



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

Published quarterly by the

**KIPLING SOCIETY**



**Golden Jubilee Number**

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## THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was  
Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky")  
(1927-1946).

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 KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS—

18, Northumberland Avenue, London, WC2N 5BJ (Tel. 01-930 6733).

Be sure to telephone before calling, as the office is not always open.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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U.S.A.: Persons, \$5.00; Libraries, \$6.00.

# THE KIPLING SOCIETY

## Forthcoming Meetings

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### COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Eaton Place, S.W.I, at 2 p.m.

**Wednesday, 15 December 1976.**

**Wednesday, 9 March 1977.**

### DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At 'The Victoria' Room, 56 Buckingham Palace Road, SW1 (opposite the Grosvenor Hotel) at 5.30 for 6.00 p.m.

*Wednesday, 16th February, 1977*, Rear Admiral P. W. Brock, CB DSO, will open a Discussion on 'Kipling and Jack Fisher's Navy.'

### A KIPLING WEEK-END

"Moor Park Cottage", Farnham, Surrey (Adult Education).

A week-end residential course will be held from 4th to 6th March, 1977 on RUDYARD KIPLING: His life, works, and influence.

Principal speaker: C. E. CARRINGTON.

Particulars from the Educational Secretary, Moor Park College, Farnham, Surrey.

### NEW MEMBERS

We are delighted to welcome the following: **UK:** Mrs. R. Smelt, Messrs R. J. Norman, D. R. W. Silk, F. Wakeman-Long, P. B. Weir. **CANADA:** J. E. Harrison. **MELBOURNE:** Lady Potter. **USA:** Mrs O. Twigg.

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## NEWS AND NOTES

### THE KIPLING SOCIETY'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

This, the 200th number of *The Kipling Journal* reminds us that the Society has been in existence for fifty years—or will have so on 4 February next. On 4 February 1927 the Inaugural Meeting was held in the Committee Room of the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall.

'The following Founder Members attended': [I quote from *Journal* No. 1]: 'Sir George MacMunn (who was elected to the chair), Lady Cunynghame, Mr. G. C. Beresford (M'Turk), Capt. Guy Nicholls, Mr. A. Corbett-Smith and Mr. J. H. C. Brooking . . .

'Sir George MacMunn explained how the need for such a Society had been felt by so many people, that it would have been formed long before but for the aversion that the man, in whose honour the Society was now being formed, had to its formation, at least during his lifetime.

'Now, however, the public had been sounded through the Press and as there seemed to be an enthusiastic desire for such a Society, he felt that they were but doing their duty in coming together to formally inaugurate it in the name of one whose writing combined the best of literature with the noblest patriotism.

'It was then moved and unanimously agreed :—

'That the Kipling Society be formed.

'That Major General L. C. Dunsterville be elected President.

'That all Founder Members be elected Vice-Presidents . . .

'That Sir George MacMunn be elected Hon. Treasurer.

'That Mr. J. H. C. Brooking be elected Hon. Secretary.

'It was also agreed to send the following Marconigram to Rudyard Kipling, on R.M.S.P. Andes, en route for Rio :—

"Honoured to advise that Kipling Society formed at founders meeting today, officers elected, rules drawn, papers offered, and hundreds applications membership tabled. We send respectful greetings to you and Mrs. Kipling."

which was signed by the Founders, and was due to reach Mr. Kipling on the following morning.'

There were in all twenty-four Founding Members who were elected Vice-Presidents—not including "Stalky" Dunsterville the first President (1927-1946). Several more were added later in the year, including Gilbert Frankau the novelist and minor poet, General Sir A. J. Godley and Sir Roderick Jones.

Early numbers of the *Journal* listed Members in batches of a hundred or fifty: by December 1930 the number had reached 1025. each

Member being given a number; and this continued until July 1939 (No. 50) when the last numbers were 1591 full Members and 89 Associate Members. This method does not, of course, give the actual number in 1939, as allowances must be made for those who had died or resigned.

Meanwhile, the first number, whose editor is not named but was presumably Brooking or MacMunn, concluded with the statement that the next will be edited by 'a more experienced person and with more time to deal with this important matter . . . applications for the post are invited.'

Sure enough Number Two was edited by W. A. Young, author of *A Kipling Dictionary*, published in 1911, which was brought up to date by Mr. John McGivering in 1967.

Arthur Young continued in office until Number 19, December 1931, after which Basil M. Bazley was editor until Number 50 (July 1939). The Editor for Number 51, "First War Number" is not named, but the Hon. Secretary noted: 'Mr. Bazley, our Honorary Editor, has had to evacuate himself and his school to the country where he will be too busy to continue serving us with his excellent fare during the War. I have, however, been fortunate enough to secure the services of an old friend, who is associated with the direction of several important publications and has had much experience.'

The accomplished Editor here introduced was Mr. E. D. W. Chaplin, still one of our Vice-Presidents, who was responsible for 72 consecutive numbers, including uninterrupted publication during the difficult War years. Mr. Chaplin's last issue was No. 122 (July 1957). His successor, the present Editor, has so far been responsible for 78 numbers.

In the halcyon days before the War, the *Journal* (printed on rough paper and bound in thick red paper covers) averaged thirty-two pages, and included one or two illustrations on leaded paper. The number of pages varied, reaching, for example, forty pages in 1939. By 1957 it had dwindled to sixteen pages on shiny paper with only very occasional illustrations. The number has fluctuated since then, but for some time now has kept regularly to sixteen pages—mainly owing to the rise in the cost of printing. The exception was the Kipling Centenary Number (156) of eighty-five pages, which is already becoming a "Collector's Item".

The present Golden Jubilee Number cannot aspire to such heights, though we have been able to print a few more pages than usual. Its high-light is one of Kipling's "Uncollected Stories"—the slight but amusing sketch '*On Dry Cow Fishing as a Fine Art*', which we have more than once been urged to reprint, and are now able to include by the generous permission granted by Messrs. A. P. Watt, and Son, on behalf of the Kipling Estate.

This delightful *jeu d'esprit* was first published in *The Fishing Gazette* of 13 December 1890. Its first and only publication in book form was in Vol. XXIX of the Sussex Edition (and Vol. XXIII of its American counterpart, the Burwash edition) in 1938. But there was a sumptuous edition of 176 copies printed privately, by Kipling's permission (see *Journal* No. 72 for full account and description) for the Grolier Club of New York in 1926.

## ON DRY-COW FISHING AS A FINE ART

By Rudyard Kipling

It must be clearly understood that I am not at all proud of this performance. In Florida men sometimes hook and land, on rod and tackle a little finer than a steam-crane and chain, a mackerel-like fish called 'tarpon', which sometime run up to 120 lb. Those men stuff their captures and exhibit them in glass cases and become puffed up. On the Columbia River sturgeon of 150 lb. weight are taken with the line. When the sturgeon is hooked the line is fixed to the nearest pine tree or steam-boat wharf, and after some hours or days the sturgeon surrenders himself, if the pine or the line does not give way. The owner of the line then states on oath that he has caught a sturgeon, and he, too, becomes proud.

These things are mentioned to show how light a creel will fill the soul of a man with vanity. I am not proud. It is nothing to me that I have hooked and played seven hundred pounds weight of quarry. All my desire is to place the little affair on record before the mists of memory breed the miasma of exaggeration.

The minnow cost eighteenpence. It was a beautiful quill minnow, and the tackle-maker said that it could be thrown as a fly. He guaranteed further in respect to the triangles—it glittered with triangles—that, if necessary, the minnow would hold a horse. A man who speaks too much truth is just as offensive as a man who speaks too little. None the less, owing to the defective condition of the present law of libel, the tackle-maker's name must be withheld.

The minnow and I and a rod went down to a brook to attend to a small jack who lived between two clumps of flags in the most cramped swim that he could select. As a proof that my intentions were strictly honourable, I may mention that I was using a light split-cane rod—very dangerous if the line runs through weeds, but very satisfactory in clean water, inasmuch as it keeps a steady strain on the fish and prevents him from taking liberties. I had an old score against the jack. He owed me two live-bait already, and I had reason to suspect him of coming up-stream and interfering with a little bleak-pool under a horse-bridge which lay entirely beyond his sphere of legitimate influence. Observe, therefore, that my tackle and my motives pointed clearly to jack, and jack alone; though I knew that there were monstrous big perch in the brook.

The minnow was thrown as a fly several times, and, owing to my peculiar, and hitherto unpublished, methods of fly throwing, nearly six pennyworth of the triangles came off, either in my coat-collar, or my thumb or the back of my hand. Fly fishing is a very gory amusement.

The jack was not interested in the minnow, but towards twilight a boy opened a gate of the field and let in some twenty or thirty cows and half-a-dozen cart-horses, and they were all very much interested. The horses galloped up and down the field and shook the banks, but the cows walked solidly and breathed heavily, as people breathe who appreciate the Fine Arts.

By this time I had given up all hope of catching my jack fairly, but I wanted the live-bait and bleak-account settled before I went away, even if I tore up the bottom of the brook. Just before I had quite made up my mind to borrow a tin of chloride of lime from the farm-house—another triangle had fixed itself in my fingers—I made a cast which for pure skill, exact judgment of distance, and perfect coincidence of hand and eye and brain, would have taken every prize at a bait-casting tournament. That was the first half of the cast. The second was postponed because the quill minnow would not return to its proper place, which was under the lobe of my left ear. It had done thus before, and I supposed it was in collision with a grass tuft, till I turned round and saw a large red and white bald faced cow trying to rub what would be withers in a horse with her nose. She looked at me reproachfully, and her look said as plainly as words:— 'The season is too far advanced for gadflies. What is this strange disease?'

I replied, 'Madam, I must apologise for an unwarrantable liberty on the part of my minnow, but if you will have the goodness to keep still until I can reel in, we will adjust this little difficulty.'

I reeled in very swiftly and cautiously, but she would not wait. She put her tail in the air and ran away. It was a purely involuntary action on my part: I struck. Other anglers may contradict me, but I firmly believe that if a man had foul-hooked his best friend through the nose, and that friend ran, the man would strike by instinct. I struck, therefore, and the reel began to sing just as merrily as though I had caught my jack. But had it been a jack, the minnow would have come away. I told the tackle-maker this much afterwards, and he laughed and made allusions to the guarantee about holding a horse.

Because it was a fat innocent she-cow that had done me no harm the minnow held—and I was forced to dance up and down an interminable field very largely used by cattle. It was like salmon-fishing in a nightmare. I took gigantic strides, and every stride found me up to my knees in marsh. But the cow seemed to skate along the squashy green by the brook, to skim over the miry backwaters, and to float like a mist through the patches of rush that squirted black filth over my face. Sometimes we whirled through a mob of her friends—there were no friends to help me—and they looked scandalized; and sometimes a young and frivolous cart-horse would join in the chase for a few miles, and kick solid pieces of mud into my eyes; and through all the mud, the milky smell of kine, the rush and the smother, I was aware of my own voice crying: — 'Pussy, pussy, pussy! Pretty pussy! Come along then, puss-cat!' You see it is so hard to speak to a cow properly, and she would not listen—no, she would not listen.

Then she stopped and the moon got up behind the pollards to tell the cows to lie down; but they were all on their feet and they came trooping to see. And she said, 'I haven't had my supper and I want to go to bed and please don't worry me.' And I said, 'The matter has passed beyond any apology. There are three courses open to you, my dear lady. If you'll have the common sense to walk up to my creel I'll get my knife and you shall have all the minnow. Or, again, if you'll let me move across to your near side, instead of keeping me so coldly on your off side, the thing will come away in one tweak. I can't pull it out over your withers. Better still, go to the post and rub

it out, dear. It won't hurt much, but if you think I'm going to lose my rod to please you, you are mistaken.' And she said, 'I don't understand what you are saying. I am very, very unhappy.' And I said, 'It's all your fault for trying to fish. Do go to the nearest gate-post, you nice fat thing, and rub it out.'

For a moment I fancied she was taking my advice. She ran away, and I followed. But all the other cows followed in a bunch, and I thought of Phaeton trying to drive the Chariot of the Sun, and Texan cowboys killed by stampeding cattle, and 'Green Grow the Rushes, oh!' and Solomon and Job, and 'loosing the bands of Orion,' and hooking Behemoth, and Wordsworth who talks about whirling around with stones and rocks and trees, and 'Here we go round the Mulberry Bush,' and 'Pippin Hill', and 'Hey Diddle Diddle,' and most especially the top joint of my rod. Again she stopped—but nowhere in the neighbourhood of my knife—and her sisters stood moonfaced round her. It seemed that she might, now, run towards me, and I looked for a tree, because cows are very different from salmon, who only jump against the line, and never molest the fisherman. What followed was worse than any direct attack. She began to buck-jump, to stand on her head and her tail alternately, to leap into the sky, all four feet together, and to dance on her hind legs. It was so violent and improper, so desperately unladylike, that I was inclined to blush, as one would blush at the sight of a prominent statesman sliding down a fire escape, or a duchess chasing her cook with a skillet. That flopsome abandon might go on all night in the lonely meadow among the mists, and if it went on all night—this was pure inspiration—I might be able to worry through the fishing line with my teeth.

Those who desire an entirely new sensation should chew with all their teeth, and against time, through a best waterproofed silk line, one end of which belongs to a mad cow dancing fairy rings in the moonlight; at the same time keeping one eye on the cow and the other on the top joint of a split-cane rod. She buck-jumped and I bit on the slack just in front of the reel; and I am in a position to state that that line was cored with steel wire throughout the particular section which I attacked. This has been formally denied by the tackle-maker, who is not to be believed.

The wheep of the broken line running through the rings told me that henceforth the cow and I might be strangers. I had already bidden goodbye to some tooth or teeth; but no price is too great for freedom of the soul.

'Madam,' I said, 'the minnow and twenty feet of very superior line are your alimony without reservation. For the wrong I have unwittingly done to you I express my sincere regret. At the same time, may I hope that Nature, the kindest of nurses, will in due season—'

She or one of her companions must have stepped on her spare end of the line in the dark, for she bellowed wildly and ran away, followed by all the cows. I hoped the minnow was disengaged at last; and before I went away looked at my watch, fearing to find it nearly midnight. My last cast for the jack was made at 6.23 p.m. There lacked still three and a-half minutes of the half-hour; and I would have sworn that the moon was paling before the dawn!

'Simminly someone were chasing they cows down to bottom o' Ten Acre,' said the farmer that evening. 'Twasn't you, sir?'

'Now under what earthly circumstances do you suppose I should chase your cows? I wasn't fishing for them, was I?'

Then all the farmer's family gave themselves up to jam-smearing laughter for the rest of the evening, because that was a rare and precious jest, and it was repeated for months, and the fame of it spread from that farm to another, and yet another at least three miles away, and it will be used again for the benefit of visitors when the freshets come down in spring.

But to the greater establishment of my honour and glory I submit in print this bald statement of fact, that I may not, through forgetfulness, be tempted later to tell how I hooked a bull on a Marlow Buzz, how he ran up a tree and took to water, and how I played him along the London-road for thirty miles and gaffed him at Smithfield. Errors of this kind may creep in with the lapse of years, and it is my ambition ever to be a worthy member of that fraternity who pride themselves on never deviating by one hair's breadth from the absolute and literal truth.

## KIPLING IN THE BERG

By Morton N. Cohen

Almost everyone who comes to New York sooner or later sees the Public Library on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, just two blocks away from Times Square. But relatively few visitors mount the stairs that lead from the broad Fifth Avenue pavement between the two stone lions guarding the entrance of this architectural landmark and pass through the portals into the interior, either to see an exhibition, to buy postcards or souvenirs, or to do some serious work in the Library itself. Still fewer, and only a handful of denizens, know that a special collection on the third floor of this hall of books contains one of the finest holdings of Kipling material in existence, as part of one of the world's greatest libraries of rare books and manuscripts.

This particular library-within-a-library is known as the Berg Collection, named for Henry Woolfe Berg, a New York physician, in whose memory his younger brother, Albert Ashton Berg, a surgeon, established the collection in 1940 as a research library for scholars from the four corners of the world. The Bergs' parents were Jewish immigrants from Austria, who came to New York when Henry was three years old. The two Berg sons grew up here and attended the City College of New York, where, at that time, gifted children of New York received a free, first-class education. The Berg brothers went on to Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, fashioned successful professional careers in the city, and, in the end, the surviving Dr. Berg chose to share the fruits of their success with others.

The Berg Collection comprises what originally was three private libraries, to which some significant additions have been made out of the two million dollar endowment that Dr. Berg provided. The three

cornerstone libraries that Dr. Berg brought together under one roof were his own; the library of W. T. H. Howe, President of the American Book Company, who died in 1939; and the library of Owen D. Young, a farm boy from upstate New York who rose to become an industrialist, financier, lawyer, and the adviser to the Reparations Commission after World War I. Altogether, the Berg now contains over 70,000 books, manuscripts, drawings, and letters.

While the library contains gems of numerous ages (two Caxtons and four Shakespeare folios, for instance), it concentrates mainly on nineteenth century British and American literature. But it is not a comprehensive collection of good books of the period, because the emphasis is on rarity, on scarce first editions and inscribed copies, unusual bibliographical items, and on manuscript material and original letters and drawings. In fact, a high percentage of the material is *sui generis*—and every important nineteenth-century writer is represented. Here are Dickens' own reading copies of *A Christmas Carol*, *David Copperfield*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*; a first edition of Gray's *Elegy*; the famous copy of Keats' *Endymion* that the poet presented to Leigh Hunt; two copies of the first edition of Poe's *Tamerlane*; Thackeray's dedication copy of *Vanity Fair*; a first edition of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*; five presentation copies of Thoreau's *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* (one each to Bryant, Channing, Emerson, Froude, and Hawthorne); and several T. J. Wise literary forgeries.

The manuscript material includes 2500 original letters by Fanny Burney and the manuscripts of *Evelina*, *Cecilia* and *Camilla*; the manuscript of *Oliver Twist*; Thackeray letters and manuscripts; the manuscript of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*; Keats' manuscripts and letters, including the poet's last letter to Fanny Brawne, and manuscript material by Charles Lamb, Burns, Goldsmith, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, and Twain, to mention but a few. Also here are a Virginia Woolf journal and the manuscript of C. S. Lewis' *The Screwtape Letters*. The twentieth century is also well represented, with the manuscript of Eliot's *The Waste Land* heading the list. Additions that have been made since the collection was first established include the manuscript of Barrie's *The Little Minister*, Shaw's *Widowers' Houses*, and a Coleridge manuscript notebook. The furnishings of this comfortable, oak-panelled, well-lit reader's room actually include a writing desk that Dickens once used.

The Kipling holdings in the Berg will stand beside those of any author for their unusualness, rarity, and intrinsic value, and Dr Lola Szladits, the Collection's curator and a scholar in her own right, considers Kipling one of the Berg's strengths. Indeed, after spending two days examining the collection, I came away feeling touched by Kipling's greatness as never before. The holdings span his entire life, reveal the way his handwriting changed, and chronicle the march of his mind. Much of this material is available only at the Berg, it affords insights not obtainable in any printed source, and it is essential to anyone who seeks to grasp the real Kipling or to explain him to a reading public. The Berg contains so much that is new, fresh, and different, that it is impossible to do justice to it all in a brief account. There is room here only to describe this priceless collection in a general way and perhaps to mention a few highlights.

Virtually all of Kipling's published works are represented in various editions; there are many volumes printed expressly for American copyright purposes, a number of the Indian Railway Library editions of his works, numerous copies of privately printed material, as well as printings of Kipling's speeches and addresses. Included are periodicals containing the first appearances of Kipling stories and verses and anthologies that also contain first printings. Some volumes are inscribed by Kipling or contain a sheet laid in "With Mr. Kipling's compliments," written in his own hand. A copy of Kipling's *The Eyes of Asia* contains a portion of an original letter with a sketch of Kipling by Sir Philip Burne-Jones. Among the printed works are numerous proof copies with Kipling's manuscript corrections and some trial issues: the galley proofs of *Captains Courageous*, six proof sheets for "Fairy Kist," a proof of "For All We Have and Are," one for "How the First Letter Was Written" with Kipling's manuscript corrections, and a proof of "If" with Kipling's autograph.

Among the bookplates represented in the Kipling items are those from the libraries of H. Buxton Forman, W. E. Henley, Edmund Gosse, Jerome Kern, and Kipling's own (in a copy of *Soldiers Three*, the 2nd American edition, inscribed by the author with an envelope addressed to Charles Warren Stoddard).

Other inscribed volumes abound: *Departmental Ditties* (1886) to Mrs. Walker, W. C. Crofts and W. E. Henley; *Just So Stories* (1912) to Miss Q. C. James and to Miss Donaldson; *Kim* (1901) to Miss Edith Ward; *The Light That Failed* (1891) to "the ladies of Warwick Gardens," presumably the Misses Craik; a copy of *Plain Tales from the Hills* (3rd ed., 1890) for Will Canton; a copy of *The Seven Seas* (3rd ed., 1897) inscribed with "Recessional"; and a copy of the inclusive edition of the *Verse* (3 vols., 1919) inscribed to George Saintsbury. Other interesting items are two copies of the 1881 Lahore edition of *Schoolboy Lyrics*, one with Edmund Yates' autograph; and among the pirated editions is *The White Man's Burden* that Carter and Pollard described in *An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain 19th-century Pamphlets*.

Among the art work, either in pencil or pen and ink, are two Kipling caricature self-portraits labelled "Inspiration"; one Max Beerbohm caricature of Kipling; a Florence Garrard sketchbook with her autograph and pencil-drawings—and 23 pages of pen-and-ink sketches by Kipling. The collection contains other pen-and-ink caricatures by Kipling, some with drafts of verses.

Among the Kipling manuscripts is a page of text of "At the **Pit's** Mouth"; a 34-page holograph of "Black Jack" with pen-and-ink illustrations; one of "The City of Dreadful Night" dated January-February 1888 with two original pen-and-ink drawings; a manuscript of "The Hill of Illusion"; an incomplete manuscript of "How the Alphabet Was Made"; "Parting" written out especially for Florence Garrard; a 15-page "My Own True Ghost Story" with one pen-and-ink drawing; and "In Every Nation's Life There Comes a Breathing Space." There is the music to "The Absent-Minded Beggar" in Sir Arthur Sullivan's hand with the words in Kipling's hand, signed and dated November 6, 1899.

The collection contains, of course, hundreds of original autograph letters. Recipients of some of Kipling's letters include Eustace Balfour, Mrs. W. H. Brookfield, William Morris, Sidney Colvin, Joseph Conrad, Ford Madox Ford, Edmund Gosse, W. E. Henley, E. V. Lucas, Charles Eliot Norton, Arthur Sullivan, and there are dozens of letters to Kipling's literary agents, A. P. Watt & Son. Letters from Frederic Harrison to Kipling may also be seen, a quantity from Caroline Kipling to A. P. Watt & Son, and some letters by John Lockwood Kipling with accompanying sketches.

All this material fascinates and is quite enough by itself to make the Berg a Kipling shrine. But there is more; in fact the most interesting and most valuable items are a group of manuscript notebooks.

These notebooks come in different sizes and contain different quantities of work. They are all in manuscript, neatly set down prose pieces and verses in Kipling's own hand. Perhaps most fascinating of all is one of the oldest items in the entire collection, a notebook inscribed on the inside cover in Kipling's hand :

Please return to  
J. Rudyard Kipling  
The Civil and Military Gazette  
Lahore

The notebook contains seven compositions, all in Kipling's handwriting, all accompanied by his devices, squiggles, pen-and-ink drawings and other decorations. The notebook contains: "Of the Sordidness of the Supreme Government on the Revenue Side"; "Showing How Her Majesty's Mails Went to Udaipur and Fell out on the Way"; "Touching the Children of the Sun and Their City"; "His Majesty the King"; "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep"; "Dray Wara Yow Dee"; and "Gemini."

Among the notebooks are three presented to Florence Garrard. In one, dated February 1882, Kipling has drawn, on what would be the title page in a printed volume, a title as if it were printed on a suspended ribbon : "Sundry Phansies Writ by One Kipling." On the front left endpaper, opposite a dedicatory verse, he wrote : "I must apologise for the writing and spelling throughout the book. They are both nearly as bad as the poetry." The notebook consists of 89 pages and contains 32 poems. The dedication is the verse that begins "What have I more to give thee."

In the second, 125 pages long, Kipling copied 31 poems from *Departmental Ditties*; and in the third, also dated 1882, he wrote out 42 poems. Yet another notebook of 29 pages contains eight poems and 15 pages of original pen-and-ink sketches.

Two volumes with Kipling inscriptions must conclude this catalogue. One is *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888), in which on the half-title page, above the title, Kipling inscribed the following :

Jan. 88:  
To Father and Mother  
from  
Ruddy  
who wrote it all by himself

There follows a quotation from Matthew Arnold's Obermann stanzas, also in Kipling's hand :

"But we, brought forth and reared in hours  
Of change, alarm, surprise,  
What shelter to grow ripe is ours,  
What leisure to grow wise?"

Two years after he inscribed the Arnold verse to his parents, he inscribed a copy of *Departmental Ditties* to Florence Garrard: "To Flo from Ruddy, who is supposed to have written this book." The verse inscription reads thus:

Rhymes or of grief or of sorrow  
Pass and are not—  
Rhymes or today—tomorrow  
Lie forgot.

I that am writer of verses  
What is my prize?  
Palm-crown and gold-filled purses,  
Honour that dies  
As the year flies  
As the multitude breaks and disperses  
And the new generations arise?

If through these rhymes in their reading  
Thy blood should be  
Quickened one moment, anceding,  
One though to me  
Have I not thee  
As a star and a light for my leading  
Through Time and Eternity.

It is possible only to touch the tip of the Berg in this brief description of the riches that glow there within morocco-bound covers and silk slip cases. Indeed it is a pleasure to work in that reading room, where no taxi horns intrude, to pore over those original papers and inscribed books, and to meet a Mr. Kipling more human and engaging than most critics have realised.

#### HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

##### WANTED: AN HON. SECRETARY

This short note is to say that in April 1977 I shall have completed 20 years as your Hon. Sec., and am then going to step down. I won't bore you with reasons, but wish to stress that there is NO falling off of interest in R.K., nor in his Society. Very much to the contrary! And, thanks to all of you, I've had 20 years of great happiness in the job.

Obviously, the sooner our President, Chairman and Council can choose my successor, the smoother will be the change-over. Therefore will anybody interested in the job, in whole or in part—or who knows of someone who might be interested—please write to me at the office, if possible before the next Council Meeting, which takes place on 15 December.

A. E. BAGWELL PUREFOY

## KIPLING'S THEORY OF EDUCATION IN *STALKY & CO*

By Robert F. Moss

It is not surprising to learn that Rudyard Kipling's *Stalky & Co.* was received by many Victorians as a disruptive, even a subversive, work. Tame as it may seem to us today, the stories were clearly a challenge to the genteel assumptions about English public school education. Particularly upset was Robert Buchanan, who found the three adolescent heroes, Stalky, M'Turk and Beetle, to be shocking representations of the British schoolboy: ". . . they join in no honest play or manly sports, they lounge about, they drink, they smoke, they curse, and swear, not like boys at all, but like hideous little men."<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Buchanan would have preferred the sanitized creations of Farrar's *Eric: or Little by Little*, one of Kipling's explicit targets in *Stalky*. The Farrar work, a stiff-necked sermon on goodness, typified the pietistic novels of schoolboy life of the period. Hence, there is a far-reaching dismissal reflected in Stalky's "We want no beastly Erickin' here."

The passage of time eventually stripped *Stalky* of any seditious aura, and it found a niche for itself as a "boy's book," appreciated by thousands for the spirited, colourful antics of its irrepressible protagonists. A notable dissenter from this view was Edmund Wilson, who turned the original indictment of the book upside down, finding it reactionary and sadistic in its pedagogical advocacies: ". . . we are at first made to sympathize with the baiting of the masters by the schoolboys as their rebellion against a system which is an offence against human dignity; but then we are immediately shown that all the ragging and flogging are justified by their usefulness as a training for the military caste which is to govern the British Empire."<sup>2</sup>

The precipitous literary decline that had long since overtaken Kipling's writing at the time of the Wilson essay made it unlikely that his view would be countered very quickly. Sure enough, it was twenty years before any effective rebuttal was advanced. In a 1962 introduction to the Collier edition of *Stalky*, Steven Marcus rejected Wilson's characterization of the book as "trashy" and "ridiculous". To Marcus, *Stalky* was a book that could be taken seriously, an attack on the debasement of Victorian ideals by *Eric* and its ilk and an indirect reassertion of those ideals. "The complexity and sophistication of the moral life which Kipling depicts in *Stalky & Co.* has to do with the fact that the values which inform it are precisely those which are never to be explicitly referred to . . ."<sup>3</sup>

Of course we must not lose sight of the fact that much of *Stalky's* appeal today lies not in its serious pretensions but in its entertainment value—its fresh and lively prose; the ingeniousness of many of the narrative twists; the exuberant, if exaggerated, portraits of Stalky and his friends. Still, Marcus is right in focussing on the book's serious elements, which, in the context of the Victorian public school novel, certainly warrant more attention than they have received. Another

of these underexplored aspects of *Stalky* is Kipling's theory of education. That he considered it central to his purpose in writing the school-boy stories is evident from the comment in his autobiography, *Something of Myself*, that these stories grew out of his "idea of beginning some tracts or parables on the education of the young . . ."4 The emphasis on corporal punishment in *Stalky* has unhappily served to obscure the sophistication and complexity of Kipling's "tracts".

*Stalky & Co.*, published in 1899, consists of eight stories about the exploits of Stalky and two confederates (M'Turk, an aristocratic Irishman, and Beetle, a short-sighted poet) at an unnamed public school in North Devon in the 1880's. A ninth story, "Slaves of the Lamp-Part II," caps the volume by following the boys into adulthood and describing their subsequent activities. The stories are clearly based on Kipling's own experiences at the United Services College at Westward Ho!, which he attended from 1878-1882.

The work is, among other things, Kipling's most extensive treatment of formal education, though his notion of the learning process generally reaches far beyond the classroom—and, in fact often precludes it. The purely academic side of the College is presented to us as rigorous and demanding, a never-ending series of translations, compositions, math problems and so forth. By twentieth-century standards, the school is in no way "progressive"; education is a fairly grim ordeal in which few concessions are made to the students. Rather they are treated as passive receptacles into which a certain body of knowledge is to be stuffed. Any infractions against this system are punished appropriately: extra assignments. Most of the students are being prepared for military careers, presumably in some corner of the Empire, but there is no suggestion that, apart from some marching and drilling, the school's curriculum is in any way practical. The courses include English, French, the Classics, Mathematics and Biology. In other words, the boys are provided with an orthodox public school education—a bag of interdisciplinary information that every well-bred Englishman should possess.

Though the College's curriculum may appear hidebound to the modern reader, Kipling does not seem significantly dissatisfied with it. Apart from caricaturing the masters and letting his schoolboys raise a little havoc now and then, Kipling lodges no serious criticism of the system. One need only turn to George Orwell to see what a genuine critique of the public school system is like.<sup>5</sup> By contrast, Kipling's objections to it seem slight, and certainly he suggests no alternatives.

At the same time, however, it must be admitted that Kipling does not show much enthusiasm for the standard classroom experience. His persona, Beetle, finds joy only in the informal pursuit of knowledge, where he browses through the Head's "brown-bound, tobacco-scented library." Then Kipling distinguishes clearly between the two learning processes: "So the regular work went to the dogs, Beetle being full of other matters and meters . . . walking high and disposedly round the wreck of the Armada galleon, shouting and declaiming against the longridged seas."

In spite of this, we cannot avoid the fact that the joyless education to which the College sentences its students has Kipling's endorsement. The continuous mental toil that is required at the College

is viewed as excellent preparation for the physical and psychological stress that the boys will labour under as military officers supervising the Empire. In the dedicatory verses—which set forth Kipling's interpretation of his public school years emphatically—the teachers are praised because

They showed in daily work  
 Man must finish off his work  
 Right or wrong his daily work—  
 And without excuses.

At least one student of Kipling, W. Keats Sparrow, has argued that this work ethic is completely self-contained and self-justifying: "At the time they take place," he writes of the different burdens the boys have to shoulder at the College, "the experiences serve mainly as ends in themselves—like Carlyle's work for the sake of working."<sup>6</sup>

More significantly, though, the authoritarian rigours of the school are depicted as a suitable introduction to the British army, with its rigid, monolithic qualities. Both emphasize the pre-eminence of discipline and self-denial; again the teachers brought the message home, declaring

. . . it was best,  
 Safest, easiest and best—  
 Expeditious, wise and best—  
 To obey your orders.

In the same way, corporal punishment has its accepted place in Kipling's philosophy of education. No one questions the Head's right to administer canings to his students—least of all the boys who are caned. This too can be looked on as preparation for the severe demands of military life, but Kipling does not limit the scope of its applicability. He describes it as a generally useful aspect of the learning process. The laudatory verses congratulate the teachers for their disciplinary efforts:

And they beat on us with rods—  
 Faithfully with many rods—  
 Daily beat on us with rods—  
 For the love they bore us!

But the lessons and punitive measures of the College are only part of its pedagogical function. Within the standardized approach there is a non-standardized, unofficial training that takes place, an "invisible" curriculum. For the most part, it is pragmatic in nature, the sort of knowledge that is supremely important to the man of action—the soldier or colonial administrator, for example. In the hymn-like poem from which we have quoted, Kipling salutes the "Ancients of the College":

For they taught us common sense—  
 Tried to teach us common sense—  
 Truth and God's Own Common Sense  
 Which is more than knowledge!

The only "Ancient" who fits this description is the Head, and his contribution to the education of *Stalky & Co* goes far beyond common sense. He serves as the moral centre of the book, a lofty, ideal-

ized figure who rules with firm benevolence. Marcus sums him up well as a "surrogate for God . . . the perfect substitute father for all his orphaned charges . . . the idealized voice of society . . ." It is from him that Stalky & Co derive their notions of justice. He canes them three times in the course of the stories; two of these cases he describes as "injustices", though the boys do merit punishment. Their offences are mitigated in the Head's eyes by his admiration for their cleverness and by his realization that their mischievousness is basically healthy. Still, he knows that the law, always an important concept to Kipling, must be maintained. But he is interested in the spirit rather than the letter of the law and teaches Stalky, M'Turk and Beetle to feel the same way.

The Head's guiding hand is felt in other ways. He encourages Beetle's journalistic activities, feeds the boy's appetite for literature by placing his private library at Beetle's disposal and eventually finds him a position on a newspaper. Kipling emphasizes the fact that the Head's moral stature is the result of mature wisdom rather than formal education of any sort. When the Old Boys come to him with their diverse problems, his suggested solutions are the product of years of experience. In his finest hour ("A Little Prep."), he saves a boy's life at the risk of his own and sets a standard of courage unsurpassed even by the soldiers from the front lines.

Of equal significance are the inventiveness and personal initiative that are cultivated under the Head's influence. He recognizes the utility of boyhood peccadilloes: properly channeled, they can bring about a productively imaginative behaviour in adulthood. *Stalky* is a pronouncedly didactic work and this is where the burden of its didacticism lies. The adolescent's rambunctious pranks become the mature adult's ingenious schemes. "When you find a variation from the normal—this will be useful to you in later life—always meet him in an abnormal way." This is exactly the principle on which Stalky operates in "Slaves of the Lamp—Part II," where Kipling provides a sort of summing up.<sup>8</sup> Various alumni of the Stalky years gather to reminisce; the evening quickly becomes a summary and celebration of Stalky's devastating military exploits, which have their source, we are told, in his public school experiences. Kipling stresses this point through several structural devices. The title, repeated from an earlier story, creates an analogy between the original slaves—figures in the pantomime of Aladdin—and their grown-up counterparts, actual participants in a Middle Eastern adventure, slaves of the lamp of British imperialism. Other parallels include the endless reprises of "Arrah, Patsy Mind the Baby" (from the play) and the designation of adult characters by the names they bore in the play (e.g., Stalky becomes the "Slave"). In addition, the Stalky we meet is virtually unchanged, a carefree daredevil who defies authority in order to bring off his victories in a brilliantly unorthodox fashion. Moreover, his most remarkable triumph, over the combined forces of two recalcitrant tribes, is won by employing the same strategy he used against King, the tyrannical Latin teacher, in "Slaves of the Lamp—Part I."

As we observed earlier, the ideal of education Kipling presents in *Stalky* has come in for a good deal of criticism on the grounds that it is simpliminded, repressive and brutal. There is, undeniably, a mea-

sure of truth in these charges, as the foregoing discussion suggests. But one must also recognize that the brand of education advocated in *Stalky*, though probably unappealing to the modern temperament, nevertheless represents a dynamic rather than a static approach. That is, it views education as a process of stress and conflict, of counter-balanced forces that produce their final product through a relatively complex set of interactions. To Kipling, the discipline afforded by the school is invaluable (this is evident from the opening verses), but at the same time the boys' rebelliousness is sanctioned as a necessary phase in the development of self-reliance and imagination. So crucial are these points of friction to Kipling's pedagogy that he virtually institutionalizes them through the god-like Head, who, as the supreme authority at the school, is the source of both the rigour that is imposed on Stalky & Co. and the permissiveness that they are frequently able to take advantage of. Another source of tension that is almost "built in" to the system of education in *Stalky* is the relationship between official culture—mostly ossified and drained of meaning—and the real vital forces that, for Kipling, shape civilization. His heroes maintain an aloofness toward the school's stated values, those that are promoted by the housemasters, that is. The boys want no part of the College's cultural functions (such as the Shakespearean readings of the actress in "The Flag of Their Country") and their attitude toward games and school spirit is anything but favourable. Prout, one of the masters, finds this attitude highly unsettling: "Boys that he understood attended housematches . . . But he had heard M'Turk openly deride cricket—even housematches; Beetle's views on the honour of the house were incendiary . . ."

But, as Marcus has observed, the boys' cynicism is directed at cant and hypocrisy, at those values which have become so standardized they amount to a "corrupted Victorian idealism."<sup>9</sup> The boys guard their actual convictions against such debasement by leaving them unspoken. Thus, in "The Flag of Their Country," Raymond Martin, the vulgar, flag-waving M.P., earns only scorn from Stalky and his friends, though secretly they adhere to the ideals he professes to represent. This interplay of opposites at the College—sternness and leniency, blatant pieties and quiet virtues—lies at the heart of Kipling's conception of meaningful education. It can be seen in the contrast between ordinary house matches and the game that takes place when the Old Boys return ("A Little Prep."), between Raymond Martin and the Old Boys themselves. The learning process inherent in this contrast can be criticized of course, but it cannot be termed superficial and foolish, as Wilson and others have done. Moreover, the relativity of educational philosophies being what it is, we are always unwise in clinging to absolutes. With progressive education having reached its apex in this era of "student power," the abolition of requirements and the accessibility of students to confidential files, the pendulum may be about to start moving in the other direction.

#### NOTES

1. *The Voice of the "Hooligan": A Discussion of Kiplingism*, partially reprinted in *Kipling and the Critics*, edited by Elliot L. Gilbert (New York: New York University Press, 1965), p.29.

2. "The Kipling That Nobody Read," *Kipling's Mind and Art*, edited by Andrew Rutherford (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1964), p. 28.
3. Introduction, *Stalky & Co.* (New York: Collier, 1962), p. 14.
4. *Something of Myself* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1937), p144.
5. See the famous "Such, Such Were the Joys," in *A Collection of Essays* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1954). There Orwell assails his own alma mater, Crossgates, for repressiveness and archaic teaching methods, declaring that "I should be falsifying my own memories if I did not record that they are largely memories of disgust." (P.29).
6. "The Work Theme in Kipling's Novels," *The Kipling Journal*, 37 (1970). For an extended comparison of Carlyle and Kipling, see Andrew Rutherford's "Kipling and Carlyle," *The Kipling Journal*, 33 (1966).
7. Marcus, p. 12.
8. In this connection, we must acknowledge a significant measure of truth in Andrew Rutherford's contention that the last chapter of the book "exemplifies the dangers for Kipling of over-emphasis shading into propagandist over-statement." ("Officers and Gentlemen," *Kipling's Mind and Art*, p. 180).
9. Marcus, p. 10.

## LETTER BAG

### THE LANG MEN OF LARUT

Kipling wrote a story titled 'The Lang Men of Larut' which appeared in 'Life's Handicap'.

Larut is the name of a large administrative district in the northern part of the Malay State of Perak (one of the four Federated Malay States before the second world war). The first British official to administer Larut was an exceptionally tall Englishman named Tristram Speedy, and he was Asst. British Resident, Larut, from January 1874 till February 1876. (Speedy had previously served with distinction under Lord Napier in Abyssinia, and came to the Malay peninsula from India. He served in the Police in Penang before being appointed to the administrative post in Larut, stationed at Taiping.) Speedy was then 32 years of age and was six feet five inches tall.

I assume that Speedy was the tallest of Kipling's 'Lang Men of Larut'. There was another British Civil Servant in Perak who was tall, though not as tall as Speedy, called Frank Swettenham (later Sir Frank, and Governor of the Straits Settlements). He may have been one of the other Lang Men.

It would be very interesting to find out whether Kipling ever went to Penang and if so when. And even more interesting to find out who he met there. I have no clue as to who the other two Lang Men were, but would be very interested to hear if anyone else has any suggestions.

M. C. ff. SHEPPARD (Malaysia).

Discussion Meeting 14th July 1976

KIPLING: POET OR VERSIFIER, ROMANCER OR ROMANTIC?

By Laurence Cotterell

Mr. Cotterell, immediate Past Chairman of the Poetry Society, spoke with an infectious enthusiasm—without a script—that at once captivated his audience: he began by observing that there was nothing new about the "Poet or Versifier" proposition, but that the point deserved examination again in the light of today's standards and yardsticks, such as they might be.

It was paradoxical that contemporary admirers of Kipling were to be found among the most "advanced" poets of our day—the "Sound" or "Concrete" poets finding impressive sound-effects in such pieces as *The Song of the Banjo*. The experimental poets were often misjudged, and were often readier to tolerate traditional poetry (while preferring to do their own thing) than the traditionalists were to tolerate the experimental.

What was poetry but the word-music of human life? If this were so, then those who *lived* life—not those intellectuals who lived in ivory towers, or, as remote, in spiritual Hampstead—were the best judges of what was truly poetry. But just as much prose, because it took wings, became prose-poetry (notably the prose of Charles Doughty or Hilaire Belloc), so much verse was not even intended to be poetry, but was used for narrative effect in telling a story. It seemed to the Speaker that much of what Kipling and Tennyson wrote (among many others) was deliberately intended as non-poetic verse. Kipling has been widely acclaimed as the greatest short-story writer in the English language, but the longest life can produce only so much writing, only so many words. It makes sense that he should have "sacrificed" a number of potential short stories, or even novels, by using the more synoptic but equally graphic form of narrative verse. *Army Headquarters*, *Delilah* and *A Code of Morals*, to choose but three pieces, would all have made fine short stories, and *The Rhyme of the Three Sealers* was an example of a verse-story that could have been a full novel.

Kipling could be a poet when the spirit moved him, or sometimes when the fancy took him. The middle verses of *Sussex* suddenly soared on the wings of the spirit, while *Cities and Thrones and Powers* took on different nuances with every reading. Most of the *Chapter Headings* both inspired and tantalised, while the earthy mysticism of *Tomlinson* made it a poetry equivalent in some ways to James Cabell's *Jurgen*.

*Eddi's Service* showed poetry in the thought, *"Cities and Thrones and Powers"* showed poetry in the words, *A Song to Mithras* showed poetry in the evocation.

There was some exquisite modern poetry (by the standards of the 1970's) in Kipling.

Frost upon small rain—the ebony-lacquered avenue  
Reflecting lamps as a pool shows goldfish.

Turning to the subject of "Romancer or Romantic", Mr. Cotterell pointed out that neither poets nor the generality of intelligent men could always be thinking of the Brave New World. He quoted Wilfred

Scawen Blunt, who, despite his socialist principles, declared

I like the hunting of the hare  
 Better than that of the fox.  
 This new world still is all less fair  
 Than the old world it mocks

The notable paradox on which the Speaker had given other talks was that of the men of action who wrote lyrical, non-violent poetry, as opposed to those who used warlike and heroic themes and language although they had never experienced warfare or physical danger or violent action. Surely those who died in action, and who wrote lyrical poetry while alive, were true romantics, men like Wilfred Owen, Isaac Rosenberg and others. Tennyson, Housman and Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, were exemplars of the true romancer, sitting in safe armchairs and writing stirring stuff that made a man's heart leap and the redder blood course, however reprehensibly, in his veins!

So we had the "straight romantics" and the "straight romancers". But these were those men of action who cut across the border. What of Alan Seeger and Julian Grenfell as exemplars of those who, for a while at least, were in this context and definition, romancers? When Grenfell wrote his defiant and exuberant piece, *Into Battle*, everyone who read the lines (that is, every educated and suitable progressive person) got embarrassed and muttered about "romancing" and "that romancer". So they did when Seeger wrote

I have a rendezvous with Death  
 At some disputed barricade  
 When Spring comes back with bated breath . . .

What a romancer! What unseemly and mock-heroic vulgarity! But when Grenfell took his death-wound in action, and Seeger came to his barricade and died there, were they not instantly promoted to the rank of True Romantic? What more can a man do for his romantic ideals, however horrifying they may be to progressives and humanists, than to die for them?

Now Kipling might at first be considered a "straight" romancer—but did not the mental and physical ordeals he suffered and survived before he had even entered his teens rate as battle scars? Did he not have his wound stripes in childhood? His eyesight alone prevented active participation in military operations, yet he travelled widely, taking in battlefields and scenes of violent action soon after that action had taken place, seeing the men and the scenes for himself. Did he not feel in distilled strength what frontline soldiers feel, through the loss of a beloved son—and went on and on feeling it in never-diminishing intensity long after memory had dimmed in the soldiers who participated personally?

"Romancer", Mr. Cotterell declared, some may call him, but by ordeal and effort he deserves promotion to the rank of "True Romantic."

This delightful speech, received with rapt attention, was applauded with an enthusiasm that matched its delivery: there then began such a cross-fire of question and answer which your correspondent so enjoyed that he was unable to take any notes! Mr. Cotterell and his audience were so *en rapport* that ' . . . telegraphic sentences, half nodded . . .' were enough to start several hares in several directions simultaneously.

J. H. Mc G.

## OBITUARY : ELSIE BAMBRIDGE

by Charles Carrington

Mrs. George Bambridge, 'Elsie' to her friends, died on 24 May and was buried at Wimpole on the 27th. For the last three or four years she had been in poor health, with a failing memory and had lived in seclusion at Wimpole Hall, rarely leaving it, except for a visit to 'Bate-man's', her childhood home, where she was always happy. She was eighty years old.

Born at Brattleboro, Vermont, in February 1896, a few months before her parents left the United States, she retained few ties with her American relatives; her earliest memories were of Sussex, and of life in 'the Family Square' with her loving parents and her brother John, born at Rottingdean in 1897. Every year from 1900 to 1905 they spent the winter in South Africa and Elsie often spoke with enthusiasm of the voyages. On one African visit, the children brought up a lion-cub as a pet after which their father nicknamed them 'Una' and 'Dan', after 'Una' and her Lion in the *Faerie Queene* and Daniel of the Lion's Den. As 'Dan' and 'Una' they became known to thousands of readers. Elsie is very vividly portrayed in the stories, *Gloriana* and *Marklake Witches*. John Kipling went through the normal grind of Prep. School and Public School, but Elsie stayed at home and was brought up by governesses. During school years the Family Square went to Engelberg for the winter sports each Christmas but, as was the Kipling custom, kept themselves to themselves. The death of John Kipling at the Battle of Loos in 1915 was a stark blow to the three survivors so that Bate-man's became a House of Gloom. Mrs. Kipling's closest friend was Lady Edward Cecil (afterwards Lady Milner) who drew Elsie out and helped her to make friends, sometimes in spite of her mother's watchful care. Elsie was very close to her father, who called her by the pet name 'Bird', and now asked her advice about the style of his stories, as he moved into his obscure psychological period.

In 1924 she became engaged to George Bambridge who had been a fellow-ensign with John Kipling in the Guards Brigade and was now a diplomatic attache at Madrid. They were married at St. Margaret's Westminster and departed to Spain leaving the old house at Burwash gloomier than ever. Carrie Kipling's diary is full of complaints; she lives only for Elsie's rare visits. It was a happy marriage but childless. Rudyard made large settlements of money on his daughter, partly to avoid death duties and in 1932 George left the diplomatic service to set up as a landowner. With some misgivings Rudyard financed the purchase of the huge Georgian House, Wimpole Hall, with 2,000 acres of land which might be made to pay its way. Here George and Elsie lived until his sudden death of pneumonia in 1943, aged only 50.

For more than thirty years Elsie Bambridge lived alone in Wimpole Hall. She was a good landlord, and patron to the church and the school, but retained the Kipling tradition of exclusiveness. A friend to her friends she resented intrusion upon her rights. Trespassers were warned off and the inquisitive repelled. Her whole life was devoted to two objects, to maintaining Wimpole Hall in the style that her husband would have approved and to preserving her father's reputation. She was a somewhat imperious patron to the Kipling Society and the *Kipling Journal*. Not easy to know, she earned the respect and liking of those who broke through her reserve.

## OBITUARY: THE EARL BALDWIN OF BEWDLEY

By the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Cobham

With the recent death of Arthur Windham, second son of the 1st Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, a host of friends will feel that somebody precious and unique has passed from the contemporary scene.

To the world at large he presented a personality both diffident and charming. It was only when he was in a small circle of close friends that one realised the range of his interests, the width of his understanding and the depth of his sympathy. He was a man of high talent in a large number of fields, some of them quite unexpected. For example, although he was, like his cousin Rudyard, extremely short-sighted, he got his "field" at Eton and played lawn tennis in a way peculiarly his own, his strokes, heavily cut or spun, often proving a great deal too much for more orthodox opponents.

He went from Eton to Trinity College, Cambridge, but left after one year, having failed to defeat the examiners. He himself always explained his failure in history through his calling Odovaker "Ronnie Barker" in his paper, but perhaps this may have been only a piece of Baldwinesque hyperbole.

He then entered the family steel business, working first in South Wales and then at Wilden near Kidderminster. After some years he followed in the family tradition by becoming a Director of the Great Western Railway and joined the Boards of one or two other Midland-based Companies; his fellow-Directors have testified to the value of his contributions to their Meetings.

His innate diffidence precluded him from accepting a commission during the War and he has described his experiences as an Aircraftsman with wit and candour in the third of his three books, *A Flying Start*.

It was however his first book *My Father — The True Story* which undoubtedly made the greatest impression. Windham was devoted to his father and so infuriated by the unfair and at times brutal treatment meted out to him, not only by the vicious propagandists of the Left, but by various erstwhile friends and colleagues, that he set out to write this book in vindication of the old Statesman. It was restrained and well-reasoned, and there is poignancy in the fact that Windham died only a few days before the appearance of Vol. I of *The Official History of the War* which largely substantiates his facts and reinforces his arguments.

To close friends, however, Windham will always remain "Bloggs", for this was the unlovely soubriquet bestowed upon him in his Eton years. Perhaps it not inaptly described the short, sturdy, bespectacled, sandy-haired schoolboy, but it was very wide of the mark when associated with the wise, talented and quirkish companion of later years.

Windham was for many years President of the Kipling Society, and no-one who heard his addresses at its Annual Lunch is likely to forget them. He spoke beautifully and easily on subjects on which he felt at ease, but major speeches on big occasions caused him sleepless nights. Despite this fact, he nobly brought himself to make one or two important speeches in the House of Lords.

We extend our deepest sympathy to his widow and family and would only like to add that his memory will never fade in the hearts of all those who were privileged to enjoy his friendship.

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