THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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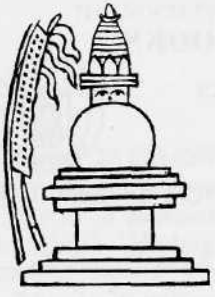

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[1 *starve*; 2 *table*. Yes, this is by Kipling too.]

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THE SOCIETY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS: SUPPLEMENT

[see main Announcements on page 5]

EVENTS

Saturday 22 October 1983 A *Joint Afternoon School with the Workers' Educational Association (London District).* From 2 to 5.30 p.m. at **26 Russell Square,** London WC1 (the west corner of the square—Underground Stations, Russell Square or Goodge Street).

The star Speakers: —

Mr John McGivering on *R.K.'s Life and Works;*

Professor Andrew Rutherford (Regius Professor of English at the University of Aberdeen) on *Kipling's Poetry;*

Mrs Lisa Lewis on *Kipling's Women.*

Tickets:— £1.25 including tea and biscuits, from the W.E.A. (London District), 32 Tavistock Square, WC1 (tel: 01-387 8966), *or* from the Secretary of the Kipling Society. All are welcome.

BOOKS

In December 1983 the Macmillan Press will publish *Kipling: Interviews and Recollections,* edited by Harold Orel, in two volumes, retail price £35 for the set. By arrangement with Macmillan we shall be able to offer these two important volumes exclusively to Members of the Kipling Society in the U.K. and Europe at a special price of £25, post and packing included. For trade reasons this offer cannot be made to Members in other parts of the world.

Details and order forms will be included with the December *Journal,* No 228.

Towards the end of 1983 Mallinson Rendel Publishers Ltd, of Wellington, New Zealand, will be publishing *One Lady at Wairakei,* Kipling's little-known and uncollected New Zealand story (1892), edited and with an Introduction by our Member H. J. D. Ricketts. We hope to be able to offer this to Members at a worthwhile discount—roughly £3 as against £4.

Please let the Secretary know if you are interested in these offers.

C.M. & J. S.

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THE SOCIETY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

[see also page 3]

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

[Important: please do not fail to note the various new places where some of these events are to be held.]

Wednesday 12 October The Annual General Meeting, at 6.30 p.m. at the **Royal Air Force Club,** 128 Piccadilly. The A.G.M. will be followed by a Buffet Supper, the cost of which will be £8.50 per head.

The A.G.M. is a public meeting (though only members are entitled to speak and vote). Guests will be welcome to attend the Buffet Supper. The money will be collected at the time. There will be a cash bar.

Please let the Secretary know by 10 October if you will be attending (1) the A.G.M., and (2) the Buffet Supper. This will help with accommodation and catering forecasts.

Saturday 22 October A Joint Afternoon School with the W. E. A. **See the notice on page 3.**

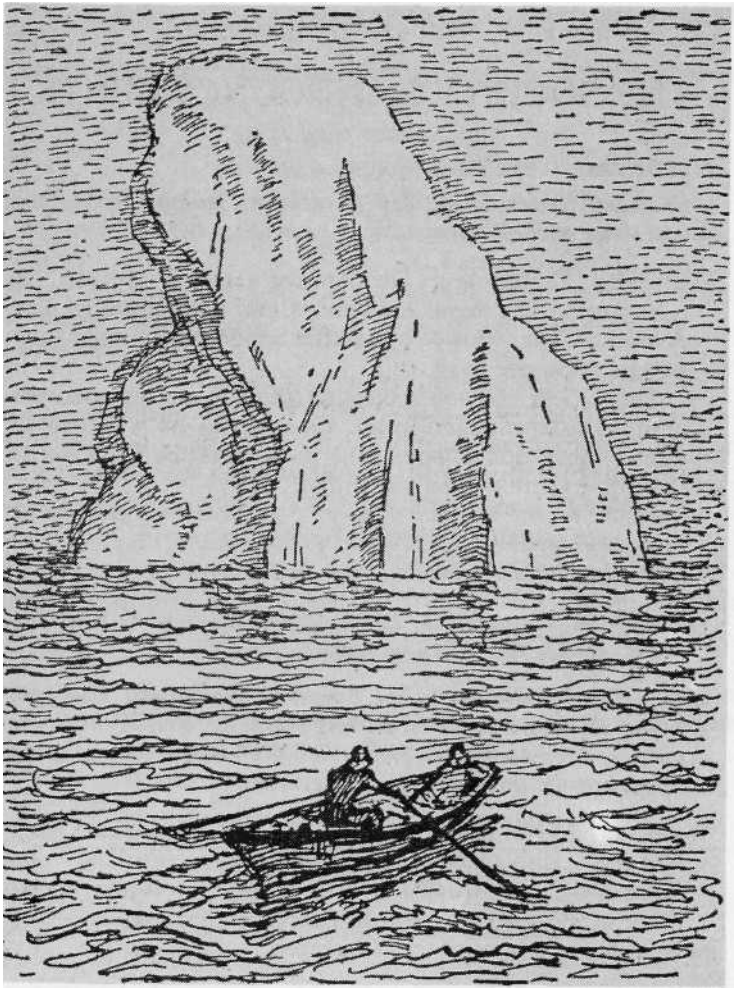
Wednesday 9 November Mr Bryan C. Diamond, M.Sc, on *Some illustrations from Kipling's works: a look at some pictures from books and magazines.* At 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the **'Clarence',** 53 Whitehall, London SW1.

Wednesday 23 November Mr H. J. D. Ricketts (visiting from Victoria University, Wellington, New Zealand) on *Something of SOMETHING OF MYSELF* and on *"Our Lady at Wairakei"* [published in New Zealand in 1892]. At 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the **'Clarence'.**

Wednesday 8 February 1984 Mr Desmond Irvine on [provisional title: to be confirmed in next issue] *Kipling and some other writers.* At 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the **Kipling Room, Brown's Hotel,** Dover and Albemarle Streets, off Piccadilly, London SWl. A bar will be available, also coffee.

Tuesday 10 April 1984 Mr G. H. Webb, O.B.E., Editor of the *Kipling Journal,* on *Kipling's Burma: a Literary and Historical Review,* illustrated. At 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the lecture theatre of the **Society of Antiquaries of London,** Burlington House, Piccadilly. Wine and coffee will be available.

August 1983 CELIA MUNDY & JOHN SHEARMAN



THE DREAD SUMMER BERG

"A whiteness moved in the whiteness of the fog with a breath like the breath of the grave, and there was a roaring, a plunging, and spouting. It was his first introduction to the dread summer berg of the Banks, and he cowered in the bottom of the boat while Manuel laughed." *[Captains Courageous,* chapter v]

[This sketch, artist unknown, is taken—like other drawings by the same hand in this issue—from a French edition of 1921, *Capitaines Courageux* (Librairie Hachette), translated by Louis Fabulet and Charles Fountaine-Walker.—*Ed.*]

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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EDITOR'S NEWS AND NOTES

THE P. H. HOLT TRUST

Our readers will remember that through the generosity of Ocean Transport and Trading, who agreed to give some financial support to this *Journal* in early 1980, a substantial annual endowment was paid to us that year and in 1981 and 1982, through the P. H. Holt Trust. We have expressed our thanks in print each year.

I am happy to report that the Trustees have agreed to extend the endowment for a further three year period, and we have received the 1983 instalment. I know that I speak for the whole Society in recording our gratitude for this kind encouragement.

BROWN'S HOTEL

When in early 1980 we enlarged the *Journal*, the management of Brown's Hotel agreed to place in it a full-page advertisement; we are very glad that this famous establishment, with its exceptionally close associations with Rudyard Kipling, has retained the inside of our front cover ever since.

After their quiet wedding at All Souls, Langham Place, on 18 January 1892, Kipling and his bride stayed at Brown's till 26 January. When they left, their bill for £22 was presented to them by the Manager, Henry Ford, *receipted.* It was his wedding present, a tribute which he described—as Carrie Kipling noted in her diary—"as a slight repayment for the pleasure Rud has given him". (Incidentally, in his *Life* of Kipling, Birkenhead ascribed this gesture to "Brown" himself: but Brown had been dead for decades.)

Though the hotel had been founded by James Brown on a part of its present site as early as 1837, and though he and J. J. Ford, who bought it in 1859, ran it on the conservative lines that became its hallmark, it was J. J. Ford's son Henry who—returning at his father's behest from an adventurous life in Canada where he did building construction work for the expanding Canadian Pacific Railway—became Manager of Brown's in 1882, remained in charge for forty-six years till 1928, and left his stamp indelibly on the establishment. Under his direction, in the unostentatious but comfortable style that he favoured, it became one of the best-known hotels in England.

Henry Ford was prepared to adapt to the technological revolution of his day. For instance, he quickly put in a lift, one of the first in

London. He also installed an early telephone when these primitive devices were very uncommon (in which he was probably influenced by memories of watching the pioneer Alexander Graham Bell, while a guest at Brown's in 1876, making from the hotel the first successful experimental telephone call ever made in England, along a private telegraph wire that ran to J. J. Ford's house four miles away). By 1884 Henry Ford had also provided electric lighting, and next year he put in the comparative novelty of bathrooms (describing them as "fixed baths", to distinguish them from the more usual system of movable zinc hip-baths and hot-water-jugs).

In such respects he kept well up with the times. Among other developments, by the late 1880s he had created a Smoking Room—the use of tobacco being unacceptable in the hotel at large—and soon afterwards a public Dining Room to supplement the normal arrangements whereby guests rented a suite and took their meals in it. However, in 1894, in a booklet for his guests, he stated his conviction that "notwithstanding the many innovations of late years ... no inconsiderable number of visitors to London would probably desire the quiet and privacy of what is known as a "Private Hotel" in place of the bustle and publicity generally associated with the larger hotels".

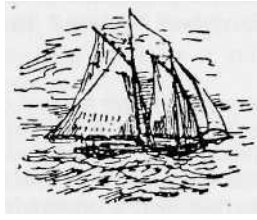
This marked atmosphere of privacy greatly appealed to the Kiplings, who soon made Brown's their standard place of resort when visiting London, and stayed there repeatedly, often for long stretches at a time, over a period of forty-three years. Indeed, they developed the habit of keeping the same suite reserved, so that they knew they could occupy it when they chose. Kipling found the atmosphere conducive to his writing, and Brown's became almost a second home. He was staying there in January 1936 when he suffered the sudden grave illness which resulted a few days later in his death at the Middlesex Hospital.

The list of celebrated people who have stayed at Brown's is a long one, but none enjoyed a closer and more notable link with the place than Kipling; and of all the special rooms remembered for their personal connections, in the words of the hotel's historian, "the one which has perhaps the most appeal because of its association is the Kipling Room"—part of the suite in which he so often used to stay.

It is therefore with particular pleasure that we can report that the management of Brown's have kindly agreed to make the Kipling Room available for some of our meetings in 1984. This will be free of charge, and is a generous concession. We could hardly find a more appropriate and attractive place in which to meet.

KIPLING IN SPANISH

Capitanes Intrépidos is the main subject of the article, opposite. The effective coloration of the book's cover—helmsman, sou'wester, breaking wave—is of course largely lost in this photocopy.



CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS AND THE HISPANIC WORLD

by FIONA WATSON

[Miss Watson went on from Roedean School to St Andrews University, where she has recently taken her M.A. in Hispanic Studies. She was still an undergraduate in 1980, but had spent vacations in Venezuela and was about to take an academic year teaching in a primary school in Spain, when I showed her a Spanish translation of *Captains Courageous* and invited her to describe how Kipling came over in it. In 1981 she complied, but pressure on space has prevented her article from being published sooner.

The book was *Capitanes Intrépidos* (Ediciones Rodas, Madrid, paperback, 1972; translated by Henriette Morvan, with an Introduction by Alfonso Calderon). I had picked it up in a bookshop in Colombia, noting with approval that the publisher's blurb recognised how *el talento de Kipling* had made *Capitanes Intrépidos* much more than a documentary and adventure story—*mucho mâs que una novela documental y de aventuras.*

With a smattering of Spanish, and a dictionary, I had read enough to find the book enjoyable and seemingly accurate. From the familiar opening words—"The weather door of the smoking-room . . ." *(la puerta del fumadero, expuesta al viento*—to the ending—" 'Me too,' quoth Harvey Cheyne" (*Yo también!—anadiô Harvey Cheyne)*—the narrative seemed direct and unimpaired. It was somehow reassuring to find that Harvey, "ignorant that he was lighting that terrible article, a Wheeling 'stogie'", was *ignorando que encendia un terrible Weelingstogie.* Nor did it need much Spanish to recognise *Un famoso paquebote, famoso entre los famosos* as the first line of Tom Platt's song, "There is a crack packet—crack packet o' fame".

However, as I once felt after reading "The Hound of the Baskervilles" in French,

how much of this was mere satisfaction at understanding it at all, coupled with amusement at finding something English dressed in outlandish garb? In short, what would a Spaniard make of *Capitanes Intrépidos]* Was Kipling in translation still Kipling?

Miss Watson now helps to bridge this gap between cultures. In her view, though Kipling's inimitable *style* inevitably suffers substantial change, the *narrative* comes over well. If this is so, even though Kipling's magical touch with his own language is lost to the foreign reader, what survives is well worth having: Kipling was no mere stylist but, as Calderón describes him, a *cuentista cabal,* a consummate story-teller.—£d.]

> Now our Dr. Conland had served in that fleet when he was young. One thing leading to another, as happens in this world, I embarked on a little book which was called *Captains Courageous.* My part was the writing; his the details . . . The book was not all reporterage. I wanted to see if I could catch and hold something of a rather beautiful localised American atmosphere that was already beginning to fade. [Kipling, in his memoirs, entitled *Something of Myself]*
>
> El doctor Conland había servido en esta flota en su juventud. Como una cosa conduce a la otra, me lancé a escribir un librito: *Capitanes Intrépidos.* Mi participación fue en la redaction; los detalles fueron de él ... El libro no fue todo labor de reportero. Traté de coger algo de la atmósfera local de America, que estaba comenzando a desaparecer. [Kipling, en su libro de memorias intitulado *Algo de mi mismo*]

First I must confess that I was an almost total newcomer to Kipling, having only read as a child *The Jungle Books* and *Just-So Stories,* when the Editor suggested that I might write a short article on how, in *Capitanes Intrépidos,* Kipling translated into Spanish.

The inevitable *linguistic* and *cultural* differences must be stressed—particularly the latter. (For example, being English, I have automatically certain prejudices according to my socio-cultural background.) A translation is not unlike the transposition of a symphonic recording: it almost always sounds different from the

original score. In turn, every recording is unique, depending greatly on the conductor and the orchestra. A translation is analogous: it is subject to thousands of varying interpretations. When making comparisons, it can be easy to take a purely linguistic stance, forgetting cultural differences.

How much of a work is lost in translation? Naturally this depends on each individual work, its author, its translator, and the reader—and of course their respective emotions and environments. Moreover, one has to bear in mind the subject-matter, the language it is being translated into (and *its* respective culture and stage of development), and finally its temporal setting. These may further enhance or hamper its impact. Naturally, every translation loses something of the original, however subtle the loss—a different psychological view of a character, or a stylistically altered description, for instance. (This does not necessarily mean a translation *distorts.* It merely becomes an interpretation of the original author's interpretation of any given subject.)

In linguistic comparisons, it is deceptively easy to lapse into criticism of the *text.* To sum up the task involved in my assessing the Spanish version of *Captains Courageous,* we are faced by at least three basic culture differences: I am an *Englishwoman* looking at a *translation into Spanish* of an *Englishman's view* of the Grand Banks off *North America,* which will in turn be read by people in such vastly differing cultures as *Spain, Peru* or *Mexico.* Fraught as they are with personal interpretation—as any literary experience is—the differences and comparisons are fascinating and seemingly endless. Yet one is forced to generalise, paradoxically from a personal point of view.

It may be pertinent to look at a few background points. About the time that Kipling was writing, certain new movements were being rejected or adopted in certain literary circles. Emile Zola had rejected, or rather built on, a Dickensian realism, for an exaggerated portrayal of social realities, or "naturalism". Spain had similar critics, or conveyers, of life around them, e.g. Blasco Ibáñez and Galdós. In South America, writers tended towards "regionalism". The vast majority of people were illiterate, and the intelligentsia predominantly urban. The South American writer thus felt a certain sense of responsibility towards his own developing country, and also to the various classes—being a link between them. Not surprisingly, all the great South American works over this period are deliberately placed in a setting of South American *exotica. Captains Courageous* too is set in a distinct region: it is "A Story of the Grand Banks" (*el Banco de Terranova).* I think this is one reason why it translates well into Spanish—because Latin-Americans and Spanish are very regional-

istic: an Andalusian is an Andalusian first and foremost, *then* a Spaniard.

One of the greatest regionalistic novels, *Don Segundo Sombra* by Ricardo Güiraldes (1886-1927), is strikingly similar to *Captains Courageous.* It likewise portrays the growing-up of a boy. The protagonist meets a *gaucho* and goes off into the *pampa* and, like Harvey Cheyne, is taught the greater values of life by hard experience. It is also a lament by the author, for the disappearing life of the *gaucho*—in a rather Quixotic fashion, as he and the boy sally forth to take on a sceptical world. Therefore the appeal is not so much linguistic as thematic.

The fact that *Captains Courageous* has a certain universality contributes to its success, especially nowadays, whether in Spanish or English. Everyone can extract the moral: how Harvey grows from a spoilt boy into the tough but responsible young man. It is the universal transition from the adolescent to the adult, that everyone experiences. Moreover these values can be found in everyday life, whether in 19th century America or 20th century Britain. Hard work, honesty and simplicity are symbolised by the *We're Here* and her crew, contrasting with the "good life" of Mr Cheyne, won by dubious methods. (Idealistically maybe these two worlds fuse in Harvey at the end.)

Another reason why it translates so well is because it has an epic quality, what Alfonso Calderón in his Introduction to this edition calls *una visión . . . moderadamente épica,* which can appeal to anybody, social customs and conditioning apart. Calderón has captured this well, noting that there is a tendency today for "exotica" to be sought outside this planet *(Hoy, las capacidades exóticas abandonan el planeta)* and to be found in technical know-how and *la ciencia-ficción.*

The world of the Banks is a small lost world, but it retains its sense of the exotic as only something in the past can. It is a distant world of rudimentary but sincere values where man is seen working with, and relying on, nature, rather than against it. The theme of man in nature is universal, and particularly dominant in Latin-American literature. Horacio Quiroga wrote many stories inspired by Kipling and Edgar Allan Poe, about man's struggle to survive in the Amazon. Recently Gabriel Garcia Marquez published *A Hundred Years of Solitude,* which spans the life of a family living in the South American jungle.

On a more technical plane, there are several things to be said about the actual translation in comparison with the original. First, there are a certain number of modernisms and words left in English, for instance *sandwich, lunch, steward, jersey, boarding-house.* This may be in order to retain an American-English flavour, since they can

THE DORIES GATHERED

"The dories gathered in clusters, separated, reformed, and broke again, all heading one way; while men hailed and whistled and cat-called and sang…" *[Captains Courageous*, chapter VIII, when the Bank fleet anchor near the Virgin]

"Las lanchas se juntaban en grupos, se separaban, juntábanse y apartábanse de nuevo, siguiendo todas la misma dirección, mientras los marineros silbaban, gritaban y cantaban . . . *[Capitanes Intrépidos]*

be adequately translated by Spanish words.

In certain cases the use of English words works to advantage. For example Kipling calls Harvey's mother "Mrs. Cheyne", but Henriette Morvan decides to call her *Mistress* Cheyne [italics, *sic],* thus helping to date the work and adding an archaic quality. Sometimes by the use of a term such as *paquebote* (for a liner), which is an archaic word, the same effect is produced. Also from time to time she translates the 2nd person singular as *vos,* which in certain South American countries is the familiar form, but in Castilian Spanish is archaic.

Similarly, ship's jargon and everyday slang are not fully translated in their ripeness. Dan says to Harvey:

> "I tell you, Harve, there ain't money in Gloucester 'ud hire me to ship on a reg'lar trawler. It may be progressive, but, barrin' thet, it's the putterin'est, slimjammest business top of earth.' [chapter III]

The Spanish reads more sedately and less expressively:

> "Dígote, Harvey, que no hay bastante dinero en Gloucester para alquilarme y embarcarme en un *trawler.* (Barco de pesca, a la cuerda.) Ello será un progreso; pero, aparte de esto, es el más ingrato de los oficios." ["I tell you, Harvey, there is not enough money in Gloucester to hire me and put me on a *trawler.* [A vessel for fishing with a trawl.] It would be progress, but apart from that it is the most unrewarding of jobs."]

Not only is Dan's slang lost, but the actual way in which he speaks.

Other regional accents, such as Manuel's Portuguese one ["You dreeft—dreeft to me, and I make a big feesh of you . . . "], and that of the German offering the Wheeling 'stogie' on board the liner ["Dot is der broper apparatus to smoke, my young friendt. . . You vill dry it? Yes? Den you vill be efer so happy . . ."] are not transcribed.

Many nautical terms and examples of ship's jargon are also not translated. The translator seems to concentrate more on the novel as a tale than as a nautical document—which is understandable, since it is primarily a story. (Sometimes it can work even to the English reader's advantage, as some nautical terms are explained: often the translator assiduously explains something in brackets or footnotes.)

The translation may lack flavour at times, but sometimes it becomes more picturesque and stronger than the original (and a

Spaniard could equally accuse *us* of having no sufficient translation for expressions in his own language). There are several amusing examples of this backfiring process. For instance when, in the dory, handling unaccustomed oars with difficulty and effort,

> Harvey grunted [chapter III]

this is translated as

> Harvey sudaba la gota gorda [literally, sweated fat drops].

Again, when the oar kicked Harvey under the chin

> and knocked him backwards,

in Spanish this becomes

> y le quitó cuatro dientes [literally, he lost four teeth].

In the descriptions of the sea, a lot of the personification is lost, which detracts from the sea's great presence as a "character" in the story. When the *We're Here* is slipping away from the other schooners in the fog in chapter III,

> there was nothing to be seen ten feet beyond the surging jib-boom, while alongside rolled the endless procession of solemn, pale waves whispering and lipping one to another.

The Spanish reads:

> no se podia distinguir nada a diez pies de la proa; pero a bordo seguía la procesión de las olas que se amontonaban unas tras otras. [literally, nothing could be distinguished ten feet from the bow; but alongside the procession of waves continued, piling up one behind another.]

Here the sense of movement and drama is lost by not translating *surging;* the waves are not personified nearly as well, because the adjectives *solemn* and *pale* are left out; also the sense of sound in *whispering* is not conveyed. One can pick out other examples which are not translated to their full potential; in particular, a lot of onomatopoeia, an important part in Kipling's attempt to convey the

sights and sounds *on* board the schooner, is not conveyed at all.

The songs are interesting. Some are translated, for instance:

> Up jumped the mackerel with his stripèd back.
> Reef in the mainsail and haul on the tack;
> *For* it's windy weather . . . [chapter IV]

This is very partially rendered in Spanish, without rhyme or assonance:

> El escombro de dorado lomo
> saltó en el aire;
> tomó un rizo en la vela . . .

One ditty is translated by something totally different, by incorporating the text that follows into the rhyme: thus, while omitting the original song, the translator does give a substitute, albeit from the English text. Interestingly, whereas Kipling includes more than one French ditty sung by French sailors in French, for instance

> La brigantine
> Qui va tourner,
> Roule et s'incline
> Pour m'entraîner.
>
> Oh, Vierge Marie,
> Pour moi priez Dieu!
> Adieu, patrie;
> Québec, adieu!

Henriette Morvan on the other hand turns the French into Spanish:

> El bergantin
> en el que voy
> rueda y se inclina
> para irse a fondo;
>
> ¡Adiós,
>
> Virgen Maria,
> rogad por mi
> patria mia,
> Quebec, adiós!

Perhaps this is assuming that not every reader will understand French. Yet she retains the 'Franglais' that the crew of the *We're Here* shout to the French barque from St Malo, such as *backez-vous! standez-awayez!* [chapter v]. In leaving the anglicised French the translator is inconsistent; and the humour might be lost on the Spaniard who understands neither English nor French.

This leads on to one of the biggest problems in translation: how to convey humour and irony. In chapter IX Mrs Cheyne wants to give Manuel a reward for saving Harvey; but he will not accept the money, and persuades her to give it to his priest for charitable purposes. When she does so,

> Manuel, faithful son of the Church, appropriated all the blessings showered on her for her charity. 'That letta me out,' said he. 'I have now ver' good absolutions for six months'; and he strolled forth to get a handkerchief for the girl of the hour and to break the hearts of all the others.

Unfortunately this passage is not translated at all, so the humour and the slight dig at religious hypocrisy are lost.

Even the mistranslation of one word can be of importance. Kipling uses an unusual simile to describe the tooting of the foghorn in chapter V,

> a machine whose note is that of a consumptive elephant.

The Spanish version is rather sedate, and the animal is simply "sick" *(elefante enfermo).* However, in general, much humour is retained. When in chapter II Harvey is taken unawares by a grampus,

> at the first splash a silvery-white ghost rose bolt upright from the oily water and sighed a weird whistling sigh. Harvey started back with a shout . . .

The Spanish captures this beautifully:

> Al primer tiro que echó al agua, se levantó sobre el tranquilo mar una sombra blanca plateada, exhalando un suspiro sibilante y agorero. Harvey retrocedió horrorizado, dando un grito . . .

The long vowel sounds in the second phrase, and the alliteration in *suspiro sibilante,* lend themselves to the picture of the grampus slowly and ponderously rising from the sea with comical effect to produce a comical reaction.

Occasionally the characters become distorted through the translation. For instance a vital clue to Mr Cheyne's character is missed out. He has arrived in Gloucester by rail in his "private car" to pick up Harvey:

> With the 'Constance', which in his heart of hearts he loathed, departed the last remnant of Cheyne's millionairedom, and he gave himself up to an energetic idleness . . . [chapter X]

In the Spanish this is totally omitted, and so does not capture the glimpse into Cheyne: he realises the futility of enormous wealth and obviously appreciates the naturalness, simplicity and honesty of the

fishermen's lives. He recognises that he has none of these things.

Though it errs in some details, the translation does on the whole do justice to the text. The psychological aspects of the characters come out well. The descriptions of the sea are in the main detailed, and evoke the sense of vastness and power that this force obviously has in the book; but perhaps the *We're Here* does riot come across as being another force, or person, in the lives of her crew. The superstitious nature of the sea folk, and the supernatural, are amply conveyed, especially as the translator and the editor provide some useful background information.

The decision to translate the book into *modern* Spanish is debatable. On the one hand it tends to lose its authenticity and exotic flavour; yet on the other it makes it clearer and easier to understand, thus focussing on its universal and ageless appeal. To require absolute faithfulness to a text can often make it sound stilted and unnatural, so the translator must be allowed licence to be flexible, and to manipulate the language without distorting the actual sense.

It can be easy to be clogged by detail, and thereby fail to feel the mood of the passage being translated—rather like seeing a room so cluttered with ornaments that you cannot appreciate them. Also this is pertinent, with regard to the *type* of reader one is catering for—whether an intellectual élite or a random selection of ordinary individuals including schoolboys and students and sailors. In the case of *Captains Courageous,* an adventure story with a moral, the latter range is far more likely: therefore a translation like this one, which concerns itself with conveying the story generally and fluently, is more appropriate.

Something of this is well summed up in the words of the well-known Spanish naturalist Felix Rodriguez de la Fuente, in his encyclopaedia of fauna:

> Es cierto que las personas sensillas, y sobre todo los niños, gustan de las narraciones poeticas e incluso fabulosas acerca de la naturaleza. Yo puedo decir que *El Libro de la Selva* de Rudyard Kipling, y *El maravilloso viaje de Nils Holgersson con los gansos salvajes* de Selma Lagerlof, ejercieron en mi una influencia profunda e incluso formadosa.
>
> [There is no doubt that simple people, and above all children, like poetic, even fabulous, accounts of nature. I can say that *The Jungle Book* by Rudyard Kipling and *The Marvellous Journey of Nils Holgersson with the Wild Geese* by Selma Lagerlof had a profound, even a formative, influence on me.]

A KIPLING CONNECTION IN TENNESSEE

by ISABEL A. B. STANLEY

[Mrs Isabel Stanley, of Johnson City, Tennessee, U.S.A., has very considerately written to us about an interesting Kipling letter. The original is in her family's possession, and she has sent us a photocopy, which we reproduce on pages 22 and 23. Cyril Herford, to whom it was addressed, was Mrs Stanley's husband's grandfather; she found the letter last year, tucked inside a book that had been awarded to him as a school prize, a century earlier, at the United Services College, Devon, where he had been one of Kipling's close contemporaries and school friends.

Herford's entry in the Old U.S.C. Register (the 1936 revision of an edition of 1912) reads as follows: *Herford, Cyril Francis. Son of the late Captain Ivan S. Andrew Herford, 90th Foot (Crimea). Born 30th March, 1865, in Italy. January, 1878 to December, 1882. Coll. No. 265; Pugh's House. Went out to Florida, U.S.A.*

From this it will be seen that Herford was born in the same year as Kipling, was put into the same House in the same term, and was allotted the next school number (Kipling's being 264). We also know that Herford was associated with Kipling in putting forward a motion in the school's Debating Society in 1882, "that the advance of the Russians in Central Asia is hostile to the British Power". He left school a term after Kipling did, and they remained thereafter at least occasionally in touch.

Mrs Stanley understands that other letters to Herford from Kipling used to exist, and she is hopeful that a search through family papers may yet bring them to light, and enable us to share in the discovery. We are grateful to her. Mrs Stanley, who took her M.A. in English Literature after producing a thesis on Blake, which involved research in Britain, is a member of our Society.—*Ed.]*

Rudyard Kipling and Cyril F. I. Herford were classmates at the United Services College (Westward Ho!) in Devon from 1878 to 1882. In later years the paths of the two men diverged widely, but the friendship continued. Herford came to the United States as a young man, lived briefly with fellow English expatriates in the Utopian community of Rugby founded by Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, in middle Tennessee, then settled in the historic two-hundred-year-old Mansion House in Tellico Plains, Tennessee, after his marriage to Sarah Boyce.

Herford corresponded with Kipling from time to time. The 31 December 1935 Kipling letter (written eighteen days before Kipling's death) alludes to a reunion of their old classmates, many of whom were immortalised in *Stalky & Co.* Beresford (M'Turk in *Stalky & Co.)* was Kipling's room-mate, while Dunsterville (Stalky) and

BURWASH
ETCHINGHAM

BATEMAN'S
BURWASH
·SUSSEX·

31st December 1935.

PRIVATE.

Dear Harford,

I'm getting used now to our old crowd turning up. This summer I went to a lunch of O.U.S.C's in London. There must have been a hundred and more of us - mostly of our vintage. Remington, Edwards ("Tuppeny",) Collum, Holland, Merriman (ma. I think) and of course Beresford, who is exactly like he was, and Dunsterville. Also Old Oke of the Common Room was dug up from Devon - he can't be much more than ninety, I think and sat full of delight just behind me at the table. Godley, - after your time, I think - presided. We drank to the absent - and there were many, because no school of our size has been so severely used in war as we were.

I've never been south of Baltimore and all I know of the Smoky Mountains is a book called "The Prophet of Smoky Mountain". You must be pretty average fit to go prospecting unless your ore is of a tamer variety than I've met in South Africa.

Good luck to you and yours and thank you for writing. If you're this side the water next summer, come along and let's meet.

Always,

Rudyard Kipling. O.U.S.C.
Rs. 264

Cyril T. Harford Esq.,
Tellico Plains,
Tennessee,
U.S.A.

[The background of this letter is explained in the article beginning on page 21]

"Tuppenny" Edwardes were also close friends of Kipling, and of course appear in the book.

The novel *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains,* which Kipling mentions in the second paragraph, was published by a Tennessee writer, Mary Noailles Murfree (*pseudonym* Charles Egbert Craddock) in 1886, and had some popularity in Kipling's day as a portrait of mountain life.

The reference to prospecting, in the second paragraph, concerns the mineral explorations in which Herford was involved. Herford's two daughters, Marion H. Carson and Francis H. Stanley, report that their father always found just enough gold, silver and copper in the Tellico area to keep his hopes alive, but never enough to be commercially profitable. Kipling suggests that Herford must be fit, to prospect for gold; however, Tennessee does not have the difficult deep mining of gold with which Kipling would have been familiar in South Africa. Tennessee ore is "of a tamer variety"; indeed it is almost non-existent.

Herford was always proud of a small scar on his left shoulder which Kipling gave him in a duel at Westward Ho! The fight must not have been over anything of significance, because Herford could never remember the cause, and the two men remained friends. It is a shame that Kipling's death on 18 January 1936 prevented a reunion of the old schoolmates. Given the slow progress of overseas mail in 1936, it is possible that Kipling was dead by the time Herford received his letter.

NOTE ON THE TEXT

Kipling twice corrected the mis-spelling "Horford" (by pen), but did not similarly correct the name on the envelope. "Cyril T." ought to have been "Cyril F.". The other alterations (parenthesis and inverted commas in line 4, comma in line 11) were made by pen.

EDITOR'S NOTES

1. *Date.* The previous day (30 December) had been Kipling's 70th birthday. It was possibly in that connection that Herford had written to him. Mrs Kipling's diary refers to over 100 telegrams, and many scores of birthday letters, which she spent 31 December (her own birthday) helping to deal with.

2. *O.U.S.C. Lunch.* The United Services College old boys' association had been energetically revived in 1934 after many years of comparative inactivity.

3. *"Remington".* A slip. Major-General J. C. Rimington, CB, CSI (1864-1942).

4. *"Edwards ('Tuppeny')".* Two slips. Colonel S. M. ('Tuppenny') Edwardes, CB, CMG, DSO (1863-1937), is intended. He was "Dick Four" in *Stalky & Co.*

5. *"Collum".* G. A. Collum, born 1865.

6. *"Holland".* Lt. Colonel G. L. Holland, MVO, born 1861.

7. *"Merriman (ma.)".* There were three Merriman brothers at the U.S.C. and all became soldiers. The eldest, Lieutenant C.M.H., was born in 1861 and died in 1890. The second (Lt-Colonel R. G., born 1866) and the third (Lt-Colonel A. B., born 1878) were both alive in 1935.

8. *"Old Oke".* He featured in *Stalky & Co.* ("An Unsavoury Interlude").

9. *"Godley".* General Sir Alexander Godley, GCB, KCMG (1867-1957). But he had joined Kipling and Herford in Pugh's house in January 1882, so was not "after your time". (In fact, Herford had stayed on one term after Kipling.)

10. *"south of Baltimore".* This is not quite accurate: Kipling had more than once visited Washington, D.C.

ECHOES OF THE "BOLIVAR"

From Mr J. H. McGivering comes a copy of *Bulliver* (No 80, Spring 1983), Journal of the Dart Valley Railway Association—an organisation of steam enthusiasts who preserve and run a railway in Devonshire. In it he had noticed an article by its Editor, Mr R. P. Jones, who discusses the mystery attaching to the name "Bulliver".

The magazine had adopted it because for generations it had been "synonymous with the ex-G.W.R. Totnes to Ashburton Branch, now the Dart Valley Railway", though there was doubt whether the name strictly applied to one or more venerable steam locomotives (the 14XX 0-4-2 tank engine pattern) or to the little local trains they drew. Some people thought it derived from Kipling's "Ballad of the *Bolivar",* because in times past schoolboys of the King Edward VI Grammar School, Totnes, "as they journeyed home along the branch on the late-afternoon train", used to sing:

> Pistons clanking to and fro, the firebox glowing red,
> Onward speeds old *Bulliver* along the steel-laid bed,
> Beside the Dart to Staverton, through Hood to Buckfastleigh—
> Past Pridham's steams old *Bulliver,* to Ashburton for tea!

Actually there can be no doubt. It is not a bad parody of the rhythm and style of Kipling's ballad of 1890 in which he describes the appalling winter voyage of an unseaworthy tramp steamer from Sunderland to Bilbao:

> Racketing her rivets loose, smoke-stack white as snow,
> All the coals adrift adeck, half the rails below,
> Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a dray—
> Out we took the *Bolivar,* out across the Bay!

KIPLING IN CLASS

by ENAMUL KARIM

[Dr Enamul Karim's occasional letters and articles have long been a feature of this *Journal.* His most recent contribution was "The River of the Arrow", a study of the Lama's quest in *Kim,* in our issue of March 1981.

It was at about that time that he told me, from his own teaching experience, of the impact of Kipling on American students. I invited him to submit a short article, which he readily did. Pressure on space then deferred its publication until the present moment, which is also an opportune one since Dr Karim's account is suitably complemented by Sir Angus Wilson's address at our recent Annual Luncheon, reported in this issue.

I summarised Dr Karim's academic career in my prefatory note to his March 1981 article, so will merely say here that he was educated in Calcutta, Dacca and the United States, and is now an American citizen. He is an enthusiastic member of the Kipling Society, but also speaks and writes with authority over a wide field of English Literature, and is Professor of English at Rockford College, Illinois.—*Ed.]*

In January 1981, for the first time in nineteen years of college teaching, I decided to introduce a single undergraduate course in English, on "The Children's Stories of Rudyard Kipling".

The course, open to all, had no prerequisites, and could be taken with or without "academic credit". Though I teach Kipling regularly as part of my course on 19th Century British Novels, I have never taught Kipling exclusively, for English as well as non-English degree students. To my pleasant surprise, the course attracted a large number of students from various departments, particularly Arts, History, Political Science, Economics, and Education and Child Development—in addition to English, and Languages. I was of course delighted with the enrolment, and felt that perhaps I might have underestimated Kipling's reputation among my American undergraduates. So I decided to collect some data from my class.

The very first day of class I asked my students whether they had read Kipling's books, or heard his name. The responses were revealing. Most of them had seen his stories on television—"The Man Who Would Be King", "'Rikki-Tikki-Tavi'", *Captains Courageous,* "Gunga Din", and Walt Disney's production of *The Jungle Books.* Many of them had read Kipling's stories, or heard their records, in school libraries. Several had studied *Kim* in an English elective

[optional] course in their high schools; and a few of them mentioned that their primary school teachers used to read Kipling's stories to the entire class.

Since this was an experimental class, I offered it only for a three-week period, requiring *Just-So Stories, The Jungle Books* and *Kim*, plus Carrington's *Life* of Kipling for secondary reading. After reading each one of Kipling's books, students were asked to evaluate them.

They found *Just-So Stories* "enchanting" and "fascinating". The book served as a reminder of their "childhood days of fantasy" when the real, the unreal and the supernatural blended into one unified vision of the living, colourful world. They felt that the stories were reflections of a child's imagination, where the humans and the animals co-exist, and the unreal appears real. One student pointed out that, in spite of the fantasy, there was a degree of "experiential logic" that made the stories believable to a child. For example "The Elephant's Child" was based on the simple experience of a child, that when a soft substance was being pulled in opposite directions it gradually lengthened out. Kipling framed the story in a larger context, but that "experiential logic" accounted for the elephant's trunk.

The students were deeply touched by Mowgli in *The Jungle Books.* Several of them pointed out the poignancy of Mowgli's predicament when rejected by both the Man-Pack and the Wolf-Pack, and of his sincere attempt to understand the reasons for his rejection—

> The Man-Pack are angry. They throw stones and talk child's talk. My mouth is bleeding. Let us run away . . .
>
> Wolf-Pack, ye have cast me out too. The Jungle is shut to me and the village gates are shut. Why? . . .
>
> I am two Mowglis . . .
>
> *Ahae!* My heart is heavy with the things that I do not understand.
> *[from* "Mowgli's Song"]

The students deeply sympathised with Mowgli's crisis of identity, as if he symbolised the problems of adolescents in an adult world. One student suggested that the Jungle could be a metaphor for the Garden of Eden.

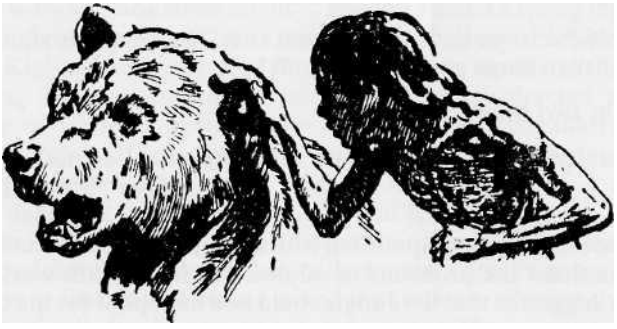
Kim was appreciated more than I had expected. I provided extensive information and explanations regarding Indian religions, traditions, peoples, culture and history, plus a list of Indian words with corresponding English meanings.

They liked Kim, but they loved the Lama. They followed Kim with

suspense and curiosity through all his exciting adventures, and in the process they got a glimpse of India and its people, traditions and landscape. The picturesqueness and vividness of Kipling's descriptions, and his photographic observation of men and manners, deeply impressed them. However it was the Lama, with his radiant kindness and compassion, who won their hearts. When I asked my class whether Kim would follow the Lama or return to the Secret Service, the responses were varied: however, one girl quickly remarked that the Lama was too old to live long.

Kim is one of those great books that can be studied, enjoyed and understood on multiple planes. Many students missed the philosophical and spiritual depth, and the vision, of the book; and could not perceive the relationship of the parts to the whole. Since *Kim* is a synthesis and a transmutation of Kipling's personal experiences of India, it is like a piece of precious tapestry where the myriad threads are interwoven to create the whole: hence, without the understanding of the relationship of the parts to the vision of the whole, the essence of the whole work of art is often lost.

The Kipling course was a rewarding experience for me. I was encouraged by the sustained enthusiasm of my students in reading, discussing and analysing his works. Several students wrote perceptive papers on Kipling. Several "upperclassmen" told me that they would buy Kipling's books for their brothers and sisters. I felt happy that the ripple effect would extend beyond the classroom.



"LET GO MY EAR"

"The Jungle is full of such tales . . . Let go my ear, Little Brother." [From "How Fear Came". One of Stuart Tresilian's charming decorations for the 1955 World Books/Macmillan edition of *The Jungle Books.]*

MOWGLI'S JUNGLE

by ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

[Roger Lancelyn Green's name requires no introduction for anyone familiar with Kipling studies. It is enough to say that he is a distinguished man of letters, a writer of a catholic and readable array of books, a leading authority on Kipling and his period, and in his leisure was Editor of this *Journal* for twenty-three years, from 1957 to 1979.

In 1975 he published a collection of light but learned essays, entitled *"Holmes, This is Amazing":* they were straight-faced but "unorthodox" investigations into the quasi-factual background of some literary episodes relating to Sherlock Holmes, Allan Quatermain, Lord Greystoke (better known as Tarzan of the Apes), and others. One of the others was Mowgli, whose history was discussed in a piece entitled "Mowgli's Jungle".

Perhaps on account of the Editor's modesty, it never appeared in the *Kipling Journal.* It is certainly overdue, and we have pleasure in reprinting it now, with the author's approval. Readers will see at once that Mowgli is treated as a real person—this being of course consistent with the investigative position adopted in the other essays in the volume in which "Mowgli's Jungle" first appeared.—*Ed.]*

> It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seeonee hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest.

This first sentence of "Mowgli's Brothers", the first narrative in *The Jungle Book,* seems straightforward enough, and should set Mowgli's jungle adventures in the neighbourhood of Seeonee, near the Waingunga River, not far from Khaniwara in Madhya Pradesh (the old Central Provinces).

But there are several curious complications in the setting of Mowgli's adventures that have never been explained; and it seems almost as if their true site was being carefully concealed. Certainly Kipling changed his mind about the locality of Mowgli's jungle after he had written "In the Rukh" and the first draft of "Mowgli's Brothers".

When "In the Rukh" was reprinted, with illustrations, in the American *McClure's Magazine* in June 1896, Kipling added a prefatory footnote:

> This tale, published in "Many Inventions" (D. Appleton & Co.), 1893, was the first written of the Mowgli stories, though it deals with the closing chapters of his career—namely his introduction to white men, his marriage and civilization, all of which took place, we may infer, some two or three years after he had finally broken away from his friends in the jungle *(vide* "The Spring Running", Second Jungle Book). Those who know the geography of India will see that it is a far cry from Seeonee to a Northern forest reserve; but though many curious things must have befallen Mowgli, we have no certain record of his adventures during those wanderings. There are, however, legends.—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Kipling did not, unfortunately, tell any of these legends; indeed, some of Mowgli's remarks in this story seem to have puzzled him, for he added two more notes. "A woman, an old woman, beloved, saw me playing by night with my brethren in the crops," says Mowgli; and Kipling comments, rather improbably:

> The scornful allusion here is clearly to Buldeo the Shikarri, who … interfered with Mowgli when the latter was skinning Shere Khan. It is not easy to understand the reference to "playing by night with my brethren", unless, indeed, Mowgli while among the villagers had stolen out to gambol with Grey Brother, and was under suspicion of wizardry before the fight with Shere Khan.—R.K.

And after Mowgli's confession that "From village to village I went, . . . a herder of cattle, a tender of buffaloes, a tracker of game," his biographer notes:

> It is to be observed that Mowgli here makes no reference to the circumstances of The Spring Running; but evidently he wandered far among men after his return to Messua's hut *(vide* Second Jungle Book).—R.K.

Kipling himself did not make any mention of Mowgli's later jungle adventures when, so it seems, he had decided not to tell any more of them after '"Tiger! Tiger!'" for he concluded this with the statement that

> Mowgli went away and hunted with the four cubs in the Jungle from that day on. But he was not always alone, because years afterward he became a man and married. But that is a story for grown-ups.

The story referred to is, of course, "In the Rukh", written before any of the others, which tells how Mowgli as a grown man, but still accompanied by the four wolves, took service under Gisborne of the Department of Woods and Forests, and married the daughter of his butler, Abdul Gafur.

The site of Gisborne's *rukh* is uncertain—since cartographers have failed to identify the Kanye river which flowed through it; but it was presumably over a hundred miles south of the Changamanga Reserve, itself about fifty miles south-west of Lahore, on the edge of the Rechna Doab. For Mowgli tells Gisborne that he came "from over there", pointing "towards the north".

Unless Mowgli had wandered many hundreds of miles up into the forests of the Doon in the north of India, near Simla, "north" seems to be a deliberate blind—or else a simple mistake on Kipling's part. It would certainly be impossible if Mowgli really came from Seeonee in Central India: but there is good evidence that the whole setting in and near Seeonee was a conscious attempt to disguise the real location of Mowgli's earlier life in the jungle.

Kipling tells us in the Preface to *The Jungle Book* that

> the adventures of Mowgli were collected at various times and in various places from a multitude of informants, most of whom desire to preserve the strictest anonymity,

and he only mentions one *of the Bandar-log,* "an esteemed resident of the upper slopes of Jakko" near Simla, who presumably supplied information about the attempt to abduct Mowgli, described in "Kaa's Hunting"; and

> Sahi, a savant of infinite research and industry, a member of the recently disbanded Seeonee pack,

who, however, is only credited with "valuable data on people, manners and customs".

When it became necessary to disguise the location of Mowgli's adventures it may well have been Sahi who gave Kipling the idea of using Seeonee, and who supplied him with any necessary information about the district—which Kipling had never visited, and knew only from descriptions.

The moment at which Kipling suddenly found himself compelled to change the situation of Mowgli's home jungle to Seeonee came between the writing of the first and second drafts of "Mowgli's Brothers". The first draft begins:

> It was about seven o'clock of a very warm evening among the Aravulli hills when the Father Wolf woke up from his day's sleep.

A little further on we are told that

> the wolves were talking in their own language, but the way in which animals talk is very much the same as the way in which the men round them talk. So these wolves spoke like the Mewari herdsmen whose goats they stole.

When Shere Khan is first mentioned we are told that he was

> the Tiger who lived near a branch of the Bunas river twenty miles away,

and Tabaqui explains that Shere Khan

> "is coming here to hunt for man, and he will lie up at the Bunas in his own country".

During the 'Over-looking' at the Council Rock the Lone Wolf, Akela, tells the Pack the advantages of having a man's cub as one of their number—among them that the local villagers will believe that they are all demons and leave them alone:

> "Many years ago, before I could kill, so my father told me, a grey pack that hunted below the Abu hills kept with them a man's cub and till that man's cub died no villager stirred from his hut at night—no, not though the pack killed the goats at his doorstep. They believed that he was a demon . . ."

And finally, Bagheera tells Mowgli that

> "I was born among men, and it was among men that my mother died—in the cages of the palace at Oodeypore, a week's hunting from here".

Now the Aravulli Hills, Mount Abu and the Bunas River are all within a fifty mile radius of Oodeypore (now usually spelt Udaipur) in the district of Mewar in the State of Rajputana; nearby also is Bhurtpur where Hathi and his sons sacked the fields—and Udaipur is also much too far from Seeonee for there to be any likelihood of Bagheera travelling over a thousand miles after his escape from the King's Cages which still stand at the foot of the hill below the Palace.

There is also the matter of the Cold Lairs. Of course there are many ruined cities decaying in the jungles throughout India—but there does not seem to be one reasonably near the Seeonee district. On the other hand, not seventy miles from Udaipur and much nearer to the Aravulli Hills stands Chitor (usually known as Chitorgarh to distinguish it from the modern town that has only sprung up at its

"A GREAT ROOFLESS PALACE"

Roger Lancelyn Green believes that Chitor fulfils every requirement for the original Cold Lairs. This picture, from a colour photograph by L. A. Crozier (whose letter on Sites in Kipling's India in this issue is very relevant), shows the Palace of Rana Kumbha at Chitor. Kipling, who had visited Chitor when it was more jungly than today, may well have had this building in mind when he described the ruinous palace on the hill, in "Kaa's Hunting".

foot during the last few years: it was still only a village when I visited it in 1968, a growing town in 1971)—and Chitor fulfils every requirement for the original Cold Lairs.

> Some king had built it long ago on a little hill. You could still trace the stone causeways that led up to the ruined gates ... A great roofless palace crowned the hill, and the marble of the courtyards and the fountains was split, and stained with red and green, and the very cobble-stones in the courtyard where the king's elephants used to live had been thrust up and apart by grasses and young trees. From the palace you could see the rows and rows of roofless houses that made up the city looking like empty honeycombs filled with blackness . . .

There too you may find the

> terrace above the red sandstone reservoirs that were half-full of rainwater. There was a ruined summer-house of white marble in the centre of the terrace . . .

A much less ruined summer-house stands on the terrace above the reservoir by the Gau Mukh, the "Cow's Mouth" (which plays such an important part in Nicholas Tarvin's adventures not many years after Mowgli's, as narrated in *The Naulahka);* and from beneath the summer-house a passage is said still to run to a distant treasure-chamber underground—undoubtedly that inhabited by the White Cobra in "The King's Ankus"—though today's explorer is not permitted to enter it.

Chitor has been cleared of the trees and creepers which were destroying it, and there are fewer and fewer of the *Bandar-log,* the Monkey People, to be seen there. But Mowgli's adventures must have taken place about a hundred years ago *[written in 1975]*—and even when Kipling visited the site in 1887, as described in "Letters of Marque", the place was still completely overgrown, with the outer walls crumbling, the buildings infested with snakes, and apparently a crocodile in one at least of the reservoirs.

During the last hundred years a great deal of the country between Chitor and Udaipur, and below the slopes of the Aravulli Hills that sweep round them to the west and north, has been cleared of jungle and cultivated. But patches still remain wild—and in one of these (though rather near to the modern road) rises

> a hilltop covered with stones and boulders where a hundred wolves could hide,

or, as the original manuscript has it,

> the great mound of splintered rocks all mixed up with scrub and thorn brushes—

that must surely be the Council Rock.

Only the gorge below the Bee Rocks defies identification. But I was unable to follow the Bunas River up into the heights of the Aravulli Hills near Mount Abu—and it may well be there. (There *is* a gorge frequented by wild bees near Seeonee, but this seems hardly sufficient to suggest that even one of Mowgli's adventures took place there.)

Kipling gives us no indication as to the date of Mowgli's birth. He was seventeen years old at the time of the Spring Running when he left the jungle, and we may assume that he was twenty at least when Gisborne found him in the *rukh* and he joined the Forestry Service. If we consider that the four wolves who still accompanied him were, as is implied, the very same who had been cubs in the Home Cave when Father Wolf rescued him at the age of two from Shere Khan and brought him to Mother Wolf, they had already exceeded the normal life-span of wolves in a completely natural state—and were still flourishing at about the age of twenty when Müller nearly shot one of them by mistake as it guarded Mowgli's eldest child.

If, as is generally agreed, Müller, "head of the woods and forests of all India", is the Inspector-General of Forests whose real name was Ribbentrop, and whom Kipling met in Lahore in 1883, we may assume that his meeting with Mowgli in Gisborne's *rukh* had recently taken place. And this being so, Mowgli must have been born about 1860.

Why Kipling needed to disguise the setting of all his earlier adventures we shall probably never know. But is it not possible that by 1894 when the *Jungle Book* adventures were being written, Mowgli had become an important person in India, and did not want to be identified with the hero of these stories? "In the Rukh" had already appeared in April 1893 in *Many Inventions,* and Mowgli would have been just in time to persuade Kipling to alter the setting from Mewar to Seeonee, and remove other references that might have identified him too closely, before the publication of "Mowgli's Brothers" in its revised version in January 1894.

With his unique background and abilities Mowgli might well have achieved a position of great importance under the British Raj, or perhaps at the court of the Maharajah of Udaipur, by the time he was thirty-four . . . 'But that is another story.'

ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 1983

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society, a particularly enjoyable and successful occasion, was held on 28 April 1983 at the Royal Air Force Club, Piccadilly. The Reverend Gordon Shelford was in the Chair. Sir Angus Wilson, President of the Society, was the principal speaker, and proposed the traditional Toast to "the unfading genius of Rudyard Kipling". Others who attended, including members' guests, were:—

Mr & Mrs W. H. Alexander; Mr & Mrs R. B. Appleton; Mr B. P. Banister; Mr G. A. Barons; Mr D. M. Bevan; Mr J. H. Bevan; Mr & Mrs J. D. M. Blyth; Mr & Mrs B. J. Bolt; Mr F. H. Brightman; Mr J. Bynoe; Mr C. E. Carrington; Dr N. K. Cooper; Mr R. J. W. Craig; Dr R. B. Crail; Mr F. L. Croft; Mr E. T. Davies; Mr B. C. Diamond; Mrs Dixon; Pamela, the Dowager Lady Egremont; Mr & Mrs P. S. Falla; The Lord Ferrier; Miss S. Foss; Mr M. J. Grainger; Mr & Mrs J. M. Grammer; Mr Richard Lancelyn Green; Mr Roger Lancelyn Green; Miss A. V. Hall; Dr & Mrs F. M. Hall; Mr J. M. Huntington-Whiteley; Mrs A. Kilburn; Mr M. W. R. Lamb; Mr & Mrs P. Lewis; Mrs A. Lister; Mr J. H. McGivering; Mr & Mrs F. P. W. Moor; Mr M. J. Moynihan; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Mr & Mrs R. N. Noyes; Mr R. O'Hagan; Mr E. Pemberton; Mr G. C. G. Philo; Mrs B. Santa-Cruz; Mr J. Shearman: Mrs G. H. McN. Shelford; Miss S. Steel; Mr H. M. Stokes; Mr Wilfred Thesiger; Miss Hilary Thomas; Miss P. W. Thomas; Mr & Mrs S. Wade; Mr W. Walker; Mr & Mrs G. H. Webb; Miss H. M. Webb; Mr & Mrs J. L. Whistance; Mr J. B. Wright; Mr & Mrs J. R. Young.

Various apologies for non-attendance, and messages of goodwill, had been received from:

Lt-Colonel & Mrs A. E. Bagwell Purefoy; Mr T. S. Bittleston; Major-General J. L. Chapple; Mr M. B. Connolly; Mr T. E. Cresswell; Mr Trevor Daintith; Brigadier & Mrs F. E. Stafford; Dr Joyce Tompkins.

After the Loyal Toast, the Chairman welcomed the large attendance, numbering some seventy-five. He said that Sir Angus Wilson's annual peregrinations had obliged the Society to hold their Luncheon in the spring this year, rather than the autumn, so that their President could attend—a useful innovation, he thought, in view of the number of people who had been able to come.

He listed those from whom apologies for absence had been received; he welcomed the presence of Charles Carrington, a Vice-President of the Society; he reported that cordial letters had recently been exchanged with the Victoria (British Columbia) Branch and the

Melbourne Branch; it was a special pleasure to have present two members from Melbourne, Mr Barons and Mr Walker. He also welcomed as guests Mr Bruce Banister and Miss Shirley Foss, representing Brown's Hotel with its close Kipling connections.

He paid tribute to the good work done by the officials of the Society, and also by Mrs Lisa Lewis, Deputy Chairman of the Council, who among many other things had arranged with her husband for this Luncheon to be held in the attractive *venue* of the Royal Air Force Club. The Chairman then introduced Sir Angus Wilson.

TRANSCRIPT OF SIR ANGUS WILSON'S SPEECH

I am both delighted to be present at the Kipling Society's Luncheon and contrite not to have attended before, since my election as President which gave me so much pleasure. I can only say that since then, and indeed before, my autumns—I have learned now to say *falls*—have not been without relation to this Society.

I have taught *Kim,* as a central book, in seminars on "the development of children in the English novel", at six different universities in very different parts of the United States of America—Minneapolis, Georgia, Delaware, St Louis, Michigan and Pittsburgh. This course was also concerned with "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" *[Wee Willie Winkie],* "Little Tobrah" *[Life's Handicap]* and "The Story of Muhammed Din" *[Plain Tales from the Hills].*

Also, I think I have brought Kipling alive to some more mature post-graduate students, when his works are surveyed amongst four very great English writers. These are in fact Samuel Richardson, Charles Dickens, George Eliot and Rudyard Kipling: the term *greatness* here, as you may have already suspected, is being bent to suit my admirations and indeed my knowledge, but it is also absolutely sincere. From this came a brilliant doctoral thesis on "'They'" *[Traffics and Discoveries].*

Students of *Kim,* primarily undergraduates, are enormously delighted at the vitality and lack of moralising in the book; but I must point out that *Kim* follows *David Copperfield* and *The Mill on the Floss,* both sometimes reflecting didactic Victorian earnestness, which makes the combined depth and constant movement of *Kim* seem to all like a miracle. Again and again, students of both sexes, some reaching middle age, have expressed delight at the richness and

vitality of Kim's story. The first instance is a somewhat naive surrender to the book, which would have surprised Kipling himself: a very chic beautiful black girl said:

> "That Kim, I just want to have my arms round him always!"

Her boy-friend, a very good student, said:

> "Looks like I'll have to fight that Kim! You don't expect *that* when you see a name on the *book list*!"

At the same university, St Louis, was a youth who, in association with the Mississippi River, and in practical response to every crisis, recalled not only *Kim* but even *mort Huckleberry Finn.* He said, and I am sure he knew:

> "Kim's adventures are what every boy who is becoming a man dreams of."

I discovered a widespread enchantment—

> "Kipling's Kim, the gypsy-free spirit, like Twain's Huck Finn, stole my heart away . . ."
> "I was totally drawn into Kim's world, and enchanted by it.. ."
> "The book has the most wonderful plot I have ever known . . ."

Yet these middle-American readers did say also that *Kim* was often extremely difficult to follow because of the unfamiliar place-names. Yet the second added:

> "Although the foreign words were an initial barrier to me, I found it later enhanced my appreciation for the rich Indian life depicted here."

Huckleberry Finn is of course often in the background, at any rate in Iowa, St Louis and Minneapolis, because the flow of the Mississippi is so familiar. Yet one young woman said to me:

> *"Huckleberry Finn!* That's provincial after *Kim*!" Then she added: "You know, the Mississippi is flooding up towards Hannibal: I guess it heard me speak just then . . . Professor Wilson, take your last look at one about to be a drowned girl! OF Man River's a very vengeful stream!"

But she was not alone in dismissing *Huckleberry Finn* to a lower position than *Kim.* A young writer—an excellent scholar—said:

> It would be easy to call *Kim* a British equivalent to *Huckleberry Finn,* but it is a far superior work. Twain's novel immediately lacks the cosmic situation of Kipling's work. It is restricted to the borders and activities of a mighty river; while *Kim* envelops the cosmic semblance of multiple cultures, religions and values of an entire country..."

But for this young man there *was* a defect in *Kim.* The question so vital, *Who am I* ("Who is Kim—Kim—Kim?") was never, he felt, answered by Kipling. This lack of dogmatism, of moral or social certainty in Kipling, was noted by other American students. The fact is—as I began to unravel—that though they had come to see Rudyard Kipling as a much richer, more subtle writer than they had expected, they couldn't easily shed the conventional idea that he had none of the subtlety of, say, Henry James.

Yet they—the bright ones—welcomed the amazing combination they found in *Kim* of someone at once glowing with child's curiosity and dexterity, questioning and manipulating as do adolescents, and yet on the verge of manhood, with a devotion and concern for the Lama that seems adult. It is true, surely, of much of mankind that we cannot be dogmatic about age; and this ebbing, flowing sea of Kim's nature expresses the mixture of the ages of man, in a concentrated and convincing way that is surely unique. It is this, I think, that led a girl pupil to hand me this poem:

> I want to walk with Kim
> And the Yellow Man on the Great Road . . .
> The colors, the conversations,
> The beauty, the grotesque, I want to see, I want to feel . . .
> I want to smell the curry, and the sweat,
> I want to see the travelling women and tease their veils . . .
> I want to hear the mumblings of the Holy Men . . .
>
> *[Mary Scheppner]*

The old simplistic admiring certainties about Rudyard Kipling—and, thank God, the old hostile platitudes—are no longer there in the young in the United States. Many of these students know him only from " 'Rikki-Tikki-Tavi' " *[The Jungle Book]* or, at most, from the stories of Mowgli. *Kim,* I have found, is the perfect way to lead them on, to explore the subtleties and wisdoms of Kipling's whole work.

And in a full and packed seminar I have discovered that this exploration of extra works of Kipling's was welcomed, where the demand for other novels not on the book list did not win approval with other authors—for instance with Charlotte Brontë, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, Samuel Butler, Henry James or Virginia Woolf.

It is nice to know that the land which seemed to Kipling to have let him down (and who can say which was to blame?) is now so ready in its younger and brighter people to receive him. Here are just a few quotations from students' essays in the United States:

> "Nearly every scene along Kim's travels displays a new manipulative lesson for Kim; and though he is young he is no stranger to the use of such means. Also from the beginning of the novel examples of exploitation abound. Kim's life is interwoven with the overbearing will of others, yet he survives and even succeeds, due to his resourcefulness and ability to recognise and employ the motives of those who surround him. Even though Kim's naivety vanishes, Kipling still maintains Kim's childlike innocence, or better, sincerity, which triumphs over the corruption of the Indian society . . ."
>
> "All Kim really desires is freedom to be among his people, which is the Land . . ."
>
> "Rudyard Kipling in *Kim* takes a view of childhood as a time of grace. Kim is living in a fantasy world free from adult worries. But the Fall brilliantly adds to the grace . . ."
>
> *"Kim* is a work of universal tolerance . . . The religious atmosphere is relaxed and welcomed . . ."
>
> "A street-wise, energetic and imaginative story . . ."

What of that land which remained with Rudyard Kipling always—his deepest source of imagination and love—India? It so happens that I spent two months there this winter, with part-holiday in the deep south, in Kerala, but mainly lectures and discussions with professors, students, and members of the public, for the British Council. I was in the following towns: Bombay, Pune [Poona], Hyderabad, Bangalore, Trivandrum, Madras, Bhubaneswar, Berhampur, Calcutta, Lucknow, Delhi. I was offering five or six authors (including myself). Rudyard Kipling was a chosen subject as a lecture six times, but he also came up at every discussion as well as during newspaper and TV interviews.

The British Council had been a little worried about my Kipling lecture, because in 1959 Stephen Spender, reading "Gunga Din", had

been hissed. But they had underestimated the changes of twenty years. Admiration for Rudyard Kipling among many younger intellectuals and literary journalists is intense. My own admiration for Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's *Heat and Dust* is considerable, yet the old Forster, Joe Ackerley days are over: more is now needed than the emotional and personal involvement of individual English people with the world of the Rajahs.

Western culture, the English language, are an important part of modern India. Kipling's jabs—kind, but jabs—at Babus misfire here; but most Indians I talked to felt that Kipling alone of English writers appreciated and treasured India's *Indian-ness,* and he saw it as more than a fascinating incident in a cultured Englishman's life. Perhaps that failure to cope with the Babus, and his own unhappiness with Bengal, accounts for the fact that only at Calcutta was I not asked to give the Rudyard Kipling lecture.

Yet it was exactly there that I had my most interesting conversation, explaining to me why, wherever I went, the excellence of "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat" was always raised. I told them of my admiration for the story, but of my doubt about the logic of Purun's action to save the villagers, as not consistent with his Hindu acceptance. I said this, and a young man who was talking to me said:

> "Oh my God! you're not an Isherwood man, are you? India is a *combination.* Maybe it is at its deepest in spiritual Hindu concerns. Rudyard Kipling saw that, and saw it pre-eminently in *Purun Bhagat.* But the western British spirit goes into it too, must do! And it does in that wonderful story."

It is sad that Bombay too, Kipling's *Mother of Cities to me,* only asked for the Rudyard Kipling lecture once. In part, I think that as the great trade depot, and the centre of a great movie industry, Bombay is too concerned with where everything is "at" now. For them, English Literature is "at" Third World English. (Looking at the splendid new Third World English novelists, they may be right; but it won't be for thirty to fifty years.)

Mysteriously enough it was at Bombay also that I came upon a very outdated Indian world where Kipling was also objected to. A very ancient gentleman heard me describe Kipling as "radical Right". He said:

> "My God! What do you mean? 'Radical' means absolutely to the *left!* You ask Joad! You ask Laski! You ask Leonard Woolf!"

Only afterwards I discovered that all these men had been very kind to him when he was a student at the London School of Economics in the late twenties. I suspect he did not realise that they are no longer with us. He was very old, but his *dislike* of Rudyard Kipling was as strong as the *contempt* of those who were living in the future film industry.

At Delhi, Rudyard Kipling was highly regarded; but above all at Lucknow—and rightly, for here runs the Grand Trunk Road. Here he was seen as a lesson to us all in the richness and life of his picture of India. To combine the Lama and the terrain in *Kim* was surely, they thought, to have seen, eighty years ago, where India is "at" now.

Unexpectedly, Rudyard Kipling was often discussed, and chosen for subject, at Madras. They knew he had known nothing of the south, and indeed they gave delighted laughter when I quoted

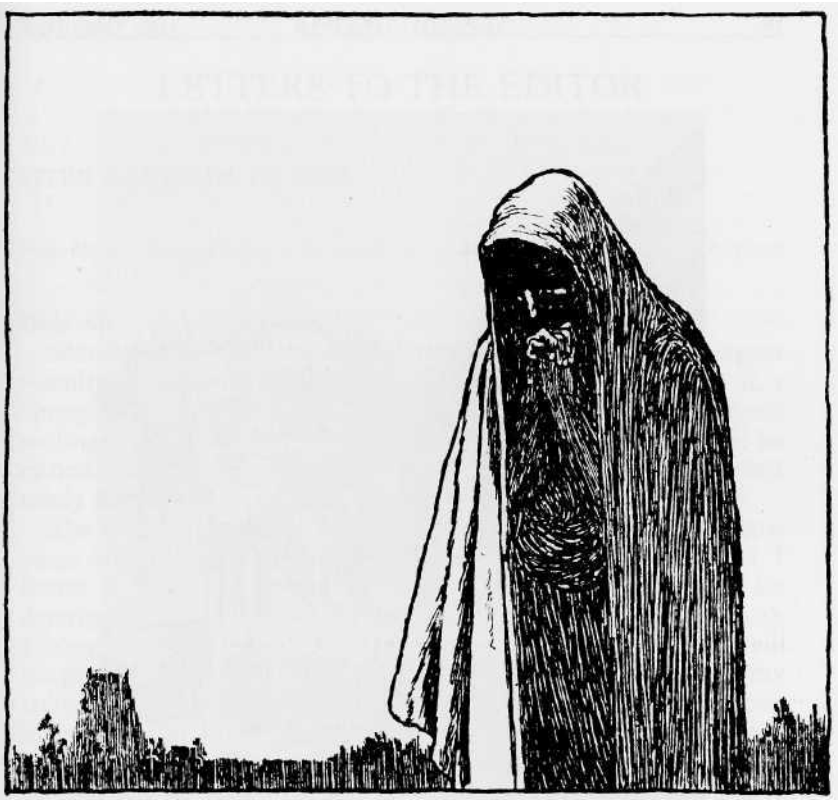
> Clive kissed me on the mouth . . .
> . . . a withered beldame now,
> Brooding on ancient fame.

So much for Madras, eh? Well, Kipling, they said, had not guessed that Clive's kiss was the kiss of life, not of death. Anyway, what matter? Kipling was a writer of genius who owed his inspiration to India: that's what they cared about.

In Hyderabad, at Osmania University, I talked with Professor Shashane, whose published work covers both Rudyard Kipling *and* E. M. Forster. So that's one big hurdle over. I love India very much, but it certainly added to my love this time that Rudyard Kipling was so much alive there.

So much, then, for the United States of America, the country that failed him as he thought—I hasten to say that it hasn't failed me—and for India, the country he loved so deeply. It just happens that, wedged between these two visits, I went to Paris to receive an honorary degree at the Sorbonne. In the presentation speech the Professor noted my book on Kipling—the English writer, he said, who so appreciated France. "It is high time", all the other professors said, "that we in France appreciated him again." I think Rudyard Kipling would have been pleased at this.

What is left? Well, England. But as I come of a gipsy race I shall have to ask *you* where it is "at", here. And now I propose the Toast...



Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and
brow,
Wonderful kisses, so that I became
Crowned above Queens—a withered beldame
now,
Brooding on ancient fame.

MADRAS

This verse, from Kipling's "Song of the Cities" (1893), is copied from Hodder & Stoughton's splendid 1909 edition of *A Song of the English*, in which Kipling's poems were profusely illustrated by W. Heath Robinson (1872-1944), who contributed thirty remarkable paintings in colour and a large number of drawings in a distinctive and uncluttered style.

THE KASHMIR SERAI, LAHORE

A view along one side of "that huge open square" [in *Kim,* ch. I] "surrounded with arched cloisters where the camel and horse-caravans put up on their return from Central Asia". This was "where Mahbub Ali, the horse-trader, lived when he came in from that mysterious land beyond the Passes of the North".

[photograph by L. A. Crozier]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SITES IN KIPLING'S INDIA

From Mr L. A. Crozier. 66-70 Canadian Bay Road, Mount Eliza, Victoria 3930, Australia

Dear Sir,

Glancing through Lord Birkenhead's biography of R.K. again recently, I was once more struck by his reference to R.K.'s "imaginative genius" [chapter X, page 144]. R.K.'s non-fictional writings are so uncannily accurate and descriptive that one can be misled—as I was—and expect the same thing in his fiction. But this is rarely so, although there are the occasional bonuses.

Kim gives examples of both. "St Xavier's College" in Lucknow bears little if any resemblance to La Martinière College; in fact, I doubt if R.K. ever went to Lucknow. On the other hand, his description of the "Kashmir Serai" is almost 100% accurate with Jehangir's Tomb courtyard, and this was actually used by caravans in the past. R.K. referred to the Serai as being "over against the railway station", and I was disappointed to find that it was more than two miles from the present-day station. But I was delighted to find on enquiry that there had been in fact a station quite close to the Tomb, but that it had been moved as the Ravi River had shifted its banks.

The "Cold Lairs" in *The Jungle Book* also present a difficulty. R.K.'s description of this is in two vivid paragraphs in "Kaa's Hunting", and tells of the city that was "almost a heap of ruins", which "some king had built . . . long ago on a little hill". It was in thick jungle.

Charles Carrington in his biography [chapter V, page 136 of 3rd edn] refers to the abandoned city of Amber as having reappeared in *The Jungle Book* as the "Cold Lairs". Amber climbs up the side of a steep hill which carries on to a sharp ridge, crowned with a grim fort brooding over the palace and its lake. It is by no means a ruin but is beautifully preserved—although it may have been restored some time. There is no jungle, and the hillsides are brown, dusty and dry.

Chitor was built on a stark, bare, hot and sunny ridge of rock, not far from the present city of Chitorgarh, at about 500 feet elevation over the surrounding plain. It was strongly fortified, and as there are surprisingly about a dozen springs of water on the rock, one would have thought it impregnable in those days. But it was taken and sacked three times, in 1303, 1535 and finally in 1567 when the Emperor Akbar seized it from the Rajputs. Each time, the women

and children committed mass suicide—the *jauhar*—by closing themselves in a large underground chamber and lighting big fires which killed them by using up all the oxygen in the air. Akbar partially demolished the buildings, temples, palaces and fortifications; and it has not been inhabited since.

The *enceinte* itself is about three miles long by about half a mile wide and includes "The Cow's Mouth"—described twice by R.K., once in *The Naulahka* [chapter XII] and another time in "Letters of Marque" No XI [collected with *From Sea to Sea].* This is where he had an attack of nerves ["bedewed with that perspiration which follows alike on honest toil or—childish fear"]. I must admit that I also felt somewhat oppressed there, pretty though the place is with its trees and water. It is said to be connected by an underground passage with the chamber where the second *jauhar* of 13,000 women and children took place . . .

In Chitor, there is no jungle, there are no bands of shrieking *bandar-log,* no trees growing out of half-ruined temples, no cushion of dead leaves underfoot. It is a fascinating place, but for me it is no "Cold Lairs".

Yet it doesn't matter. "Cold Lairs" was brought into existence by R.K.'s "imaginative genius", and whether you can pin it to some actual place or not makes no difference to the everlasting appeal of those stories.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
L. A. CROZIER

[Note by Editor. This letter may usefully be read in conjunction with Roger Lancelyn Green's article, in this same issue, on "Mowgli's Jungle".]

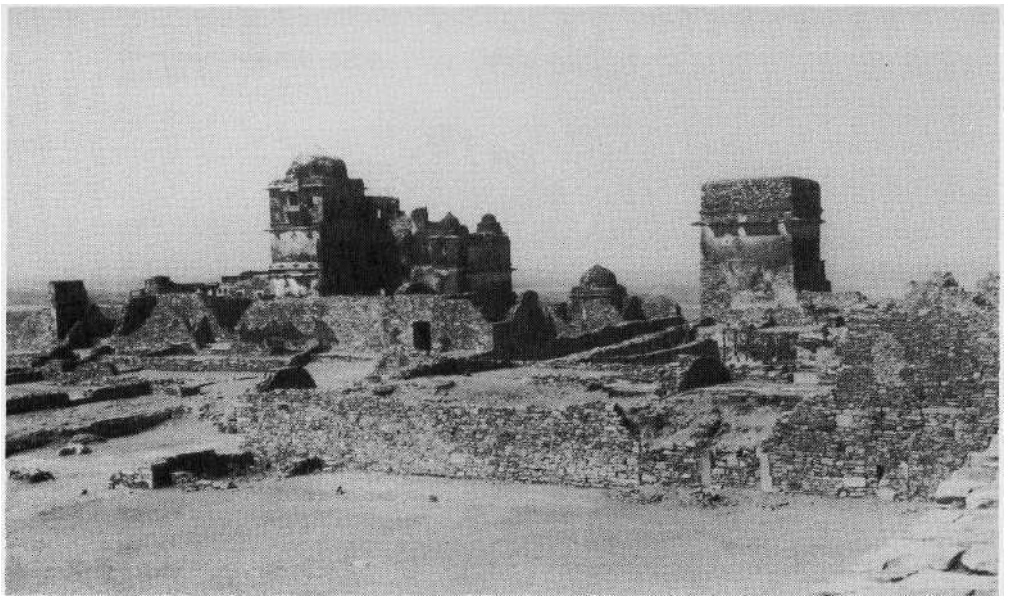
KIPLING AND THE FRENCH

From Dr E. C. R. Hanquart, Churchill College, Cambridge CB3 ODS

Dear Sir,

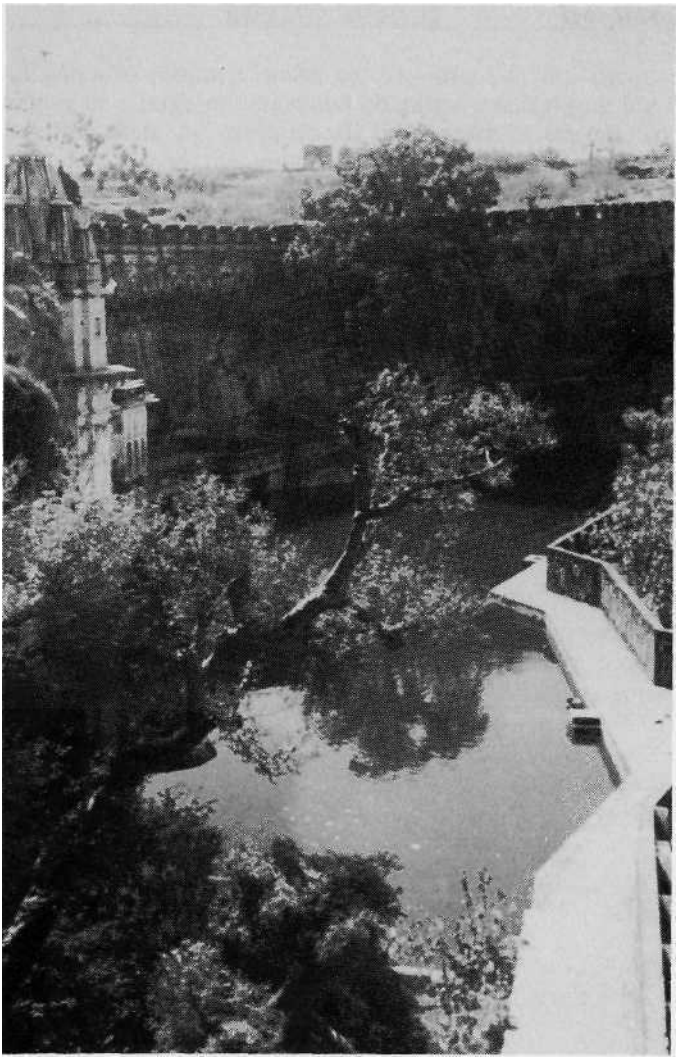
I would like to draw your attention to a renewed interest in Kipling which, on various levels, has recently been developing in France.

For instance the cultural programme *(France-Culture)* of the French radio had a series of talks, about twenty minutes each, by five



THE COLD LAIRS?

The ruined palace at Chitor (thought by Mr L. A. Crozier, who took the photograph but who had no guide to inform or misinform him, to be the Palace of Rana Kumbha, underneath which the mass suicides referred to in Mr Crozier's letter took place). A possible site of Kipling's "Cold Lairs", and though it is today devoid of jungle Murray's *Handbook* (20th edn, 1965) refers to "thick jungle" on the slopes of the hill on which the ruins of the city and fortress stand.



THE COWS MOUTH

The *Gaumukh* at Chitor—a reservoir filled by springs that issue from the cliff, from holes carved into semblances of a cow's mouth. It is said that the place is linked by a passage with the site of the suicides mentioned in the letter from Mr Crozier (who took this photograph). It is the original of the Cow's Mouth at Gunnaur, where Tarvin had a frightening experience in *The Naulahka:* that fictional episode was partly based on what actually happened to Kipling at Chitor in 1887.

academics from Parisian and provincial universities (Professors Monod, Nordon and Teyssandier, the late Professor Vernier and myself). They were devoted to various aspects of Kipling as a novelist and story-teller. They were broadcast nationwide, and will be replayed in the future.

Academic research is also beginning to thrive anew, since Professor Coustillas, from Lille University, is now translating and editing an extensive selection of Kipling's works for the famous *Pléiade* series, one of the most prestigious and learned collections aimed at the common reader. In our narrower sphere of Academe, *Etudes Anglaises* has just recently published a paper by Professor Gournet on *Kim* and acculturation; while the Paul Valéry University at Montpellier is to bring out in the autumn a special issue of its *Cahiers du Centre d'Etudes et de Recherches Victoriennes et Edouardiennes* completely devoted to Kipling studies, mostly by French contributors; it is edited by J. Martin.

This interest is not altogether limited to France, however: I have heard the rumour of a possible new translation by Andrea Cane, of some selected short stories, into Italian! I thought that the members of the Kipling Society might like to know that his work is still a source of pleasure, interest and study in the non-English-speaking world.

Yours sincerely,
EVELYNE HANQUART

JOHN KIPLING'S HOUSEMASTER

From Brigadier W. J. Jervois, St Augustine's Nursing Home, St Leonard's-on-Sea. East Sussex TN38 OLB

Dear Sir,

Having recently rejoined your Society and been able to read some back numbers of the *Journal,* I was most interested in the article in No 222 (June 1982) about John Kipling at Wellington.

I did, in fact, leave that College in July 1911, the term before he went there; you may wonder, therefore, why I am writing to you, more especially since I was not, as he was, in J. Y. Pearson's House. The reason is that despite this I did know his Housemaster well, so I am able to add a little to Mr Mark Baker's delightful remarks about him.

"Pompey", so called from a fancied resemblance to that Roman,

taught the Latin 'set' in the Army Class, in which I was a pupil for well-nigh two years: thanks to his teaching I achieved better marks in this subject (then one of the voluntary ones) than in any other in the examination for entrance to Sandhurst in 1911 ! He was my ideal of a schoolmaster. A typical Wykehamist, full of humour and human kindness, he was gifted with a wonderful ability to make a dead language live in the minds of those he taught.

It was tragic that he should have died when he did [in January 1915], so suddenly, sitting in a chair after returning home from a round of golf.

Yours sincerely,
W. J. JERVOIS

KIPLING AND WODEHOUSE

From Mr J. Shearman, Garden Flat, 29 Buckland Crescent, London NW3 5DJ

Dear Sir,

Rudyard Kipling told Ian Hay that "Lord Emsworth and the Girl Friend", by P. G. Wodehouse, was one of the most perfect short stories he had ever read. (This we know from a letter written by Hay to Wodehouse in 1951 or 1952, quoted in *P. G. Wodehouse: a Portrait of a Master* by D. A. Jasen [Garnstone, London, 1975].)

Wodehouse was, from his schooldays, an admirer of Kipling's work, and they met at least once (probably in January 1929) when, Carrington tells us, Kipling said: *Tell me, Wodehouse, how do you finish your stories? I can never think how to end mine.*

"Lord Emsworth and the Girl Friend" was first published in 1928, and Wodehouse continued the Blandings stories to the end of his life in 1975.

Kipling's "Beauty Spots" was first collected in *Limits and Renewals* in 1932. Should we suspect a familial connection between those two great sows, Angelique and Empress of Blandings?

Yours faithfully,
JOHN SHEARMAN

BOOK REVIEW

DIE ANGLO-INDISCHE SHORT STORY: Geschichte einer Kolonialliteratur by Gerhard Stilz (Max Niemeyer, Tübingen, 1980; 351 pp; paperback, price DM840)

This book has excellent credentials. It bears the imprint of a leading academic publisher; it belongs to a reputable series (Studies in English Philology); the author, who presented it for his professorship at Tubingen in 1977, had steeped himself in his subject during two years teaching at Bombay University; he is demonstrably familiar with the scholarly criticism of Kipling, and is also a member of this Society. The book itself, ranging over a field not yet overworked, is lavishly footnoted, helpfully indexed, and has thirty pages of valuable bibliographical lists.

The reader of course needs good German. [I should add that Kathrine Proescholdt's help in preparing this review is gratefully acknowledged.—*Ed]* It is a pity no one has made an English translation. The subject is of obvious interest to an English readership.

A whole 100-page section is devoted to Kipling, with a scholarly analysis of his Indian period, and observations on the reaction which this phenomenon from the East evoked in a wider world. His towering stature, among many lesser writers, also brings him to recurrent attention throughout the book.

Dr Stilz, believing that short prose writings in English, as published locally in India during the British period, had been inadequately studied, turned his methodical eye on a thousand or more items by scores of authors in numerous books and in the files of dozens of Indian periodicals. All his critical terms and categorisations are meticulously defined and where appropriate subdivided. His period-by-period historical approach to his heterogeneous mass of material puts it all into a social perspective it largely lacked. Before Kipling, "Anglo-Indian" writing lay out on the disregarded fringe. It was his emergence that brought the *genre* to wider notice. He was the giant in this field.

The student of Kipling's extraordinary Indian years will find Dr Stilz's systematic analysis of Kipling himself useful; and is unlikely to find a better survey (relatively brief as this book is, given the vast array of subject-matter) of the little-known literary tradition, the patchy but diverse background, against which the first flowering of Kipling's innovative genius took place almost a hundred years ago.

"STALKY" IN 1929

This sketch of Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, made in Antwerp in 1929, served as frontispiece to the instalment of memoirs that he entitled *"Stalky" Settles Down* [Jarrolds, 1932], and may be presumed, if not a fair likeness, a fair cartoon.

"STALKY" [1]

stalky. Clever, cunning; cleverly or cunningly contrived: schoolboys': ca. 1895-1900. Thus in Kipling's school-story. (O.E.D. Sup.) I.e. good at stalking. [from Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang]*

Stalky & Co. is a work of fiction, and not a historical record. Stalky himself was never quite so clever as portrayed in the book, and the book makes no mention of the many times when he was let down. But he represents, not an individual—though his character may be based on that of an individual—but . . . one of the prevailing spirits of this most untypical school. [from L. C. Dunsterville's *Stalky's Reminiscences,* 1928]

The colourful subsequent career of the original of Kipling's "Stalky" was tersely summarised in *Who Was Who,* volume IV:

DUNSTERVILLE, Major-General Lionel Charles, C.B. 1916; C.S.I. 1918; *s.* of Lt.-Gen. Lionel d'Arcy Dunsterville; *b.* 1865; *m.* 1897, Margaret, 2nd *d.* of Col. W. Keyworth, Bishopsteignton. Served Waziristan, 1894-95 (medal with clasp); N. W. Frontier, India, 1897-98 (medal with clasp); China, 1900 (despatches, medal); European War, 1914-19 (C.B., C.S.I.). *Publications:* The Adventures of Dunsterforce, 1920; And Obey, 1925; Stalky's Reminiscences, 1928; More Yarns, 1931; Stalky Settles Down, 1932. *Address:* Camelot, Barton, Torquay. *Died* 18 March 1946.

Dunsterville's most important exploit was the successful handling of a small army under his personal command in an audacious irregular campaign in North-West Persia and the Caucasus in 1918, which he described in *The Adventures of Dunsterforce.* But his style was ever energetic and his life was varied, and he took some modest pride in its restlessness. As he wrote in *Stalky's Reminiscences:*

Few surnames are capable of being converted into anagrams, but ours is one of the few, and it makes 'NEVER SIT DULL' . . . My outlook on life has been in exact keeping with the excellent advice of the anagram.

Stalky & Co. (1899) appeared when Dunsterville was in his early thirties. He was quickly identified as "Stalky" and thenceforward the soubriquet stuck. In 1902, on military duty on Chinese railways, he was briefly at the centre of a local dispute over the delimitation of British and German zones of authority. For a moment it was international news, and the Delhi *Morning Post* took note of it under the heading 'STALKY HOLDS UP THE GERMANS'. In 1927 the Kipling

Society was formed—much against Kipling's wishes—and "Stalky" Dunsterville was the obvious and popular choice for President. In 1929 he moved to a village in Somerset, to the confusion of at least one neighbour—

> If I am not well known under my own surname, Kipling's school stories give me a name that is known all over the British Empire. I met one of our neighbours living not far from us, and after being introduced, he said: "Oh, you live in that little house in Doniford. There seem to be quite a lot of Generals settling round these parts. There's another one recently settled somewhere round your way, have you met him?"
>
> "No, I don't think I have. What's his name?"
>
> "I can't remember exactly, but it's something like Chalky, or Stalky."
>
> "Oh, General Stalky," I replied. "I think I remember meeting him somewhere, but I can't be sure." [from *Stalky Settles Down]*

Our readers will be pleased to hear that I am in touch with a surviving son and daughter of General Dunsterville, who have very kindly passed on to me some recollections of their father, which will appear in our next issue. I will now also be able to relate how the name "Stalky" did not die out in 1946 but is very much alive. It has even attained a pleasing immortality by being given to a new genus (not just a species, a *genus)* of orchid, *STALKYA.*

A RECENT MEETING

"DAMNATION TO ALL NEUTRALS! "

On 6 April 1983 Mr G. H. Newsom, Q.C., spoke on *"Sea Constables" and the Blockade in January 1915.* This was a talk of great interest, skilfully presented and reaching to new conclusions, based on a scholarly understanding both of the critical stage the War was in by 1915 and of the intricate legal position governing the application of a Blockade to neutral vessels. Thus illuminated, "Sea Constables" *[Debits and Credits],* so far from seeming a simple if cryptic account of a sequence of events at sea, emerged as a drama with tacit but far-reaching implications. Copies of Mr Newsom's paper are with the Editor and in the Society's Library.

Mr J. H. McGivering was in the Chair. Others present included:

Mr & Mrs W. H. Alexander; Mr F. H. Brightman; Mr B. C. Diamond; Mr M. J. Grainger; Mr H. R. Harlow; Mrs L. A. F. Lewis; Mr M. J. Moynihan; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Mr R. O'Hagan; Mr J. Shearman; Miss S. Steel; Miss P. W. Thomas; Mr S. Wade; Miss L. M. Wilmot-Dear.

SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome Mr Aidan Crawley *(London);* Mrs T. Flood (*Yorkshire);* Mr M. Frederic *(Victoria, Australia);* The Librarian, Haileybury College *(Hertfordshire);* Dr E. C. R. Hanquart *(Cambridge);* Mr B. Lee *(Victoria, Australia);* Mrs G. Lee *(Victoria, Australia);* Mr T. S. Legg *(London);* Mr A. T. MacDermott *(London);* Professor S. Monod *(Paris, France);* Mrs M. Mucklow *(Lancashire);*

Brigadier B. A. H. Parritt *(Kent);* Mr D. Phillips *(Victoria, Australia);* Miss H. A. Pipon *(London);* Colonel L. A. Redmond *(Middlesex);* Mrs Marion Fleming Scott *(Ontario, Canada);* Mr A. Scragg *(West Midlands);* Mr L. Taylor *(Victoria, Australia);* Mr P. Valansot *(London).*

RECENT DONATIONS

Generous gifts, which we acknowledge with warm appreciation, have been received from the following:— *Lt-Colonel A. E. Bagwell Purefoy; Mrs Bannister; Dr T. N. Cross; Dr P. Giordano; Mr D. T. Irvine; Brigadier W. J. Jervois; Miss Flora Johnson; Mr W. P. Kenyon; Mr M. W. R. Lamb; Mr A. M. S. Meynell; Brigadier F. E. Stafford; Mr R. E. Walters; Mr F. Webster.*

Such donations are extremely encouraging, and can help substantially to keep the Society going without the necessity for another early increase in the subscription. The rental of our London office was raised by 300% last year; the cost of printing and posting the *Journal* is two and a half times what it was in 1980; we are very grateful for the support that members give the Society.

THE MELBOURNE BRANCH

On Mr A. L. Brend's recent transfer first to Britain and then to the U.S.A., the Melbourne Branch has lost its President. Our best wishes go to him, and our congratulations to his successor, Mrs Ivy Morton, Secretary for many years. As such, she has been replaced by Mrs Rosalind Kennedy, while Mr D. P. Wallace has become Treasurer.

No mention of the Melbourne Branch at this moment would be complete if we did not record our thanks for a cheque for £118 which they generously sent as a contribution to the Society's funds. On the pattern of the previous year, it had been the proceeds from their Christmas Luncheon. Members who had provided the venue, the food and drink, and the effort, to make it again a happy and successful occasion, then had the kindness to send the takings to London as a token of good will. This we reciprocate, while their September spring rolls on towards summer—

Buy my Christmas creeper
And I'll say where you were born!

A NOTE ON THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Office at 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ

This literary and historical society is for anyone interested in Rudyard Kipling's prose and verse, life and times. His published writings, in 35 volumes, are by any standard remarkable. His life (1865-1936) was very eventful. The period through which he lived and about which he wrote with such vigour was one of huge and dramatic change.

As a non-profit-making cultural organisation run on an essentially unpaid footing to provide a service, the Society has the status of a Registered Charity in Britain. Its management and principal activities are in England, but it has branches or secretariat arrangements in Australia, Canada and the U.S.A. About a third of its members, including scores of universities, colleges and libraries, are in North America.

Founded in 1927, the Society has attracted many notable literary and academic figures, including of course the leading authorities in the field of Kipling studies; but it also caters for an unspecialised public of general readers, from whom its wider membership is drawn. Its managing focus is the Secretary in London, John Shearman. He and other office-holders arrange various activities, including regular talks and discussions in London, and an Annual Luncheon; answer enquiries from correspondents; and maintain a specialised Library for reference and research.

The quarterly *Kipling Journal* is sent free to all members. In this issue, on pages 4, 5 and 55, is some general information on the Society. More can be obtained from John Shearman or branch Secretaries. Applications for membership are always welcome: the Society and this *Journal* depend absolutely on such support.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES	*Britain*	*Overseas*
Individual Member	£6.00	£7.50
Junior Member *(up to age 24)*	£3.00	£3.00
Corporate Member	£12.00	£15.00

LITERARY AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE *KIPLING JOURNAL*

The *Kipling Journal* is essentially the Kipling Society's publication, and though the Editor selects its contents with an eye to merit, originality and an interesting range of topics, he must always allot space to the Society's business, including at least a few of the addresses delivered at the Society's meetings, if they are short enough.

Independent literary contributions, however, are very welcome. If we cannot print them at once we may be able to place them in a later issue. Like other literary societies, we do not pay for articles: authors gain the satisfaction of publication in a periodical of authority and repute, recognised as the only one in the world specialising in this subject.

We have at present much more publishable material than we can print, and have to defer or decline some items of interest. However this is healthy. We would like *more,* to improve our variety and quality. *It should invariably be sent to the Editor.*

Articles submitted should be fairly brief. Our average page carries only 400 words of text. A 4000-word article, however good, may be hard to place. We impose no limit, but should remind contributors of this factor which can influence selection.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed: unless told otherwise, we reserve the normal right to shorten. *Book Reviews,* usually invited, may be volunteered: a range of 200 to 800 words is suggested. We will gratefully accept, even if we cannot quickly use, relevant and reproducible *illustrations, news cuttings, book excerpts, catalogue data* and other *miscellanea* which might enhance the *Journal's* interest. Since Kipling touched the literary and practical world at many points our terms of reference are broad.

ADVERTISING. We welcome *regularly placed* advertisements compatible with the style of the *Journal:* for our rates, please enquire of the Editor.

The Editor's address is *Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ.*

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