



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY



MARCH 1969

VOL. XXXVI

No. 169

CONTENTS

NEWS AND NOTES	2
HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES.	5
" THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING "	
—J. M. S. Tompkins	6
" MR. KIPLING " — Lucy Hilton	14
REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETING.	18
KIPLING AND THE IRISH SOLDIER IN INDIA : Part II	
J. J. W. Murphy.	20
LETTER BAG	23

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.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS —FROM NOW:—

18, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2. (Tel. 01-930 6733).
Be sure to telephone before calling, as the office is not always open.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at St. John House, 50 Eaton Place, S.W.1, at 2.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 19th March, 1969.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At the Royal Society of St. George, 4 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.1, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

- | | | |
|----------|--------------------------|--|
| April 16 | J. H. McGivering | Essay competition : " The Kipling character I should like to be, and why." |
| July 9 | J. M. S. Tompkins | An unprofessional view of " Sea Constables ". |
| Sept. 17 | A. E. Bagwell
Purefoy | ' The Second Jungle Book.' |
| Nov. 26 | G. H. Newsom | Roman Britain with particular reference to the Parnesius stories. |

VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

Mrs. Betty Sutherland is kindly allowing us to visit Bateman's this year on Friday, May 2nd. We shall be lunching, as usual, at The Bear Inn, Burwash, at 1 p.m.

A coach will leave Charing Cross Underground Station at 10.15 a.m. on May 2nd, arriving back in London about 7 p.m. **To make this hiring worth while, at least 15 seats need to be taken.**

The charge for members and guests, including lunch, will be 35/- for those going by the coach, and 25/- for those going by private car. Teas will be obtainable in the cafeteria at a small charge.

This is always a delightful outing, *but lunch room is limited.* If you wish to come, be sure to notify the Hon. Secretary, Beckett Lodge, Beckett Avenue, Kenley, Surrey, CR2 5LT, enclosing the correct fee, not later than **first post Friday, 18th April.** This will be the **ONLY** notice.

N.B. Mrs. Sutherland states that the Exhibitions will have opened.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London W.C.2, on Friday, 24th October, 1969. The Guest of Honour will be Roger Lancelyn Green, Esq., B.Litt., M.A., Editor of The Kipling Journal and author of " Kipling and the Children ".

Application forms will be sent out in September.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Vol. XXXVI. No. 169

MARCH 1969

NEWS AND NOTES

" OH ROT ! DON'T JORROCK ! "

Kipling remarks in one of the privately printed *Letters to Guy Paget* that he was introduced to the works of R. S. Surtees by Captain Holloway at Southsea. Even so precocious a reader may have found Jorrocks rather hard going at the age of seven or eight, but Surtees seems definitely to have vied in popularity with Harrison Ainsworth and Marryat at Westward Ho ! *Handley Cross* was Stalky's favourite reading, though it is not included by Dunsterville in his own list of books read during his schooldays : but it was certainly a favourite of Kipling's and even if it is Stalky who quotes from it, Beetle always recognises the allusions.

As Stalky on a certain ' peaceful afternoon would fain have forgotten Prout and his works in a volume of Surtees and a new briarwood pipe,' so during a day or two of languid recovery from 'flu I read *Handley Cross* from cover to cover and marked as many of the passages quoted by Kipling as I could recognise. Most of these come in *Stalky & Co.*, for ' Little Foxes ' only mentions characters from *Handley Cross*, and ' My Son's Wife ' the same, with only a couple of quotations.

At the risk of proving as tiresome as Uncle Joseph in *The Wrong Box* when he, ' with less compunction than he would have had for brute beasts, delivered himself of all his tedious calculations' at the Tregonwell Arms, ' let me now from the bonded ware'ouse of my knowledge ' list the *Handley Cross* quotations, direct or submerged, as an example of Kipling's powers of memory. The quotation is in each case from the 1939 Methuen standard edition of *Handley Cross*, referred to as " H " followed by chapter number in Roman figures and page-number in Arabic; " S " and number refers each to the appropriate page in the Uniform and Pocket editions of *Stalky & Co.* (" CS " where the story appears in *The Complete Stalky & Co.* but not in the ordinary volume). ' How we could sugar old mother Gibb's milk,' H.xv.147,S.229, they would make the foxes cry " Capivi ! " H.xviii.164,S.50; ' my beloved 'earers,' H.xviii.S.201 ; " Oh, I twig," H.xx.196,S.40 ; " wot a wopper he is ! " H.xxvi.237,S.8 ; ' Foxhunteribus,' H.xxvii.266,S.28 ; " I sees them grinnin' at me from all parts," H.xxx.299,S.24 ; " Bishops' boots Mr. Ratcliffe also condemned and spoke highly in favour of tops cleaned with champagne and apricot jam," H.xxxii.317,S.231 ; " Let me now from the bonded warehouse of my knowledge," H.xxxii.315,S.231 ; out 'im out," H.xxxiv,345,CS.18 ; " 'ounds choppin' foxes in cover is more proof of their wice," H.xxxiv,349,S.25 ; " you preterpluperfect tense of 'umbugs," H.xxxvi,364,CS.223 ; " ordered to be scragged,"

H.xxxvii,372,S.75; "Take not out your 'ounds on a werry windy day," H.xxxviii.385,S.32 (quotation from Beckford's *Thoughts on Hunting* 1781); "I did boil the exciseman ! " H.xiviii,452.S.24 ; "you hossifer in the ninety-fust regiment, wot looks like an 'air dresser," H.li.483,S.50; "Hellish dark, and smells of cheese ! " H.lvii.524,S.232; "Blister my kidneys ! it is a frost !—the dahlias are dead!" H.lxvi.629,S.231.

Several other Surtees references in *Stalky & Co.* come from *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour* and others of the series, and so do a couple in 'My Son's Wife' (*A Diversity of Creatures*,) p.360 which I failed to spot in *Handley Cross*. One is certainly there : "no young man wot would not rather have a himputation on his morality than on his 'oss-manship," H.xviii.166 which is given by Kipling as 'the young man of the present day would sooner lie under an imputation against his morals than against his knowledge of horse-flesh' (*Diversity*, p.353).

But Surtees in general and *Handley Cross* in particular crop up in quotations and allusions throughout Kipling's works, and it would be tedious indeed to follow this particular fox any further.

IN SEEONEE

After the fox, a wolf. Another trail, but one much less easy to follow, leads through Seonee. Again we must ask the question : Why did Kipling place Mowgli's jungle in a part of India which he had never visited ? The usual answer is that he drew his background from Robert Armitage Sterndale's *Seonee, or Camp Life on the Satpura Range. A Tale of Indian Adventure*, 1877.

This was not a book which he knew in the way that he knew *Handley Cross*, however; and there seems scarcely to be an echo from it in any of the jungle stories. Yet the name seemed to have fascinated him: Chapter iv of *The Light that Failed* has a verse-heading called "In Seonee" beginning 'The wolf-cub at even lay hid in the corn,' and Chapter xii of *The Naulahka* one with the same title beginning 'This I saw when the rites were done.' Here is a wolf-cub in Seonee—where Mowgli's wolves were so soon to be situated—and yet Sterndale seems only to mention wolves in his list of fauna on page 422.

In fact the real Seonee as Sterndale describes it has little in common with Mowgli's jungle. "Seonee," itself was, at the time when Sterndale wrote, a town of 10,621 inhabitants, originally founded by Mohammud Amin Khan in 1774—though he notes that twenty years earlier it was only a small station 'with no buildings to speak of save a few bungalows,' as compared with the 'large public gardens, a fine market-place, and a noble tank . . . the court-house, gaol, school-house, dispensary, and post-office,' with a handsome church 'about to be erected.

It is almost impossible to find quotations or references that may even have given Kipling background ideas for the Jungle stories : 'buffaloes will attack and drive off a tiger' (70); ' "All man-eaters are mangey, are they not?" asked Milford. "By no means," answered Fordham' (72) (but compare *Jungle Book*, p.9 'They say too—and it is true—that man-eaters become mangey and lose their teeth'); 'before they had gone very far they heard the distant bell of a stag' (93); 'In the well-cultivated plain between Seonee and the borders of the Chindwarra district there is no cover for sambur, nylgaie, and wild pigs,

but their place is filled by the antelope, which, in herds of from a dozen to fifty, roam the country and destroy the tender crops' (198-9); 'At Bamanwarra Fordham shot a wild dog—the golden dog, or *some kootta* of the natives . . . They hunt in packs, running down their game, which consists of deer, from the sambur to the gazelle, and also pigs, in the most systematic way. No trained hounds could do it better; what they lack in speed they make up for in unrelenting persistency, and trust to their powers of endurance; and woe betide the luckless animal that turns to bay. The natives, in all parts of India, declare that even tigers are attacked by them.' (211).

Even the setting—and Sterndale gives many long descriptions of scenery—seems to bear no relation to Mowgli's jungle. There is a short description of a ravine on p. 105 that bears a superficial resemblance to that where Shere Khan died, and a briefer account of 'some truly grand scenery' where the Gunga river flows 'between precipices of granite upwards of 200 feet high'; and a branch river near the ruins of Fort Amodagurh passes also through a gorge where 'the Bygas have rope ladders from the top of the precipice, to enable them to get at the honeycombs found in clefts of the rock'—which is the nearest we get to the Bee Rocks above the Waingunga.

Nearly all the spellings of native names vary from those used by Kipling, from Seonee or Seoni itself and the Ban Gunga River, to the animals such as Bundar, Chhooch-hoondur, Bhaloo, Sher, Geedur, Chuha, Siah to the birds such as Cheel, Koel and Mohr.

Why Kipling changed the setting from Mewar which he knew and described accurately to Seonee which he did not know, still remains a mystery.

THINGS AND THE MAN

The two sales of Kipling manuscripts at Sotheby's, described by Professor Carrington on page 23 of this *Journal*, did not produce any 'astronomical' figures. The MS of the complete short story 'The Cause of Humanity' went to Rota for only £650—who paid £50 more for the revised TSS of 'On the Gate,' and only £180 and £160 respectively for the two unpublished MS poems to Flo Garrard.

Recollections of Kipling at Rottingdean must be rare indeed nearly sixty-seven years after he left 'The Elms,' and so we are particularly grateful to Miss Lucy Hilton for allowing us to print the relevant chapter from her as yet unpublished reminiscences. Mr. Henry Blyth who sends us the article writes: 'Miss Lucy Hilton is now in her late 70's, and has lived at Rottingdean all her life. She now lives in a small cottage, 78 High Street, next door to her brother-in-law, Fred Wheeler, who is over eighty. Both are in good health and their brains clear. They remember the old days very well, and are happy to talk about them.'

The Swedish stamp of the 1907 Nobel Prize winners mentioned in *Journal* 165, page 5, has been photographed and enlarged by Mr. N. P. L. Wilkinson, and is reproduced on page 24. Can any philatelist Member tell us if Kipling has appeared on any stamps before this, and if so, when and issued by what country? The greatest British writer of this century was not deemed worthy of a centenary issue in his own country.

An amusing little book has turned up, a German translation of 'In Ambush, published by Langewiesche-Brandt in 1957—English and German on opposite pages. The one story takes up the whole volume, and is here called 'Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted: A Stalky-Story —' *Durchang Verboten: Eine Staks-Geschichte.* Stalky, Turkey and Beetle appear in the German as Staks, Puter and Kafer, and there are other amusing interpretations. For some reason Stalky's quotation from Marryat appears both in English and German with 'Mr. Simple' in place of 'Mr. Easy'; to 'a few bold spirits crept up to look, and received boots about the head' is added 'from the criminals,' and after 'they were guilty both of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*;' the '(well-known gods against whom they often offended)' is omitted.

Mr. Ledgard's interesting letter on 'Is Kipling Eng. Lit.?' covers the situation for London University. Will readers with knowledge of Kipling's status in other Universities please join in the correspondence.

A double exhibition is 'being shown at 'Bateman's' this year: In the Oast House Iron Smelting and the Iron trade in Sussex from Roman times to the nineteenth century; and in the Exhibition Room next to Kipling's Study besides biographical material about his Baldwin cousins—themselves a family of Iron-founders—Kipling's own interest in Sussex iron as shown in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* and of machinery ranging from 'Steam Tactics' to "The Secret of the Machines."

R.L.G.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Recruiting in 1968. Seventy-five new members joined the Society last year, five more than in '66 and '67. One third of this total were recruited by our splendid Branches, and at least a dozen were introduced by Home Members. Thank you all — it's the best service you can give the Society.

Library-Members. Seven of our 1968 USA recruits are University or College Libraries. Our total of Library-Members is now very high, but, amazingly, they are nearly all overseas. We don't believe this state of affairs can last much longer — see below.

Young Enquirers. We get more and more requests from young—sometimes very young — students who have chosen Kipling as their project or topic at college or school. It seems that they can't get much help from their own establishments, but with increasing pressure of demand from Youth, we feel sure that one of these days reluctant educational authorities will be forced to realise they must recognise Kipling as a Writer.

Wanted—a Typewriter. Our office typewriter has given about 30 years' faithful service, and badly needs replacing. If any of you has one in fair condition that you no longer use, and would be so very kind as to donate it to us, please will you send me details? A Portable will be adequate, provided it can cut stencils — that is essential.

A.E.B.P.

"THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING"

by

Miss J. M. S. Tompkins, D.Lit.

At the Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society : 23 October, 1968

It is a great honour to stand here and address you. As I do so, I am reminded of something in one of the interesting letters that have come to me, as a result of my book. My correspondent told me that once, in India, Nirad Chaudhuri opened a lecture on Kipling with the remark that Kipling would have turned in his grave to hear himself praised by a Bengali babu. Perhaps he would turn in his grave to know himself praised by an academic woman. But Mr. Chaudhuri can shelter himself—if he needs shelter—behind Hurree Chunder Mookerjee, the Bengali babu in *Kim*, highly intelligent, lion-hearted, for all his tremors, and a good comrade. And I can shelter myself behind Jane Austen. It is not a defence on a broad front. Bits of me are exposed—particularly the academic bits. Yet Jane Austen is to Kipling a complete artist as well as a woman. She counterbalances Maisie in *The Light That Failed*, who was incomplete as an artist and as a woman; and she far outweighs the silly little girl who did not understand Wressley's book on the Central Indian States. In *The Janeites* her books are more to the artillery officers in the line in France, in 1918, than a game, or the code of an inner ring. They are a clear spring of sense and refreshment, a reminder of normal things. The woman's world of Jane Austen is not devalued by being placed in a world of heavy artillery, discomfort, publicity, and imminent death. I might venture to say that an indefinable sort of fusion takes place between the two aspects of reality, if only at their edges. It is signified comically when Humberstall, former gunner, now mess-waiter, and initiated into the first degrees of Janeites, recognises Lady Catherine de Bourgh's personality in the performance of the old Skoda gun, and with quaintness and wistfulness in his words, when he is back at his hairdressing behind Ebury Street: ' I read all her six books now for pleasure, and it brings it all back, down to the smell of the glue-paint on the screens.' In the confidence, then, that such a fusion and supplementation of points of view, however partial, is possible, I will go on.

I have been asked to tell you something about my experiences at Dalhousie University, Halifax, where the McGregor Stewart Kipling Collection is now housed, and where I have a postgraduate class in Kipling studies, now in its second session. I cannot generalise about the Canadian attitude to Kipling. So far I know only the Maritimes, and not very much of those. I shall break fresh ground after Christmas by flying to British Columbia, where, I am told, Kipling is warmly remembered. However, I continually come across interesting details.

The President of the Nova Scotia branch of the Poetry Society told me that, as a young woman, she had worked in various newspaper offices in different parts of Canada and that in all of them the young reporters were told to take Kipling as a model for style. This may be one of the sources of that misleading statement—misleading, unless it is carefully qualified—that Kipling was more like an American author than an English one. At Fredericton, in the Library of the University of New Brunswick, which Lord Beaverbrook endowed, I was shown a world atlas, given by Kipling in 1912 to the then Max Aitken, with a quotation from his verse inscribed beside nearly every map. It is a bitter and prophetic testimony. I became aware of the "coal-black Celt" who was cook on the *We're Here in Captains Courageous*, and when I spent a week-end in Cape Breton, I looked about me. I did not see a Gaelic-speaking African with second sight; but I read in a tourists' leaflet of a cape named after a negro who had been cast ashore from a wreck. Halifax was the end of the underground slave escape route. As for the Gaelic speech, it is cherished by thousands of Highland families in Cape Breton. You can never safely dismiss Kipling's arabesques as pure fantasy; there is generally some solid grain of fact to generate them. I met enthusiasts of mature years, whose enthusiasm was founded on a small but solid section of Kipling's work. Everyone knew "Our Lady of the Snows" and "Recessional." I have not directly met the hostility that a writer with so strong a personal emanation as Kipling's is bound to evoke in certain conditions, but I think my Canadian hosts would feel that to express such hostility to me would be inhospitable. I have not met at all that apologetic attitude of the reader who enjoys his Kipling, with a bad conscience. It may not exist in Canada.

I turn to the young readers, my little post-graduate class of men and women, Canadian, English, American and Indian, each with his own tastes and opinions. I had a Panjabi Ph.D. candidate, from McGill, working on Kipling's concept of the Law. His home was in Lahore, by the Taksali Gate, where stood, we remember, the *House of Suddhoo*. He was very helpful. He tried to judge the extent of Kipling's knowledge of spoken Panjabi by the Panjabi puns that are implied in some of the Indian tales, so that I saw that Kipling's love of wordplay must have been fed as much by the quick-fire punning, of which that language is capable, as by the puns of the Elizabethan drama, his life-long delight, or those of the Victorian humorists on stage and page. He did not dismiss *Without Benefit of Clergy* as a piece of Western sentimentalism, as Hindu critics do; and *The Head of the District* was no stumbling-block to him. So I understood better what Kipling meant when he said his life had lain chiefly among Mahommedans, and that a man leans the way of his first service.

My younger students come in all varieties. One had seen Kipling's house, Naulakha, while helping with the sheep in Vermont, and longed to walk up the drive. To others, he is quite new. They all regard him as a major writer, to be experienced, thought about, and related to other major writers. But they do not put their feet in the footsteps of my generation. It is not to be expected. And this leads me towards the heart of my subject.

When you have looked at the literary world for half a century, you

have to accept that books exist in the element of time. This fact is known long before it is realized. The true realization comes when you see the books, that have contributed to your own growth and pleasure,¹ floating on this ocean; submerged in it; disgorged again, looking quite different; in part eroded; in part obscured by fresh deposits; changed in appearance and substance; moving in the grip of unfamiliar currents. You stand up in line with your own generation and say: "That's not the book: That's not what it means!" and from further on in time young voices answer: "That's what it means to us!" And in their turn, they will hear the same cry, and feel the same surprise and disquiet. But these are the terms on which the life of books is perpetuated. When they cease to provoke fresh responses from the younger generations, they may be preserved masterpieces, but hardly living masterpieces. This you learn to accept; but you receive some shocks. One of my students elected to deal with *Puck of Pook's Hill*, which was given to me in the year in which it was published. I read it and re-read it. I do still. It drew me primarily by its depth of imaginative wonder, by a blending and continuity of past and present, which I was not too young to feel, though I could scarcely have expressed it. To this young man it presented itself as a didactic treatise, a social document on education. What he saw, as he turned the pages, was the children of a certain class being hastened into maturity, in order that they might take their places in the administration of the Empire, being indoctrinated with the relevant values and motives, and directed towards their prescribed duties. This bleached and eroded version of a spell-binding book was so strange to me—I had never been in the least aware of such pressures as a child—that it took me some days before I could see that, allowing for omission and exaggeration, this reading was, for him, a valid one. The values and motives of Parnesius and Sir Richard Dalyngridge were part of the atmosphere of my youth; I breathed them in unconsciously. I think I was satisfied that these delightful characters were behaving as they should. But now the perspective has altered. The interest is of a different kind. But the interest is still keen. The force streaming out of Kipling's tales compels his new readers to respond with curiosity and emotion. This is the main point. They take nothing for granted. None of them have personal experience of the social and political conditions of which Kipling writes, early and late,—of the Indian Empire, the 1914 War, of country houses in England with their indoor and outdoor servants, or remote Wealden villages with their unbroken families in the churchyard. Here we can help them with facts and explanations which the boldest critic among them, ought not to refuse: and you may well conceive what value the *Kipling Journal* and other similar works of explanation and comment have had for me overseas. At their best, they do very good work, by any standards. I have watched a young man exploring, comparing, questioning, rejecting, accepting, with scrupulous care until he emerged with a number of tales which he considered good, and a few which he held to be masterpieces, in the strictest sense. If I remember rightly, these were *The Eye of Allah*, *The Wish House*, *Dayspring Mishandled*, and a little below, *The Gardener*, and *The Man Who Would Be King*. I think he has them for life; and it is not necessary to agree with his choice to see that this is one of the ways in which classics survive, not as

objects on a shelf but as " the precious life-blood of master-spirits," still able to nourish and stimulate. We must, then, leave them to Kipling and Kipling to them; and the same is true of the critics of this age. We need not be distressed, though we may be startled, to be told that Daniel Dravot in *The Man Who Would Be King* is a Christ-figure or that the central statement of *Without Benefit of Clergy* is the futility of ritual. I must admit, though, that a tale, as presented to me today, sometimes recalls that astonishing ship in *The Devil and The Deep Sea*, which the Chief Engineer of the pearl-poachers repaired and refitted with such amazing persistence and ingenuity. Her parts are dislocated and improvised, her functions curtailed and spasmodic. All her cabin fittings have been removed. She labours heavily, but she floats, and moves on a course; and her Chief Engineer, unlike the original one in the tale runs her proudly into Singapore—or London, or Berkeley, or Dalhousie, or where not ?—to exhibit his skill to his fellows.

Now, of course to be so immersed in time as I have necessarily been, so exercised in tolerance and comprehension of alien points of view, provokes a reaction. I curl myself into the tale as I have always known it. The tale is still there, undefaced. I am still there—I won't say undefaced, but a going concern. This is a mode of reassurance. I have often remarked that, when a hostile critic is forced to turn his attention to Kipling, he takes down a tale he knows he doesn't like, and congratulates himself when he finds that he still dislikes it. I admit that what I do is simply the reverse of this process. But I do not stop there. The question presents itself, what there can be in a work of literature that survives the action of time, what of Kipling we can be sure of handing on, undistorted—as we think—and detached from its special historical—perhaps nostalgic—interests. What is there—if there is anything—that is supreme over change? I have no new brilliant ideas. I say what you expect me to say: human experience in a compact and memorable form.

This is a big subject. If I were thinking in historical and cultural terms of human experience, there would be no end to it. Everything would come into it, even those large superficial areas—as Kipling calls them, with modesty and irony—which his art encloses. The hunting-tools and technique of the Northern Eskimos, military life in India, the rice-eating people in William the Conqueror, who cannot be fed on wheat, the work of the submarines in the Great War, the builders of bridges from Akbar to Findlayson, the builders of roads from the Romans to Stalky on the North-West frontier, the worship of gods from the idol of Er-Heb to the blood-baptism of Mithras, from the Queens' Praying at Benares to the communal supper of the early Christian Church at Antioch—all this enormous field, and much more than I have indicated, is human experience, the multiform and interrelated experience of the human race in space and time; and because Kipling's literary form was chiefly the short story and the short poem, the experience is presented briefly and memorably, in vivid, concrete, economical detail. But I do not mean this; I mean what lies behind and within it all, the common, recognizable, generic experience of men and women, expressed in what Dr. Johnson and other eighteenth century critics called " strokes of nature."

It seems to me that the critical concept of strokes of nature needs reviving, if we are to do justice to the writers whose chosen form kept them outside the detailed characterization of the late 19th century novel, as their date precluded those psychological analyses which are a natural, valuable, though rather wearing outcome or contemporary cultural pressures. This hunger for the detailed investigation of submerged mental processes is one of the marks of the young reader today. It is no more a final criterion of value than any other technical standard has proved to be. A student of mine, strongly affected by the descriptive writing in *At The End Of The Passage*, nevertheless cried out in exasperation: "Why doesn't he explore Hummil's mind?" But we should not identify this modern extension of the writer's territory with the knowledge of human nature. Such knowledge is much older. In a life of Mrs. Oliphant, whose *Beleaguered City* assisted Beetle to scare the little boys in the dormitories at Westward Ho ! out of their wits, I found a letter from A. W. Kinglake, author of *Eothen*. It is dated 1883, when Kipling was in his eighteenth year. He writes: "It is by your powerful truth-seeing imagination, not by what pedants are prone to describe as 'analysis' of character, that you enchant us." That is a milestone of taste. My student's exasperated: "Why doesn't he explore?" is another. I could, I think, make a good case for Kipling's psychological explorations and analyses. I should instance primarily *Mary Postgate* and Jim Wickenden in *Friendly Brook*. There are others, especially in the later tales, and I might have to go so far back as Simmons in *In The Matter of a Private*. You have to read very closely, and use and relate every fact you are given, because the expression is largely dramatic. If you do this, I think you are convinced that Kipling has worked out his cases and accounted for their actions thoroughly, before, as he puts it, poking the fire, to clear the grate of cinders.

He pokes drastically; but there is enough left. Mary Postgate's starved affections, the inhibitions that arise from her education and experience, her complete ignorance of herself, lead through a calculated succession of wrenches at her nerves to her dreadful outbreak of primitive passion. She is a case. So, less vividly lighted, is Jim Wickenden, a quiet man who, in his young days, once went to gaol for throwing a man out on his head, and never forgets it; a man who puts up in peace with a lazy wife, and gets breakfast every day while she "sows it," as the villagers say, in bed; a man who "mostly done what his mother contrived;" a worrying man, who sweats his undercloths wringing, when his adopted daughter's real father comes and comes again to blackmail him,—this is the sort of man to venture a secret, deliberate and yet half-hearted and provisional step to his revenge, and leave the completion to the brook, while he "fair cries dunghill" and runs.

These, however, are not strokes of nature: they are specialized cases, "queer things" which we do not recognize as universally true. On the other hand—to look aside for a moment—Hector at the Scaean Gate when his little son is scared by his helmet-crest; the prattle of Polonius, who knows that he has been a shrewd counsellor and does not know that he is now senile and foolish; the last line of the savage ballad of the man who cut out his mother's heart to please his beloved, and, carrying it to her, tripped and fell with it; whereat the heart cried out: "Are you hurt, my son?"—these are strokes of

nature, and no less because some of them are driven to extremes, to give them the force of symbols.

I have used the word "universally." Perhaps, with the vast extension of our field of vision, such descriptions as "universal" and "eternal" are no longer acceptable. Kipling frequently uses and implies them, not only in the emphatic speech of a passionate temperament, but because he believed in the unchanging nature of human beings. Their ideas and circumstances alter,—the furniture of their lives and minds,—and hence their explanations of their motives and the detail of their manners; but the basic conditions, the basic relationships, the unavoidable reactions and consequences, he believes, do not alter; and what he saw and read, in many countries and epochs, fed this conviction. The assertion is often unobtrusively made—Sir Richard Dalyngridge, watching Dan, sees little change in boys since his own fished the stream over eight hundred years before,—and it serves as well for frivolous satire as for his intense and moving passages:

Who shall doubt "the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid"
Was that the contractor did
 Cheops out of several millions? ...
As it was at the beginning
Is to-day official sinning
 And shall be for evermore.

These are flicks, rather than strokes. As early as *The Solid Muldoon* Kipling had his doubts about the effectiveness of the Refining Influence of Civilization and the March of Progress to change human nature fundamentally; and more than forty years later, in *Uncovenanted Mercies*, he put into the mouth of Satan a denial that the invention of printing really increased the evil in the world. Men came down to him, he said, Caxtonised with words, and convinced that they had invented new sins, but "boiled and peeled," they were all reducible to the traditional categories, the Seven Deadly Sins of Pride, Envy, Anger, Sloth, Gluttony, Covetousness and Lust. "Technique, I grant you," finishes Satan. "Originality, *nil*." It is because of this conviction that Kipling plays with prehistoric analogies in his verses and speeches, and because of this, not simply as a result of political parables that his soldiers and administrators on Hadrian's Wall and the North-West frontier, in Antioch and Norman England, are so much alike; the same sort of responsibility calls for the same characteristics.

This belief, then, underlies his strokes of nature. But I am not thinking of abstractions or generalizations. They are given to us in concrete and particular form—as I said, memorably. I shall instance a few. Some of them are within my knowledge; some I have paralleled in my reading. Of some I can only say that they vibrate in my mind with such conviction that I must accept them. They are not all crucial, or even arresting; some seem to rise casually in talk, or take shape out of a situation. Thus two old countrymen, cleaning a hedge, discuss Mark Copley and his wife, who are fostering a Barnardo child.

"Maybe they need the five shillin'," Jesse suggested.

"It's handy," said Jabez. "But the child's more." "Dada," he

says, an' " Mama " he says, with his great rollin' head-piece all hurdled up in that iron collar. *He* won't live long—his backbone's rotten like. But they Copleys do just about set store by him—five bob or no five bob."

I shall not comment on these passages beyond what is strictly necessary. If they do not reach their target, no comment of mine can lift them on to it. Here is one of several passages on the soldier and his food. I think the first in the Collected Works is the " bull-mate an' bran-bread " that Mulvaney eats in india. This is in Roman Britain.

" Soldiers are born grumblers. Their very first day out, my men complained of our water-ground British corn. They said it wasn't so filling as the rough stuff that is ground in the Roman ox-mills . . . (They) looked at the flour in their helmets as though it had been a nest of adders. They did it to try my patience."

Later, Parnesius tells how, after the long and apparently hopeless defence of the Wall has made grey veterans of the two young captains, the attacks ceased, the exhausted men slept, and waked to find that the Wall had been relieved, but not by the troops of the Emperor for whom they had held it. The two captains are addressed by an Imperial Secretary, " a young man in clean armour." Here Pertinax has his moment. " What is our fate to be, you fine and well-fed child ? " he asks, in I cannot define what mixture of pride, regretful amusement and tolerant disdain, as he looks at what he might have been and can never now wish to be.

For we are what we are—
 So broke to blood
 And the strict works of war—
 So long subdued
 To sacrifice, that threadbare death commands
 Hardly observance at our busier hands.

Yet we were what we were,
 And, fashioned so,
 It pleases us to stare
 At the far show
 Of unbelievable years and shapes that flit
 In our own likeness, on the edge of it.

This seems to me to qualify for a subdivision of what Professor Dobrée has called Kipling's actuality poetry. It is the general truth which gives impact to the particular examples.

The retrospect of maturity on youth, and of age on maturity is very frequent in Kipling, and begins early. I sometimes wonder if, like Diego Valdez, he felt that he had pushed aside his own youth too soon, expecting it to wait for him. It can be as simple as the retrospect of the old keeper of the ford in *In Flood Time*, remembering how once he toiled all night up to his shoulder-blades in running water, and brought a hundred terrified bullocks across, without loss, before the ford was deserted. It can be as complex as Mulvaney's constant evocations of the splendid and undefeated masculinity of his youth, before

he lost his stripes—pride, experience, moral judgement, humour, a combined detachment from it and imaginative possession of it, by which his whole personality is integrated in his consciousness. *Kim* has a beautiful development of this theme, with variations on three instruments, the Lama, the Sahiba, and the Ressaldar. Here, too, we have a continually shifting reciprocity of age and youth. "Thou leanest on me in the body, Holy One, but I lean on thee for some other things," says Kim, in the completely expressive language that is natural to that book. "Do'st know it?" "I have guessed maybe," and the Lama's eyes twinkled. "We must change that." Even in a country where communication is more obstructed, a good deal passes through the "sound-and-X-Ray-proof bulkheads" that separate each of the Seven Ages of Man from all the others. The year-old baby, whom his widowed father, Walter Gravell, in *Beauty-Spots* had had to wash and dress, corner back from the War, somewhat damaged, but well able to take on, in his turn, the function of protection. "Don't let it get round to Dad, that's all," says Jim, when the neighbourhood gossips about them.

I should wish to lighten this list with some humorous examples, but the comic is too closely geared to its social back-ground for rapid handling, and farce, which is more easily detachable, cannot be illustrated in a sentence. Here, however is a stroke of scholastic nature: "King returned to his examination-papers, and read extracts from them, as mothers repeat the clever sayings of their babies," but it loses its lustre when wrenched out of its setting.

I end with a word that is quite free from all limitations of time or place, class or sex or age, however densely it may be set about with the concrete expressions of all of them. Grace Ashcroft, in *The Wish House*, the elderly village-woman with the amorous history, is dying of cancer, which she believes she has taken upon herself to save the life of her last lover, after he left her. She tells the tale—she has never told it before—to an old friend, and, at the farewell, there is a little rift in her stoical self-containment. "But the pain *do* count, don't ye think, Liz? ... Say it can't be wasted like... I don't want no more'n this—if de pain is taken into account." The very vagueness removes all limitations. Count where? Before whom? It is the ancient human conviction that what we love and desire must be costly. Somewhere on the road a sacrifice will be required. "Say it can't be wasted, like."

Since these traits in man have survived time, as we know it, and accompanied him through history, those strokes of nature, which embody them, seem to be likely to be among the most permanent parts of Kipling. They will stick.

Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw.

If I have left much aside in my remarks, as I have done, much that I deeply and repeatedly enjoy, it is because I want to go down to the roots of my conviction. In that conviction, ladies and gentlemen, I give you "The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling."

"MR. KIPLING"

From Lucy Hilton's unpublished *Memories of Old Rottingdean*

"The Elms", home of Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling and their three children, John, Josephine and Elsie. Mr. Kipling was at his best when with his children and their playmates; he had a large sand garden made for their delight which they played in when not able to get to the beach. One of their little friends, Molly Stanford, told me Mrs. Kipling grew gourds and cut the initials of each child upon a different gourd, and each day they would watch to see whose initials had grown largest. They were so happy and safe in that high walled garden, and were taken each day to visit Aunt Georgiana who was Lady Burne-Jones and lived just across the Pump Green. Mr. Kipling had a charming lady named Miss Anderson who was his secretary and she lived in rooms opposite the Black Horse just above the surgery of Dr. Ridsdale. I used to run errands for her and tidy up her room and make her fire. One day she was expecting Mr. Kipling to call with his work for typing. She asked me to make the fire. I tried very hard to get it to burn before he came as I did not want to be in the room at the time, he rather scared me with his thick spectacles and black eyebrows and very quick movement. Presently I heard that quick step coming upstairs and enter the sitting-room. After talking to Miss Anderson, he looked down at me and said sharply "What are you doing child?" and I answered "Lighting the fire, Sir". He said "Not making a very good job of it are you? Give me some paper" which I did. He rolled some little paper balls and said "Put them underneath the sticks, which I did, and soon the fire burned and I scuttled out of the room. I remember seeing stacks of "The Absent Minded Beggar" upon Miss Anderson's desk and of course we children could have as many as we liked for the asking, but did not realize how famous was the man who had written that Poem and many others whilst living in Rottingdean. Mr. Kipling visited his Aunt, Lady Burne-Jones, many times before he came to live here and when he did settle down we were told he wrote books and poetry. In a small village the interest grows quickly. He was always in a hurry and if he wanted a cab to take him to Brighton Station five miles away, he always kept the driver waiting, and the driver had to break "the speed limit" to catch the train. Soon he began to take an interest in the village and its people. He was easily aroused to anger but we were willing to make friends as time went on. One day he was taking Mrs. Kipling out in his car. Yes, he had a car, an American buckboard with a bell on it, not a horn, also a chauffeur, who was driving at the time. On reaching "Pax" or "Down lands" as it was called at the time, the car stopped and Lawrence couldn't do a thing about it. Mr. Kipling got out of the car and began pacing the pavement, then he looked up at Mrs. Kipling and said "Carrie, my dear, American women are the best in the world. But American cars, damn 'em!" His next car was a Lanchester. Many people came into the village to catch a glimpse of him as his fame was steadily growing. It is said he disliked the public and didn't want to see them.

I was walking by the pond one morning when Mr. Kipling came along, coming towards him were some visitors who asked him to direct them to The Elms. He pointed it out to them and smilingly passed on. I don't believe they recognised the great man. On the high wall which surrounds The Elms garden ivy grew, and visitors used to take pieces away with them as mementos of Kipling's home. Inside the South and West walls tall trees grew and overhung the road outside. The village horse buses toured around the streets to pick up passengers before proceeding to Brighton, one of the conductors was Charles Tuppen, the champion straight horn blower of the World. He was dressed in a long hunting coat and top hat. It was quite a sight to see the bus well kept and the fine horses being driven by men who had done this job for years, and the horn being blown so perfectly. Mostly the tunes were connected with horses and hunting. There was a roadway by the Elms garden at this time so that the bus passed the wall in front of the house. There were no tops to the buses so the tall trees of The Elms met the top passengers and frequently knocked off their hats. Mr. Thomas who owned the buses received complaints about these trees, arranged with the driver and conductor to stop the bus and break off the offending branches. Unfortunately at the precise moment of action, Mr. Kipling was at an upstairs window watching the proceedings. He ran out, but the bus was on its way. Mr. Kipling wrote a stern letter to Mr. Thomas, blaming him for the damage to his trees. His gardener's boy duly delivered the letter to The Royal Oak and it was handed to Mr. Thomas. On reading the letter he laughed loudly and some customers who were in the lounge at the time said " Don't keep it to yourself, read it out and let us join in the fun ! " So Mr. Thomas read the letter to them, two strangers asked if he would sell the letter to them as a memento and it was settled that the agreed price should be 30/- and was cheerfully paid. An attempted repeat failed after more branches from the trees had been removed because Mr. Kipling met Mr. Thomas in the Street and proceeded to voice his displeasure, whereupon Mr. Thomas said " Look here, Sir, I would much rather you sent me some more letters. I can sell them for 30/- each." So the incident ended with a good laugh all round.

Then followed the formation of the Rifle Club. Mr. Kipling, Mr. Stanford of St. Aubyn's School and Mr. Mason of Rottingdean School, arranged a meeting for the men of the village. Many joined and rifles were purchased. Mr. Kipling leased the field where the Convent of St. Martha stands and soon a room was built that could be used as an indoor shooting range and later the girls of the village used it for physical exercises and gymnastics. For some time past rumours of War were heard from one of the Colonies, South Africa. There was trouble in the great mining areas. People seemed to know very little about what was going on in a place so far away but we were advised to be prepared. Our riflemen got busy getting to understand their weapons the Lee-Metford and Lee-Enfield and Morris tubes for the indoor shooting. Living in the Village were Sergeant Johnson and Sergeant Rose, both on the retired list. Johnson was a fairly young man who retired from service because of an injured leg which caused him to walk with a limp. He was a splendid Drill Sergeant and soon had a fine squad of men ready for any emergencies. Sergeant Rose and the Coastguards also

helped in this good work of drilling and shooting. In the team were many crack shots, G. Mason, F. Wheeler, A. E. Coe, H. Sladescone, J. Cook and others. Club matches were arranged between the Rifle Clubs of other districts so for the young men of the village much excitement had come their way. The outdoor shooting range began at the top of East Hill from the Whiteway Road and the firing points began in stages down the Hill. The top was 1,000 yards from the target, then followed 800, 600, 500, 300 and 200 yards. A hut was specially built in the Valley because of the hollow in the ground. Now the target butts were dug out on the opposite side of the hill where a pulley arrangement was installed which caused one target to go up whilst the other to go down, and men were on duty with these targets to signal where the bullet went by placing discs on the spots and also during firing practice a large red flag was displayed to warn approaching travellers. Now Mr. Kipling was very keen about the shooting and was seldom absent. He took his turn with the rest. One Friday afternoon, the men were shooting from the 600 yard firing point. Two men were waiting their turn, lying on the ground with rifles ready. A shout went up. There were people walking into the firing line. Mr. Kipling was angry as the red flag was up to warn them. He shouted at them through the megaphone but they still walked forward. Mr. Kipling brought his binoculars into play. After surveying the scene said "It's all right, they don't live in Rottingdean, they are wearing cuffs." Once Mr. Kipling and F. Wheeler were ready to fire from the same point and he noticed F. Wheeler rubbing his fingers as much flexibility is needed for shooting. Mr. Kipling wanted to know the reason for the finger rubbing and F. Wheeler told him he had been exercising horses for his father who trained them for racing and one of the horses was a rough pulling animal and had made his fingers stiff and sore. Nothing more was said about the incident, but Mr. Kipling had not forgotten, and some time after he wrote about the various members of the Rifle Club and any peculiarities they possessed. Wheeler's lines ran as follows :—

" The trainer's son on a pulling horse

It is bad for the trigger finger "

It was published in the Spectator. As well as a very efficient Rifle Club Mr. Kipling procured a machine gun called " Maxim Nordenfeldt " which was pulled with ropes to the cliff edge and fired into the sea. We really felt fully armed with this added protection. By this time the South African War was being fought and we were naturally very thrilled at the exploits of our troops. Mr. Kipling was writing poetry, urging young men to join up. He was doing all he could to raise funds for War charities. At a concert in the village school Mr. Kipling recited one of his poems called the "Absent Minded Beggar ". The audience were very enthusiastic and money was showered on the platform. Another of Mr. Kipling's poems was intended to stimulate recruiting. He referred to cricketers and footballers as muddied oafs and flannelled fools. It wasn't very well liked in some quarters. The War was drawing to a close by this time. The news reached us that Mafeking was relieved. Some of our troops had been beleaguered in this place for some time, surrounded by the enemy. When the news came to us, it was late in the evening and the rejoicing was tremendous — shouting and singing in the street, bell

ringing and all the usual celebrations took place. At last the end of the War was declared and our Rifle Club members, although ready and willing, were not required. But interest in the War was aroused again when a strange thing happened and very soon everyone knew that on the outside of Northend House appeared a broad white banner across one part of the house. On it was printed in large black letters this message " We have killed and also taken possession ". Towards evening the village grapevine, having done its work, everyone came to the roadway and the village green to see this announcement and to find out the meaning. Soon there were grumbles and growls and shouts of " Burn it down ". When Mr. Ridsdale came from The Dene to enquire into the disturbance, he was talking to the men and explaining the message when Mr. Kipling came striding across the Green, and called for members of the Rifle Club who were present to help keep order. Soon the anger died down when the two gentlemen went into the houses and soon the offending poster was removed. Lady Burne-Jones hated war and all the misery it entailed and the poster was in protest against it. The villagers drifted away home and the next day all was quiet and no one worried about the banner. There were other excitements just around the corner. I saw the whole of this affair from the gate way of Dale Cottage. Another of my recollections of the end of the South African War was the homecoming of Mr. J. Lively's Sons, Guy, Robert and Hugh. They had been farming in Patagonia but they felt the call to arms and joined one of the Colonial regiments. These fine young men came home to see their family and much was made of them in the village. The girls liked their military uniform, especially their hats. Large sombreros turned up at the side and fastened with the regimental badge. They soon departed to their farms in Patagonia and it seemed to us that the Peace was to be a long one. In 1902 Mr. Kipling left the village, after living in Rottingdean for five years. It seems a short stay but he stirred up the people here, especially the men. We were interested in all he did and those who knew him will never forget the impact he made. He bought a lovely house at Burwash in Sussex which is opened to the public during part of the year.

To his memory was built the Church of the Recessional at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, California. To the life and works of the great soldier poet Rudyard Kipling. This Church is a perfect reproduction of the Parish Church of St. Margaret's in Rottingdean where Mr. Kipling was inspired to write his famous poem " Recessional ".

The Elms stands to the left of St. Margaret's Church, facing the Green and pond. One cannot get a good view of it for a high flint wall is built around it. The house is little changed except for one large bow window built on the left side of the house, so it remains as it was when it was the home of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, but in those days the garden was not so large as now. There was a little dairy farm just inside the five-bar gate which was just by the large tree at the corner wall of High Street. The cows were owned by Mr. Trunkey Thomas and looked after by Bill Noakes, his nephew. The cows strayed over the Pump Green to the pond and no one ever bothered about them. Just outside the big gate stood a pump, hence Pump Green. This was used by the farm and by the people who lived in the little cottages which stood at the end of the

farmyard. These three cottages stood facing " Hillside ". All that remains of them now are the front walls and one can easily pick out the doorway and windows behind the green trees which partly hide them but we well remember people who lived there and the children who came to school with us. They used the pump but we could not as we had tap water. The cow stalls stood just to the right of the gate where later was built a large summerhouse which can be seen from the Green. It is a most peaceful part of the village to live and always seems filled with the atmosphere of all those famous people who have lived here. It is good to know Rottingdean reaches out to so many parts of the world and holds an appeal to all who love so dear a place.

Rottingdean was eventually taken into the Borough of Brighton. My sister remained with the Parish Council up to this time and was present at the farewell dinner and took note of all the promises made by the Mayor on that occasion and still watches the moves very closely. She knew of the great need of a Public Hall for the growing population. At that time her husband was renting a plot of ground in Park Place. In time my sister heard that the plot of land was to be sold so she then got in touch with Councillor Miss Crookenden and together they proceeded to get measures afoot so as to get the land purchased and to have a hall built by Brighton for the use of the residents of Rottingdean and how much it has added to the great pleasure and education of young and old. We can all endorse, and this we hope will be perpetuated in the future and to bring credit to our village.

And we who have lived in this village look back upon the days which were never dull and we think of all those happenings to young and old and we feel much greatness has been thought up, which will be in the minds of many and promote the desire for learning and beauty. We feel our family name was used here as long ago as the fifteen hundreds as the Parish records show, and the Dudeney's (Fred Wheeler's maternal surname) is recorded in The Doomsday Book so we suppose it is small wonder we hold this village so dear. We remember all our friends and neighbours who have lived with us here and are sorry to record that there are no longer any of the old families here who lived near and around Pump Green. Fred Wheeler is the one remaining, and has helped us compile our story, and he passes Dale Cottage, his old home, every day and enjoys with us our memories.

REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETING

13th November 1968, at the Royal Society of St. George. This evening's meeting was devoted to a reading of Kipling's verse, and one item of prose, by Mrs. Scott-Giles, assisted by your reporter. But first, seeing that the fiftieth anniversary of the first Armistice Day had just taken place, a part of Kipling's Introduction to the *History of the Irish Guards* was read by Lieut.-Colonel Purefoy to mark the occasion and was received with general acclamation.

Mrs. Scott-Giles began by reading " The First Sailor " (*A Book of Words*), an address given " to some Junior Naval Officers of an East

Coast Patrol : 1918 ", whom the author described as "Admirals, Vice-Admirals and Rear-Admirals of the future " before narrating the racy adventures of " the late Able Seaman, Leading Hand *and* Commander Clarke, founder of the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Service ", who " flourished between fifteen and twenty thousand years ago " and was forthwith dubbed by the author with the traditional cognomen "Nobby". His exploits and experiments in navigation, seamanship and ship-construction were read with gusto to a captivated audience.

The male partner, who had assigned himself the rôle of spear carrier to the protagonist of the entertainment, then read " Tomlinson ", which can always be relied on for a good reception, and the following items made up the rest of the programme, those delivered by Mrs. Scott-Giles being indicated by an asterisk.

*The Craftsman	Page 348	of the <i>Definitive Verse</i>
Cities and Thrones and Powers	Page 487	
The Roman Centurion's Song	„	710
*Jobson's Amen	„	502
*We and They	„	763
The Song of the Dead, part II	„	173
*The Coiner	„	778
*The Threshold	„	782
The Palace	„	385
*At His Execution	„	781

Time did not permit a general discussion at the close of the readings but a brief period of comment, question and answer after each item allowed the audience an opportunity, promptly taken, to contribute its share of the proceedings. The Naval element was mildly critical of the author's very few verbal solecisms in " The First Sailor ", and the whole company was indebted to Professor Carrington for some illuminating remarks on the subject of " Tomlinson," which written in 1891, shows, he said, less maturity of thought than most of the author's later work, and the reference to payment, or retribution, meted out to sinners " one by one " was contradicted by, *inter alia*, " The Wish House." Your reporter, however, while regarding it as a *bravura* performance by a very young man, thought that it had hardly any moral lesson to convey and that it could be accepted as pure farce, which in a recent newspaper article was described as " the highest art ", an opinion we need not necessarily accept.

The pleasure of hearing the master's work read was enhanced by Mrs. Scott-Giles's mellifluous delivery, and the Chairman, having enjoyed, he said, every word she spoke, had no hesitation in calling upon the audience for a cordial vote of thanks which was enthusiastically carried.

At the close of the meeting the following announcement was made from the Chair. By its publication here it is hoped to attract a wider field of candidates : This meeting concludes seven years of my conduct of these discussion meetings. Some of you may think it long enough ; others that it is too long. So, as I have said three times before, if any member should wish to relieve me of this task and will write to me, I shall with pleasure see to it that his, or her, application is considered in the proper quarter.

P.W.I.

KIPLING AND THE IRISH SOLDIER IN INDIA

PART II

By J. J. W. Murphy

And for better or worse, they were Irish, Mulvaney had summed up the Irish as being as good as the best, but when bad, worse than the worst. In the one story of the Irish in India, "The Mutiny of the Mavericks", where Kipling tells the tale in his own person and Mulvaney does not appear, there seems to be the difference between an account by an observant and sympathetic outsider and what the men would say of themselves if they had his power of expressing it. The story was written after his return to England from India in October 1889, for on its first page it makes use of the information about the American Fenian organisation that was given early that year by the spy, Le Caron, in his evidence to the Parnell Commission. The Commission reported in February 1890, but the *Times* had published during the previous year a series of sixpenny booklets giving a verbatim day-by-day report of the evidence as elicited by the counsel in examination and cross-examination of witnesses. Le Caron's evidence probably reminded Kipling what he had heard of attempts to stir up trouble by political agents in the Irish regiments, which was nothing new, and he tells how the "Mavericks" reacted to one of these efforts. The story is in the collection *Life's Handicap*, which contains some of the most moving Indian stories, but the only part of it that concerns us here is a comparison of English, Scottish and Irish soldiers' behaviour in that very unpleasant situation when troops have to hold on without any protection from fire while their own artillery is softening up enemy defences, or reducing greatly superior numbers to what can be met with fair chances of winning. This was of course a common situation in India, and we can be sure that Kipling had plenty of opportunities for getting the views of men who had been through it. What he says is that Scots can stick it for half a day; English sometimes sulk — which means I suppose that they lose their keen feeling for attack if kept too long waiting; Irish tend to run forward in twos and threes, and in this he compares them to the French.

I suggest that this is a mistake. It would be rather tiresome to argue the point, but several examples occur to me from my own experience and that of others. Perhaps the explanation may be that the national character changes as does the individual with time and environment. There is general agreement that the courage of the Irish is, and always has been, a national characteristic. But there is no such agreement about reliability. Personally I have no doubt that military discipline of the right sort supplies what may be lacking, and also that the average Irishman welcomes it, and takes to it like a duck to water. But it must be the right sort. Kipling many years later in his *History of the Irish Guards in the Great War* makes this last point very well indeed. The legend of the Irish as "ten-minute soldiers" gets no support there.

His Irish Guardsmen not only keep their heads in battle, but they also use them, and the use to which they are put is not self-preservation but the defeat of the other side. One of Kipling's best stories, *Drums of the Fore and Aft*, would have been better if it had been shorter by some 1500 words, in which he ventures on the dangerous ground of prophecy about the Army and of comparisons between English, Scots and Irish regiments. When he wrote this in the 1880s he did not foresee a British army mainly conscript and 10m. strong, nor the utterly changed weapons and tactics of 1914-18. His account of the Irish Guards, with whom his only son, John, was killed in 1915 after six weeks at the front, may be taken as a tacit admission that he had been mistaken. But so were many others, and after all he could have been right thirty years before, going on the facts available at that time and place so remote from our day.

When Kipling as a child was fascinated by Wellington's Indian despatches, he may have come across opinions of native troops, including the European regiments in the Company's service, resembling what the Duke many years later called his British troops who won his battle in Europe — "the scum of the earth recruited for drink". I do not know because I have not read the despatches, nor am I likely to read them now. But if young Kipling did not find such things in the Despatches at an age when they could have meant little to him, he was to find them later in other books. Incidents in *Barrack-Room Ballads* were evidently taken from recorded history of Company times. There is, I think, only one story exclusively concerned with a page of that history, "*The Dream of Duncan Parrenness*", which fits in so well with what we know of not a few English employees of the Company in the 18th century that it must have come from some now forgotten record.⁽⁶⁾ Handier with the sword than with the pen, fighting a losing battle against his attraction to wine and women, he is depicted at the grim closing stages of a struggle that he cannot win. Appropriately it is the last story in *Life's Handicap*.

Although the only character that speaks in this story is the man himself and he is not Irish but Scots or English, I refer to it because here as elsewhere Kipling describes a common situation in terms of the individual affected by it. A Duncan Parrenness could have come from any part of the British Isles. In the story "*Love-o'-Women*" Mulvaney tells of a comrade, born a gentleman, now in the ranks, whose problem is indicated by his regimental nickname that is the title of this story. He is one man whom Mulvaney recognises as evil and shrinks from, although he was himself no angel and did make the most of his attractiveness until one woman taught him a useful lesson, and another, by loving and marrying him, restored him to self-respect and to bitter repentance for all that had made him so unworthy of her. If Kipling had had Shakespeare's dramatic gift, Dinah Shadd could have found her proper place among her equals. Larry Tighe, otherwise "*Love o' Women*", could well have been Irish, but there is no proof beyond the fact that Mulvaney meets him again in the Tyrones after three years. He may have joined an Irish regiment in order to lessen the chances of being recognised, assuming that he was English or Scots. Besides, if I may refer to my own experience, I have in my life met only one

recognisably evil man, and he was not Irish. Of course we have plenty Mulvaney-type Irish, bad in their own irresponsible way but not evil.

Incredibly but for the time being convincingly, Larry Tighe meets forgiveness on the crossing from the richly-deserved hell which he has been enduring in this life into whatever awaited him in the next, and that from the woman whom he had dragged down along with him, the only one he loved and, too late, knew that he did. The story is in *Many Inventions*. Forty years later Kipling wrote " *Uncovenanted Mercies*". It is in *Limits and Renewals* published in 1932 when Kipling had been matured by much sorrow and his own death was only four years ahead. That story does not concern us but its title does, for if a man ever found Uncovenanted mercy, that man was Larry Tighe. After all those years Kipling had found the right word.

A minor but interesting point — if anyone wants to know fully why his sergeant did forcibly prevent the young Irish officer from getting himself killed at the battle of Silver's theatre, it is in that same story " *Love o' Women*". The boy's mother in Clonmel was not the only reason. If it had been only that, Captain O'Neil might not have co-operated.

Kipling never hesitated to show his Army friends with the human failings common to all men as well as those resulting from the temptations of their special environment, but he was more concerned to show that they had a moral code and a conscience. He shared their strong resentment of the usual civilian assumption that men must be worse morally for being soldiers. In the story " *On Greenhow Hill*" in *Life's Handicap* all three express their feeling against this unfair judgment, Learoyd in slow and puzzled bewilderment, Mulvaney with fluent contempt and Ortheris with blistering brevity. It is of interest to note that Mulvaney does not complain of any condemnation from the Irish nationalist standpoint of a man who takes the shilling and wears the red coat. The attitude that all three resented was a common factor in the outlook of the middle and working classes throughout the British Isles, in the 19th century and after, until the 1914-18 war swept all into the reality of total commitment as the price of survival.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith in her brilliant study of Florence Nightingale says that two figures emerged transformed from the Crimean war, the soldier and the nurse as seen by public opinion. She adds with deep perception that the image of the nurse thus transformed and accepted was that of Miss Nightingale herself.⁽⁷⁾ This is quite true and worthily expressed. It is still true, but only of the nurse. Perhaps it was because no such living figure emerged to maintain the soldier's image that the familiar reaction so well known to him from past experience soon set in, and he could repeat with full truth the sarcastic summary of earlier days :

When the times are troubled and danger is nigh,
 " *God and the Soldier*" the people cry.
 When the trouble is over and the times have righted,
 God is forgotten and the soldier slighted.

(6) See for instance Major Lestock Reid, op. cit. p. 52.

(7) *Florence Nightingale*, by Cecil Woodham-Smith. Penguin ed. 1955, p. 200.

LETTER BAG

KIPLING MSS AT SOTHEBY'S

If any student of Kipling has a copy of Sotheby's sale catalogue for 9-10 December 1968, he would be well advised to keep it, as it is out of print, and I was unable to obtain one yesterday. Sixteen Kipling items were sold (Nos. 686-8 and 758-780), but, according to today's *Times*, the big American buyers were not in the market. "A large offering of Kipling manuscripts surprisingly failed to attract American bids, excepting two letters which fetched £98."

I have recently been working on the background to *The Light That Failed*, and went to look at items 686-8, which were associated with 'Flo' Garrard, the original of 'Maisie'; and I shall describe these before referring to the second batch, the letters and manuscripts of which I could only make a cursory inspection. Nos. 686 and 687 are scraps of verse addressed to 'Flo' in the young Kipling's characteristic hand, markedly Swinburnian in style, and of interest only to the collector of *juvenilia*. 686 is dated 1881; 687 is perhaps a little later, it is a commercial photograph of a wash-drawing by 'Violet' Garrard, the name she mostly used, though Rudyard called her 'Flo'. The subject, very sentimental, is of a youth posed in the conventional fancy dress of a pierrot, and might be an idealised portrait of young Rudyard. The verses scribbled at the foot are also, as I have said, conventional, in the manner of the period.

Item 688 is of much later date, a copy of *The Light That Failed*, the 1927 reprint, with an inscription on the fly-leaf from "V" (Violet) to "F" (Francis Egerton). "V" refers with some disdain to Kipling's 'murky' little story, admits to being the original of 'Maisie', and discusses the verses at the head of Chapter VII, 'Roses red and roses white.' According to 'Dick' (Kipling), she had asked him for 'blue roses.'

" Dick, with his usual obliquity of vision,
failed to notice that I wasn't exacting
them of him, but he of me."

Rudyard's adolescent love-affair with Flo Garrard was, I suppose, more intense on his side than on hers, and, like Mabel Price, 'the red-haired girl,' she resented the rôle she was given in *The Light That Failed*.

These considerations allowed me only a short time for the other Kipling MSS at Sotheby's. There were eleven drafts of published poems, in the author's hand, containing his corrections, among them such important pieces as 'Gehazi', 'Female of the Species', and 'The Holy War.' There were two drafts, at successive stages of correction, of the story 'On the Gate', and one of 'The Captive', with verbal alterations in the celebrated opening paragraph. The first page of 'The Captive' is reproduced in facsimile in the Sotheby catalogue.



Swedish Stamp: 1967

Item 771 was the corrected typescript of an unpublished story. *The Cause of Humanity*, which I had no time to read through, still less to criticise. I can merely indicate that it belongs to what may be called Kipling's second motoring period, with some resemblance in pattern to 'The Prophet and the Country.' A conversation with a Jewish mechanic, with whom the narrator made friends when his car broke down. It turns on Jewish social stability, which Kipling always admired.

There were also seven of Kipling's private letters to various people, interesting but not of the highest interest.

Where these manuscripts came from we are not told ('the property of a lady'). Let us hope they have come into the hands of some purchaser with a sense of responsibility, not some mere magpie.

C. E. CARRINGTON

IS KIPLING 'ENG. LIT.' ?

This year, for the first time at London University, it is possible for students who have sufficiently high grades in the three-year Teacher's Training course to stay on for a fourth year and sit for a Bachelor of Education Honours degree. The examination comprises eight three-hour papers, two on the Theory and Practice of Education, two on an educational option—for example philosophy or psychology, and four on one's main subject, in my case English. The four English papers are :—

- A. Shakespeare—Five Plays.
- B. One period of English Literature—e.g. The 18th Century with special reference to Swift, Pope and Johnson.
- C. Some educational aspect of English—e.g. children's creative writing.
- D. A study of one or two major authors, who must not fall within the period covered in section B.

The English syllabus covered during the three-year course is wide and flexible, with opportunities for pursuing one's own interests. During the third year, students are expected to submit a special study of about 12,000 words. My own choice was "Kipling's views on the British Empire in India." This year, finding I was as enthusiastic as ever, I asked if I could offer Kipling as a major author under section D. The University authorities have agreed that Kipling is a major author—indeed, having accepted E. M. Forster, what else could they say? It is permitted to present a thesis in place of one examination paper, but due to a lack of time I have decided not to do so—although it would perhaps be less of a risk. Someone will therefore have to set me a paper and mark it. If I can I will send a copy of the questions for inclusion in the September "Journal".

In many ways this four-year course is better than the English Honours degree course. We do no Old English, and only a little Chaucer, but we do cover some contemporary writers, and a wide range of writers since Marlowe. Also we can study certain periods in depth, and so far as I am aware no other course permits students to study a single author in depth—at least not an author of his own choosing. On this course I can study Kipling if I wish, whereas an honours English student would be wasting his time by doing so, from the point of view of passing exams.

However, on the debit side, I have to work alone and in the dark since there is no Kipling tutor in college and no previous exam. paper I can look at. The attitude of the authorities could be summed up in Clough's words :—

Thou shalt not kill ; but need'st not strive
 Officially to keep alive.

Kipling has, as it were, been assented to "with civil leer."

Of course, the more I read and discover the more I realize there is to read and discover when studying a writer as profuse and varied as Kipling. The number of possible examination questions is overwhelming.

Kipling has yet to become a part of the syllabus, but by setting an examination paper on him the authorities are at least committed to regarding him as Eng. Lit. and this is a small step in the right direction.

M. LEDGARD (University of London)

NEW MEMBERS : -

We are delighted to welcome the following : *U.K.*: Mrs. H. M. Hughes, Miss H. G. Hyde; Messrs. R. B. Appleton, P. Crean, L. F. King, H. T. Lowe, P. M. Stokes, M. H. Twigg. *B.A.O.R.*: Maj. T. C. Thornton, W.O. J. S. Wood. *Canada*: Mrs. M. Chown, W. Ontario Library School. *Denmark* : Arhus State and University Library. *Eire* Mrs. D. L. Power. *U.S.A.*: I. D. Potts, Fredonia University Library. Oklahoma College Library (Edmond); Pittsburgh University Library. *Victoria* (B.C.) : Mrs. H. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. G. Howard.

The Kipling Society

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

President:

R. E. Harbord, Esq.

Vice-Presidents:

C. L. Ames, U.S.A.
Mrs. George Bambridge.
Professor C. E. Carrington M.C.
E. D. W. Chaplin
Professor Bonamy Dobrée, O.B.E.
J. R. Dunlap, U.S.A.

W. G. B. Maitland.
Sir Archie Michaelis, Australia.
Carl T. Naumburg, U.S.A.
Mrs. C. W. Scott-Giles.
F. E. Winmill.

COUNCIL:

Chairman: T. L. A. Daintith

Deputy Chairman: T. E. Cresswell, M.C.

S. W. Alexander, M.B.E.
Lt-Col A. E. Bagwell Purefoy.
R/Adml. P. W. Brock, C.B., D.S.O.
R/Adml. E. R. Corson, M.V.O., D.S.C.
Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.
M. R. Lawrance.

J. H. McGivering.
Philip Randall.
Mrs. G. Shelford.
Dr. J. M. S. Tompkins
I. R. Turnbull, M.C.
Dr. T. H. Whittington.

Hon. Treasurer: M. R. Lawrance.

Hon. Librarian: J. H. McGivering.

Hon. Editor:

Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.

Hon. Secretary:

Lt-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy

Hon. Auditors:

Milne, Gregg and Turnbull.

Asst. Secretary & Librarian:

Miss A. M. Punch.

Hon. Solicitor: Philip Randall.

Office :

18, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Tel.: 01-930-6733; ext. 75.

Melbourne Branch :

President:

John White,
33 Smart Street,
Hawthorn.

Hon. Secretary:

J. V. Carlson,
33 Mathers Avenue, North Kew,
Victoria, Australia.

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada) :

President: Capt. D. H. McKay

Vice-President: Miss O. Watherston

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. A. R. Cornwell, 5 Chown Place, Victoria, B.C.

Hon. Secretary, U.S.A. :

Carl T. Naumburg, 210 West 90th Street, New York 24, N.Y