



The
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CONTENTS

NEWS AND NOTES	
By Roger Lancelyn Green	2
"UNDER WHICH KING?"	
By E. N. Houlton.	6
DISCUSSION MEETINGS	
Reported by J. H. McGivering	10
LETTER BAG	15
ACCOUNTS.	17

Many thanks to members who have brought their subscriptions into line with the new rates. It would help the administration if you could pay on 1 January each year from 1979. If you now pay in September, October, November or December, please regard these as 'paid-up' months this year, and start again on 1 January 1979.

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

DISCUSSION MEETINGS 1979

All at 'The Clarence', Whitehall, S.W.1. (near Trafalgar Square Tube Station) at 17.30 for 18.00 hours.

Wednesday 14 February: Mr. T. F. Evans, former Editor of *The Shavian*, will open a discussion on 'Kipling, the poet and Ms peers.'

Wednesday 11 April: Mr. T. L. A. Daintith will open a discussion on 'Revenge'.

Wednesday 11 July: The Reverend Dr. Arthur R. Akers, M.A., will open a discussion on 'The Kiplings of Yorkshire'. His opening talk will be illustrated with slides.

Wednesday 12 September: To be announced.

Wednesday 14 November: To be announced.

OTHER MEETINGS

Dates, times and places of Council Meetings will be sent to Council Members with the Minutes of their last Meeting.

Date and arrangements for the Annual Luncheon and the Annual General Meeting will be announced in the Journal.

VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

By courtesy of the Administrator, National Trust, members will be welcome to a private visit to Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, on Friday 4 May 1979. Lunch, snacks, drinks will, as last year, be available at THE BEAR in Burwash for members who like to foregather there. Tea will be available at Bateman's.

J.S.

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NEWS AND NOTES

THE BANNED BIOGRAPHY

One might almost as readily expect Byron's *Memoirs* to rise from their ashes and appear in print as that Lord Birkenhead's life of Kipling should be published. One understood that the author had received £5,000 from Kipling's daughter, the late Mrs. Bambridge, on the understanding that the book never should be published: but doubtless her heirs have the right to rescind her agreement, with or without the return of the purchase money. The agreement had already begun to grow thin during the author's life-time and now with the book before us we can check, what we already suspected, that sections of the biography had been taken out and adapted into two long lectures delivered before the Royal Society of Literature and included in their volumes of *Essays of Divers Hands* published in 1955 and 1961—"The Young Rudyard Kipling" and 'Rudyard Kipling and the Vermont Feud'.

But indeed the book we have now before us is not precisely the biography which Mrs. Bambridge would not allow to be published, for it was revised (we do not know how extensively) by the late Lord Birkenhead some years before his death. This is not made sufficiently clear, and readers who have not studied the preamble carefully will be surprised to find several long quotations from Carrington; and a book list extends a little beyond the Kipling Centenary of 1965.

How, then, can we judge whether Mrs. Bambridge (advised from the literary point of view by T. S. Eliot) was right or wrong in condemning it? Taking the book as we have it now we can see to a certain extent what she may have disliked about it as a whole: the style is inclined to be dull and heavy-handed; the general feeling at the end is that the author disliked his subject and painted too gloomy a picture of his life and character; and that he failed to deal adequately with Kipling's writings.

There are a few interesting recollections (though too much reliance seems to be placed on Trix's memory) and a few extracts from letters not previously published or to which Carrington did not have access. The only letter that could have displeased or upset Mrs. Bambridge has been pounced upon and quoted by reviewers. It occurs on pages 41-2 and was written by Kipling from Lahore to W. C. Crofts ("Mr. King") after a visit from Dunsterville in 1886 (Feb. 18th, though only the year is given here), and refers to M. H. Pugh ("Mr. Prout") Kipling's House-master at Westward Ho!

The incident occurred shortly before Kipling left the school: ". . . About this time M.H.P., who must be a very Stead [W. T. Stead, editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* and the Mary Whitehouse of his day] in his morals and virtuous knowledge of impurity and bestiality, transferred me to my old room, clearing out the other two boys who occupied it. It never struck me that the step was anything beyond an averagely lunatic one on the part of M.H.P.—I was not innocent in some respects, as the fish girls of Appledore could have testified had they chosen—but I certainly did not suspect anything Dunsterville told me on Wednesday, in the plain unvarnished tongue of youth the why and the wherefore of my removal according to M.H.P., and by the light of later knowledge I see very clearly what that moral but absolutely tactless Malthusian must have suspected. It's childish and ludicrous, I know, but at the present moment I am conscious of a deep and personal hatred against the man which I would give a good deal to satisfy. I knew he thought me a liar but I did not know that he suspected me of being anything much worse. However, I have my consolation. He shall be put into my novel—that novel which is always growing and is never finished; and to finish the revenge I'll marry him to a woman who shall give him something else to think about!

"But 'tis an unsavoury subject and a *most* unsavoury man. Let us drop him off the pen point and burn incense to cleanse the room."

Birkenhead merely notes "Letter in the possession of Colonel Pettigrew." The last two sentences, and some earlier portions which he does not quote, were published in *The Kipling Journal*, No. 97, April 1951 in an article by Lt. Col. W. N. Pettigrew called "A Mixed Bag". Kipling's last sentence here runs: "I pray you tell the Man of Morals—whom I shall assuredly put into my novel—that while there is health in this poor body I shall never forgive him." But he came later to hold a more kindly view of Pugh, realising that "his errors sprang from pure and excessive goodness."

There is a distant echo of Pugh's suspicions in *Stalky & Co.*: "Mr. Prout has a notion that you have been corrupting our associates"—But Beetle does not seem to realise to what the Chaplain is referring, and "had never dreamed that there might be a purpose in this steady policing" of masters crossing "the long, light blindless dormitories . . . at all hours of the night".

And Kipling says in *Something of Myself* (p.23) that the U.S.C. was "clean with a cleanliness that I have never heard of in any other school. I remember no cases of even suspected perversion."

The reference in the same letter to "the fish girls of Appledore" may not refer to any closer relationship than that which existed between *Stalky & Co.*, and Mary Yeo, but cannot have pleased Mrs. Bambridge any more than Pugh's suspicions.

ERRORS AND REVIEWS

Apart from a few minor misprints, Lord Birkenhead's book has few errors of commission, though several of omission. There is, for example, the usual muddle about the Holloways of Lorne Lodge: Captain Holloway was not a retired naval captain—he left the Navy while still a midshipman (even Carrington in his excellent revised third edition which has just appeared calls him "a naval officer"). And surely the two Kipling children did not call them "Uncle Harry" and "Auntie

Rosa" when their names were Pryse and Sarah? This curious assumption seems to derive from Trix's recollections in *Chambers's Journal* where, out of kindness, she uses the fictitious names from 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep'.

On page 52 it is stated that none of the *Schoolboy Lyrics* were reprinted in "standard collections", while all but one ("The Night Before") are included in the Sussex and Burwash Editions. On page 88 we are told that Kipling got the material for *The Light That Failed* in Rajputana: presumably *The Naulahka* is meant. 'Winning the Victoria Cross' appeared in *Youth's Companion* and *The Windsor Magazine*, not in *The Century* (p. 155); 'Brugglesmith' appeared in 1893, not later than *Stalky & Co.* (p. 174); the dramatic version of *The Light that Failed* was produced—and "panned" by Max Beerbohm in 1903, while *The Day's Work* was published in 1898 (p. 191); and the old accusation is raked up again that Kipling wrote 'Mary Postgate' after and not before John Kipling was killed.

Reviews of Lord Birkenhead's Biography have been concerned largely with the curious agreement which led to its banning. Otherwise they have shown very divergent views. Angus Wilson in *The Observer* (8 Oct.) seems to have given the best and most reasoned criticism: "It must be said at once that Mrs. Bambridge was surely right. Birkenhead was clearly very ill-suited by his social and aesthetic sympathies to understand Kipling's strange personality and muddled, unorthodox social views. Elsie Bambridge consulted T. S. Eliot before finally refusing publication. He also condemned the book.

"Despite Birkenhead's very delightful appreciation of Kipling's masterpiece, *Kim*, his general account of Kipling's literary powers and development is totally inadequate; nor does he seem to understand very well the general nature of a creative artist . . . Birkenhead, quite unintentionally, because of his antipathy to Kipling's whole life-style, falls into a continuous disparaging that might be called unconscious Stracheyism. Sadly, he was the wrong man for the book."

At the opposite end of the scale, Robert Blake in *The Sunday Times* asked on the same day, when speaking of Mrs. Bambridge's possible objections to "the Epistle to King" and the rumour that in the Club at Lahore he had "a caddishly dirty tongue", that "Is it just possible that after reading them Mrs. Bambridge saw all the rest of the book with a jaundiced eye and acted accordingly? We shall never know, and there may be some quite different reason. What is certain is that her apparently irrational decision deprived the public for thirty years of one of the finest biographies written in modern times."

Other reviewers include Philip Mason in *The Times* (5 Oct.) who reviews Birkenhead's book with Carrington's newly revised edition, but is rather non-committal as to their respective merits, and concludes: "Each biography complements the other but neither of them explains how so much that was odious came to be combined in one man with so much that was profound and superb."

Francis King in *The Sunday Telegraph* (15 Oct.) ends a rather perfunctory review on an even stronger note of disapproval: "We should all like our writers of genius to be lovable, kindly and humane. That Kipling was rarely any of these things is ably demonstrated in a *Life* which tells its story most entertainingly and lucidly."

And finally Nirad C. Chaudhuri wrote a full-page article in the *Times Literary Supplement* (6 Oct :) which is more a study of Kipling's character and a defence of the British Empire than a review of either book: "With minor differences of opinion and emphasis, which are only natural, the two books are very much alike in plan, content and judgements." Although "Kipling was one of the greatest of writers", he sums him up by saying that "he was intensely egocentric, but without any capacity for introspection in the intellectual sense; he was fiercely individualistic but never developed a coherent and full individuality; he was opinionated but had no qualification to form rational opinions; he was passionate but, to make use of a Christian distinction, all his passions were unregenerate; the only influence which could have made him uniformly good was that of religion, but he was profoundly irreligious, although aggressively moral in his way. He was a man of impulses and caprices, but whether they were good or bad depended on circumstances and chance. As a writer he was all a temperament."

"THE HAGGARDS RIDE NO MORE"

One of the most curious omissions from Lord Birkenhead's biography is that there is no mention of Rider Haggard. And yet Haggard was Kipling's closest friend among Men of Letters, after Wolcott Balestier, and indeed one of his closest friends of any sort during the later part of his life. We already have a full account of this friendship in Morton N. Cohen's admirable volume *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard: the Record of a Friendship* (1965), and now a new biography of Haggard by Peter Berresford Ellis has just appeared.

Mr. Berresford Ellis's book gives an excellent account of a life packed with incident and adventure and though it adds relatively little to earlier biographies, makes a splendid introduction to a fascinating writer. The only disappointment to a Haggard enthusiast is that it does not justify its sub-title "A Voice from the Infinite" and deal more fully with Haggard's astonishing imagination and mythopoetic vision.

The friendship with Kipling is fully covered, though all the extracts from Haggard's diary seem already to have been used by Professor Cohen.

R.L.G.

Lord Birkenhead: *Rudyard Kipling*. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1978, £7.95.

Charles Carrington: *Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work* [Third Edition, revised]. Macmillan. 1978. £8.95.

Peter Berresford Ellis : *H. Rider Haggard: A Voice from the Infinite*. Routledge & Kegan Paul. 1978. £7.95.

STOP PRESS . . . "KIPLING'S HORACE"

All Members will now know of this book from the descriptive order form enclosed in the last number of *The Kipling Journal* (the late appearance of which was due to the Printers, not the Editor). High though the price may be, this book will become a rarity and an even more highly priced "Collectors' Item" almost on publication. Quite apart from this, the chance of owning a new Kipling item is not to be missed and will probably not come again. Professor Carrington has

transcribed the fifty-seven sets of delightful verse parody and comment which Kipling wrote into his copy of Horace. Of them one was quoted in Professor Carrington's *Biography*, one in *Journal* No. 173, p.6, and thirteen in *The Magdalene College Magazine*, Vol. X, No. 2, pp.39-42, in June 1932 shortly after Kipling became an Hon. Fellow of Magdalene. These thirteen sets of verses contributed by Kipling himself, revised (sometimes considerably) and called "Selections from the Freer Verse Horace".

The very fact that Kipling allowed—indeed encouraged—the publication of this revised selection surely suggests that he would not have objected to the present book—and that being written in a valuable edition of Horace, they escaped the holocaust of most, if not all, of the MSS left unfinished or unpublished at his death.

It only remains to urge all Members who can possibly afford it, not to miss this unique chance of adding to their Collections a new work by Kipling, in a beautiful edition, complete with many Latin originals. As Kipling wrote beside Bk. IV Ode vii :—

"If all that ever Man had sung
In the audacious Latin Tongue
Had been lost—and this remained
All, through this might be regained"

UNDER WHICH KING?

By E. N. Houlton

We have a bad Press: Shakespeare made fun of us, Johnson (Samivel, not Binjimin) tried the job, and remembered it ever after "with peculiar horror", Dickens called us hideous names—Wackford Squeers, Bradley Headstone. Kipling wrote with two voices : In verse he said "Let us now praise famous men", but in prose the famous men are generally preposterous. Exceptions are, I suppose, the Chaplain and the Headmaster; though the chaplain is just a bit obsequious to the boys and I can't admire the Head's passionless flagellations, or the cock of his wise eyebrow either. The most interesting person in the Stalky stories is of course Mr. King, and about him also Kipling spoke with two voices—you could say there are two of him.

Mr. King One, in the hilarious pantomime-fairyland of "Stalky and Co.", 1899, is—need I say—the Demon King, popping up with terrific fireworks that never hurt anybody, and backing out with a snarl, foiled again; he is also the Baron Hardup, trying to keep up his position and continually being put down, the butt of scorn and the mark of derision. He prowls and scowls, glares and gibbers, snarls and sneers, smiles succulently, grins like a hyena, turns ghastly green, shows off before the little boys, has ginger whiskers, and a long nose for which Rabbits-Eggs prescribes a poultice, is a philistine and a basket-hanger, and wears a tartan tie. Anybody can take a rise out of him, he asks for it. From time to time the Head has to descend, a present deity, and pick up the pieces for him. He can't even use a cane.¹ Grand fun : though in one scene of uncomfortable reality the poor chap is both unpleasant and unhappy—after words with his colleagues, "with a short summary

of his academic career, and a precis of his qualifications, including his degrees, he withdrew, slamming the door"; the Chaplain says sadly, 'by dinner King will have scored off some unlucky child of thirteen; he will repeat to us every word of his brilliant repartees, and all will be well.' Now, where did Kipling get this from? How did he *know*? why, I knew a man once—but that is another story.

Mr. King Two, in "Regulus", 1908, is also busy and restless, and tartly eloquent; but he is genial and sensible, happy, and entirely competent. He is the chief character, the first to speak and except for the Chaplain's "amen" the last. "Regulus" is not really a Stalky story—Corkran only puts his head in once or twice, and takes no part in the action—it is a job-story, a day in the life of a Housemaster.

It begins with a good lesson—the only example I know of in fiction, by a great writer. King affects to shudder when reminded that they are "doing" the Ode for the third time: his "hated business"? don't you believe it, he rubs his hands with appetite, he never misses a point: Beetle's pronunciation of *maritus* and *oblitus*, the meaning he attaches to the word "arms", the shade of difference between *obstantes* and *morantem*, the vileness of "virile" and "forsooth" Thornton's hooves, Beetle's collar. He is jocularly rude to Beetle, who is just a trifle cheeky in return; they are on the best of terms, sparring-partners. The little joke that Kipling-Beetle is an "idiot" is Chaucer's joke, making himself the butt and bore of the pilgrimage; Beetle's "construe" is I should say rather above the average. Real idiocy is supplied by Vernon. *Posuisse* means "to have placed" or "fixed", *vultum* "visage" or "glance", *humi* "on the ground"—what Horace meant is obvious, but Vernon unerringly picks the wrong meaning every time: "to have placed his virile visage on the ground". Not without reason is Mr. King called "the much-enduring man"; but he enjoys it. He knows how to season "the drilled dull lesson, forced down word by word"² with "a little judicious levity"³—it doesn't matter whether Carthage really was "a God-forsaken nigger Manchester" or whether democracy really is "eternally futile"; the boys are interested and amused, they have been stimulated by a more mature mind. He has a cheerful way with him—frosty, but kindly—a superb command of words, and a pretty wit. Isaiah says the ass knows his master's crib, where the dinner is; King turns it neatly, the master knows his ass's crib, where the boy gets the translation. He makes the boys work, but they can see that *he* works. They like him—'when King's really on tap he's an interestin' dog'—and quote his sayings, and bits of Horace. Kipling likes him: he permits him to infringe the Head's copyrights—up goes an eyebrow, his mouth twitches to hide a smile (King One couldn't hide anything).

He not only has to instruct and entertain the young gentlemen, he also has to keep them in order, and try to protect them from harm when they are naughty. He learns that Winton has let loose a mouse in the drawing-lesson, and says I *do* wish you'd tried that mouse-game with me, Pater': Winton grins—No, thank you. Neither would anyone dare to suggest that King has favourites; but he gives up his afternoon, trying to get Winton out of his trouble: arguing with the Head (who appears briefly, drawing, impassive, and flagellating by deputy) and then dictating Virgil to help with the imposition. He never stops—as the day ends he is still at it, arguing with Hartopp, Classics versus Science.

He is a Son of Martha, a master-craftsman. He says 'poor devils of ushers', but that's only *because* he is a Son of Martha—*she* grumbled. He must know he is one of the happy few who live by their art and for it—his privilege is to talk every day about poetry and history, to intelligent boys. He believes furiously in the value of what he teaches, he knows he can teach it better than anyone else, the boys will learn or he will know the reason why.

Kipling must have seen that the fantasy (derived from "Tom Brown"?) of an Olympian Head with a negligible Staff, just won't do. The most God-like Head (and there ain't no sich a person) must have good Assistants. King in "Regulus" is one, the best Schoolmaster I have met in a book.

* * *

In the last Stalky story, "The Propagation of Knowledge" ("Debits and Credits", 1926) we are back in the fabulous world where diabolical children, of never-failing skill, torment their infinitely-gullible elders. Beetle causes King to believe that the other boys are Baconians, and they suggest to the Inspector that they have learnt their views from King. I hear Mr. King Two saying 'I *do* wish you'd tried that Bacon-game with *me*, Beetle'; but this, surely, is King One again, offensive, excitable, and foolish. And yet: he is not quite the old King of "Stalky and Co." In the first place, he is an eager and competent teacher, a scholar and a great reader, a jealous honourer of Shakespeare—and "a hog on Scott", which shows his good judgment. In the second place, he is ill-used as well as foolish.

Teachers are much exposed to experts: generally persons who either have never taught, or have got out of teaching ("Who's Who" is full of people who have found teaching a good job to get out of). King of Balliol chose teaching, Hume of Sutton 'wisely chose the Civil Service'; so now he is the expert, he inspects King. He compliments him, and goes away self-satisfied. King suffers the most complicated agony. The praise of his teaching—which he deserves—is partly due to Hume's delusion that he teaches Baconianism. He has to take patronage from a Baconian—in his view, a fool.

So, what is reputation, and what is an expert? Credit goes to the wrong person, or to the right one for the wrong reason. Stalky and the rest get credit from King—the expert—for knowing about Tom-a-Bedlams, Beetle who instructed them gets none. They make both experts, King and Hume, believe they are Baconians. The clever amateur fools all the experts, like the joker who manufactured the Piltdown skull. Be careful, this tale seems to say, where you give credit, especially when you give it to yourself. King honestly believes he practises *reverentia* towards the boys; in fact, he falls into his "calling's snare", the danger of letting exasperation issue in unkind speech. "Young swine rooting for marks" may be witty, even true, but it isn't civil, or wise. King Two wouldn't say it. Also, there is the disturbing account of "a happy, and therefore not too likeable, King" bragging to the Reverend John—can't you hear that "*therefore*" cut like a knife? I am pleased with myself, *therefore* most odious to my neighbour. An ingenious tale: sad, but cautionary.

* * *

The Higher Critics of days to come will say, here is a clear case of Composite Authorship. King One and King Two must have had two

authors (even if there were two "originals", why call them both King?)—there may even have been a third author, a Trito-Kipling who wrote "The Propagation", in which King is half-way between One and Two.—Nonsense, say others; the various Kings are the same man in different moods—tomorrow, *I* shall be another person.

Why, they may ask, was the writer so much obsessed, in so many stories, with a pedagogue and his inglorious employment? Well, he was the Poet of the *working* man, fascinated with the ways in which the world's work gets done; he could absorb other men's "shop" and imagine himself into their jobs, so that you would think he had been a hedger, or a lighthouse-keeper, or a schoolmaster. Like everybody who has been to school, he had closely observed his kind teachers; and he was, let's face it, a schoolmaster's son. Lockwood Kipling at U.S.C. would have had the lowly status of Mr. Lidgett, who can only inflict 50 lines; the Kiplings were poor relations of the Baldwins and the others, same as teaching is the poor relation of the professions. No doubt, in "The Propagation" the writer came to feel a certain sympathy with an ill-used man who at the start of the tale is almost entirely odious.

There is, I think, a good deal of Kipling in King. Inconsistencies and contradictions, greatness and absurdity; warm kindness, and flashes of fury; crotchety Toryism; sense of mission, the urge to instruct, admonish, scold; glorious command of language, and gift of exposition; passionate love of poetry, of books, and of the Past; the perilous gift of keen and cutting eloquence. Suppose Kipling had gone to Balliol, and his gift had been for talking not writing? He might have gone back to his old School. Take away the small difference of genius, and Kipling becomes someone not unlike King at his best: or, as the Cryptogrammatist, Baconian-style, would put it, take away three letters from the middle of Kipling, and what have you?

1. "A Little Prep."—" 'Strange, how desire doth outrun performance' ' said Beetle irreverently, quoting from some Shakespeare play they were cramming that term". This, I submit, is impossible, or nearly. The "performance" is that of Falstaff with Doll Tearsheet (2 Henry IV, II 4)—"Henry IV" Part Two could not have been "set" in an English school 100 years ago. When it *was* set, in 1946 or thereabouts, the examining body circularised the schools to say, We really *mean* Part 2.
2. Byron on Horace, "Childe Harold", IV, 75.
3. 'God bless R.L.S.!'—"Nothing like a little judicious levity" says Michael Finsbury. "The Wrong Box", Chapter VII.

NEW MEMBERS:

We welcome (in order of joining): Mrs. K. MacKenzie, Stanley McCombie F.C.A., Miss A. N. Charles, Alan Muress, Dr. D. Slater, Colin J. Russell, Mrs. D. Taylor, A. E. Escolme, and The Government of India Library, Calcutta.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

16th November, 1977

Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green, M.A., B.Litt., Member of Council,
Hon. Editor of *The Journal*
Wee Willie Winkie and other child stories.

Mr. Green first sketched in the background with a glance back to his own childhood, indicated the origin of the title of *Wee Willie Winkie* and compared it with the uncollected *His Excellency* and then wondered why Kipling wrote them.

It seems that dialect was all the rage, and Kipling was interested in this queer branch of literature, reading *Hans Breitmann's Ballads* (1871) and introducing them—or something like them—to his own work, and borrowing the name for a character in *Abaft the Funnel*. He also dabbled in 'Irish', Cockney and Yorkshire, as Barrie tried his hand at Lowland Scots, Hardy with Dorset and many others.

The most influential work in this genre, however, is *Helen's Babies* (1876) by John Habberton: it was aimed at adult readers, and, like *Uncle Remus* and *Hans Breitmann*, came from the United States of America. Kipling had certainly read it, for he writes to his Aunt Edith Macdonald on 4th April, 1884 "Your letter came when I was in a state of 'dock dispare' as *Helen's Babies* would say." The reference is to the song which Uncle Harry has to sing to comfort Toddie—he says "Would'nt you feel just as good if I sang 'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair'?" to which Toddie answers "No, don't like dokdispair, if a dokdespair done anythink to me, I'd knock it right down dead."

Another sample sentence is "Don't like nasty old funder," remarked Toddie, "It gosh into our cellar and maksh all ze milk sour."

Kipling makes *Wee Willie Winkie* say "v" for "th"—"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha . . ."—no "oo", thank Heaven! and gives him his name from a 'nursery-book'—*Johnnykins and the Goblins* by Charles E. Leland of *Hans Breitmann* fame. Writing to Lady Marjorie Gordon in 1895, Kipling says that he can only think of two Wee Willie Winkies—his own and Leland's: her children also used the name for their magazine. It is in this letter that he quotes his famous 'Small Boy of Quebec' Limerick.

Another literary influence, continued Mr Green, is Mrs. Ewing's *Jackanapes* (1883) which is, however, mercifully free of baby-talk.

In *The Last of the Stories* (*The Week's News*, 15 September, 1888, reprinted in *Abaft the Funnel*) where Kipling meets his own fictional characters in 'The Limbo of Lost Endeavour' where the souls of all such characters go, *His Majesty the King* trails behind, but has his say . . .

"Where's Wee Willie Winkie?" I shouted. "Little children don't lie."

A clatter of pony's feet followed, and the child appeared, habited as on the day he rode into Afghan territory to warn Coppy's love against the "bad men". "I've been playing," he sobbed, "playing on ve Levels with Jackanapes and Lollo, an' *he* says I'm only just borrowed. I'm *isn't* borrowed . . ."

Lollo is Jackanapes's pony, but there's no real borrowing except as far as both are soldiers' sons, linking an Army setting, and both have ponies—but Kipling treats all his characters in this way, as a sort of *absit omen* or "touchwood".

If *His Majesty the King* has any ancestry other than the more "sentimental" stories about children of the day, such as *Misunderstood* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*—and for children such as *Jessica's First Prayer* and *Friday's Child*, it is *Helen's Babies*. As Mr. Green observed, he enjoyed it and *Wee Willie Winkie* very much indeed when he was a child himself. *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep* was not one of his favourites at first, but he liked it more and more as he grew older, likewise *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*, but he recalled feeling a little uncomfortable when his father's voice faltered at the end, even though he himself would now falter likewise.

Neither of these two really fit with *Wee Willie Winkie* or *His Majesty the King*, and . . . *Black Sheep* is starkly autobiographical (though Kipling admits it was the only one of the four untrue to life). The speaker was prepared to discuss his position if required and recorded his gratitude for the first two stories, wondering why they are so disliked. They are at least, period pieces which are true to life, even if a little idealised.

That concluded Mr. Green's remarks, and sparked off an interesting discussion much enjoyed by those present, including your reporter, even though he was also attempting to take notes while arranging his thoughts on the various matters raised by the speaker.

Perhaps the most important contribution came from Mr. Carrington who wondered what became of Harry and why no old schoolfellows from Southsea ever came forward when Kipling was famous and said I was at school at Southsea with Kipling . . . ' Such a lot is known about U.S.C, but Hope House has disappeared—perhaps for ever.

Your reporter wondered if all the young Kipling's school-mates were lost at sea or killed in the various wars of the next few decades. It looks as if Kipling had his revenge on the Principal by giving his name to the Warrant Officer who deserted and was later struck by lightning in *Mrs. Bathurst*!

Various Nineteenth Century books for children were then mentioned, including *Alice*, the general—if somewhat dated—information to be found in Ballantyne and the curious likes and dislikes of children. Mrs. Bagwell Purefoy remarked that one of hers loved *Just So Stories*, while the other did not.

Miss Ashley referred to the deep and wounding experience that Southsea obviously was to Kipling and there were contributions from Mr. Daintith, Mr. Wade and Colonel Bagwell Purefoy, with much-appreciated observations from Mr. Carrington.

As Mr. Green observed, it was his intention to promote a discussion and not give a lecture: it was highly successful and much appreciated by those who were there.

J.H.McG.

12th July 1978

The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling

Mr. Angus Wilson, C.B.E., C.LIT.

This was a sensitive and, at times most amusing, account of the inception, preparation and writing of Mr. Wilson's recent book on

Kipling. The late Mrs. Bambridge was at first reluctant to permit quotation, but relented at last and the author was able to commence his three years travel and research which culminated in the publication under discussion today. He expressed his obligations to our *Journal* and the late Mr. Harbord's *Readers Guide*, which led him, in many cases, to items not published before.

He was very concerned about the misprints which crept into his work, and apologised to us for them—he writes at very high speed in his own hand, which thus introduced a story called 'Birds of Paradise' hitherto unknown to us, it turned out to be 'Bonds of Discipline'! He enjoyed his research, the joy of discovery, reading everything that was available, and every letter he could get hold of.

This high-speed creative writing leaves him with a distaste for revision, and he is so exhausted with such work that it leaves him with a distaste for looking at it again, so that when the proofs came in he was not at all inclined to get on with them. Most of the errors have been corrected in the reprint and in the United States edition: there was, however, some small difficulty in the latter, which his publishers pointed out to him with some concern—there were several *dangling modifiers*! When the laughter subsided, and at the earnest request of his audience, Mr. Wilson was good enough to explain that this curious and faintly obscene expression merely indicates that where there is a participial clause, and the subject of the main clause is not the subject of the participial clause.

The speaker later discussed this with an intelligent girl of fifteen who asked how his book was going and on hearing about the trouble with the dangling modifiers observed 'Oh, we get rid of those around the age of twelve or so!'

He had more letters on *The Strange Ride . . .* than any book he had ever written.

As a child he read the *Jungle Books*, *Just-So Stories* and *Kim*, with a particular love for the 'Darwinian Jokes'—*How the Rhinoceros got his Skin* and so on—but he had a distaste for the Tegumai series. Mowgli was also an early passion, with a terror that exceeded Grimm or Fagin for *The King's Ankus*, together with the luring to death of the *Bandar-Log*. He shares, with Kipling, a nervous relation to cruelty—an infatuation with and a hatred of it. He found this in Dickens too—a relentless pursuit of a murderer that ill-acorded with Dickens' public parade of philanthropy. All art is, to Mr. Wilson, contradiction, and the contradiction in Kipling came to him very early: *Purun Bhagat* and *The Undertakers* struck him as very powerful stories indeed, but very different from the others in *The Second Jungle Book*. He did not understand them fully, but left them with a mental note that they would become very important, and he would return to them later.

Then came *Kim*, so great that he did not know how to express it. Kipling makes the real world and a make-believe world come together in such a miraculous way—it may be a trick, but it is not a trick all the time, and it forms some of the most magic and transcendental parts of his life. He spoke of his childhood, and his awareness that although life was dangerous, it was also magical, and he expressed his gratitude to his parents for the background they provided. *What Maisie Knew*—a little girl destroyed by the same kind of upbringing that *Kim* had—depressed him, but the latter reassured him that life was full of

people like Mahbub Ali, who, although they would send you to your death, it was all right because they loved you! There was the Game and the Wheel to keep hold of, and things would be all right.

Although Mr. Wilson began on Kipling, he went on with Dickens, as his parents were not great Kipling readers, then Scott, Rider Haggard, and like most young people of his generation, Virginia Woolf, Joyce and so on, but during the War he came across Edmund Wilson who emphasised the importance of Dickens and also maintained that Kipling was well worth reading. While not agreeing with much of what he said about the latter, Mr. Wilson began to read the later Kipling and, as an anti-Imperialist, left the Indian work—to his great regret, but came back to it later.

The speaker went to Oxford after Westminster, and read History, and although he later became a Professor, he never studied Literature as such, and taught his students that much of the official line on 'Literature' is nonsense. He was careful, however, to point out that they must go along with the accepted viewpoints so that they would not antagonise their examiners (your Reporter is here reminded of King in *Regulus*) but should read books and not go in for intellectual exercises.

That, Mr. Wilson continued, is the background of *The Strange Ride*, and why a lady professor accused him of being the Trojan Horse! His attitude to intellectual lit. crit. is fairly rejecting and to Freudian or sociological explanation as well. Such examinations may be interesting, they may be revealing, but it is only part of the totality of the novelist's work and the characters and events he creates.

Close reading—following every word in the text—is good for students, as many people read carelessly, and such close reading will take the reader to the end of the book, and it will reveal interesting things, but the reader will arrive where he is intended to arrive. Mr. Wilson admires the work of Kipling for the way in which the reader is thrown from one thing to another in the enormous richness of the stories and verse.

Mr. Wilson takes the view that if a work of art can be solved like a cross-word puzzle, it is not much of a work of art: he is against some of the later Kipling as being too obscure but nevertheless satisfying. He admires *The Eye of Allah*, *Dayspring Mishandled*, *The Gardener* and *The Church that was at Antioch*, finds the medical stories interesting but dislikes the unrealised characters that crowd into them.

When Mr. Wilson gave the Northcliffe Lectures, he spoke on 'Evil in the English Novel', citing *Mary Postgate*—a magnificent and finely-conceived story—as an example of Kipling's feeling that hers was the right attitude in the circumstances.

After the 1939 War he lost his anti-imperialistic feelings and returned to Kipling's early work: he was put off *The Days Work* and *Plain Tales . . .* by the narration, a certain cocksureness but it soon disappeared—unimportant beside the magnificence of the stories. He followed this selection with *Barrack-Room Ballads* and *Departmental Ditties* and came to the conclusion that Kipling was a very great writer.

In 1970 he spent a whole year in India and everything came alive. After that, he started on the South African tales—the country in which he had been brought up—and progressed to *Puck . . .* All this,

together with his time in the United States and Sussex together with his training as an historian, variety and richness, unexpectedness and an account of the new rich that nobody had put into books except Kipling.

The three writers that Mr. Wilson examined—Kipling, Dickens and Zola—all possessed a love of, and zest for, life and an awareness of the thin ice that supported civilisation. He looked at Edmund Wilson's *The Kipling that nobody read* and, in *The Strange Ride . . .* exhorted his readers to read again the Kipling that *everybody reads*. As Mr. Squeers observed, 'Here's richness for you!'

It was also his intention to put the work of Kipling into its historical perspective—especially for younger readers, before it was too late, so they might understand the ethos in which those works were written.

He had drawn attention to several new matters in his book, and found it somewhat strange that they had not been noticed—some of the Indian sketches, a speech, *Some Aspects of Travel*, which he believes is associated with the creative process: an address to the savings associations where he develops a French *bourgeois* attitude of morality associated with prudence.

Mr. Wilson then looked at his own politics—slightly pale labour or slightly red liberal—and then at Kipling's: *The Army of a Dream*, he feels, is silly, a William Morris dream of the unattainable, but not discreditable. He takes the view that Kipling is the only serious political satirist since the Eighteenth Century (with the exception of Orwell) and that *The Mother Hive* and *Below the Mill Dam* are examples of very fine political writing with which he should be credited.

The speaker discussed some of Kipling's letters and hoped that they would be published one of these days, as many of them shed much light on unexpected facets of his life.

After some remarks on Horace, Mr. Wilson concluded this fascinating glimpse into his mind and began to deal with the questions that came at him from all quarters: the consensus was that Kipling was not a particularly inspired letter-writer, apart from the odd gem now and again it was rather dull work.

The implication that academics should not be entrusted with literature was considered for a moment, together with the idea that some often credit (or debit) an author with much more than he ever intended. Private jokes of dons at play are all very well but Mr. Wilson was of opinion that such things should not be taken as works of art. This, of course, showed that all such things eventually return to *Mrs. Bathurst*, a story that deteriorated into a cross-word puzzle. Then *The Gardener* was examined for a moment, with the curious suggestion (from the TLS) that the Gardener was either the brother or the gardener from the Rectory!

The discussion then ranged over *The Smith Administration*, *Mary Postgate*, Kipling's attitude to the Germans in the 1914 War, *An Imperial Rescript* and many more, impossible to report in this résumé, more's the pity, as the discussion turned into good after-dinner conversation.

It was an interesting, informative and amusing occasion: those who had the privilege of attending expressed their gratitude to Mr. Wilson in no uncertain terms.

LETTER BAG

MRS. BATHURST

Much has been written about the puzzles of "Mrs. Bathurst" but has anyone attempted to explain what to me is the greatest puzzle in the story—How did Hooper know Vickery's name? The dialogue is apparently reported verbatim, and Vickery is first mentioned by Pritchard as "A service man within eighteen months of his pension . . . a warrant 'oo's name begins with a V . . ." It then transpires that he was known as Click and the explanation of how he got this name prompts Hooper to produce his relic, the false teeth, and to ask "What tattoo-marks?" After the slight misunderstanding which this question causes, Hooper continues the conversation by saying "If you don't mind I'd like to hear a little more o' your Mr. Vickery. It's safe with me, you see." As Hooper only saw Vickery as a charred corpse, and that of someone described to him as a tramp, he could hardly have learnt the name then, except in the unlikely event of it being a tattoo mark.

But is the phrase "It's safe with me, you see" an indication that Hooper used the name to show the others that as he already knew part of the story, they need not be afraid of telling him the rest? However, that still leaves unanswered the question of how he knew Vickery's name in the first place.

J. CUNNINGHAM

THE KIPLING FAMILY

I am reading *'Kipling and the children'* and I was interested to read of the absence of information on John's brother Joseph (page 14). Actually although my grandfather, Mr. Walter Kipling, often mentioned that he was Rudyard's cousin or second cousin I did not pay much attention until a few years ago I acquired several religious books circa 1801-1850 one of which bears the signature of Joseph Kipling, and several other books bear other Kipling signatures. I also have my great-grandfather's plated teapot purchased in Skipton.

Briefly John Kipling came South and entered into the confectionery business and had a factory in Aylesbury and a shop in London. We have many relics of his including his pharmaceutical scales. Incidentally my mother, formerly Miss Jessie Kipling, is still alive (88).

These are just matters of passing interest and may have no foundation. However I have spent some years researching the other side—an ancient Huguenot family—and have reached with positive identification 1264 so I am not without experience.

If you are interested I would be happy to enlarge on the subject of John L. Kipling, my great grandfather.

Eric S. HEMMING

KIPLING ON ROMAN BRITAIN

Professor Rivet's scholarly article on Kipling's view of Roman Britain sets in order and elaborates the two introductory notes on this subject that I contributed to the Journal about ten years ago (Nos. 166 and 167). I had then consulted only the standard authorities from which I indicated a possible line of march from Anderida to Corstopitum on

the Roman Wall. I assumed that Kipling had used the *Antonine Itinerary*, a genuine Roman road book. A well thumbed copy is in the London Library where Kipling was a regular borrower. Since then I have noticed another source from which he might have got evidence—of a sort—about Roman Sussex. We know that Uncle 'Ned' Burne-Jones advised him to consult Geoffrey of Monmouth, Gildas and Nennius who, he said, were all to be found 'in the same volume'. This can only be *Six English Chronicles*, edited by J. A. Giles (1848), a well-known source book (is there a copy in the Library at 'Batemans'?). The last of Giles's six is a chronicle ascribed to 'Richard of Cirencester', which has since been denounced as a forgery by an impostor named Charles Bertram. Many Latin names that are still to be found in conventional maps of Roman Britain have now been rejected by all scholars as sheer invention by Bertram who wrote in the 18th century. Among his innovations was a Roman road, for which there is no archaeological evidence, from Anderida (Pevensey) to Eburacum (York); he called it *Iter XVII*. But 'Richard of Cirencester', though already under fire, was an accepted authority seventy years ago.

This consideration leads us to another classical hoax, the Corbridge Stone. Twenty years ago, the late Sir John Medley, then Vice-Chancellor of the University of Melbourne, admitted to me that as an Oxford undergraduate he had been privy to this student's prank in 1912. When I passed through Corbridge (Corstopitan) some years later, the XXX Legion Stone was not on exhibition.

C. E. CARRINGTON

CATCHPHRASES IN KIPLING

For some years now I have been one of Mr. Eric Partridge's minor contributors; I was also proud to be among the proof-readers of his latest work, *A Dictionary of Catchphrases*. One of the punctuation problems that arose in the proof-reading was the correct placing of the apostrophe in 'Epps's', for the entry "Grateful and comforting—like Epps's cocoa", often quoted, says Partridge, with the last three words omitted. And with the last three words omitted it does occur in 'Wireless': when the narrator hands Shaynor a drink, the latter says " 'Twon't make me drunk, will it? My word! That's grateful and comforting." By coincidence the Epps's advertisement itself was found on a theatre programme, a souvenir of my grandmother's, for a 1903 performance of *A Light that failed*, with Forbes Robertson at the Lyric.

So the quotation in 'Wireless' caught my eye on a recent re-reading, and it set me wondering whether any other such dated catchphrases lie embalmed in Kipling's works. A friend browsing through *A Dictionary of Catchphrases* came upon the entry for "How's your father?", which is glossed, inter alia, as 'supposed Masonic secret phrase'; he told me that the Masonic reference ought rather to be to "Who's your mother?" (-lodge), adding "I think it comes in Kipling somewhere." Can any Society member help to place this or any other catchphrase used by Kipling? Mr. Partridge is at present preparing a second, much supplemented, edition of the Dictionary, and I should be glad to pass on any additional information for possible inclusion in it.

PAUL BEALE

THE KIPLING SOCIETY
INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER 1977

INCOME	1977	1976	EXPENDITURE	1977	1976
	£	£		£	£
Subscriptions	1,262	1,102	Office Rent, Rates, Lighting & Heating	280	240
Investment Income	337	146	Service and Repairs of Roneo Machine	39	—
Hire of Picture	30	£1	Printing, Photocopying and Advertising	84	39
Sundry Income	20	4	Postage and Telephone	65	81
Sale of Journals	11	—	Office Expenses	771	500
Donation	10	—	Journal Expenses:		
Functions:			Cost of Printing and Despatch of Kipling Journals	1,217	1,222
Profit on Members Meetings	2	1	Depreciation of Office Equipment	61	69
Annual Luncheon	19	23	Loss on Sale of Rights	—	47
	<u>£1,691</u>	<u>£1,356</u>	Insurance	17	—
			Corporation Tax:		
			Current Year	40	30
			Irrecoverable A.C.T.	56	—
			Balance being the excess of Expenditure over Income	<u>(939)</u>	<u>(872)</u>
				<u>£1,691</u>	<u>£1,356</u>

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER 1977

FIXED ASSETS (Note 1)	1977	1976	CURRENT LIABILITIES	1977	1976
	£	£		£	£
Office Equipment	707	707	Creditors and Accrued Expenses	426	466
Less: Depreciation	185	104	Corporation Tax	40	176
	<u>542</u>	<u>603</u>		<u>466</u>	<u>642</u>
INVESTMENTS (Note 2)				1,991	2,569
£1,200 3½% War Loan at Cost less £253 written off	611	611		<u>£4,260</u>	<u>£4,899</u>
720 Imperial Group Ltd. Ordinary Shares of 25p	454	454			
237 Commercial Bank of Australia \$A1 Ordinary Stock	662	662	FINANCED BY:—		
	<u>1,727</u>	<u>1,727</u>	INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT		
CURRENT ASSETS			Balance at 1st January 1977	4,899	5,771
Building Society Account	2,000	2,750	Excess of Expenditure over Income	(939)	(872)
Current Account	387	350	Legacy	300	—
Cash in Hand	15	20		<u>£4,260</u>	<u>£4,899</u>
Debtors and Prepayments	45	81			
Stock of Stationery	10	10			
	<u>2,457</u>	<u>3,211</u>			

Honorary Secretary

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

We have examined the above Balance Sheet as at 31st December 1977, and the Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended on that date, with the books and vouchers of the Kipling Society and certify that they agree therewith. The Society's Library and Furniture have not been taken into consideration.

5, Albemarle Street,
LONDON W1X 4EL
Date:

Chartered Accountants

NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER 1977

1. FIXED ASSETS

Office Equipment consists of:—

Roneo Machine	345
Matura 300 Typewriter	362
	<u>£707</u>

2. INVESTMENTS

The Market Value of Investments held at 31st December 1977 were:

£1,200 3½% War Loan	£444
237 Commercial Bank of Australia \$A1 Ordinary Stock	£258
720 Imperial Group Limited Ordinary Shares of 25p	£50

The Kipling Society

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

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James Cameron

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S. W. Alexander	W. Greenwood
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