a paragraph omitted from all later editions, as follows.

> 'There is a writer called Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who makes most delicate inlay-work in black and white, and files out to a fraction of a hair. He has written a story about a Suicide Club, wherein men gambled for Death because other amusements did not bite sufficiently. My friend Private Mulvaney knows nothing about Mr. Stevenson, but he once assisted informally at a meeting of almost such a club as that gentleman has described; and his words are true'.

In September of the same year Kipling made another passing reference to Stevenson in 'The Last of the Stories', which was published

in *The Weeks News* on the 15th of that month. When Mrs. Hauksbee appears as 'a limp-jointed, staring-eyed doll', in his dream, Kipling protests to the Devil of Discontent 'I can't stand her in that state'.

> ' "You'll *have* to when you come again. Look ! No connection with Jekyll and Hyde ! " The Devil pointed a lean and inky finger towards the doll, and lo ! radiant, bewitching, with a smile of dainty malice, her high heels clicking on the floor like castanets, advanced Mrs. Hauksbee as I had imagined her in the beginning'.

In spite of this, however, none of Stevenson's characters appear in the dream, to accompany those from books by Blackmore, Besant, Bret Harte, Rider Haggard, Mark Twain and the rest.

The next reference comes in *The Pioneer* on 29 June 1889 in the ninth of the Letters which make up *From Sea to Sea,* Kipling being then on his way from India to England via Japan and America. The letter, written in Hong Kong, is prefaced with the four lines:

'I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow; —
Where below another sky
Parrot-islands anchored lie'.

No author is given, but these are the first four lines of 'Travel', the tenth poem in *A Child's Garden of Verses,* first published in 1885.

To jump forward for a moment, Kipling's knowledge of Stevenson's child poems is shown again in the parody which appeared in *The Muse Among the Motors* in 1929 :

'Now there is nothing wrong with me
Except — I think it's called T.B.
And that is why I have to lay
Out in the garden all the day.

Our garden is not very wide,
And cars go by on either side,
And make an angry-hooty noise
That rather startles little boys.

But worst of all is when they take
Me out in cars that growl and shake,
With charabancs so dreadful-near
I have to shut my eyes for fear.

But when I'm on my back again,
I watch the Croydon aeroplane
That flies across to France, and sings
Like hitting thick piano-strings.

When I am strong enough to do
The things I'm truly wishful to,
I'll never use a car or train
But always have an aeroplane;

And just go zooming round and round,
And frighten Nursey with the sound,
And see the angel-side of clouds,
And spit on all those motor-crowds ! '

This is a good parody of Stevenson's general style in his child-poems, with many echoes — though not, I think, directly based on any particular poem.

To return to 1889, however. In September he was in Boston where he first read the latest book by Stevenson which seems to have become his favourite. 'Even today', he wrote in 1935 in *Something of Myself,* 'I would back myself to take seventy-five per cent marks in written or viva-voce examination on *The Wrong Box* which, as the Initiated know, is the Test Volume of that Degree' — Eminent Past Master R.L.S.' — 'I read it first in a small hotel in Boston in '89, when the negro waiter nearly turned me out of the dining-room for spluttering over my meal'.

In case there are any of the un-Initiated present, I should perhaps explain that *The Wrong Box* is held by many to be one of the masterpieces of humour in the language. It was first written by Stevenson's young step-son Lloyd Osbourne — apparently as a serious thriller — a 'who-done-it' turning on the hiding of a corpse in an effort to win a Tontine. Stevenson read Lloyd's first draft, and saw its possibilities. So he re-wrote the whole (I believe that the MS., still extant in New York, is entirely in his hand) transforming it into — what it is. A book which its devotees read once or twice every year with complete enjoyment, and which yields numerous choice quotations.

Kipling's best known reference to *The Wrong Box* comes in 'The Vortex' when the narrator and the Agent-General are being bored by Mr. Lingnam during the motor drive shortly before the eruption of the bees: —

> 'But Mr. Lingnam only talked. He talked — we all sat together behind him so that we could not escape him — and he talked above the worn gears and a certain maddening swish of one badly patched tyre — *and* he talked of the Federation of the Empire against all conceivable dangers except himself. Yet I was neither brutally rude like Penfentenyou, nor swooningly bored like the Agent-General. I remembered a certain Joseph Finsbury who delighted the Tregonwell Arms on the borders of the New Forest with "nine" — it should have been ten — "versions of a single income of two hundred pounds", placing the imaginary person in — but I could not recall the list of towns further than "London, Paris, Baghdad, and Spitzbergen". This last I must have murmured aloud, for the Agent General suddenly became human and went on: "Bussorah, Heligoland and the Scilly Islands —"
>
> ' "What ?" growled Penfentenyou.
>
> ' "Nothing", said the Agent-General squeezing my hand affectionately. "Only we have just found that we are brothers".
>
> ' "Exactly", said Mr. Lingnam. "That's just what I've been trying to lead up to . . . To go back, even ten years —"
>
> ' "I've got it", cried the Agent-General. "Brighton, Cincinnati, and Nijni Novgorod ! God bless R.L.S. ! Go on, Uncle Joseph. I can endure much now" '.

The temptation to quote the whole passage from Chapter III of *The Wrong Box* is strong but, like the narrator, 'I scorn to appear vainglorious' over any pretensions I may have to qualifying as 'Past

Master R.L.S.' in respect of this wonderful book. Not only the chapter but the book itself waits for you all to read — if you do not already know it more or less by heart.

However devoted Kipling was to *The Wrong Box,* it seems odd that he never referred to *Kidnapped* and *Catriona.* There are two passing mentions of *The Wrecker* — in 'The Edge of the Evening' published in *The Pall Mall Magazine* in Dec. 1913: where the disposal of the dead spies is likened to it — 'Says Walen to me . . . "Ever read a book called *The Wreckers,* Mr. Zigler?" "Not that I recall at the present moment" I says. "Well, do," he says. "You'd appreciate it. You'd appreciate it now, I assure you".' And in *Something of Myself* where he meets Sam McClure 'credited with being the original of Stevenson's Pinkerton in *The Wrecker,* but himself far more original'. Incidentally Kipling makes the title plural in "The Edge of the Evening", probably with intention as he did not correct it even in the Sussex Edition.

And finally a story from *Island Night's Entertainments* is presumably referred to in 'The Bold Prentice' *(Youth's Companion,* 19 Sept: 1895. reprinted in *Land and Sea Tales)* after the operation performed on the engine Number Forty: 'the pressure-gauge was jumping up and down like a bottle-imp'. But there are no capitals, so it is just possible that India had bottles with imps in them on their own account.

There may be other references — doubtless many of you are waiting to 'correct my caesuras for me' — but these will do to show that Kipling referred to Stevenson as often in his writings as to any of his contemporaries, even Rider Haggard who gets about half-a-dozen passing mentions, though like Stevenson, is only named once in a minor story 'A Flight of Fact' in 1918.

There seems to be no reference to *The Dynamiter* — at least I have found none. But it seems that Kipling agreed with Max Beerbohm over one thing — if nothing else —that Stevenson's best books were those which 'give rein to his own riotous sense of fantasy, as in *The New Arabian Nights,* or *The Dynamiter* or *The Wrong Box* . . . These books are, I think, far and away his best', concluded Max, 'the most characteristic of himself, of his true and magical self. *(Rede Lecture,* 1943).

Kipling may, understandably, have not cared greatly for *The Master of Ballantrae,* Stevenson's diploma piece as an historical novelist — which even Andrew Lang confessed that he felt he ought to prefer to the rest, but didn't — if only for that extremely improbable character the Indian Secundra Dass.

But he was certainly an admirer of the great Alan Breck, hero of *Kidnapped* and *Catriona* — though the nearest to a mention in the published works is giving his name to a character in the fifth section of *France at War.*

Kipling never met Stevenson, though he twice planned to visit him in Samoa. The first time was in November 1891 during his voyage via the Cape to Australia and New Zealand. He seems to have announced before leaving England that he was going to visit Stevenson, and Sidney Colvin apparently wrote Louis about the projected visit, for he replied on 28 Sept: 1891 'We shall be delighted to see Kipling'. The trip was

very much an unplanned one, and there was no ship readily available when Kipling was in Australia. The last reference of his intended visit appeared in the *Argus* on 19 Nov: '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'. However he had apparently received news from India on the 17th which had caused him to 'cut short his Australasian tour' and start on the devious course home.

His next attempt to visit Stevenson was on the disastrous honeymoon tour which ended at Yokohama in June 1892 with the failure of the Oriental Banking Company.

Stevenson had already written home in March of that year: 'We are expecting an invasion of Kiplings; very glad we shall be to see them; but two of the party are ladies, and I tell you we had to hold a council of war to stow them'. Incidentally, I can find no evidence that Kipling and his wife had companions on their honeymoon.

After the flight back to Brattleboro' Kipling paid no more visits to the Pacific; and Stevenson died on 3 Dec: 1894 without ever leaving the South Seas after setting up his home at Vailima five years previously.

He and Kipling had, however, corresponded even before the first attempt at a visit, though unfortunately only one of Stevenson's letters to him has been published, and none of Kipling's replies.

Although living in the antipodes, Stevenson retained his keen interest in all new authors—and, being so far away, wrote to them in his usual charming and generous manner as soon as he chanced upon their books. There are half a dozen to Rider Haggard and to Stanley Weyman, (plus a poem to each), several to Conan Doyle, a few to S. R. Crockett (there were said to be many more, but these have not so far appeared), one to A. E. W. Mason, and one to Anthony Hope which was found on Stevenson's desk after his death. There were also many letters to Barrie — and apparently several to Kipling — none of these authors ever met him personally.

Stevenson was already reading Kipling by August 1890 when he wrote to Henry James (who was among the literary friends whom he had known before leaving England, which circle included also Henley, Lang, Gosse, Meredith and others) — 'Kipling is too clever to live ! ' On 29th December of the same year he wrote, again to Henry James: 'Kipling is by far the most promising young man who has appeared since — ahem — I appeared. He amazes me by his precocity and various endowment. But he alarms me by his copiousness and haste. He should shield his fire with both hands "and draw up all his strength and sweetness in one ball" . . . So the critics have been saying to me; but I was never capable of — and surely never guilty of — such a debauch of production. At this rate his works will soon fill the habitable globe; and surely he was armed for better conflicts than these succinct sketches and flying leaves of verse ? I look on, I admire, I rejoice for myself; but in a kind of ambition we all have for our tongue and literature I

am wounded. If I had this man's fertility and courage, it seems to me, I could heave a pyramid'.

Stevenson did not think so highly of Kipling's verse as he did of his prose: 'How poorly Kipling compares' he wrote to Charles Baxter on 18 July 1892 on receiving a copy of Henley's *London Voluntaries.* 'Kipling is all smart journalism and cleverness: it is all bright and shallow and limpid, like a business paper — a good one, *s'entend;* but there is no blot of heart's blood and the Old Night; there are no harmonics; there is scarce harmony to his music; and in Henley — all of these: a touch, a sense with sense, a sound outside the sound, the shadow of the inscrutable, eloquent beyond all definition'.

Finally on 5 Dec: 1892 he was again writing to Henry James: 'Hurry up with another book of stories. I am now reduced to two of my contemporaries, you and Barrie — O, and Kipling — you and Barrie and Kipling are now my Muses Three. And with Kipling, as you know, there are reservations to be made. I should say I also read Anstey when he is serious, and can get a happy day out of Marion Crawford . . . But Barrie is a beauty, *The Little Minister* and *A Window in Thrums,* eh ? Stuff in that young man; but he must see and not be too funny. Genius in him, but there's a journalist at his elbow — there's the risk !

Meanwhile, however, Stevenson had been writing to Kipling himself. Sidney Colvin gives a tantalising note at the head of the only letter included in even the final version of his collection. 'In 1890, on first becoming acquainted with Mr. Kipling's *Soldiers Three,* Stevenson had written off his congratulations red-hot. "Well and indeed, Mr. Mulvaney", so ran the first sentences of his note, "but it's as good as meat to meet in with you, Sir. They tell me it was a man of the name of Kipling made ye; but indeed they can't fool me; it was the Lord God Almighty that made you". Taking the cue thus offered, Mr. Kipling had written back in the character of his own Irishman, Terence Mulvaney, addressing Stevenson's Highlander, Alan Breck Stewart".

The letter which Colvin includes is written in the character of Alan Breck — and is not, unfortunately, a very interesting one: 'It seems . . . you are in the household of a gentleman of the name of Coupling: for whom my friend [i.e. R.L.S.] is very much engaged' — but goes off rather labouredly into Alan Breck's own rather conceited vapourings.

What became of the rest of Stevenson's letters to Kipling I have been unable to discover, or whether any of Kipling's to Stevenson survive. But some extracts from Kipling's letters to Colvin about the correspondence were published in the sale catalogue of Colvin's literary estate at the Anderson Galleries, New York on 7 May 1928.

From 'The Elms', Rottingdean on 12 Dec: 1898, Kipling wrote to Colvin regretting that the 'Alan Breck to Mulvaney' letters are in an "ungetatable safe in America". But he does not regret that the letters are not readily accessible, for "they are not such letters as one would care to make public. They were written in fun and on the spur of the moment, but they happen to be very complimentary, and by publishing them one would put them on record as criticism — which I am sure, you will see, one cannot do".

However, a couple of years later, on 5 Aug: 1900, he has modified his opinion. The letters are now in his possession, he has re-read them,

and is willing that one should be published — but not the one in which R.L.S. was speaking in his own name:

'There is only one letter from Alan Breck to Terence Mulvaney', wrote Kipling. 'I send you them both to see: but I do not see any need to publish more than the one from Alan Breck which is the only one that has any interest for the public'.

So, perhaps after all, Stevenson only wrote to Kipling twice . . .

However Kipling continued to read everything he wrote, and to look to Stevenson as perhaps the leading author alive in the early nineties. When the news of his death came, Mrs. Kipling noted in her diary (Carrington p.213 and personal information from him): 'Rudyard much cut up by R. L. Stevenson's death. No work for a week' .

For this was the strange spell R.L.S. exerted over his contemporaries: 'While he lived', wrote Quiller-Couch, 'he moved men to put their utmost even into writings that quite certainly would never meet his eye. Surely another age will wonder over this curiosity of letters — that for five years the needle of literary endeavour in Great Britain has quivered towards a little island in the South Pacific, as to its magnetic pole'.

REPORTS OF DISCUSSION MEETINGS

13th November, 1963, *at the Ulster Room, Overseas House*

This day being the birthday of the great Scottish writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. R. L. Green had kindly offered to mark the occasion in an appropriate manner by promoting a discussion on Kipling and R.L.S. As a further and Uncovenanted benefit we had great pleasure in welcoming Mr. E. J. Mehew, editor of the *Stevensonian,* a widely-acknowledged authority on Stevenson and his works, whose contributions to the discussion were received with the greatest attention and interest, and to him our warmest thanks are due.

The chairman, having acclaimed *Treasure Island* as the finest book ever written for boys between seven and seventy, was inspired by some malignant imp to cast an apple of discord upon the table by describing *The Wrong Box,* which he had recently read for the first time, as the most unfunny and uninteresting work of fiction he had encountered for a long time. It will be no surprise to readers to learn that the implied challenge was accepted by a number of his hearers.

(Mr. Green's discourse appears on pages 10 to 16 of the present number of the *Journal).*

The discussion which followed this comprehensive dissertation ranged widely over the similarities and contrasts between the two writers. It seemed to one hearer, at least, that the unfavourable comparison made by R.L.S. of Kipling's verse with that of Henley, inspired by the latter's *London Voluntaries,* is less than just, even allowing for the circumstance that Kipling at that time (1892) had by no means reached the peak of

his powers as a versifier, not to say poet. Some, but by no means all, of his juvenilia was 'bright and shallow and limpid,' but to say that there is 'scarce harmony to his music' shews a lack of appreciation of his metrical powers and an obtuseness of aural sense almost unbelievable in one who was no mean writer of verse himself.

In reply to a question about the extent of Stevenson's poetical output outside the published works, Mr. Mehew informed the meeting that a lot of drafts, incomplete verse and inconclusive attempts were destroyed or otherwise disposed of after his death and are no longer available.

Two questions of pronunciation arose and it was confirmed by our two Scots authorities, the Misses Macleod, that Catriona is properly pronounced 'Catriona,' although, as someone remarked, 'Catreena' would do for the Sassenach. Mr. Green then informed us that Stanley Weyman's name is pronounced 'Wyman.' R.L.S. himself had changed his baptismal name from Lewis to Louis, but still pronounced it as formerly.

Some comparison of the two authors' characters was attempted, with the surprising suggestion that while the characters of R.L.S. were three-dimensional, those of Kipling were not, to which the objection was at once made that Mulvaney and Pyecroft had long ago been declared in these discussions to be by no means cardboard cut-outs. Mrs. Hawksbee, it is true, was described by her own creator as a limp-jointed, staring-eyed doll, and can be written off as early journalism, and Mrs. Bathurst as no more than a 'walking-on' part but taking them all in all Kipling's characters come out well from an examination of their substantiality.

It was observed that Kipling's works preponderated in bulk, but allowance must be made for Stevenson's short working life — he died at the age of 44 and his health was fragile throughout — compared with Kipling's active span of more than fifty years. Both men married women older than themselves, and both wives took upon themselves a major responsibility for the joint affairs of the *menage,* to the great advantage of their husbands it must in reason be allowed.

The publication in 1893 of that great book *Treasure Island* made Stevenson a popular writer and it was this book, as Mr. Green remarked, that earned him the qualification 'great.' 'It is difficult to believe,' says the Encyclopaedia Britannica, 'that the time will ever come in which he will not be remembered as the most beloved of writers of that age which he did so much to cheer and stimulate.'

The meeting ended, a little behind schedule, with the hurried but reluctant exodus of those having trains to catch, a smiling Mr. Green accepting the well-earned plaudits of his gratified audience, and a chairman announcing himself as steadfastly unrepentant about *The Wrong Box;* who here as an afterthought is moved to add that it is inferior to anything in the Wodehouse canon and most of Somerville and Ross, while, as farce, 'The Bonds of Discipline' has it beaten to the ropes. And now let battle (in the correspondence columns) begin. But it was Mrs. Scott-Giles who finally summed the matter up with the words *De gustibus . . .*

P.W.I.

On January 22nd, 1964, Mr. P. W. Inwood gave another of his excellent readings from the Verse, this time of Soldier Poems from *Barrack-Room Ballads, The Seven Seas,* and *The Five Nations.* Mr. Inwood's introductory remarks follow, and a list of the poems which he read on this occasion. His interesting notes on several of them will be held over until the Report of his further readings of *Barrack-Room Ballads* on September 16th.

It is to the everlasting credit of Rudyard Kipling that he was the first, if not the only, author to attempt by his writings to raise the British soldier in the esteem of his fellow countrymen. That he succeeeded there is no denying.

Mr. J. I. M. Stewart, in his book *Eight Modern Writers,* which is reviewed in the current *Kipling Journal,* says : ' Notably, he brought the British Army alive in the minds of people who listened to songs and joined in choruses in the popular theatre. And he did it so well that the achievement was accepted, too, by persons of much more conscious cultivation.'

I do not suppose that anyone born in this century is able fully to realise the position in society of Tommy Atkins before the Boer War. It is a fact that a soldier in uniform — and if he were not in uniform he ran the risk of arrest as a deserter — was excluded from saloon bars of public houses, and sometimes even from public bars. In those days he was regarded as the lowest of the low, and honest people of the lower classes would think it a disgrace if a male member of the family were to ' go for a soldier ' as the saying was in those days, or a female member to marry a soldier.

But by the time the South African War was well under way, the soldier was treated almost as a human being (again aided by Kipling with the ' Absent-minded Beggar '), but even then the regular soldier did not receive the adulation accorded, for instance, to the City Imperial Volunteers, a scratch lot recruited for the occasion, who on their return from the Front were given a triumphal reception by the City, and for whom a special song was being sung in the music halls and everywhere else.

I myself do not remember any particular demonstrations or songs of joy at the homecoming of the professional soldier.

The major arm of his campaign on behalf of the private soldier was, of course, the Barrack Room Ballads, which burst like a bombshell on an astonished world and established their author forthwith as the people's poet. Nothing like them had ever appeared before.

But they were not, in my opinion, written as, or intended to be, musical hall songs, although in later years some of them, as for instance ' Boots ', were sung in theatres of variety, the successors of the original music halls. That Kipling was interested in the music hall is quite clear. He could hardly fail to be, with the windows of his Villiers Street chambers virtually looking on to the stage of Gatti's under the Arches, and just to show that he could do it, he wrote one fairly typical music hall song as the clou of ' My Great and Only ' (*Abaft the Funnel),*

' That's what the girl told the soldier ', which he also used in ' Love o' Women ', but there is no evidence that it ever went into a music publisher's hands or a singer's repertoire.

It is probably true to say that the destined home of the Barrack Room Ballads was the smoking concert, an entertainment which received its mortal blow from broadcasting.

To quote again from Stewart : The soldier poems open out a new and vivid world of the imagination. ' The Ladies ' and ' Mandalay ' and ' Danny Deever ' and ' Fuzzy-Wuzzy ' and ' Gunga Din ' are all in their different ways splendid achievements.

I propose now to read a selection of the Ballads, not necessarily the most popular, but those I think to be among the best and most suitable to the author's motive in writing them . . .

Mr. Inwood then read the following poems, pausing between each for questions and discussion :—

DANNY DEEVER
TOMMY
CELLS
MANDALAY
GENTLEMEN RANKERS
BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN
SOLDIER AND SAILOR TOO
THAT DAY
THE MEN THAT FOUGHT AT MINDEN
THE LADIES
FOLLOW ME 'OME
FOR TO ADMIRE
M.I.
PIET
THE RETURN
UBIQUE

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

What's the Society doing about the Centenary? Many of you are sure to be asked this question from now on— some of you will be asking it yourselves — and I attach a few possible answers (not an exhaustive list). Please note the word 'possible', as some members and their questioners may think we should be doing more than we have, in fact, power to do.

(a) *Outside the Society.* Remember that we cannot give directions, but must wait to be asked to help.

(i) Remind those who can publicly commemorate Kipling that 1965 is the year for an all-out effort.

(ii) Let them know of our existence, and that we are anxious to be made use of as suppliers of information and, if required, advice.

(b) *Within the Society.* Here we must remember that it's the Centenary of *Kipling,* not that of the Society.

(i) Produce a special number of the *Journal* (probably December '65).

(ii) Hold all our usual functions with enthusiasm, and try to get an extra-special Guest of Honour for the Annual Lunch.

A.E.B.P,

KIPLING AND LAHORE

Noel F. Cooke, E.D.

ANYONE who came to the *C. and M. Gazette* on editorial business could not approach us without the word Kipling passing through the mind, whether it registered or not. The office, a two-storied building with deep verandahs on each floor, was on the Mall, Lahore, at the west end of which stood Kim's gun — an old cannon which had seen much service. The inside of the barrel is deeply scored and gashed as though the Muslims, and the Sikhs after them, had fed Zam Zammah (roaring Hon) with odd shaped pieces of metal and rock when they ran out of shot at Panipat and Multan. The Persian inscription upon it gives the date of casting as 1762. Kim's gun stands on a plinth in the centre of the Mall, the position it has occupied since 1860. Before that it stood in front of Delhi Gate of the walled city of Lahore. It is flanked on the one side by the Punjab University and on the other with the Wonder House, where the old lama was given his spectacles by the curator, who we like to think was Kipling's father, Lockwood Kipling. The Mall runs in a straight line due east for two miles where it enters Lahore cantonment. It is the road up which came the Drum Horse to rout the White Hussars. But I digress.

To get to the editorial office of the *C. and M. Gazette* it was necessary to walk through a narrow passage between the main office and the sanctum of the manager. As one approached the eye could not help catching the glint of a well polished copper tablet. It read : 'Rudyard Kipling Worked Here 1882-87.' The tablet was fastened to the outside wall of the office of the assistant editor, across a courtyard and under a verandah. This tablet and Kipling's desk, in the newsroom, were the only relics we had to offer our visitors, unless they had more time than we had to spare. To those who had the time there was the library, further along the verandah, where hours could be spent among the old files. In the library in the 'twenties, Nikka Singh sat. He was an aged Sikh, a little bent and thin. He had the pointed features of his race and a long white beard. His uncut hair was piled up under his tightly tied white turban; on his wrist was an iron quoit and at his side a *kirpan* (small dagger). Nikka Singh was an orthodox Sikh and always dressed in the complete regalia of his religion. He would rise slowly from his chair when you entered and look over the steel rims of his spectacles, perched half way down his aquiline nose. Nikka Singh had known Kipling *sahib.*

THE MAN OF INK

All round the library were racks which held the bound copies of the *C. and M. Gazette,* the spines in red leather and the titles and dates in gold. There were also volumes of the *Moffusalite,* a journal with a smaller format, published before the *C. and M. Gazette* had come into

being. In those old volumes were recorded the day to day happenings of north-west India and the world at large. These bound copies were treasured by Nikka Singh as though they were the sacred writing of the *Khalsa.* The days had gone when the old man could lift them down, but he and I spent many hours together looking for Kipling turn-overs, most of which we thought we recognised by the style. Some had R.K. beneath them.

In the 'twenties the aged Nikka Singh had only a hazy idea of the young bespectacled assistant editor who worked on the *C. and M. Gazette* in the far off eighties. To him Kipling was only another young English *sahib* who had come and gone during his long service with the journal. He remembered him as a *sahib* who wrote and wrote, was *kharab misaij* (bad tempered), threw things about and was all over ink, Nikka Singh would say. Ink on his clothes. Ink on his desk. Ink on the floor. *Sab siyahi* (all ink). Nikka Singh spoke good English but often relapsed into Urdu — the esperanto of the sub-continent. According to Nikka Singh, Kipling had a very large ink pot which he insisted must always be filled to the brim. In this inkpot he plunged his pen, shook the surplus on to the floor and then scratched and scratched away. An offending sentence or paragraph he struck out with a brush loaded with ink. Such was the eccentricity of the genius who must commit his thought to paper at the earliest possible moment, to make room for more. Thus with a brush he irrevocably dismissed an unwanted sentence from his mind. One can see the vast bushy eyebrows, the thick glasses, the forehead wrinkled in concentration as the ink flowed and the pen raced. To interrupt him, so Nikka Singh would say, was to see a book or a paperweight flying through the air. The old Sikh would smile at the memory of his contact with the inky genius as he paved his way to fame in the old grey bungalow next door. The bungalow, in the 'twenties, had been given up to the sale of ' T ' model Ford cars, and soon was to vanish and be replaced with shop windows and two stories of flats and offices above.

Among the many interesting — and uninteresting — visitors to the *C. and M. Gazette* there were the pilgrims. We called the Kipling enthusiasts the pilgrims. Some were very knowledgeable, especially the Americans. Such visitors were stimulating and I often found myself, after a visit, reaching out for one or other of my little red or blue books to renew my acquaintance with the silent and beloved characters within. Eric Hardy, the editor, had an extensive knowledge of Kipling's works, but being a very shy man, he left the visitors to us or the management, according to their status. Some of the members of the Kipling Society may remember that in the 'twenties the *Morning Post* ran a kind of Kipling quiz and Eric Hardy became my *guru* (teacher) and I his *chela* (disciple). To him, and in many other ways also, I owe much. We still correspond.

KIPLING'S DESK

I am afraid we youngsters did not treat Kipling's desk with the respect other people thought it deserved. Very important people were brought in by the management and we listened with due attention — and

an occasional wink between ourselves — as the guide displayed his ignorance of the great writer's work. Managers like figures, not words.

Kipling's desk was really a shocking piece of bazaar-made Victorian furniture, constructed of poor wood and stained very dark brown. It had a sloping front to write upon, flanked by two cupboards with a shelf between. The tops of the cupboards were decorated with a balustrade of small turned pillars. We had an office joke in those days. Anything found lying about unclaimed was pronounced the undoubted property of Kipling and into Kipling's desk it was popped. There were old pipes, old pens, old paperweights and old ink pots. They came in most useful, I am ashamed to say, as hand-outs to Kipling lovers. At least they could say, we argued, the bits and pieces came from Kipling's desk. To those of our visitors we especially liked.— people who forgot that our ' mode of earning money was a low and shameful one '— we sometimes extended a special favour. The turned pillars were loose and with a finger to the lips, a wink and a ' shush ' we would hand them a pillar and watch the delight on the face of the recipient as he or she quickly put it away into the pocket or a bag. When the gap began to look too obvious, the office carpenter, for a few annas, would make us some new ones !

The last we saw of Kipling's desk was when it passed out of the office on the heads of two coolies. ' Being flogged,' said someone, as he looked up from the copy he was subbing. But what was the good of telling the management that Nikka Singh had never seen Kipling *sahib* writing at that desk, in the vanished grey bungalow next door? Anyway the mortal remains of the old Sikh had, some years previously, ascended in a column of smoke above his funeral pyre ; I hope to the place where good Sikhs go. Nevertheless, Kipling's desk was so uncomfortable and cramped that no one would ever have wished to use it, least of all an impatient man who wanted freedom around him. Was it Kipling's desk? I don't know. I had examined it closely for excessive stains of ink and had found none.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS

One of our visitors still stands out clearly in my memory. He was dressed as a globe-trotter of the period; a period long before people shot in and out of India in aeroplanes. He wore a huge *topee* and looked down upon me through horn-rimmed spectacles like the halter rings in a stable wall. He chewed his cigar as Kim might have chewed sugar cane. He knew all the answers. In fact, he was telling me ! ' Do you know, young man,' he said, prodding my chest with his index finger, 'Do you know where '*Rudyaard*' Kipling wrote the ' City of Dreadful Night?' No, of course you don't. You have to be a *stoodent* of Kipling for that, and you are too young. All the same I don't know how he could have sat up there on the top of that ' miner ' *(minar)* of the Wazir Khan Mosque and written that wonderful story.' I hope I looked as though I believed him as I heard a snigger from my colleagues nearby. I forget my comment, but I did not try to explode his dream. Now I have the vision of the big headed, bushy eyebrowed and bespectacled

author sitting up there on a bright moonlight night scratching away and shaking his pen over the low balustrade of the *minar,* the surplus ink falling on the white corpse-like figures in the mosque courtyard below.

Of course, when I arrived in Lahore more than a generation had passed since R.K. was there. Members of some old Anglo-Indian families may have remembered him but I never met any. Then R.K. was not famous, only just an ordinary member of the Punjab Club with no claim for V.I.P. treatment by its very class-conscious members. An aspiring ' Ulysses Gunne ' would be very low caste, I should imagine, judging by the high standard of etiquette demanded when I became a member, thirty-five years later. Even then there were tables in the bar reserved — by usage — for High Court Judges and senior members of the I.C.S. We ' Gunnes ' waited to be summoned into the presence of our betters. Everything said within those walls was privileged and the best story in the world had to be confirmed outside. What a contrast to the bulldozing and road-roller tactics of the modern press !

A DIRECT CONTACT

But in my time there was one direct contact with Kipling, although this might be described as once removed. It was the receipt, by his mother Lodge, of a handsome gavel. It had an ebony shaft upon which was a head of stone taken from the quarries of Palestine. The head carried an inscribed silver plate stating it had been presented to Lodge Hope and Perseverance No. 782 by Rudyard Kipling. I do not recall that a letter accompanied it. If so, it was not in the glass case where the gavel was kept in the library of Freemasons Hall. If there was no letter it was typical of R.K.'s aversion to sign his name. The *pundits* of Hope and Perseverance would tell you that Kipling had no sooner qualified for full Masonic privileges than he was made secretary. I cannot vouch for this as I never saw the minute, though I had often meant to ask the District Grand Secretary to allow me to search for it. Lodge Hope and Perseverance came into being in 1858, and from it sprung the District Grand Lodge of the Punjab some ten years later. Kipling's old Lodge room vanished when the new building was erected on the Mall, near the Queen Victoria statue, after the 1914-18 war. I never felt that ' The Mother Lodge ' was Hope and Perseverance. During my twenty-six years in Lahore this Lodge had no Indian members, though others had. The Indian Lodge was Industry No. 1483, which after Partition, moved to New Delhi. I like to think that ' The Mother Lodge ' was based on St. John the Evangelist No. 1485. There one might expect to meet '. . . Rundle, Station Master and Beaslev of the Rail, an' 'Ackman, Commissariat, an' Donkin o' the Jail . . . Bola Narth, Accountant, an' Saul the Aden Jew, an' Din Mohammed, draughtsman of the survey office, too.'

There is one more link with Kipling I can remember. That was a cue hanging in the billiard room of the Punjab Club. The cue hung in a case in a row with many others and upon the case, painted in white, was ' R.K.' Did that cue inspire Rudyard Kipling to write ' My Own True Ghost Story ?' I don't know.

KIPLING'S INDIA

by

Allan M. Arnott

As I saw it, when I first arrived in March 1907. This should he read with Kipling's book of verse on one's knee

Possibilities Page 43.

IN 1907 India was still the land of *'ponies, guns and traps'* before the days of motorcars, telephones, typewriters, etc. On arrival I joined the Cameronians in the hill station of Chakrata. Then at the beginning of October, the Regiment marched all the way to Cawnpore, a distance of about 250 miles, which took nearly a month. The routine was exactly as portrayed in ' Route Marchin' '. In those days, there was no tarmac on the Grand Trunk Road, and the dust was awful, but still *' there's worser things than marchin' from Umballa to Cawnpore '*, especially ' a *little front of Christmas time an' just be'ind the Rains.'*

Route Marchin' Page 426

At the end of my year's attachment, I received my posting to the 4th Gurkha Rifles, with its own permanent home at BAKLOH. 4,500 feet up in the Himalayas, just 15 miles from the hill station of Dalhousie, which Kipling knew well. From the main line station of Amritsar, with its golden temple of the Sikhs, a branch line went to Pathankot, at the base of the hills, and from there the rest of the journey was made by ' mail ' or ' special ' tonga. This was a sort of low dog cart, with two seats in front (one occupied by the driver), and two seats facing backwards. The pole had an iron crossbar, or curricle, the ends of which fitted into a notch in the saddle of each pony, and so there was always a constant jangle. Ponies were changed every four miles, the average speed over the whole journey being about 6 m.p.h. But once into the hills, it was hard pull up for the poor ponies, and at the end of their stage they were in a muck sweat. The tonga journey to Simla as described in *'As the bell clinks'* is splendid. Kipling must have done this journey frequently. But it was the same for all the other roads to the hill stations.

Page 52.

Life was very pleasant with our two Battalions in our little home in the hills. Under an energetic CO., we worked hard in the hot weather at Hill Warfare, in preparation for the chance of active service on the N.W. Frontier, and in the winter we marched down to the Plains for large or small scale manoeuvres. But especially we were exceedingly fortunate to take part in the Delhi

Durbar of November 1911. This was surely the greatest pageant that India, or indeed any other country, has ever seen. What a kaleidoscope of colour, with thousands of troops parading in full dress uniform, red and blue of the British Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery; the khaki and scarlet of the Punjab Frontier Force (The Piffers), the green of the Rifle and Gurkha Regiments. Then the Royal Garden Party held in the marble palaces of the Moghul Kings in the old red sandstone Fort, when Their Majesties went out to a little marble kiosk on the Wall, and showed themselves to a crowd of half a million Indians milling about on the sand between the base of the wall and the river Jumna. We all lived in camps, Their Majesties in the Royal Camp, the camps of the troops, with not a peg out of place, the camps of the Ruling Princes, which were lit up with coloured lights in the evening, there were even camps for the visitors. This town was set in such historic surroundings, between the Kashmir Gate and the Ridge, both the scene of such desperate fighting in the Mutiny.

Life was not all work. There was *' three days casual on the bust '* ten days station leave, two months privilege leave in India, and eight months furlough every three or four years. As we lived in the hills, privilege leave to avoid the hot weather was not a necessity, and was frowned on, except for big game shooting. Leave to a hill station was not granted except to married Officers, the Adjutant quoting—

A Ballad of Burial
Page 31.

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving to manners and carriage. But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of marriage.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz
Page 62.

Once a great friend of mine, a subaltern in a cavalry regiment, passed through Bakloh to go bear shooting in the Himalayas at our back. He was paralysed in one leg due to a fall from a horse, and later got a bullet through both knees as the result of a *' canter down some dark defile '* on the Frontier. I hardly thought he was much of a mountaineer, but I gave him some tips, and sent him on his way. Less than a fortnight later, I got a telegram from him, ' Come to the Saturday dance at Dalhousie.' I rode up the fifteen miles, and we had a very convivial dinner, and then went on to the dance. He was no better at dancing than at climbing, with the result that his partners pleaded faintness, and asked to sit out the remainder of the dance. Then, by way of polite conversation, they would ask him what he had been doing. ' Oh ' he said, ' I've had a thrilling time, bear shooting in Chamba. Can you imagine it ? A bottomless abyss with a bear behind ' ! He said the answers were fifty fifty !

Arithmetic on the Frontier
Page 45.

And then perhaps one's second furlough came round, and we were older then. The passage home was very quiet. Both men and women were tired out. But the outward journey, with a lot of eager girls on board, and the young fellows full of good English beer, and beef, and bonhomie, it was great fun, with lots going on, possibly some flirting.

The Lovers Litany Page 30.

Eyes of black — a throbbing keel
Milky foam to left and right
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.

Somehow, after about seven years of this engrossing life, with one's comrades in Mess, it begins to pall. It's the same all the time in every Mess, the weekly guest-nights, etc. Then perhaps one dines with one's seniors, 12 to 15 years service, fairly recently married, and sees them with their wives — so cosy — and one begins to feel that there is something missing.

Perhaps there was something of this mood on the long march back from manoeuvres at Delhi in 1913. All the married Officers had taken the train home to spend Christmas with their wives and families, leaving us youngsters to march the Regiment back. Christmas was deadly. We invited the Transport Sergeants to drinks in the Mess, but they drank too much. It recalled the lines —

Christinas in India Page 55.

For ' if faint and forced the laughter,' and if sadness follow after,
We are richer for one mocking Christmas past.

Next morning my great friend said ' This is awful. Let's take *three days casual on the bust,* and go to Lahore for Christmas Week. I know two very pretty girls there, and we have received an invitation to join them.' That was good enough for me. Starting at 3 a.m. and by devious means, and with the assistance of the Deputy Commissioner through whose District we were passing, and who was also the father of these two pretty girls, we reached the main railway line, and arrived at Lahore in time for lunch, where we got a very warm welcome from our hosts.

Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, undergoes a complete transformation in Christmas Week. The Governor is 'At Home ' to his Civil Service, as a return for hospitality received during his visits of inspection all over the Province. The grounds of Government House were panoplied with large ' Swiss Chalet ' tents for his visitors, and every house in the Civil Lines was the same. So too the Regimental Messes in the Cantonment. There was another large camp at the Club, with its beautiful lawns and gar-

dens, the trees festooned with fairy lights. A splendid series of entertainments was laid on. A Ball at Government House, another at the Club, Races and Polo tournaments with Regimental Bands in attendance, thé-dansants and picnics in full measure. Then an hour before dinner, the Club bar was a rendez-vous for old friends, with stories to swap and news to give. We were all made honorary members of the Club on writing our names in the book, and giving our present addresses. Later on, the bill came in *'for little cards for little drinks'* that Kipling tells of. There is a story of the Bishop of Lahore, who had a young nephew to stay. Explaining that he did not visit the bar, he told his nephew, when entertaining, to sign the chits ' The Bishop of Lahore '. This his nephew did, and, very improperly mentioned it to his friends. ' By Jove, that's a good one ' they said, and proceeded to do likewise, and very soon it had a snowball effect. Bishop Lefroy was a charming man with a host of friends. When the bill came in for something like 300 rupees, or £20, he paid it, which everyone agreed was a very Christian act.

Divided Destinies Page 34

In the mornings we would go shopping in the Mall (every Indian Cantonment has a Mall) and bazaar, where the ladies could get ribbons, *' twelve button gloves, shot sixes eke '* to replace casualties at the dances.

Divided Destinies Page 34.

Then on the last afternoon, I was taken for a picnic to the lovely old Moghul gardens at Shalimar. Sitting in a little marble kiosk, my charmer held out her hands, and said ' do you think I've got pretty hands ? ' What could a bashful subaltern do, but seize those delicate fingers in his, and murmur *' Paie hands I loved beside the Shalimar.'*

One of the Indian Love Lyrics, set to music, but the quotation is not from Kipling.

It will be no surprise when I mention that within a year I was engaged to be married. And then the problems arose of how to find the means to maintain a wife. *' Sleery's pay was very modest '* and so was mine. And like Sleery, I put the problem to my in-laws.

So they recognised the business, and to feed and clothe the bride,
Got him made a Something Something somewhere on the Bombay side.
Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him to marry —
As the artless Sleery put it : ' Just the thing for me and Carrie '.

The post that fitted Page 11.

In my case the appointment was to the Burma Military Police. A year later I was married in Mandalay, and we spent a year's honeymoon in a tiny outpost in the

Southern Shan States, miles from anywhere. I think ' Mandalay ' is one of the most charming poems Kipling ever wrote. It gives such a true and delightful picture of Burma. I have been a widower now for over 25 years, and I frequently repeat to myself : *' I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner greener land.'*

Mandalay Page 418

Meanwhile World War had broken out, and we were all chafing to get back to our regiments, but the Inspector General of Police was adamant that no one would be allowed to go without a replacement, which, of course, A.H.Q. India would not supply. Conditions were very unsettled, and we had to guard the whole Eastern Frontier. Eventually, the casualties in Gurkha Regiments had been so severe, that A.H.Q. India demanded the return of the two Gurkha officers in the Military Police, and sent two badly wounded officers in exchange. So I returned to India, and was posted to our 1st Battn, serving on the North West Frontier, as a reinforcement after a very severe fight with tribesmen, in which we lost four officers and 100 men killed (no wounded). However the tribesmen had lost a similar number, and they had had enough. Although we advanced right up into the hills, and destroyed a number of villages, there was no more serious fighting. Kipling has a lot to say of the N.W. Frontier and again the description rings true.

Ballad of East and West Page 234.

Arithmetic etc. Page 45.

A code of morals Page 12.

' There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-block snick where never a man is seen.'

I had no sooner returned to Bakloh than I was posted to my own Battalion in Mesopotamia, a country that Kipling had never visited, so there is no comparable record.

After the war, I again found myself doing military duty at Bakloh. By that time I had two children, and I found that my pay, less Mess bill and subscriptions, was not nearly enough to maintain my family. So I was forced to seek extra-regimental employment. In fact, in a letter to my wife, on a new arrival, I quoted a line from the Ballad of East and West.

'And two have come back to Fort Bakloh, where there went forth but one' !

I was very fortunate in being appointed Military Adviser to the Punjab States, looking after and training the small armies of the Ruling Chiefs. Here was an India that the average officer (British or Indian Army) did not know existed. The States lay off the beaten track, and the Princes maintained a feudal rule untrammelled by official-

dom. If the Ruler entertained a Viceroy or Governor, I and my wife were always invited, to see that the guards and salutes were correct, and we took part in all the entertainments provided. It was marvellous.

Occasionally a Chief would misbehave, when we would get a repetition of *A Legend of the Foreign Office,* when :

Page 8.

' *Things were lively for a week in the State of Kolazai* '

One little hill chief (11 guns), with a large tract of barren Himalayas, and an income of not much more than 1 Lac (£7,000) lusted for a mere C.I.E. He suggested to me that the best way to accomplish this, would be to join the Indian State Forces. So he asked me to raise an army for him, ' which would take its place side by side with the Army of India,' but intimated that the finances of the State would not run to more than one platoon (35 men) ! Unfortunately he also determined to build a palace large enough to entertain Governors and Viceroys. This necessitated clearing and levelling a large site, and to do this, he employed his subjects on ' begar ', i.e. forced labour without pay. At first he provided them with a mid-day meal, but when after a fortnight this ceased, his subjects rebelled and the ruler fled. The Political Officer asked me to come with him to put things straight, and in support we had a Company of a Gurkha Regt. As we approached the bridge over a large river at the entrance to the Capital, who should we see marching down the road on the other side, but the State Band in full dress uniform. As the Political crossed the bridge, he was greeted with a salute and the National Anthem. He took off his helmet, scratched his head, and said 'What does A do now, when he receives such a loyal welcome from the mutineers?' Needless to say, the Rajah, on his return, did not get his C.I.E., nor was the palace ever built.

On another occasion, I was ordered up to Simla by the Chief Political Officer. At the time I was on the West bank of the Sutlej, so I crossed the river, and rode to Simla by Kakahutti on the old dhooli road *' on the old hill road and rutty ',* that Miss Emily Eden writes of in her delightful memoirs, ' Up the Country '. This gave way to the cart road which Kipling used. Later again the little railway carried the traffic, till the advent of the motor car brought the road back into use. Kipling has descriptions of this road. And of course Simla figures prominently in his poems, with dances ' Dream Faces ', *riding, rickshaws, ' and even that cool rest house down the glen,'*— the cemetery !

As the Bell

An Old Song
Page 58.

Jakko Hill
Page 50.

Possibilities
Page 43.

Anyway, I was told that the Viceroy had decided to depose an Indian Chief for gross misrule. I was given a sealed letter for the local political officer, and put into a large car with political number plates. I was to meet him at a canal bridge three miles from the capital and palace at 3 a.m. We were to have also the support of a Company of Indian Infantry and a section of Armoured Cars. When I asked what my rôle was to be, I was told that the Maharajah had said that if force was used to depose him, he would resist with his State Troops (half a battalion of Infantry). ' In that case your rôle will be to go and tell them not to '.

' But what if they shoot me instead?'

With a charming smile he said ' Well, that will be just too bad ' ! It was not as bad as that, for we took the palace by surprise at dawn. Then we pulled the Maharajah out of bed, and told him to make himself scarce within 24 hours.

On another occasion I was present at a large dinner party given by the Maharajah of Kapurthala, for the marriage of his daughter. I was talking to the Maharajah of Patiala in an anteroom. He fingered a ring, looked at it, and said that a large valuable ruby had just fallen out. Whereupon we all got down on our hands and knees, Maharajahs, important guests, khitmagars chaprassies, etc. The ruby was found by a khitmagar who was suitably rewarded.

Well, that was a fascinating tour of duty. Then after another spell of regimental duty at Bakloh, I returned to the Frontier with my battalion, this time in the new healthy outpost of Razmak, high up in the heart of the Mahsud country. On completion of two years there, I retired after 25 years service.

And finally the last passage across the Indian Ocean.

For to admire
Page 457.

The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles
So sof, so bright, so bloomin' blue;
There arn't a wave for miles and miles
Excep' the jiggle of the screw.

The things that was which I 'ave seen,
In barrick, camp, an' action too,
I tells them over to myself,
An' sometimes wonders if they're true.

LETTER BAG

KIPLING AND TRAINS

' So, for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow,
' And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;
' And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose waits the cow,
' And for one the mule train coughing in the dust.

One reads with renewed appreciation in the March *Journal* Mr. McGivering's account of Kipling and trains ; perhaps, in the light of Professor Bodelsen's arresting book, another aspect may be admitted?

Some years ago, Mr. T. E. Elwell stressed the seeming importance to Kipling himself of railways, trains, and stations. ' The Man who would be King ' begins with a train, ' The Man who Was ' ends with one. The story of Mrs. Bathurst is told in a broken-down brake-van; in 'An Error in the Fourth Dimension ' the crux of the plot is a railway, while a train figures funnily in the animal backchat of ' The Undertakers ' . . . and Mr. Elwell suggests applying modern psychology to effect a deeper understanding of Kipling's motivity.

That was more than fifteen years ago.

Professor Carrington, in his notable study of the life and work of Rudyard Kipling, takes the matter further, and includes the story of the famous railway engine, .007, among other tales which develop the same theme — ' a sort of Pantheism, that felt the world-soul throbbing with life, even in railway engines.'

Captain Martindell's reminder must not be overlooked — ' that there is one article of Kipling's which relates entirely to a train (a hospital train in the Boer war), called ' With No. 3 ', in which are recorded Kipling's personal experiences with the wounded.' It is written without flourish, and with restraint and tenderness, and is one of our treasures in the Wolff Collection.

It is interesting to discover that the compiler of the little anthology, 'The Railway Book' (1952), chooses a Kipling verse for dedication, while he refers readers, in his Introduction, to Kipling, if wishing ' to range a fascinating field beyond rigid limits '.

And it is to the famous little engine .007 that we turn for inspiration in the grind of life. We too ' quiver and our steam gets up ' but we hold our tongues. We, too, learn that we ' get 'em all shapes in this world ' ; that a hotbox is ' the penalty exacted from inexperience by haste '.

But we discover, also, that though hotbox and emergency stop both hurt, we can — in consequence of the experiences — ' talk back in the round-house ' ; and even, in the fulness of time, emerge ' entitled to all shop ' switch, track, tank, and round-house privileges, and cover our 156 miles in 221 minutes ' — Masters of our trades !

A. M. PUNCH

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1963

INCOME

1962			£ s d	£ s d
	Subscriptions — Ordinary Members :			
451	Renewals		415 12 11	
24	New Members		29 19 2	
475 —			———	445 12 1
	Subscriptions from Branches :			
	Victoria, B.C. }			
24	Melbourne }		32 18 0	
85	New York		117 8 8	
109 —			———	150 6 8
	Sales :			
50	Back Numbers of Journals		6 12 6	
41	Books		– – –	
91 —			———	6 12 6
	Donations :			
125	General			233 0 0
18	**Interest on Investments**			17 10 0
	Functions : Profit on —			
	Members' Meetings	Dr.	2 18 1	
36	Visit to Batemans	Cr.	2 11 3	
	— Annual Luncheon	Cr.	2 18 8	
			———	2 11 10
£854				£855 13 1

EXPENDITURE

1962		£ s d	£ s d
130	**Office Rent**		130 0 0
24	**Printing and Stationery**		43 12 6
53	**Postages and Telephone**		39 2 11
229	**Office and Sundry Expenses**		250 8 4
	Journal Expenses :		
	Cost of printing and despatch of Kipling		
361	Journal	397 3 0	
34	DEDUCT : Current Sales 41 15 0		
25	Donations—per Contra .. 25 0 0		
	———	66 15 0	
302 —		———	330 8 0
14	**Publicity Expenses**		24 4 6
	Entertaining Visitors	71 5 0	
40	LESS : Paid by Staff	48 0 0	
		———	23 5 0
62	**Balance, being excess of Income over Expenditure for the year**		14 11 10
£854			£855 13 1

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1963

1962		£ s d	£ s d
	INCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT		
831	Balance at 31st December 1962 ..	893 2 4	
62	Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year	14 11 10	
893 —			907 14 2
	SPECIAL DONATIONS FROM LIFE MEMBERS FOR ENLARGING JOURNAL		
165	Balance at 31st December, 1962 ..	140 0 0	
25	Allocated to 1963 Journal . ..	25 0 0	
140 —			115 0 0
£1033			£1022 14 2

1962		£ s d	£ s d
10	**CASH IN HAND**		5 14 5
748	**CASH AT BANK**		741 19 9
	INVESTMENT		
260	£500 3½% War Stock at Market Value at 31st December, 1963 (£253 written off)		260 0 0
15	**STOCK OF JOURNALS AND STATIONERY** (say)		15 0 0
£1033			£1022 14 2

Signed: M. R. LAWRANCE, Hon. Treasurer

A. E. BAGWELL PUREFOY, Hon. Secretary

NOTE (1) The realisable value of Library books, etc., cannot be estimated, but should be considerable. There is also a small amount of furniture not valued.

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

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

(4) Library books, the Bust of Kipling and the Wolff Collection are insured with the North British and Mercantile Insurance Co. for £3,000 against loss by fire.

THE REPORT OF THE HONORARY AUDITORS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

We have examined the above Balance Sheet at 31st December, 1963, and the accompanying Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st December, 1963, with the Books and Vouchers of the Kipling Society, and certify that they agree therewith.

5, Albemarle Street,
Piccadilly, London, W.1.
March, 1964.

MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL,
Chartered Accountants

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