



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

Published quarterly by the

**KIPLING SOCIETY**



**MARCH 1970**

**VOL. XXXVII**

**No. 173**

---

---

## CONTENTS

---

NEWS AND NOTES . . . . .	2
' THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING ' — Roger Lancelyn Green . . . . .	6
THE WORK THEME IN KIPLING'S NOVELS — W. Keats Sparrow. . . . .	10
REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETINGS :— J. M. S. Tompkins on 'Sea Constables' ... ..	19
A. E. Bagwell Purefoy on 'The King's Ankus ' and 'The Undertakers ' . . . . .	27
LETTER BAG. . . . .	32

## 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).

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 —

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 MEETINGS

The next Council Meetings will be held at 50 Eaton Place, S.W.I, on Wednesday, 18th March, 1970, and Wednesday, 17th June, 1970, both at 2.30 p.m.

### VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

Mrs. Betty Sutherland is kindly allowing us to visit Bateman's this year on Friday, May 8th. 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 8th, arriving back in London about 7 p.m. To make this hiring worth while, **please support the coach.**

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

This is a lovely 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, 24th April.** This will be the **ONLY** notice.

### DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At the Royal Society of St. George, 4 Upper Belgrave Street (4 Wilton Mews), S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

#### **Wednesday, 15th April, 1970**

Mr. T. L. A. Daintith will open a discussion on 'Kipling as a Prophet'.

#### **Wednesday, 15th July, 1970**

Mr. J. H. McGivering will open a discussion on 'Kipling & Son : a Successful Partnership'.

### ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London W.C.2, on Thursday, 15th October, 1970. The Guest of Honour will be The Rt. Hon. The Viscount Cobham, K.G., G.C.M.G., P.C, T.D., President of the Society.

Application forms will be sent out in September.

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by  
THE KIPLING SOCIETY

VOL. XXXVII. No. 173

MARCH 1970

## NEWS AND NOTES

### GREAT SEA POETRY

A curious collection with this title has appeared in the U.S.A., edited by William Bascom and published by Compass Publications of Virginia. Nearly all the poems are by Kipling (90 out of 110 pages are his), the other authors represented being A. A. Milne, Masfield, W. S. Gilbert, Lewis Carroll, Browning, Arnold, John Gray, J. F. Stimson and Oliver Wendell Holmes: an odd selection. Several members of the Kipling Society are thanked by name in the 'Acknowledgements' for contributing 'to the definitions and gazetteer section'.

Few of the poems are given in their entirety, and Mr. Bascom seems to have taken some extraordinary and questionable liberties with the texts of them. 'This collection,' he tells us in his Preface, 'includes all or part of 25 Kipling poems, selected and edited to suit my taste with the idea of giving the reader the most possible pleasure. Clearly, I am not a purist who believes that the only acceptable version is the original, complete poem, precisely as the author wrote it. My objective is to increase readability by cutting out dull passages as one would in editing a story or a motion picture. Some of the original versions were, in my judgement, too long or too cluttered, so I have simply selected whichever lines or stanzas appealed to me. In other cases, I have deleted whatever lines or verses could be spared without damaging the meter and whose omission seemed to me to improve the overall poem. Sometimes a few stanzas about the sea have been lifted from a basically non-sea poem. (It is often said about painting that there should be a man watching the artist who can stop him before he goes too far and spoils a great work. In poetry this is a more feasible idea.)

'My apologies, Mr. Kipling, but I believe you will have more readers and happier readers because of the deletions. There were also obvious misprints, mis-spellings and lines out of place—presumably caused by bad handwriting or type-setting many years ago. These have been corrected.

'In some cases, there is no apparent relationship between the title and the content of the poem—a situation somewhat aggravated by my editing. However, since some readers may want to read the poems in their entirety—or check to see what I have changed or omitted, the original, seemingly irrelevant titles are retained.

'The definitive edition of *Rudyard Kipling's Verse* is handy and complete, but it leaves a lot to be desired since it defines (*sic*) barely one word of ten that requires definition or explanation . . . Therefore, at the end of the book there is a glossary of unusual terms and names for those who wish to understand more fully.'

After which amazing display of arrogance, ignorance and impertinence it seems hardly worth the effort of collating texts to see how Mr. Bascom has "improved" Kipling, and what the supposed misprints and misspellings were. But even a glance shows how pointless and ridiculous some of the alterations are, as when the first line of the 'chapter-heading' to *The White Seal* is changed to "Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is around us"—thus altering the meaning and destroying the rhyme; or when the alternate stanzas in "The Ballad of the Bolivar" have their lines re-arranged so that the whole poem is in couplets; or metre and meaning are alike destroyed in the one stanza quoted from "The Derelict":—

' North where the bergs careen,  
The spray of seas unseen  
Smokes round my head and freezes in falling.  
South where the corals breed,  
The footless, floating weed  
Folds me and fouls me, on-strake upcrawling.'

We all know that re-writing an unpublished text for the poor benighted author has become a common practice among Publishers' "Editors" in the States—and sometimes even here—but correcting and improving classics is surely a new departure . . .

## A MAJOR AUTHOR

Mr. P. W. Inwood sends the following extracted from our worthy contemporary *The Shavian* [Summer, 1969], by its Editor, Mr. T. F. Evans ("an educationist, being on the tutorial staff of London University"), whose excellent talks at Discussion Meetings we have enjoyed on two occasions:

'In the March 1969 issue of *The Kipling Journal*, the longest item is the text of an address given by Miss J. M. S. Tompkins on 'The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling' at the Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society. Also in the journal is a letter of more than usual interest from a student reading for a Bachelor of Education honours degree at the University of London. His paper allows him to submit a study of one or two major authors. He has asked if he might offer Kipling. The University authorities have agreed that Kipling is a major author and the writer of the letter adds a little waspishly, 'indeed, having accepted E. M. Forster, what else could they say?' The inference is that the standard of 'major' has been set at a low level but there are those admirers of Kipling who find it difficult to think of a good word for Forster because they consider, with much to justify this, that Kipling drew a superb picture of India whereas Forster in *A Passage to India* did not go beyond superficiality, and some would say ignorant superficiality at that. Of course, there are bigoted admirers of Kipling, as there are of Shaw. Ideally we must remember that, in the house of literature, as elsewhere, there are many mansions, and be deeply grateful for all—even if we have our own preferences.'

## WHO SAID IT?

"You know the answer to the riddle of the Sphinx?"

"No", I murmured. "What is it?"

'All sensible men are of the same religion, but no sensible man ever tells'," he replied.'

[*Letters of Travel : Egypt of the Magicians*. 'Dead King'. Pages 258-9.]

Mr. J. H. McGivering points out that this was not an original utterance (either by the Sphinx, or the Vizier Rek-Mira, or even Rudyard Kipling). And he quotes from *Top Table Talk*, edited by Leslie Missen (1968) page 35:—

"A person came to make him [Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper (1621—1683), afterwards first Earl of Shaftesbury] a visit whilst he was sitting one day with a lady of his family, who retired upon that to another part of the room with her work, and seemed not to mind the conversation between the Earl and the other person, which turned soon into some dispute upon subjects of religion. After a good deal of that sort of talk, the Earl said, 'People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters but men of sense are really but of one religion.' Upon which says the lady of a sudden, 'Pray, my Lord, what religion is that which men of sense agree in?' 'Madam,' says the earl immediately, 'men of sense never tell it.' "

Yet another example of Kipling's wide reading and retentive memory.

### ' LETTERS TO THE FAMILY '

Two Kipling letters were sold at Christies on 11 December 1969 from which extracts of great interest were printed in the Catalogue. Both are addressed to Lady Burne-Jones, the first by her sister, Kipling's mother, dated from Lahore, 5 March 1889: 'A long letter referring to her son's departure round the world, "There was so much to do," she writes, "and with maternal egotism I fancied no one could do things as well as I. Indeed, it was good to be busy, for when the heart is full and the hands are empty it is hard to get through the last days of anything. Rud was much better when he left us than he had been ten days earlier." She refers to the helpful friends and a score of first-rate introductions he is taking with him.'

The second letter is from Kipling himself, dated from San Francisco, 31 May 1889: 'He starts, "As is cold water in thirst so is good news from a far country. I felt very lonely here in this big raging tearing city till I got your note and then the sky brightened. I read it in the street and on the spot took a cable-car—a contraption of the devil." He describes a visit to Mrs. Carr and mentions Uncle Ned's (Edward Burne-Jones) portrait and photos of his paintings. He describes the violent life in the city which has hardened Mrs. Carr, he, personally, has only seen a chinaman stabbed in the eye which was rather disgusting, but the populace did not mind. The money he makes (he works for three papers) he spends fast knocking about the States as he will not get another chance soon. He admits that he does not love the Americans in bulk. "They spit even as in the time of Dickens and their speech is not sweet to listen to—especially the women's." He is up for membership at the Bohemian Club and in an interview with four reporters he was described as a "handsome but bashful Englishman." '

Which were the papers for which he was writing? One could have been *The Pioneer* to which he was contributing the sketches afterwards

collected in *Abaft the Funnel*, but the other two must surely have been local American periodicals. Have these ever been identified or traced?

### A CORRECTION

The Editor wishes to apologise to Mr. J. Corrie for failing to correct the spelling of his name in the last *Journal*, both in the 'List of Contents' and at the head of his excellent article on Malayan references in *The Jungle Books* and *Just So Stories*. The more obvious a misprint the easier it seems to be to overlook it in the final 'proofs'. As in the case of 'The Purloined Letter' the best place to hide anything is to put it in plain view.

R.L.G.

### OBITUARIES

*Mr. Charles Lesley Ames*

Mr. Ames, a Life Member of our U.S.A. Branch and a great benefactor of the Society, died last December at his home in Minnesota at the age of 85. A Vice-President for many years, he was a tremendous campaigner for new members; we used to send him a supply of each new *Journal*, which he issued to recruits for whom he had himself paid the first subscription. At a time, also, when there was a sudden unexpected call on our finances, he sent us a most generous gift of money.

He and his wife Linda visited London several times, and he once addressed the Society at The Lansdowne Club. To Linda we send our love and sympathy in her great loss.

*Miss O. Watherston*

Our Victoria Branch have suffered a sad loss through the sudden death, last November, of their Vice-President, Miss O. Watherston, who had held the office since the Autumn of 1965. Though English-born, she had lived in Canada since 1920, and her passing saw the end of a long life of service, since she served overseas, in Q.A.I.M.N.S., in both World Wars. Kipling Society meetings were often held at her home, and the Branch thought her a wonderful person.

R.E.H.  
A.E.B.P.

### HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

*New Members in 1969.* Sixty-three joined during the year; congratulations to our USA Branch, which produced fifteen. At least fourteen of the total were recruited by existing members, to whom we are extremely grateful; it's the best help you could give us.

**NEW MEMBERS.** We are delighted to welcome the following : U.K.: Mmes J. Covell, J. M. Turner; Misses B. B. Hutchinson, C. Kipling, A. Van Hien; Capt R. C. Watkin (RN); Cdr J. H. C. Minter; Maj A. T. Y. Haygarth; Drs J. Grier, F. M. Hall, C. Hagenbach; Messrs R. J. Hoare, T. E. Moulds, W. R. Richards, J. Taylor, R. W. R. Ward; British in India Museum (Lancs). ARABIAN GULF : J. C. Kelly, J. Rutherford, J. H. Taylor. IRAN : Dr S. Islam. MELBOURNE : Mrs. Holmes, N. McCance. PAKISTAN : M. Saleem. USA: Mrs. Du Bois; Prof. M. E. Karim, W. S. Johnson; Hawaii Univ. Liby., Oneonta Univ. Coll., S. Illinois Univ. Liby., Edwardsville.

## "THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING"

By Roger Lancelyn Green

*At the Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society : 24 October 1969*

You have done me a very great honour in asking me to propose the toast to the unfading genius of Rudyard Kipling—but it is an honour which I am going to find difficult to live up to, and I can only hope that before I have finished you will not, like the audience gathered to hear the Raymondiferous Martin find yourselves sitting "flushed and uneasy, in sour disgust"—or even, like Stalky feeling that "If this goes on, my beloved 'earers, it will be my painful duty to rot this bargee!"

In spite of this setting I hope I do not need to quote Michael Finsbury in *The Wrong Box* (one of Kipling's favourite books) on a similar occasion: "In case I don't make myself perfectly clear, it's perhaps best to tell you candidly that I've been lurching. It's a thing that may happen to anyone." Or perhaps Kipling's own version of his favourite Latin poet's ode: *Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui plenum?* in the delightful *Freer Verse Horace*:—

"I am (officially) screwed,  
 But not too screwed to speak;  
 For the whole of this riotous interlude  
 I soberly cribbed from the Greek!  
 On tea and toast for a week—  
 (With a "dikker" to eke out my Greek)  
 I laboured this ode  
 To be in the mode,  
 Which, just at the moment, is Greek."

Or rather, if I may change the last line, "which just at the moment is Kipling!" And the "dikker" is, of course, that by John McGivering. But it's not a week, it's twelve years or more that I have been mugging up Kipling, and 'labouring an ode', or rather several pages of "News and Notes" four times a year for the *Journal*.

Were you not the Kipling Society, and possibly, readers of the *Kipling Journal*—I might be able to tell you something about Kipling. But I've told you everything I know already; and then told it again in different words! and probably yet once more—on the same principle as the Bellman in *The Hunting of the Snark*: "What I tell you three times is true!"

The "tea and toast" have given me no new facts about Kipling to impart to you: but a stronger beverage emboldens me to take as my text: "What can they know of Kipling who only Kipling know?"

That stronger beverage has been coursing in my veins not merely for twelve years, but for nearly half a century: it is "a wine composed of the whispers of angels' wings, the breath of Eden and the foam and pulse of Youth renewed"—it is that rare vintage "Chateau Kipling".

"The whispers of angels' wings". Well, has not Wordsworth recorded how "Heaven lies about us in our infancy"? I cannot remember



a time when that earliest whisper was not in my ears, calling me into a new land, the land of imagination. It is a land with many provinces and a startling variety of scenery: but my earliest visit and the most memorable of all was through a magic jungle, wandering with Bagheera and Baloo and Kaa as my guides; up to the Council Rock, away to the Cold Lairs, and back always to the Home Cave where the voice of Father Wolf was summoning me—or was it my father's voice, reading and re-reading *The Jungle Book* to me long before I could read it to myself?

I don't know how much of the stories I understood to begin with. But at the age of four I was Mowgli sitting on Shere Khan's skin on the Council Rock, surrounded by my jungle friends—though the adult eye may only have seen a little boy sitting all by himself on twenty-two red doormats arranged to form the pattern of a skin, in the upper hall—two steps up from the landing from which the mats were collected.

When my sisters and brother were old enough they were organised into a Seonee Wolf Pack, and we "played Jungle" all over the house and out in the woods and shrubberies—as so many other families must have done before and since. I remember the sudden flush of excitement and nostalgia years later when I first picked up E. Nesbit's *The Would-be-Goods* and found Oswald Bastable saying: "We'll play Jungle Book, and I shall be Mowgli . . ."

Of course other Kipling stories followed. The *Just So Stories* made only a little less deep an impression than the *Jungle Books*, and then *Wee Willie Winkie* and the *Puck* stories. I learnt to write by copying out poems from *A History of England*—and those I learnt then I can recite still.

It is hard to decide exactly what one owes to one's early reading and one's identification of oneself with one's favourite characters. Some of the stories were "outside" experiences: *Puck and Stalky & Co.* in particular—introductions to history or sheer entertainment. *Winkie* and *Black Sheep*—even *His Majesty the King*—but most of all and most deeply *Mowgli*, were "inside" influences. They were assimilated in a way that I feel and know but cannot define. Not quite an influence: for an influence in the obvious sense I might turn to *Beetle*, who at least encouraged me to write. But *Mowgli* was part of my childhood and is still somewhere in the background . . .

After "the whisper of angels' wings" came "the breath of Eden". There I cannot give Kipling all the credit—he must share it with Rider Haggard and Robert Louis Stevenson. But "the breath of Eden" came suddenly with 'The Brushwood Boy' to bring me back to Kipling after a gap that followed the period when *Mowgli* meant so much. And that led on to story after story: many new provinces in his kingdom, besides re-discoveries of old ones—the deeper discoveries that age and experience bring to give the great books of one's childhood an added dimension.

For, as C. S. Lewis once said, "a children's story which is enjoyed only by children is a bad children's story. The good ones last". Moreover some of Kipling's stories, as he himself tells us, "had to be read by children, before people realised that they were meant for grown-ups"—which, to a great extent, is another way of saying what Lewis was trying to say—and Kipling goes on to tell us that, in the later *Puck* stories at

least, he "worked the material in three or four overlaid tints and textures, which might or might not reveal themselves according to the shifting light of sex, youth, and experience."

When I rediscovered Kipling in my twenties—or rather discovered more than three-quarters of his work for the first time—and found myself as deeply attracted by most of it as I had been in earlier years by my first favourites, I began to take an interest in the man himself.

This is a kind of devotion that he, and another of my favourite authors, Andrew Lang, would not have encouraged. But it is in no sense a vulgar curiosity; it is a genuine form of love. If books mean as much to one as they have always meant to me—if the best of them, or those on the same wave-length, have opened magic casements, have brought solace and help, encouragement and example—one grows to love not only the books themselves, but their authors. And among those who, in Lang's phrase, "not having known, I love", Kipling has come to take one of the highest places.

For the stories and the poems, the style and the background, the indescribable something that makes them—that which used to be called "inspiration", and which Kipling accepted as the voice of his "daemon"—are in a special sense the man who wrote them, a reflection of his personality, an intimate introduction to a new friend who in a little while seems always to have been near at hand—even if one could never have met him in the flesh.

This kind of affection makes us all to some degree biographers and researchers. My good fortune in being asked to edit *The Kipling Journal* has shown me the truth of this and allowed me to share in the joy of exploration and the excitement of discovery with so many of you—"friends known and unknown" as Kipling himself phrased it.

And Members are constantly adding their mites to the treasury, every item, however small, a token of respect or gratitude or affection offered to the writer of the stories and poems which mean so much to them that any scrap of information about the man and his works is of interest, and any ray of light—though it be the veriest pinpoint—to illumine some reference or some interpretation over which readers differ, is welcome.

It might be argued that Kipling's work would be as great and as greatly enjoyed if no more were known about him than about Shakespeare, or Homer. This is perfectly true, but why should we not have the added joy of the personal touch—if it adds pleasure to the reading of even one or two of us? A sentence in 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep', the last stanza of "Morrow Down" have always brought tears to my eyes even before I knew their personal application. Is it fanciful—or sentimental—or impertinent—to say that the personal knowledge adds something between awe and reverence, almost the added dimension of a sorrow shared with a friend?

And for the lesser things: those who wish can read or ignore the notes that illumine or elucidate Homer or Shakespeare or Milton. But they are, nevertheless, the results of patient and devoted research. And why should not we try to do the same for Kipling—who already is beginning to need notes like the greatest of his peers? It is a joy to discover and offer as a tribute even the minutest item of this kind—be it

the identity of " the survivors of the ill-fated *Mignonette* " or the origin of the reference to " the levin-rods of the Vrilya "; to find the " portentous picture of a griffin " which so fascinated Black Sheep, or learn from an expert why Kipling was right to change the tonnage of the *Dimbula* in ' The Ship that Found Herself '.

As Kipling recedes further into the past not only such notes become necessary, but also interpretations of particular stories or themes illuminated by special knowledge. It may be actual recollections of British India by our elder members, or well-balanced studies by young American scholars and others to whom British India has receded into history; it may be similar studies or first-hand accounts of country-life in England before the First War, to illuminate 'An Habitation Enforced' or 'My Son's Wife'; of popular contemporary reaction to the Boer War to enable us to form a balanced judgement of 'The Captive' or "The Islanders", or of trench warfare in the Immortal Salient and other places that may else be only meaningless names to younger readers of 'A Madonna of the Trenches' and 'The Janeites'. How much deeper an appreciation would we gain of *The Dynasts*, or even *Brigadier Gerard* if we could ask questions of a Waterloo veteran!

Our thirst for knowledge—our eagerness to add our mite to the Kipling treasury—does not go unrewarded. Articles, letters and notes in the *Kipling Journal* are now given full coverage in the annual bibliography in *Victorian Studies*; those of particular importance have been listed by *English Literature in Transition*—we have even been mentioned in *The Year's Work in English Studies*, so one more prophet is not now quite without honour in his own country!

And the results of this are an upsurge of interest in Kipling during the last few years that already goes far towards recognising the high place in English Literature which he has been grudging for so long . . . And, at the other end of the scale, I now receive so many admirable articles for the *Journal*, from Members and non-members, general readers and scholars alike, that I could almost double its length—and would too, if only we could double our membership to pay for printing it!

Many of these may be small matters—but "teach us delight in simple things". However, they lead back always to a greater. I have tried to explain a few reasons why editing *The Kipling Journal* is to me such a continuously "joyous venture". But above all it brings me back constantly to Kipling's works themselves. I am constantly amazed how well they wear: for surely there are few authors who can be read so often—and with an increase rather than any loss of enjoyment.

What was the last virtue of "Chateau Kipling"? "the foam and pulse of Youth renewed". That would seem to call for an echo of "the whispers of angels' wings", and certainly those first books have grown in stature on later readings, though one may turn more often now to 'The Miracle of Purun Bhagat' and 'Marklake Witches' than to 'Red Dog' or 'Wee Willie Winkie'. And again:

" How comes it that, at even-tide,  
When level beams should show most truth,  
Man, failing, takes unfailing pride  
In memories of his frolic youth? "

But I have never ceased to re-read *Stalky & Co.* once or twice a year, nor ever hesitated to rank it with the great masterpieces of humour with *Pickwick* and *Alice* and *The Wrong Box*. Now, however, others of the humorous stories—'The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat', or 'The Vortex' or 'Brugglesmith' also have their place.

But even these are not the stories of the great vintage. That ranges for me, from 'An Habitation Enforced' and 'My Sons Wife' to 'The Eye of Allah' and 'The Church that was at Antioch' and 'Proofs of Holy Writ'—with several others almost as potent and well loved.

They are now doing for me what Mowgli once did, what 'The Brushwood Boy' and 'In the Same Boat' did while the breath of Eden still blew. I feel sure they—or others—will be doing the same for me "when Charon's keel grates on the beach"—and in that belief and in gratitude for that supreme gift to us all, I ask you to rise and drink to "*The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling!*"

## THE WORK THEME IN KIPLING'S NOVELS

by W. Keats Sparrow

Relatively few students of Rudyard Kipling have devoted their attention to his work in the novel, the genre in which his laudatory treatment of the life of work, duty, and action is not only recurrent, as it is in his verse and short stories, but is also his unifying theme. The theme of work, of course, was popularized earlier in the nineteenth century by Thomas Carlyle, who tried, as Andrew Rutherford succinctly observes in his study "Carlyle and Kipling", to resolve the romantic dilemma of introspective brooding, an outgrowth of the Greek dictum "Know thyself", with his Victorian doctrine of work, 'Know thy work and do it'.<sup>1</sup> Rutherford carefully points out, however, that in Kipling's world, where it is particularly prevalent among citizens such as soldiers who serve the empire in some way, the concept of duty and work is not necessarily Carlylean since Puritanism had placed a high value on duty and work long before Carlyle. Although both men shared the belief that work was a means to overcome brooding and a means to establish order over anarchy and chaos, Rutherford notes near the outset of his study that "in comparing Kipling's attitudes to Carlyle's we shall be well advised to speak in terms of affinities rather than debts" (p. 12). Eric Linklater, who sees Kipling's concept of work as romantic rather than anti-romantic, shows the necessity of such a precaution. He attributes the concept of work not to Carlyle but to Kipling's Scottish ancestry, for to "the Scotch the necessary connexion between work and plenty has usually been clear enough".<sup>2</sup> Noel Annan, moreover, sees Kipling's theme work as coming from his instinct as a conservative:

Like most conservative theorists, Kipling instinctively acknowledged Kant's dichotomy between Pure and Practical Reason. The argument is familiar. Scientific reasoning gives us knowledge about the laws of nature, but *real* knowledge about morals, people, religion—about the inner meaning of things—is of a different order. Experience, not abstract ratiocination, is the only guide, and a tradition of behaviour is more valuable than a set of moral rules and precepts.<sup>3</sup>

Hence, while Decadents such as Wilde were disseminating contempt for old conventional values, Kipling's exaltation of the healthy, upright concept of work was keeping vibrant and clearly visible in the intellectual background of the *fin de siècle*, an old traditional theme that perhaps should not be attributed to a single source. And nowhere are his efforts more consistent than in his novels.

In *The Light that Failed* (1890),<sup>4</sup> Kipling's first novel, Dick Helder becomes a successful artist by capturing in realistic scenes the action of the Soudan campaign that he and other syndicated war correspondents also captured in words so "the English at breakfast should be amused and thrilled and interested" (p. 23). But when he comes from his work to London where his paintings are currently lionized, he begins to stagnate in the comfort of his new affluence and leisure, becoming ironically one of the very artists he denigrates for talking " 'about Art and the state of their souls' " (p. 8). For Dick himself begins to talk about art and to formulate his own mercenary credo: " 'Give 'em what they know, and when you've done it do it again' " (p. 49). He soon discovers that " 'there's too much Ego in my Cosmos' ", and his correspondent-friend, Torpenhow, then reflects that " 'Perhaps he [Dick] has found out that he has a soul, or an artistic temperament . . . ' " (p. 60). When Dick's selfish childhood sweetheart, Maisie, appears suddenly and rejects his marriage proposal so that she might pursue her own inauspicious career as an artist, he stops work altogether and becomes "bone-idle" except for his Sunday visits to give her art lessons.<sup>5</sup> Although he preaches to Maisie that " 'you must sacrifice yourself, and live under orders, and never think of yourself' " to become a success (p. 98), Dick's own submission to the " 'damnation of the check-book' " (p. 51) has already caused one of his friends to warn him that " 'Your vogue will be ended in less than six months—the public will know your touch and will go on to something new . . . ' " (p. 9). After Maisie leaves for France to study art, Dick goes blind as a result of a head wound received during the former Soudan campaign. Practically defenceless against the ravenous family of his landlord and a former model who plots to ensnare his savings, he disposes of all but a few of his worldly goods and manages a joyful escape into the revived Soudan campaign where his comrades are again at work as correspondents. Just before he dismounts at the battle front, a merciful enemy bullet topples him to the feet of Torpenhow, who kneels and holds "Dick's body in his arms" (p. 254).

Eric Solomon shows that in *The Light That Failed*, "Kipling sought to use the idea of war to represent, metaphorically, a way of life—in this case the life of vigorous action from which the artist-hero strays".<sup>6</sup> Kipling's animus, Solomon continues, seems to be directed against the "non-military world" (p. 31), the world where the English are amused at breakfast by newspaper reports of the Soudan campaign, where men are aware of their souls (" 'healthy men are not', " says Dick (p. 70) ), and where love and art are associated with blindness, as in the ominous opening chapter of the novel in which Maisie almost blinds the young caricaturist with powder burns from a revolver. The campaign scenes, on the other hand, have an "idyllic" tone (p. 31); and "Danger, physical exertion, and friendship are lyrically hailed as the glorious attributes

of the province of war" (p. 31). Furthermore, the action taken on the battlefield by Dick and his colleagues is almost ritualistic, indicating that they are masters of their craft, as they perform their duties with almost mechanical professionalism: "There was no need for any order . . . All had fought in this manner many times before, and there was no novelty in the entertainment. . ." (p. 29). Even the enemy troops are seen favourably:

No civilised troops in the world have endured the hell through which they came, the living leaping high to avoid the dying who clutched at their heels, the wounded cursing and staggering forward, till they fell—a torrent black as the sliding water above a mill-dam . . . (p. 30).

And, as Solomon again notes (p. 32), peaceful images like that of the mill-dam are evident in the description of the violent battle scene: "The camel-guns shelled them as they passed, and opened for an instant lanes through their midst, most like those quick-closing vistas in a Kentish hop-garden seen when the train races by at full speed . . . (pp. 29-30).

In varying degrees, both Carlyle and Kipling envisioned military organization as a model for society at large because of the order a hierarchic structure imposes on its members.<sup>7</sup> Because militarism spawns self-discipline, obedience to superiors, and self-abnegation, it provides the antithesis of indirection, anarchy, and egoism bred of *laissez-faire* Bohemianism in non-military life. Although the fervour of Kipling for such a system is less than that of Carlyle—whose zealous militarism causes Rutherford to label him a "Victorian proto-Fascist" (III, 16)—Dick's return from London to Port Said, from Bohemianism to militarism, is as medicinal as it is joyous. Before his ship is out of sight of land, he exclaims, "Oh, it's good to be alive," and he "could feel the healing of the sea upon him already" (p. 324). Later, when his old mentor at Port Said, Madame Binot, discovers his intention to go to the front of the battle, she concedes that "it is best" that he go in spite of her foreboding that death awaits him there (p. 239). Like Dick, who has now converted "from innocence and egotism to experience and humility" (Solomon, p. 32), she realizes that he must abide by what Kipling termed "the Law", a term that Bonamy Dobrée defines as "that frame within which man can work if he is to fulfill himself . . . a law which demands of man the total surrender of himself."<sup>8</sup> Dick, according to the Law, must return to the frame—the orderly life of work, duty, and action of the military campaign—if he is to find again the artistic and emotional fulfillment for which he vainly groped in London. For in contrast to the non-military world, here is the action (for which his yearning is merely nostalgic since he is blind) that once catapulted his work to fame and the selfless affection found among the colleagues of one's craft that he could not find among the selfish and greedy of London. His return to war and the bullet through his head are ironically merciful rather than cruel; and the final scene of the novel is appropriate in that the affectionate caress that Dick at last receives is given by his friend while shots ring out overhead.

Kipling's next novel, *Captains Courageous* (1897),<sup>9</sup> seems to treat the theme of work and action in so clear and uncomplicated a manner that it has been called a fable. At its opening, Harvey Cheyne, the idle, egoistical son of an American railroad magnate, is headed aboard a

luxury liner for Europe to complete his education. While passing near the Grand Banks on a May night, Harvey is swept overboard by a wave and rescued by the *We're Here*, a fishing schooner from Gloucester commanded by Disko Troop. Once aboard the schooner, he orders the captain to turn around and take him to New York immediately. But Troop, who thinks the boy's stories of his father's wealth are madness, must take advantage of the fishing season while he can, so he refuses to forgo his duty to satisfy the boastful waif. Harvey is forced, therefore, to stay aboard and work for ten and a half dollars a month until the *We're Here* returns to port in September. However, he takes to the new life almost immediately; learns the fisherman's craft and jargon; enjoys the fellowship of Dan, Disko's son, and the other members of the crew; and finds gratification in his new situation in life. Then, upon the return of the *We're Here* to Gloucester, Harvey wires his surprised parents in California of his safety and whereabouts. After crossing the continent by rail at breakneck speed, they find a changed son, a square-shouldered lad who is proud that he has earned his wages and keep. The dazzling millionaire and his son discuss business and Harvey's future for the first time. They decide that Harvey will manage his father's new sailing-ship after he finishes college and that, in return for the beneficent experience Harvey received under Troop, Dan will be assured of a promising future with the fleet of cargo ships owned by Mr. Cheyne.

In spite of the apparent simplicity of the narrative, because of a sudden shift of emphasis the portrayal of the theme is more complex than a cursory reading might suggest. C. A. Bodelsen's "Afterword" to the Signet edition of the novel points out that Harvey's conversion from "a life of futility and false values" to a life of "fellowship and real work" takes place too early in the story to be the basic theme (p. 163). The basic theme, instead, appears to be one that Bodelsen sees as a part of Kipling's creed: "that the mastery of some kind of craft and membership in a group were means to attain self-respect, harmony, and dignity" (p. 163). With Dick Helder, the craft was that of a war correspondent and the group were those involved in military life. With Harvey, of course, the craft is that of a fisherman and the group is the crew aboard the *We're Here*—the captains of the title of the novel. In both cases, the craft involves work within a militaristic framework and the group consists of men of action who selflessly uphold their duty within the framework. In short, when they place duty to their crafts before their own self-interests by joining the order of a group, both Harvey and Dick meet with spiritual gratification.

The complexity of the theme comes in the last fourth of the novel when Harvey's father, the magnate of thirty-millions, steps into the limelight. He crops up like the apotheosis of the man of action, for he has been a "deck-hand, train-hand, contractor, boarding-house keeper, journalist, engineer, drummer, real-estate agent, politician, dead-beat, rum-seller, mine owner, speculator, cattle man, . . . [and] tramp." He has "the faith that comes of knowing men and things" and, moreover, a "very great courage and resource at all times" (p. 14). His presence rattles even the captain of the *We're Here*, for when Mr. Cheyne replies, "'So he told me,'" to the captain's confession that he at first thought Harvey crazy, Disko blurts out nervously: "'Did he tell ye

anything else? 'Cause I pounded him once' " (p. 131). No wonder, then, that the fishermen, whom Kipling has heretofore glorified, cower in awe and humility before the millionaire, even though he treats them with respect.

But the captain of industry has his shortcomings, nevertheless. In contrast to Harvey and the other fishermen, he has not sacrificed his self-interest to, or gained membership in, a "group"—his comment about seeking "the glory and advancement of his country" along with his own ends notwithstanding (p. 143). In fact, he considers his fellow railroad executives as his "enemies" (p. 121). So unlike the fishermen who cower before him, he lacks the spiritual gratification that comes from selflessness. When his wife imputes the delightful quality of the Gloucester people to their simplicity, his telling response to her observation is, "That isn't simpleness, Mama . . . It's the other thing, that we—that I haven't got!" (p. 139). Moreover, Harvey points out to his father that "Disko's independent. Haven't you noticed that?" "Mr. Cheyne's reluctant reply is, "Well—yes. A little. In spots'" (p. 146). Mr. Cheyne's own independence is diminished by his business, as he tells Harvey: "I've left my business hung up at loose ends between two oceans, and it's time to connect again. I just hate to do it, though; haven't had a holiday like this for twenty years'" (p. 166). Finally, at the close of the novel, it is a few years later and Dan and Harvey, both young men now, are talking. Both owe their fortunate circumstances—Dan's for his job as a second mate and Harvey's for his education and promising future—directly to Harvey's father's wealth. But instead of speaking of their indebtedness to Mr. Cheyne, they reminisce on the days when they learned the value of work aboard the *We're Here*. Dan says, "She was a noble packet, and one way an' another I owe her a heap—her and Dad'. 'Me too,' quoth Harvey Cheyne" (p. 157). What the boys attest to in their final conversation in the novel is that of far more importance to them than their gratuitous present comfort is the self-respect they earned through their work aboard the schooner. Hence, the dazzling appearance of the magnate of thirty millions in the last quarter of the novel affirms by contrast that gratification comes from selfless work.

*Stalky & Co.* (1889)<sup>10</sup> is a novel-length sequence of nine short stories that commemorates the life at the United Services College at Westward Ho! where the sons of British army officers were prepared for the Army Entrance Examination.<sup>11</sup> In the stories, the ever-victorious room-mates of Number Five—Stalky, M'Turk, and Beetle—dupe both school official and fellow student with combinations of luck, resourcefulness, impudence, and teamwork. In the story "In Ambush", for example, they lure three vindictive school officials onto the estate of a neighbouring squire who discovers the trespassers and dresses them down to the rapture of the listening triumvirate. In "An Unsavoury Interlude" they stuff the carcass of a cat under the floorboards of a subsequently perplexed housemaster who has set an unfounded rumour afoot concerning the cleanliness of the residents of the house in which they live. And, again, in "The Last Term", they turn the tables on a prefect, who has rightly charged them with disrespect, by casting aspersions on his ability to fend off the advances of aggressive maidens. Finally, in the last story, "Slaves of the Lamp, Part II", M'Turk, Beetle,



and other "old boys" of the college gather at a castle owned by one of them and rehash Stalky's experiences, as well as their own, at the college and since.

"Slaves of the Lamp, Part II" throws all the previous stories of the novel into a perspective where the work theme becomes evident. In the story one of the men proclaims, "Stalky is the great man of his Century" (p. 249). Then follow narratives of Stalky's heroic campaign adventures in India by several of the group assembled about the great fireplace. In their narratives, Stalky's various triumphs at war result from the cool-headed tactics he first exercised at school—initiative, daring, false impressions, and resourcefulness. After all the stories have been told, when M'Turk has concluded his account of how Stalky once took vengeance on a house-master for reprimanding Beetle, one of them says "Practically he duplicated that trick over again. There's nobody like Stalky." Beetle replies, "That's just where you make the mistake . . . India's full of Stalkies—Cheltenham and Haileybury and Marlborough chaps—that we don't know anything about, and the surprises will begin when there is really a row on'." When asked "Who will be surprised?" Beetle says, "The other side . . . Just imagine Stalky let loose on the south side of Europe with a sufficiency of Sikhs and a reasonable prospect of loot. Consider it quietly" (p. 271).

Beetle realizes that Stalkies are effectual products of the English service college system because of their schoolboy experiences. At the time they take place, the experiences serve merely as ends in themselves—like Carlyle's work for the sake of working. For, indeed, Stalkies often befuddle antagonists for no other reason than the sheer joy of doing it, as when the residents of Number Five dupe the prefect not because his accusations would seriously effect them but because they merely enjoy mortifying their superiors. Considered separately, their exploits are no more than delightfully ingenious schoolboy pranks that infuriate a supercilious house-master and entertain the perpetrators. But considered together, they serve a more practical purpose as well. For the exploits at school break in the boys for the work they will undertake as men, a purpose the magnanimous Head of the college realizes all along, as the boys themselves do not. The meaning of such experience dawns upon Beetle when, before leaving school, the Head assures the roguish members of the triumvirate of success in their work as adults—Stalky's and M'Turk's in the military and Beetle's as a journalist. Beetle then tells Stalky and M'Turk, "he's been breaking me in . . . for ever so long, and I never knew—I never knew" (pp. 220-21). What Beetle realizes, then, is that while joying in schoolboy pranks they have served apprenticeships to their crafts and prepared themselves for the work that will one day befall them as men.

*Kim* (1901)<sup>12</sup> is a tripartite story<sup>13</sup> of an Indian-bred Irish orphan simultaneously attracted to the life of Eastern passivity, represented by an endearing Buddhist lama in search of a mythical holy river he thinks will free him from the "Wheel of Things", and the life of Western action, represented by the Survey of India, or "Great Game", a secret service that seeks out subversion of British rule in India. Kim becomes

acquainted with both forces in the first third of the novel through becoming the chela and guide of the wandering lama and through delivering a message from the secret agent Mahbub Ali to his superior, the English Colonel Creighton. The second third of the novel is taken up with the three years of education to which Kim is subjected when he is discovered to be the son of a former Irish regimental soldier. His expensive tuition at St. Xavier's, where he learns the ways of a sahib, is paid by the lama so that he may "acquire merit" for himself (p. 151); and on holidays Kim masters the technicalities of his future craft as an agent under Lurgan Sahib. In the last third of the novel, Kim gains experience in his craft under the surveillance of the fat agent Hurree Babu while once again leading the lama on his pilgrimage for the holy river. Here he delights in his first professional service by disguising a wounded fellow agent to confuse his pursuers. Later, in the rarefied, sparsely-populated hills of the north where the lama believes he will find the holy river, Kim adopts the lama's ascetic way of life, "abstaining, as the Rule demands, from evil words, covetous desires; not over-eating, not lying on high beds, nor wearing rich clothes" (p. 305). He nevertheless secures subversive documents from two spies, one of whom he wounds for striking the lama and arousing the old man's lust for revenge. After completing his mission for the Great Game, delivering the lama to the end of his pilgrimage, and restoring his own sapped strength, Kim faces the dilemma of whether he should continue to serve the lama or devote himself to the life of action and service. His decision is to "get into the world again" (p. 402), but he is left at the end of the novel sitting face to face with the lama, who is revealing to Kim the religious experience he had by a nearby river he believes to be the object of his quest.

In his thoughtful article "Kipling's *Kim* and Co-Existence", John Munro points out two themes concerning work that run throughout the novel and reinforce each other in the end.<sup>14</sup> First is the political theme: "that the average, uneducated Indian and the typical British colonial have in them certain deficiencies which would inhibit them in the proper conduct of Indian affairs" (p. 223). The Indians, he shows, are "venal and grasping . . . undependable and fainthearted . . . [and] in contrast to the British . . . more ready to capitulate than make a stand" (p. 222). The British, on the other hand, "are blessed with little understanding of either India or the Indian character", are "harsh and stupidly rigid" in their discipline, and are misguided by "notions of racial supremacy" (p. 223). Only when the two nationalities work together in the Great Game are they able to conduct the affairs of India properly. Here the governmental genius of the English colonel gives direction to the field work of Mahbub Ali, Hurree Babu, and E-23, the wounded agent Kim disguises to elude his pursuers. And "the most effective member of the secret police is Kim, 'Friend of all the World', the British boy brought up as an Indian, who stands for the effective co-operation of East and West" (p. 223).

The political theme reflects the self-abnegation required by Kipling's Law, the same idea that Dick Helder tries to teach Maisie in *The Light that Failed*: "you must sacrifice yourself, and live under orders, and never think of yourself." One of the first lessons Kim learns as an

agent for the Great Game is to suppress any personal feelings, such as racial superiority, that he may have, as when Colonel Creighton tells him, "do not at any time be led to condemn the black men" (p. 169). Moreover, one must, like Hurree Babu, forgo concern even for his own life. When Kim asks Hurree, whose sense of duty overcomes his innate cowardice, if the spies might kill him, Hurree answers, "'Oah, that is nothing'" (p. 319). Hence, carelessness of self is once again necessary for the "positive results" that Munro concludes "are achieved only when men work together" (p. 224).

Quite similar to the first is what Munro calls the personal theme: that "fulfilment comes only through active involvement and sympathetic concern for others" (p. 224). This theme is rendered through Kim's quest for self-identity and the lama's for spiritual fulfilment. Kim partially fulfills his quest early in the novel when he unravels the mystery of his heritage as a sahib. But his continual questioning of "Who is Kim" (pp. 167, 265) and his feeling of being "all alone in this land" (pp. 173, 264) emphasize that, in spite of his success in the Great Game, his self-identity will not be consummate as long as his allegiance vacillates between the lama and the Great Game—between, as it were, Eastern passivity and Western action. Not until he resolves altogether toward the end of the novel that he "must get into the world again" (p. 402) does he solve "the tremendous puzzle" (p. 264) that has plagued him since his discovery by his father's regiment. Then, when he thinks about the lama, he has a feeling "that his soul was out of gear with its surroundings—a cog-wheel unconnected with any machinery, just like the idle cog-wheel of a cheap Beheea sugar-crusher laid by in a corner" (p. 403). In contrast, when he shifts the subject of his thoughts from the lama to himself,

with an almost audible click he felt the wheels of his being lock up anew on the world without. Things that rode meaningless on the eyeball a minute before slid into proper proportion. Roads were meant to be walked upon, houses to be lived in, cattle to be driven, fields to be tilled, and men and women to be talked to. They were all real and true—solidly planted upon the feet—perfectly comprehensible—clay of his clay, neither more nor less (p. 403).

Only through abandoning his partial allegiance to the lama and devoting himself wholly to active involvement in "the world" can his life find meaning. And it is significant that in his last dialogue with the lama, which he assents to only with reluctance, Kim's remarks amidst the lama's narrative are sardonically practical and incredulous rather than reverential. For in his newly determined role in life, Kim knows that self-fulfillment comes not from mental abstraction, of which he cynically believes the lama is an incorrigible devotee, but from an active life of work and duty.

In contrast to Kim's Practical Reason is the Pure Reason of the lama, whose quest for the holy river and freedom from the Wheel of Things, represents, K. Bhaskara Rao observes, "[his] inner desire to go to the very life-springs of Buddhism and its meaning".<sup>15</sup> The lama's quest, as he admits, comes "before all things" (p. 102); and he self-ishly believes that the only action he should take is that which will help him attain his goal: "To abstain from action is well—except to acquire merit" (p. 303). He lives a life of contemplation and abstraction—the

life of introspective brooding to which both Carlyle and Kipling are opposed—except when he acts "to acquire merit", as when he pays Kim's tuition at St. Xavier's. It is altogether ironic, then, that, as Munro shows, Kim's development in the novel rather than the lama's "parallels that of Buddha" because he emerges "well-educated" from his education at St. Xavier's, "worldly wise" from his tutelage under Lurgan Sahib, and "courageous" from his fight with the spy (p. 224). Even though he begins to question the feasibility of his "Way" when the spy's insult tempts him away from abstraction, the lama still preaches to Kim that man should abide " 'perched above the world, separated from delights, considering vast matters.'" Kim's practical retort is, " 'Yes; if he has a chela to prepare tea for him, and to fold a blanket for his head, and to chase out calving cows,'" (p. 359). Not until the lama's spiritual conversion by the river does the Law reveal itself to him. In his revelation, his soul is taking in a comprehensive view of life when a voice cries, "What shall become of the boy if thou art dead?" Then "shaken" with "pity" for Kim, he looks down and sees the holy river; and deciding to relinquish his quest to free himself from the Wheel of Things, he tells Kim, at the close of the novel, " 'I have wrenched my Soul back from the Threshold of Freedom to free thee from all sin—as I am free, and sinless! Just is the Wheel' " (pp. 411-13)! Although both his own ascetic sitting posture and Kim's incredulity as he tells of his revelation shed doubt on whether he will actually convert from his old way of life, he tells Kim that the lesson he has learned is that spiritual fulfillment comes not from detached contemplation, not from freeing oneself from the Wheel of Things, but from active participation in life and selfless concern for his fellow man—a reiteration of the work theme on the political level of the novel.

The constant lesson in Kipling's novels, then, is that self-fulfilment comes through a life of selfless work, duty, and action. And the framework in which such a life can best be pursued is one with a hierarchical order similar to that of military organization. In the non-military life of London where Maisie's selfishness bars her from anything but emotional and artistic sterility, Dick Helder stagnates amidst prosperity and anarchy; but when he escapes into the vigorous life of the campaign his spirits revive and he finds the selfless affection among the fellows of his craft that was absent in London. Harvey Cheyne's futile egoism succumbs quickly to his preference for the self-respect he earns from his work in the naval organization aboard the *We're Here*. Stalky, M'Turk, and Beetle delight in their adventures at school and, like Harvey Cheyne, they learn they have been training themselves for the work they will undertake as adults. Like Stalky and his company, Kim begins early to break himself in for his service and duty as an adult in a military organization, the efficacy of which depends upon the selfless work and efficiency of its agents. Finally, the preponderance of the work theme and of the military framework in his novels brings into question the propriety of designating Kipling a "romantic" or a "militarist". For the attitude toward work that informs his novels, similar to Carlyle's "anti-romantic gospel", is decidedly opposed to romantic individual freedom and introspection. And the militaristic framework—of which the order,

social subordination, and selflessness are also inconsonant with romanticism--serves not as an end in itself but simply as a structure in which one may transcend his egoism to find self-fulfillment through his work.

#### Notes

<sup>1</sup>*The Kipling Journal*, XXXIII (June, September, December, 1969), 10-19, 11-19, 11-16.

<sup>2</sup>"Kipling", *The Kipling Journal*, XXII (December, 1955), 6.

<sup>3</sup>"Kipling the Conservative", *The Kipling Journal*, XXII (July, 1955), 4.

<sup>4</sup>New York, n.d.

<sup>5</sup>Betty Miller, in "Kipling's First Novel", *Cornhill Magazine*, CLXVIII (1956), 405-412, points out the parallels between Maisie and Sue Bridehead of Hardy's *Jude the Obscure* (1894). She suggests that Maisie is really the "first delineation in fiction of . . . the woman of the feminist movement . . ." of which the prominent German critic spoke in his famous letter to Hardy. Both women, she says, are physically similar, were "tomboys in youth", follow "some form of art as an occupation", and have "an unconquerable aversion to the conditions of sexual love" (p. 410). In addition, in their relationships with Dick and Jude, both take all and concede nothing, leaving the young men to sicken and die (p. 411). Interesting pointers also exist between Maisie and Nora of Ibsen's *A Doll House* (1879) in their rejection of the overly-protective male.

<sup>6</sup>"*The Light that Failed as a War Novel*", *English Fiction in Transition*, 1880-1920, V (1962), 30.

<sup>7</sup>For an extended comparison of Kipling's and Carlyle's views on militarism, see the December portion of Rutherford's study, pp. 12-16.

<sup>8</sup>*Rudyard Kipling* (London, 1951), p. 11.

<sup>9</sup>New York, 1964. Kipling collaborated with Wolcott Balestier on the *Naulahka* (1891), but its "Internal evidence", as Edward Shanks notes in *Rudyard Kipling: A Study of Literature and Political Ideas* (New York, 1940), p. 129, "offers no suggestions as to his [Kipling's] share, whether for good or evil, in the partnership". Since Kipling's contribution cannot be verified, the novel usually goes unnoticed in studies of Kipling, as it will here.

<sup>10</sup>London, 1957.

<sup>11</sup>See Steven Marcus, "Stalky & Co.", *Kipling and the Critics*, ed. Elliot L. Gilbert. (New York, 1965), p. 150.

<sup>12</sup>London, n.d.

<sup>13</sup>See J. M. S. Tompkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (Lincoln, 1959), p. 22.

<sup>14</sup>*English Literature in Transition, 1880-1920*, VII (1964), 222-227.

<sup>15</sup>*Rudyard Kipling's India* (Norman, 1967), p. 135.

## REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETINGS

9th July 1969, at the Royal Society of St. George. The Chairman opened with a cordial welcome to Doctor J. M. S. Tompkins from her recent triumphs in Canada, enhanced by her manifest success as an ambassador of the Kipling Society to the Dominion. These activities notwithstanding, she had with her usual good-natured willingness spoken to our delight at last October's Luncheon, and has now consented to discourse this evening on "Sea Constables", a tale of 1915,

from a non-professional aspect. There being at least five identifiable seamen present, including two Admirals, he would refrain from any pronouncements on seamanship lest he forfeit his amateur status.

Doctor Tompkins began her discourse by enlarging upon her "unprofessional" ignorance. She felt, for instance, that the speech and manners of R.N.V.R. men, met together for a few hours in the setting of their former civilian life, is deliberately differentiated from that of the professional Navy, but, she said, I may be wrong. I don't know how a recently made lieutenant addresses a lieutenant-commander in an ungirt hour, or whether he would say, facetiously, as Winchmore does, that the neutral ship he is dogging "lit up at once—tail-light, head-light and side-lights." As to the geography, I can follow the chase of the neutral sufficiently well, but the capes, rocks and bays named are not on my map and I suspect the names are feigned. The neutral hands over his oil at Cloone, but the only Cloone I can find is well inland in Leitrim, so that when Maddingham says "You know you can't repair a dinghy at Cloone", he may be right. As to politics and strategy, I remember the war very well—that is, as it struck a young woman in London. It was vitally important in my development, but a matter of scattered incidents, headlines and the pressure of the climate. I am not a historian and do not know how far Maddingham and Portson conform to their historical archetypes in age and responsibility, or whether Kipling as is common with him has driven the type to its highest potential; nor do I know whether neutral business-men with a million and a quarter, trying to increase it by selling oil to the Germans, went themselves as super-cargoes with the oil. I shall be glad and grateful to be enlightened on any of these points after my talk, but I do not think my ignorance will invalidate the points I want to make, or prevent me from keeping my own professionalism intact.

"Sea Constables" is one of the first group of Kipling's tales of the Great War, separated by some years from the later group in *Debts and Credits* and *Limits and Renewals*. This first group has never had a very good press. The tales differ in subject and in achievement. All of them are explicitly dated, in title or narrative, to 1915. Three, "Swept and Garnished", "Mary Postgate" and "Sea Constables", were published in 1915. The fourth—"The Tie"—not until *Limits and Renewals*, when Kipling inserted an introductory paragraph in italics, to place the old tale in its historical setting as "a tale of 1915". This dating is very important. In January 1915 the first German air raids took place on undefended East Coast towns; February saw the beginning of unrestricted submarine warfare. It was a time of danger, improvisation and unaccustomed emotional reactions, before the "war machine" had settled into its groove and conscription had brought order, however imperfect, into the scene. Kipling was watching the turnover of a whole civil society to war purposes; awkward, uneven, as yet uncontrolled, wasteful, but impressive and unprecedented. These unloved tales are the upshot of what he heard and felt.

I shall not talk about the other three, except to point out two ways in which this first group differs from later war-tales.

(a) There is no distancing in time; no before or after. They are tales of close focus. At their most intense—as in "Mary Postgate"—the

action is a small, dreadful plot of experience, ringed with fire. There are no long views, nothing is told retrospectively. Maddingham's experience is but a few hours old. "The Tie", written in a letter just after the event, has a "stop-press" air, most unlike Kipling's growing need to put all his tales against wide backgrounds. He tried to add a little perspective when he added the verses to the tales—not successfully in "The Beginning" ("When the English began to hate"), but more successfully in "The Changelings", which goes with "Sea Constables". But in the later war-tales the perspective—distance—is always there; they are told in peacetime about war. They are quite as much tales about England in the 1920s as about war in 1916 and 1917: they are about what has been carried on in national life—memories, habits, disabilities, fellowships, nightmares, self-knowledge, cynicism—all the traces, overt or covert, tragic or trifling, of a crucial experience. The men who tell the tales have returned to civilian life. They are once more hairdressers, lorry-contractors, market-gardeners. As their war-time life sinks more deeply under the surface of daily civil existence it needs something like a Lodge banquet or a hospital anniversary to bring it into the light again. There is nothing like this in the early group. They are strictly about crises—public and private. The private crises are not understood—or only partially understood—by those that endure them. Maddingham can't say much more about his refusal to give the defeated neutral petrol-peddler a chance of life by running him across to his doctor in England, than "I was surprised at myself—give you my word."

(b) This is a difference in proportion rather than kind. These first four tales are about the impact of war on civilians, or recent civilians—on women, on middle-aged men in big business, and on very young men who were schoolboys a few months ago. These were not the professional soldiers and sailors of his Indian and Naval tales, trained and tempered for their work. They are not even the Army Class of Westward Ho! They are volunteers filling a gap. The older men have the technical skills that make them usable. All that Maddingham, Portson, Winchmore and Jarrett learnt as well-to-do yachtsmen in peacetime is relevant now. But their lives have been wrenched into quite new circumstances. How far are they prepared for them? How are they affected?

As I have said, it is a matter of proportion. In the later tales the service-men break back in conversation to their civilian selves, as, in the frames, the ex-service men break back to their war-time lives. The tales are full of these double identities, interchanging shadow and substance. But by the time the events in them occurred, conscription had made this a normal condition. It had ceased to startle. Or you can go back to Kipling's Boer War writings and find his moved and hopeful admiration for volunteer regiments. But these were all young men. Now Kipling was himself middle-aged, and speculated more deeply on how his contemporaries, with high spirit but no special training, would adapt themselves to war.

I have two bits of evidence that support this approach to "Sea Constables". One is very interesting. The original beginning of the contemporary tale "The Tie" is as follows:—

"Men in war will instinctively act as they have been taught to do in peace—for a certain time." There is no sign that this is a quotation;

but it is in fact a version, slightly altered in his memory, of what he wrote a generation before in *The Smith Administration (From Sea to Sea, Volume II)*. In that collection he begins an article "What It Comes To" with a quotation taken, he says, from *Comments on the New German Drill Regulations in The Pioneer*. "Men instinctively act under the excitement of battle only as they have been taught to act in peace." In its original appearance, the application of this sentence was strictly confined to the function of drill as preparation for war; independent company drill was discussed by soldiers in the canteen in this context. Over the years the statement has been detached from drill, expanded, altered, redirected, and provided with a qualification—"for a certain time". In this shape it covers not only the outbreak of the underferd young officers in "The Tie", but Maddingham's behaviour in "Sea Constables". The "certain time" is up, something buried in civilian life takes over. I don't suppose Kipling remembered where this phrase came from. It had floated about in his mind and made new connexions.

The second piece of evidence is "The Changelings", the set of verses added for the 1926 collection some ten years after the tale was written. It begins with an echo of W. E. Henley's "Or ever the knightly years were gone". These adhesive verses were published in 1888, just before Kipling's return to London. The first verse, with its implication of the doctrine of rebirth—always attractive to Kipling—is quoted at the head of "The Finest Story in the World" (1891) and echoed in "The Sack of the Gods" in *The Naulahka* (1892), and comes back a generation later, to convey another sort of transmigration—that of the civilian into the climate and practice of war. (The speaker then read the poem and asked: What is their real identity? Which is their real world?) But note that this perspective is a later addition to the tale. In the tale, views are short. We have action, what it was, what led up to it, and the surrounding pressures. The "why" is raised, but the hands of the watch cut the question off short.

The story is told in very close, economical writing. I could comment on almost every sentence. Early in the meal, for instance, Maddingham, after grumbling that he has not time to see the new actress, adds: "I'll take your oysters, Portson, if you don't want 'em." This suggests a familiar relationship between the two older men, and supports the statement that Maddingham habitually did himself well, which is a true statement—not to be confused with the misleading remark about a debauched appearance, which comes from weather, strain and little sleep. It tallies with Portson's early remark "We haven't eaten a Christian meal in months" and leads on to the neutral's jeer about Maddingham's blood pressures. I have it from a student that in a typescript of the tale in the British Museum all details that do no essential work are cut, e.g. the fountain in the palm court of the restaurant, mentioned at the beginning and end of the typescript as the men enter and go. There is no rich descriptive writing. Visual touches are few—almost confined to the physical types and gestures of the four diners and the neutral. The medium of the tale is conversation, Maddingham's occasional loud and angry tones; his half-whispered exchange with Portson when secrecy is important; Winchmore's restless facetiousness, lapsing into exhausted sleep; Tegg's placid murmur. The complete dramatic realization of



Kipling's joint narratives, such as this, of the motives and tones and the interaction of the contributors, has been insufficiently praised. But a correspondent said in a private letter to me that the point on which Kipling never fell down was conversations between men.

I will examine (a) the three R.N.V.R. men (and Tegg), (b) the climate of early 1915 as it affects the story and (c) the character of Maddingham. (a) Maddingham is a banker, Portson a stockbroker; both middle-aged, Maddingham being the older. They are men of substance and position, also of intelligence. They reflect—when there is time (Cf. p.38. Maddingham's comment after recounting his threat to sink the neutral). They are aware of an alteration in themselves, of having found fighting men within their civilized selves. Winchmore, the youngest, called "the boy", must be well under thirty, and is used to taking liberties with Maddingham. A bit of verbal play—"conveyancing" for "convoying"—suggests that he might be the youngest partner of a firm of City lawyers—the "son" of Winchmore and Son. *Etheldreda* may belong to him as *Hilarity* does to Maddingham. He orders "one common taxi" instead of being fetched by car. He is facetious, exhausted, resilient, living in the arduous present and making no comparisons. Tegg is "neat, small and sandy, of unmistakable Wavy cut", unobtrusively able and professional (he can place the latest news of *Cordelia* in a moment, and has noted the sawed-off navy boathook), can keep his mouth shut and obey orders, whatever he thinks of them; never speaks emotionally; has a sense of humour and a liking for his unorthodox charges (cf. his sheepish aspect at the beginning of dinner—he knows now that Maddingham was deeply hurt by the Inquiry's rebuke—and his offering to accompany Maddingham to Gravesend on his return to duty).

(b) The pressure of circumstances is clearly announced by the first two toasts of the dinner: "For what we are going to receive, thank God and the British Navy" and "Damnation to neutrals", the latter repeated at the end. Mines and submarines stud the discourse, not always under their explicit names (need for secrecy: incident of Henri's nephew). The conversation about the Quaker banker of fifty-four going mine-sweeping, and his *Culana* being sunk off "the same old Irish corner" with Portson's young cousin and one of the Raikes boys aboard, leads up to the emergence into these deadly waters of Uncle Newt, full up with oil, well informed as to what mined patches to avoid off the Wash—this clinches his intentions—and prepared to deliver his wares, if not in the North Sea, then on the Irish Coast. He is not pro-German; he thinks that England will win in the end, but is prepared to make his profit out of her troubles. He is already a rich man. This is the neutrality they are prepared to damn (not that of the pretty actress). "Neutral" is one of the words that run right through the tale. The others are "business", "polite" and "correct". Meanwhile this life-and-death hunt of the Navy and R.N.V.R. is made more difficult by the political necessity of handling the greatest of neutrals very warily, in order not to play into the hands of the anti-British party. Orders are issued—Maddingham calls them "asinine"—that nothing must be done to "imperil existing political relations". Maddingham had not received those orders when he took over the conveying of the neutral.

(c) As to Maddingham, there is a good deal of information about him. He is an eminent man—it is not till the end that we hear him addressed as Sir Francis. He is genial: his young friend Winchmore calls him Papa Maddingham—a father figure, at times a little ridiculous, as fathers are. His physical characteristics are kept well in view: he walks into the tale with a limp. "A thick-set middle-aged presence, with crisp grizzled hair, of the type that one associates with Board Meetings." Later he "ran one fat square hand through his crisped hair" . . . "like a shy child". His limp comes from sciatica, of which we hear a lot. The neutral reminds him that in peace-time he worried about his blood-pressures: in war he doesn't think of them, but they may help to account for his irritability, his glare, his occasional grunts and snarls and his angry blush. He is perhaps in his early fifties. The neutral asks him if he isn't a little too old to buccaneer about the sea in this way, and Maddingham echoes him, half-consciously, when telling how he "nursed" the neutral from starboard "so that he had to take the sea over the port bow," he adds: "I had my sciatica on me—buccaneering's no game for a middle-aged man—but I gave that fellow sprudel! By Jove; I washed him out." He is a good yachtsman, vain of his risky, fancy steering when he intimidates the neutral by "biting his behind". He is modest with Tegg and all he represents. But he is not a reckless youngster, grabbing at a chance of adventure and responsibility. He has set out to serve his country "in his old age". He is a man whose civil career has depended on social stability and law. When Tegg says that he never dreamed that Maddingham took the Inquiry seriously, he says: "Well, I've been trained to look on the law as serious. I've had to pay for some of it in my time, you know."

He is furious and injured at getting a grilling from the Court of Inquiry when he had been patting himself on the back, but his reaction is to obey orders with offensive scrupulosity. His account of what happened in four days in the Irish Sea is larded with "perfectly polite", "proper", "correct" and "apologized". When he refuses to take the neutral to London he supports himself by technicalities. *Hilarity* is a man-of-war in commission, and the neutral is not even a wounded belligerent, but "altogether outside the game".

He is brought to this point by a series of agencies: some are physical. When he first meets the neutral, he has not had breakfast as the cook and four of the hands were sick. In the Irish Sea, "a falling barometer and a rising wind and all the other filthy things". He was "rabid with sciatica" on the bridge, and was there for three nights. Some of the agencies are psychological. The shock of the Inquiry, which he is not ready to take as an exercise in eye-wash. The offensiveness of the neutral when first met, and at the Inquiry, and finally in the lee of the Double Ricks—" . . . patriotism. All you've got is uric acid and rotten spite!" It was not true in general, but with some truth in particular. After the Inquiry he hates the neutral ("Gad, how I hated him!"), who insulted not only Maddingham's war effort, but those who had gone down in the *Culana* and all the rest. "He thought the war was some sort of joke". In connexion with the astute neutral's stupidity that word "business" comes in.

Maddingham is a business man. Business is a matter of complete seriousness to him. Two of his audience are business men and so was the neutral—observe his impudent fooling on page 37, and Maddingham's reply: "I told him I wasn't doing this for amusement—it was business." That is, entirely serious. *But* not quite like the business of his former life—"If it had been put before me as a business proposition I might have done better". I don't quite know how far to follow this—there seems to be a romantic quality suggested in "blacked myself all over" (as if to play "Othello" properly), and the quiet Tegg appears as the more complete business man. He makes the point for the third time in the interview with the gravely ill neutral, who first claims that since he has thrown his hand in he should be "properly treated", and then appeals on grounds of common humanity. "I explained to him—perfectly politely—that I wasn't in the job for fun. It was business." And finally at the end of his arraignment of the neutral for attempted murder, he says ". . . but this is business. I can do nothing for you". Neither Portson nor Tegg accept the ready technicalities with which Maddingham rationalizes his action in passing sentence. Tegg mildly says that he has got it a bit mixed. Portson in the language of civil life presses him to say why he didn't lend a hand to settle his private affairs. But the underlying reason was not merely personal hate ("rotten spite") or merely physical exhaustion, though both count. It is also true that he was not "acting in his personal capacity"—or not wholly. He knows what the oil meant, and ensures the death of a criminal business man. "That's *your* business."

This is not a breaking point for Maddingham. Unless he is blown up off the Irish corner, he will make several more patrols, and as the need for him ceases will probably retire with satisfaction to banking. But it is the point at which he ceases to act as he has done in peace. Portson notes it, and Maddingham himself realizes it. Winchmore says almost nothing—too young, absorbed and sleepy to understand, though he stops jesting. Tegg, I think does: he sees him off at Gravesend.

Kipling was writing, as he often did, about the pressure of circumstances to reshape us—deform us, if you like—discover potentialities we did not know of. This is a subtle and speculative tale, for all its amusing moments. Kipling said to Thelma Cazalet Keir (*From the Wings*, 1967, p. 34) when she praised "The Gardener", "Nobody seems to have understood what I mean by most of the stories I write."

The Carvoitz having been identified as an amalgam of the Carlton, the Savoy and the Ritz, and the Palemseum of the Palladium, Empire and Coliseum, and sprudel defined as the product of a mineral spring of that name at Carlsbad, the discussion which ensued, owing certainly much to the clarity of Doctor Tompkins' exposition, was lively and observably not confined to the professional, or even the amateur, seamen. The question of the neutral's nationality came promptly to the fore, Professor Carrington, with some support from the Chair, saying that he had always concluded that he was a Dutchman, but after a short debate Doctor Tompkins referred to, and read, the concluding poem "The Vineyard", the last two verses of which left it clear beyond doubt that the neutral so tenderly regarded by the belligerents was an

American. He also questioned Winchmore's age, observing that in that war in which he served, subalterns of 17 and 18 had the responsibilities of grown men (by no means boys) and a captain of 25 was a potent senior, entitled to all deference. This was accepted, noting the difference in the circumstances of the characters in "Sea Constables".

To the question: who was in command of the neutral ship? one solution which offers is that the neutral was acting as his own ship-master, which assumes that he was qualified and certificated, but ship-masters of 1915 were not commonly worth a million and a quarter, nor went to Carlsbad to take the waters. In the alternative, why could not the master of the ship, or in any case the chief officer, have commanded her on passage across the Irish Sea, and why smash up the Diesels? The question is unresolved.

Just before the close of the meeting Professor Carrington asked whether Maddingham's refusal to grant a passage to the neutral in "Hilarity, being a man-of-war in commission" was in accordance with the regulations of those days, but received no conclusive answer. But we know that the captain's privilege of taking a passenger as his guest has been jealously cherished as far back as living memory goes (though this is said subject to correction by the professionals) and *vide* "my friend, Captain Bagley" (*Something of Myself*, pp. 96 and 148). Your reporter remembers many happy days on the high seas as the guest of a commanding officer, even during fleet exercises, not to mention official passages.

Talk of passengers in strange circumstances recalled to the Chairman that when he was ordered to take his ship to Valencia and Barcelona at the start of the Spanish Civil War, and went on board H.M.S. London to dine, he found the quarterdeck mainly occupied by children being attended to by their mothers and nannies preparatory to being put to bed in officers' cabins, with the inevitable fatherly A.B. standing by to provide (if possible) necessaries from ship's resources. Later, his duty in the Mediterranean completed, he was accommodated in the Captain's quarters of a D Class Destroyer bound for Marseilles with a mob of 150 refugee passengers being sick in every part of the ship, including the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent who however did not succumb. Regarding official passages there is the notable, or notorious, instance of H.M.S. *Indefatigable* which in 1946 took the "Bush brides" to Australia, and in which your reporter's wife, with other senior officers' wives including Lady Palliser (wife of the C-in-C, East Indies), was given the doubtful privilege of an entitled passage to Malta with amenities so limited that it was promptly dubbed the "Hell-ship".

It is clear from this and other evidence that the presence of women on board no longer presents the problem it did roughly a century ago, when the rule was: all women to be ashore by sunset. There is a story, true or apocryphal, of Queen Victoria paying an afternoon visit to one of her Ships, and being unexpectedly delayed. The Officer of the Watch approached the Captain and said: "Sunset in ten minutes, sir." The Captain thought for one second and directed: "Belay sunset for five minutes. I can get the old girl away by then." And it was so. This must be the only reported instance since Joshua of the sun's (official) movements being affected by human agency.

But Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, 1967 (superceding those of 1953), which have been completely overhauled more than once in this century, include in Section IV, Cap. 14, the "regulations for the entertainment and hospitality of visitors and passengers", briefly as follows: (1771) No passenger to be received at public expense without a special order from Ministry of Defence, or C-in-C. abroad. Exception: Superintendents and Civil Officers serving abroad—Senior Officer present to approve. (1773) Persons not entitled to free passage may be carried with prior approval of M.o.D. at home or C-in-C. abroad. Approval given on compassionate grounds only, or where exist special reasons sympathetic consideration—will usually be restricted to serving and former members of the Naval forces. Generally, only applications on medical grounds will be approved. Such passengers will pay for their entertainment on board.

The answer to the question then appears to be that in the circumstances Maddingham's refusal was technically orthodox assuming that the principles above quoted then operated.

With a few succinct remarks by Admiral Brock about Winston Churchill and submarines the discussion ended.

The Chairman, undertaking for the last time the pleasant duty of offering the meeting's thanks to Doctor Tompkins for a brilliant and satisfying entertainment, took the opportunity to offer her his own thanks for her invariable readiness to act as the promoter of one of these discussions, for the learning and humour of her treatment and for the grace with which she has accepted criticism and, when sometimes temerarily offered, correction. For which his humble gratitude.

*17th September 1969, at the Royal Society of St. George.* Speaking to an audience which occupied the whole of the available accommodation, Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Bagwell Purefoy had chosen for his subject "The King's Ankus" and "The Undertakers" from the *Second Jungle Book* and now invited his hearers to comment on their own favourite stories in that volume during the discussion.

After a reference to a previous discussion of the *Second Jungle Book* rather more than twelve years ago, Colonel Purefoy said: "People who don't know the Jungle Books well are apt to hold them in the back of their minds as a block of stories all on rather the same lines, but when you take a closer look at each story you realize how diverse they really are. Some have a real plot with a problem that desperately needs solving—like rescuing Mowgli from the monkeys. Others haven't any plot at all but depend for their interest entirely on atmosphere and witty conversation. And then, if you have been reading them at random, just as you think you are getting the general hang of them all you come upon that piece of delicate simplicity, "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat", so utterly different from all the rest. Then think of the variety of places where the stories happen: in the book we are considering the venue of the eight stories varies from about sea level to 9,000 feet, and from tropical jungle to near the North Pole.

"When the first *Jungle Book* appeared in 1894 it was accompanied by a rather nice little Preface which could easily be extended to cover the Second, and which throws a pleasant light on the character of the

author. Bear in mind that *all* the tales had already appeared in magazines—with acclamation. Had this preface been continued into the Second Book, I am certain there would have been some acknowledgement for "The Undertakers". Not that the revolting Adjutant Bird would have contributed anything useful, but the Jackal would surely have slunk up after dark and whispered tales on the other two.

"I have chosen the Second Book because it is not really so well known as the first, though its stories are quite as good or better and, I think, more varied. If you have done your homework you will have realized how false is any idea that these stories are just nursery tales about Indian animals. The book contains eight stories, of which five are "Mowglis". It is rather difficult to put Kipling's Mowgli stories in their logical order; the reason is that the first one of all—"Mowgli's Brothers", in the First Book—is really *two* stories. Half way through it the author says: Now you must skip ten or eleven whole years, and in that gap while Mowgli is still a small boy, come the stories "Kaa's Hunting" in the First Book and "How Fear Came" in the Second. Then comes part two of "Mowgli's Brothers", followed by the tiger-killing, in the First Book, and then the remaining four in the Second. The five vary between the entirely conversational and leisurely "How Fear Came" and the desperate problem and violent action of the invasion by the Red Dogs. For the three non-Mowgli stories in the book, the author takes us to the Himalayas, to a river in the Indian plains and to the north shore of Baffin Land—almost as far north as life is possible. There is also a good deal of verse in the book, and we want to hear your impressions of some of that.

"The first story of my own favourites is the one I reckon to be the seventh of the Mowgli tales (counting "Mowgli's Brothers" as two) and I think it the most memorable of all: "The King's Ankus". It has some special features. To begin with, it's a real thriller; I would say more of a thriller than "Kaa's Hunting" because *men* come into it. Next, it is something right outside all the other Jungle Book stories. I once took one of those correspondence courses in story-writing. It didn't do all it said, but it did rub in one solid truth: that there are three themes that will always catch a reader's interest—Sex, Physical Danger, and Money (or love of gain). Now, for stories of a jungle child the author has to rely almost entirely on physical danger. Sex is out until the boy's a bit older, and the only gain he understands is something good to eat. So it was ingenious of Kipling to have devised this way of making a change and bringing in a treasure story, in complete contrast to all the other Mowglis. And what a cleverly-chosen piece of treasure: something in use long ago and still in use; something portable but too big to hide in one's clothing. And it gives him the chance to do what he specially loved doing: producing a catalogue of desirable objects. He does it in "My Son's Wife", when Midmore is exploring his new house. He does it in the Esquimo story, and here we have the longest and most fascinating list of all—jewelled howdahs, portable altars, golden candlesticks hung with emeralds; a thousand treasures, all lying five feet deep in gold and silver coins! And it's more than believable—it's fact! Long years ago as a subaltern in India I used to get *Blackwood's Magazine*. One month it had an article called "Eldorado Unlimited", and what it described

was the vast quantity of solid wealth—largely gold—that for centuries had poured *into* India, while only a fraction of it ever seemed to have come out again. "Five times has the stone been lifted", says the White Cobra, "but always to let down more, never to take away." And for all India, the number of times "the stone was lifted" must have been five thousand times those five! Some of us thought on reading that article: what a story could be told about a forgotten hiding-place—and all the time it was there, written thirty years earlier!

"Then there is the way the story is told. It would make a wonderful little play, two acts and an epilogue. A curtain-raiser perhaps to one of the two other Kipling stories that would make fine plays: "The House Surgeon" and "The Miracle of St. Jubanus". The rather slow, meditative opening, with the wise old python *puzzled*. He's puzzled because Mowgli, a man, seems to be perfectly happy with his jungle life, and has never heard of the queer, hard things the White Cobra has told him *all* men want and will kill each other to get. Twice Kaa says: "Do you really desire *nothing* but the jungle?"

"Then the scene shifts to the gloom of the wonderful Treasure House, sharpened by the tense little bit where for an instant the Cobra seems to have both Kaa and Mowgli at his mercy. The action ends with Mowgli carrying off the jewelled ankus to the sound of the Cobra shrieking the warning 'It is Death! It is Death! It is Death!' End of Act One.

"Act two begins with the Panther, to Mowgli's amazement and disgust, agreeing with the Cobra (he knows, because he once lived in a cage and saw men close to) and when Mowgli awakes next evening the ankus has disappeared. 'A man has taken it—here is the trail', snuffles Bagheera, and so we come to one of the most wonderful bits in either Jungle Book: that thrilling bit of tracking, with the fascinating teamwork between the two.

"And here the background of my stage starts moving . . . (The speaker quoted from the tracking scene in pp. 168 to 170 of the book, concluding with 'and yonder is Big Foot indeed', and asked "Where can Kipling have picked up all that?"). Then twice more the chase is interrupted by coming on a dead man, till they hear Ko the Crow singing the Death Song in a tamarisk beside a still burning fire where lie three corpses—and there at last, blazing in the sunlight, lies the ruby- and turquoise ankus . . . and my background stops moving!

"And Mowgli still does not know why it has all happened! But he does realize: 'If we leave it here it will continue to kill men as fast as nuts fall in a high wind.' So he takes charge of it and we come to the Epilogue: the unhappy Cobra weaving and mourning alone when the Thing clashes back into the dark cave on to the golden coins. 'Ah-ha, I told you it was death . . . how is it that *you're* still alive?' And Mowgli's final verdict: 'That thing has killed six times in a night—let him go out no more'. Curtain!

"I must confess to being disappointed with the poem at the end of the story: 'The Song of the Little Hunter'. All the other poems in the book are well in keeping with their respective stories, but this one, which concerns Fear, is not. The story is about the love of gain being the root of all evil—not about fear—and I am sure Kipling could have written a most telling poem on that subject.

" In complete contrast is my other favourite, that grotesque conversation-piece 'The Undertakers'. No plot, almost no action—and what there is takes place over about six square yards of land. The sole characters—apart from the last page or two—three of the most revolting creatures the jungle produces. Yet it's a fascinating piece. First of all it *begins* so majestically; with the slow ceremony of a great ship approaching the quay; the deep warning siren-gurgle repeated several times: 'Respect the aged'; the little boats driving downstream with the current, the bustling flapping of smaller creatures on land, and finally the grating scrape of the keel as the great Crocodile—twentyfour feet of treble-riveted boiler-plate—beaches himself in the centre of the stage. Then we have Kipling's humour at its very best; quiet, slow, each remark pointed and exactly suited to the creature making it—the cringing, toadying little jackal, the bad-tempered, utterly unscrupulous adjutant crane, and the monstrous, self-satisfied, bloated old croc with his disgusting reminiscences—though at the same time he's no mean thinker and a Titan compared to the others; that's why the story is not easily forgotten. Then there are some perfect expressions: 'The belly that runs on four feet', and one that I often hurl in exasperation at my overweight black cat: 'A crocodile is never quite full'—a sort of proverb, and the story is packed with proverbs: bits of folklore, quoted mostly by the Croc or the Adjutant; I have counted sixteen in the story. Perhaps the most profound is 'New land means new quarrels' and hence more corpses.

" The little bits of action come just right to break the monotony: the Adjutant's convulsive dances and beak-clattering, the Crocodile's two attempts to swallow the Jackal, first by a swish of the tail, then by inviting him to inspect the bullet-mark on his neck to confirm the truth of his story (and didn't the Jackal foil that effort beautifully?—'I? Shall an eater of old shoes presume to doubt the word of the Envy of the River?'). Perhaps the end is a wee bit contrived, but the story runs out into that lovely and tragic 'Ripple Song', which I put easy winner among all the poems in the book and indeed in either *Jungle Book*, with its beautiful opening, and its last verse which, after a hundred readings, we still dread.

" 'The Undertakers' is the only one of Kipling's purely conversation pieces that I find sticks in the mind—and it's because of that tremendous central figure of the Crocodile, dominating the scene."

A welcome opening to the discussion which followed was made by Mr. R. L. Green, an acknowledged authority on the *Jungle Books*, whose remarks were confirmed and amplified by Professor C. E. Carington, also an authority. After a few words on the chronology of the writing of the *Second Jungle Book* tales, Mr. Green said that from his examination of the evidence during his Indian travels he considered that the setting of the Cold Lairs in "The King's Ankus" to be Chitor. The passage traversed by Mowgli and Kaa ran from the summerhouse overlooking the Tanks by the "Cow's Mouth" (see also *The Naulahka*, Chapter XII) and is said to run to the Palace. References to reptiles, dragons and other creatures guarding gold or treasure are, he said, common throughout the world's literature. Beowulf, whose story is a treasured epic in Old English and who had his country ravaged by a fiery dragon inhabiting an ancient burial ground full of treasures, is less



likely to be the author's inspiration than some early legends of Greece, such as those of Phaedrus, Philostratus and others. But it appeared to him that Kipling's inspiration was as likely to have come from Chaucer's "The Pardoner's Tale" as from any other source. In it three "riotous young men" set out to look for death. An old man tells them that they will find death under a certain tree. There they find

Of florins fyn of gold y-coynèd rounde  
Wel nygh a seven bussshels, as they thoughte.

Two guard it and send the third to town for food and drink. While he is away they plan to murder him on his return—and do so. But he has poisoned the food he brings, which they eat.

Thus endid be these homicidés tuo,  
And eek the fals empoysoner also,

thus fulfilling the old man's prophecy.

Dr. Tompkins said that she had gathered from talks with her Indian students that the guarding of treasure by snakes is traditional, or at least legendary, in India.

Not much discussion was evoked by "The Undertakers", possibly because the ground had been well covered by the evening's speaker, and so the talk then switched to the other stories. Referring to "The Spring Running", Professor Carrington said that for many years in dreams he had been haunted by it, or at all events some semblance of it that finally resolved itself in his mind as being that story. This was accepted as evidence of the power of a tale not normally regarded as in the first flight of the Jungle tales.

Mr. Harbord, the retiring President, referring to the incident of the Bee Rocks in "Red Dog", recalled from his experience that a Territorial unit newly arrived in India and encamped near the Marble Rocks (identified as the Bee Rocks of the story) had been allowed to bathe in the river without any warning not to splash or make unnecessary noise. The result was tragedy, six of them being killed by the enraged bees.

One of the audience asked whether the tales were really stories for children, with their constant allusions to pain, cruelty and death, but others were quick to point out that many of the established children's books, e.g. Hans Andersen, cannot be considered innocent in that regard, while from the Chair allusion was made to the callousness of the children in that remarkable book—almost a classic—*A High Wind in Jamaica*. Professor Carrington emphasized that the stories were not for children of any particular age or ages. They were as suitable for children of 4, 10, 14, 40 or 70. This was cordially acclaimed, notably by some of the more senior of those present.

Mrs. Scott-Giles gave a moving commentary on "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat", often pronounced, with some justice, to be Kipling's finest and most sensitively handled short story. She agreed with a suggestion from the Chair that a great part of the fascination of the Jungle tales lay in the adroit use of archaic speech.

Time seemed to be the only limiting factor to this discussion, and the Chairman thanked those present for their lively interest and knowledgeable comments throughout, calling at the same time for an expression of their appreciation to Colonel Purefoy, the provider of the evening's entertainment, which was warmly accorded. P.W.I.

## LETTER BAG

### THE WORST SLIP

Mr. Dale, in his letter in the September *Journal*, is surely right in thinking that "Their Lawful Occasions" is confused about naval ranks. Observing that six destroyers would normally have been a Commander's command, that the Red Fleet flotilla when originally sighted (p. 117) had "a dozen destroyers in two lines", and that Fasset is twice referred to as a Commander (pp. 117 and 121), Pycroft's description of him as "a full lieutenant" commanding six destroyers is inexplicable. In this context, even the significance of "full" is not clear, for except in emergency a sub-lieutenant would not have been entrusted with the command of one destroyer.

There is further confusion about the status of the gunner (or torpedo-gunner) and the coxswain of a destroyer. The former was a warrant officer, wearing officer's uniform, and in the absence of a sub-lieutenant would have been second-in-command. The coxswain was the senior rating, with duties confined to steering and details of the ship's internal organisation and administration. Pycroft was a petty officer, who in those days was "dressed as a seaman", with a jumper and the round, ribboned cap without a peak. Most improbably, Moorshed is told to send his *coxswain* for orders, but in three places (pp. 120-1) it seems that Pycroft is posing as the torpedo-gunner. On his return, however, he removed the precious "private signals" from his cap, which is understandable if he was wearing a jumper but hardly if he wore the buttoned jacket of a warrant officer.

It may seem surprising that Kipling did not understand the naval hierarchy, but there existed at that time some confusing anomalies that have since disappeared. The commanding officer of a ship, even if a mere lieutenant, was not infrequently addressed (as well as referred to) as "Captain" when on his own bridge or quarter deck. A Commander, even when second-in-command, was by custom addressed as "Captain". The rank of lieutenant-commander did not exist until 1914, when the Admiralty, under Churchill, conferred it upon lieutenants of 8 years' seniority, who had previously been distinguished only by the thin "half-stripe" between the two thick gold stripes worn on the sleeve on promotion to lieutenant. On the other hand, in that section of the Navy List that gives, under a ship's name, the officers borne in her, the name of a lieutenant in command was preceded by "Lieutenant & Commander", or an abbreviation thereof. In 1885, in some scurrilous little books by an author who prudently (and in the event temporarily) concealed his identity under the *nom de guerre* of "An Undistinguished Naval Officer" described "Lieutenant Commander" as :

"The title by which the Lieutenants in command of gunboats choose to be known: it has no official existence in our Navy, but still there is something in the latter half of it which indicates the possibility of the bearer being promoted to the higher rank, and it accordingly brings comfort to many expectant officers, many of whom are never fated to become Commanders."

Finally it may be noted that warrant officers of the Royal Navy—a class that in the early part of the 19th century had included every officer in a ship, bar her captain and lieutenants—had a status and functions that had no exact counterparts in the Army.

Altogether, then, perhaps it is not too remarkable that Kipling failed to master the *minutiae* of naval rank and usage. In *Something of Myself* he acknowledged that looking up his references "had not been my distinction on the little *Civil and Military*", without exaggerated penitence. On close examination, the accuracy so many readers have claimed for Kipling turns out often enough to have been something of a confidence trick; but if (to mix a metaphor) the tune carries you away, does it really matter if some of the words have been improvised?

Not to me, and I am inclined to suspect that by 1935 Kipling may have felt it unnecessary to correct an error that had so far escaped comment. I would therefore not dismiss Mr. Inwood's solution to the problem of "the worst slip", viz. the curious notion that the Chief Engineer of a liner estimated her noon position. There is, incidentally, an echo of this fallacy in "Their Lawful Occasions", when Moorshed asks his E.R.A. for his opinion on 267's speed, a matter that can be determined only by observation on deck. But does that really matter?

P. W. BROCK

#### LAHORE AS IT WAS

In the City of Bath Reference Library I recently examined a copy of a small book which describes Lahore a few years before Kipling went there to his first post. It is a particularly interesting guide because his father, J. L. Kipling, was one of the authors, although I was disappointed to find none of his characteristic illustrations, nor indeed any others. The book is *Lahore*: printed at the Government Civil Secretariat Press, 1876. Chapter I, 'Lahore As It Is', was the joint work of T. H. Thornton, C. S. and J. L. Kipling, Principal of the Lahore School of Art; Chapters II and III, 'Lahore As It Was', were by T. H. Thornton, being a reprint with alterations and additions of an 1860 pamphlet

Except for sections on vernacular literature and proverbs, much of the information in Chapter I is very matter-of-fact, but there are many references which remind one of Kipling's early stories and of *Kim*. Even the figures quoted from an 1875 census help us to set the scene: 19,830 houses in the city with 6,617 in the suburbs; a city population of 92,035 with 36,406 in the suburbs, including 109,323 Punjabis and 1,723 English. The gates and landmarks of the city are mentioned, for example the Taksáli Gate and the Hazuri Bágh, described as "a pleasant garden"—both of these occur in "In the House of Suddhoo". Of the Fort, which was named Fort Amara in a number of Kipling's stories, the book states that "the stern necessities of English military life have had no reverence for the relics of departed greatness, and there is only one part of the fort which is not put to some practical modern use." Under "Masonry" the two lodges "Hope and Perseverance" and "Ravi" are listed, the former being the one in which Kipling was made a Freemason. There is an account of the Zamzamah and of "the Central Museum, designated in the vernacular *Ajaib-ghar*, or Wonder-House" which may be compared with the first chapter of *Kim*. It is quite startling to find the native name and the details of the museum exhibits which were shown to the Lama in a book published a quarter of a century before the novel.

F. A. UNDERWOOD

# The Kipling Society

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

## *President:*

The Rt. Hon. the Viscount Cobham, K.G., G.C.M.G., P.C., T.D.

## *Vice-Presidents:*

The Rt. Hon. the Earl Baldwin of  
Bewdley  
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.

P. W. Inwood.  
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. E. Cresswell, M.C.

*Deputy Chairman:* Dr. J. M. S. Tompkins

S. W. Alexander, M.B.E.  
Lt.-Col A. E. Bagwell Purefoy.  
R/Adml. E. R. Corson, M.V.O., D.S.C.  
T. L. A. Daintith.  
Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.  
R. E. Harbord (permanent)  
M. R. Lawrance.

J. H. McGivering.  
J. C. S. Mills.  
Philip Randall.  
Mrs. G. Shelford.  
J. 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. J. D. Prentice

*Vice-President:*

*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.