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VARIOUS MEETINGS IN 1986

Wednesday 2 April at 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Kipling Room on the first floor of Brown's Hotel (Dover and Albemarle Streets, London W1), **Mr T. F. Evans,** former Editor of the *Shavian,* on *Kipling, Private and Public.*

Wednesday 7 May at 12.30 for 1 p.m. at the Royal Overseas League (Park Place, off St James's Street, London SWl), the Society's **Annual Luncheon.** The Guest of Honour and speaker will be **The Lord Annan, O.B.E.** *Fuller particulars and an application form* are enclosed with this *Journal.* Anyone who does not have a form, or who has any points of doubt to raise, is invited to contact me urgently. Our Annual Luncheons are very enjoyable occasions and I hope a large number of members will attend.

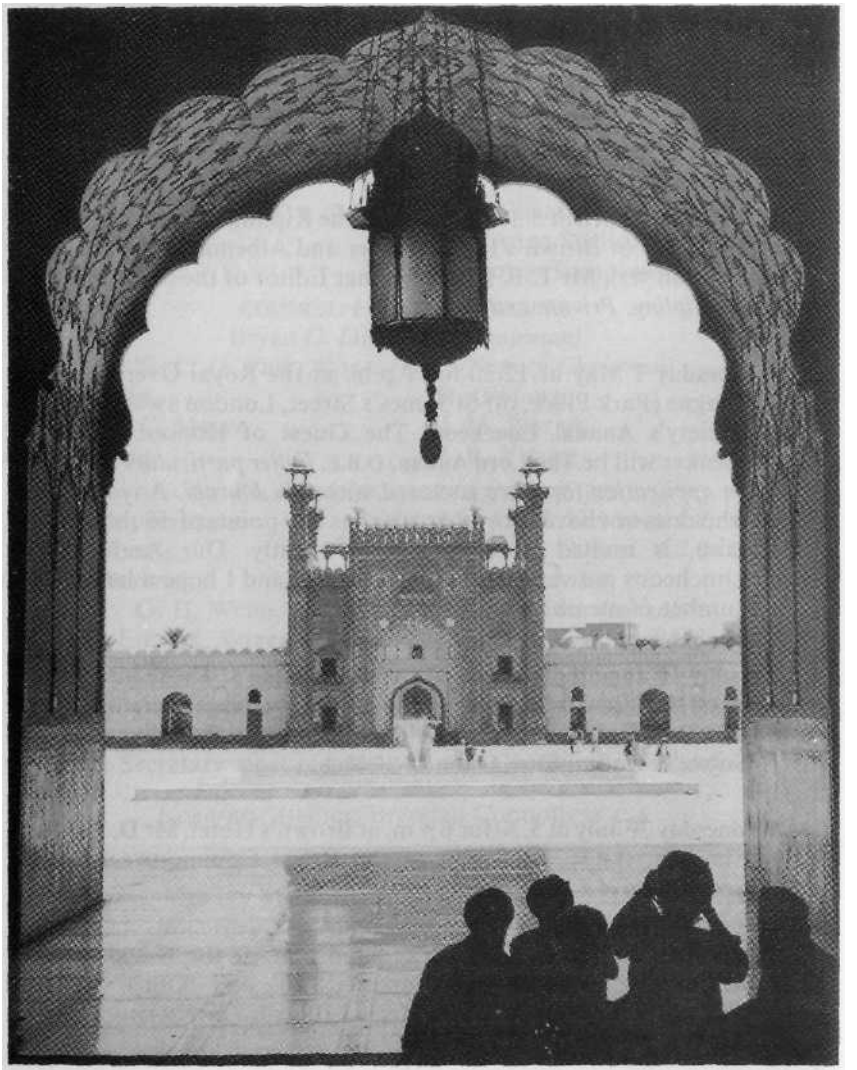
Tuesday 10 June the Society's Visit to **Bateman's.** Those interested should write for particulars to the Meetings Secretary, Mrs L. A. F. Lewis, at Cappaslade Cottage, Brightwell-cum-Sotwell, Wallingford, Oxon OX10 0RQ.

Wednesday 30 July at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at Brown's Hotel, **Mr D. H. Simpson, O.B.E.,** Librarian of the Royal Commonwealth Society, on *A Librarian looks at Kipling.*

Wednesday 10 September at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Naval & Military Club (with gates marked 'In' and 'Out'), 94 Piccadilly, London W1, **Mrs Helen Mills** on *The Humour in Kipling.*

Wednesday 5 November at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Naval & Military **Club, Mr Peter Lewis, O.B.E., M.A., FiMechE,** on a subject to be announced in a later issue.

February 1986 NORMAN ENTRACT



THE BADSHAHI MOSQUE

Here is another fine photograph kindly supplied for the *Kipling Journal* by Mr Douglas Dickins, F.R.P.S. It shows the magnificent Badshahi Mosque in Lahore, one of the world's largest mosques. It was built by the order of the Mogul Emperor Aurungzebe (1618-1707), and is said to contain a relic of the Prophet—namely a hair. The Badshahi Mosque is briefly mentioned at pages 15 and 25 of our September 1985 issue.

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EDITORIAL

Rudyard Kipling died in January 1936. The 50th anniversary of his death has been noticed by many newspapers and periodicals at home and abroad, with generally appreciative comment. The Kipling Society, as recorded elsewhere, suitably celebrated the occasion in January. More or less coincidentally, some important new books in the Kipling field are being published this year: at least two will be fully reviewed in our June number.

In our current issue we mark this 50th anniversary by allocating the bulk of the Editor's usual editorial space to another commentator, namely Mr Winston Churchill (as he then was), speaking in honour of Kipling in 1937. Churchill's speech, of which we have published extracts but never the whole text before, was delivered on 17 November 1937 at a Kipling Memorial Dinner attended by about a thousand guests including royalty. Its main purpose was to launch a Fund to endow scholarships at the Imperial Service College, Windsor, for sons of men in the public service throughout the Empire. The fact that so much has since changed in no way lessens the interest of what one great Englishman found then to say about another.

CHURCHILL ON KIPLING

We meet here tonight for a twofold purpose: first to honour the memory of a writer, of a man, and of a force; and secondly to perpetuate his service from one generation to another by the establishment of a foundation bearing his name, from which a long succession of boys, the sons of servants of the Empire, will be sent into the world with the honourable distinction of having been Kipling Scholars.

Rudyard Kipling holds one of the foremost places in the last century of English letters. During the long noonday of his activity his literary output, though always distinguished by a sense of rarity, reached impressive dimensions. Behind it lay a volume of knowledge always penetrating, often profound, which was vast and majestic. This knowledge was gathered by increasing study, observation and reflection, and constituted the most wonderful mental equipment that can be imagined.

To place these treasures at the service of his country and his age, there was needed the magic gift of genius. This supreme reagent he enjoyed in a

glorious intensity. The pith, the force, the terse and syncopated vivacity of his style immediately arrested and commanded attention. The immense variety of subjects to which he seemed to hold the master key is a source of unending amazement to his innumerable readers and admirers throughout the King's Dominions and far beyond them.

There seemed to be no gallery of human achievement which Kipling could not enter easily and unchallenged, and which, having entered, he could not illuminate with a light unexpected, piercing, enchanting, and all his own. All sorts and conditions of men, all classes and professions, every part of the Empire, the souls of children, the lives of animals, became in turn visible, intelligible, fascinating, to that ever-increasing company by whom he was attended in his journey through life. He created a whole series of new values for his fellow-countrymen, and made them participate in an unbroken succession of novel experiences and adventures.

There have been in our own time greater poets and sages, more vehement and sentient interpreters of pathos and passion, more fertile imaginations, and certainly more orthodox stylists, than Rudyard Kipling. But in the glittering rank which he took by Right Divine there never has been anyone like him. No one has ever written like Kipling before, and his work, with all its characteristics and idiosyncracies, while it charmed and inspired so many, has been successfully imitated by none. He was unique and irreplaceable.

The light of genius expressed in literature does not fail with the death of the author. His galleries are still displayed for our instruction and enjoyment. But the magic key which could have opened new ones to our eager desire has gone for ever. Let us, then, guard the treasures which he has bequeathed.

The structure and pageant of British rule in India gave him his first and main inspiration. To read with faithful eye Kipling's Indian stories, short or long, is to gain a truer knowledge of that great episode, the British contact with India, than will be found in many ponderous blue-books, or in much of the glib, smooth patter which is now in fashion.

We serve the Queen with 'Soldiers Three'. We see the life of the young officer, of the lonely Collector. We satirise the bureaucracy and viceregal society. We share the domestic troubles of the Anglo-Indian official; we shed bitter tears with 'Wee Willie Winkie'. On the hard Frontier we follow "The Drums of the Fore and Aft'. We play polo with the Maltese Cat. We fight for dear life in the skin of the mongoose Rikki, against the poison cobra. We roam the jungles with Mowgli, and we walk with Kim among the vast multitudes of Hindustan. Even should the British Empire in India pass from life into history, the works of Rudyard Kipling will remain to prove that while we were there we did our best for all.

But from India he travelled far afield. The whole Empire which had

sprung from the will and stamina of our ancestors in this small island excited his lively interest. Those were the days when what was proudly called Imperialism, or 'Greater Britain', was the dominating idea in British life. Kipling set himself to portray in vivid outline and gleaming colour every part of that spacious panorama.

No one has ever taught Downing Street what the Australian nation and people feel about themselves and towards the mother country so well as Rudyard Kipling. In his verses we see the reconciliation of divergent or conflicting forces, many of which have now become the common stock and, we pray, an enduring inheritance. Canada, New Zealand, South Africa—all were adorned and interpreted to us by strokes of his wand. The strong movement of hope and resolve which cheered the closing years of Queen Victoria received from him coherent expression and a formidable impulse. The tables round this room pay their tribute from English counties and far-off Dominions to the service which he rendered.

But if I am to dilate upon these pleasures and treasures we shall be here all night. Let me come to the statesmanship of Kipling, apart from his literary achievements. Every guide or teacher moves through life sometimes in harmony with the general need and sometimes in advance of it or behind it. None can keep step all through the march. Rudyard Kipling's message was delivered to an awakened British Empire while the long splendours of gathering strength in the Victorian age prepared us for Armageddon. Everything that he wrote in his greatest days led up to this ordeal for which he felt we must morally and psychically prepare ourselves.

Then, at last, suddenly it clattered down upon us in rending and resounding detonation, and he posed the supreme question which had governed his life—

What stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

Much that has happened since the War filled him with sorrow. He must often have had the feeling that his work was done, and that others must guide the march along paths to which he had no clue. It may be—and we must all hope it so—that solutions or surrenders, which were to him abhorrent, may ultimately in God's mercy bring the high causes which he served to a higher, to a surer, and to a more indestructible fulfilment.

THE LASCAR PEROO

This illustration is from the Outward Bound edition of *The Day's Work,* and shows the leading native character in "The Bridge-Builders", a character whose importance is brought out in Mrs Parry's article on the following pages. It is a good example of Lockwood Kipling's mode of illustrating his son's works with clay bas-reliefs, photographed.

The passage that it goes with is as follows: —

> From his trolley he could hear the whistle of the serang's silver pipe and the creak and clatter of the pulleys. Peroo was standing on the topmost coping of the tower, clad in the blue dungaree of his abandoned service, and as Findlayson motioned to him to be careful, for his was no life to throw away, he gripped the last pole, and, shading his eyes ship-fashion, answered with the long-drawn wail of the fo'c'sle look-out: *'Ham dekhta hai '* ('I am looking out').

IMPERIALISM IN ''THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS''

METAPHOR OR REALITY?

by ANN PARRY

[This is the first of two articles by the same author, in which are freshly re-examined certain critical judgments and presumptions that have been stated in the past, about the view of the British Raj that Kipling may be supposed to have held as a young man. The text to illustrate the theme is "The Bridge-Builders" (collected in *The Day's Work).*

Kipling told that extraordinary story at two utterly distinct levels of exposition. The beginning and end are examples of first-rate factual narrative, about the building of a great bridge over the Ganges, and its successful survival of a sudden flood. In between, however, is a long and sharply contrasting passage introducing the ancient gods of India: its tone is mystical, its allusions oblique, its purport undoubtedly symbolical. Writing it at twenty-six, relatively fresh from India, Kipling must be presumed to have calculated it with care and to have meant by it something significant.

Whatever readers of the Christmas 1893 number of the *Illustrated London News* (in which it first appeared) made of it—given that they were unlikely to be focussing on the transience of British rule in India—newcomers to the story will certainly find it easier to follow if the guidelines suggested by Mrs Parry are borne in mind. Those who are already familiar with the story, and with some of the critical attention it has received, will see that this commentator firmly disagrees with some well-established critics.

Mrs Parry, a graduate of Keele, is a senior lecturer in English Literature at North Staffordshire Polytechnic, where she is also responsible for developing inter-disciplinary courses in literature and history. She is married to a history lecturer at Keele, and has two small children.

She first acquired a taste for Kipling through having *The Jungle Books* read to her in childhood, and later took to the poetry, and then the stories. Kipling is now a major interest. A brief book review by her is in this issue, and I hope that other items—apart from the sequel to the present article—may follow. A stimulus to Mrs Parry's wider researches has been "annoyance at much critical opinion which over-emphasised Kipling's later work and misread or distorted the early stories''.—*Ed.)*

The accepted approach now to Kipling is to apologise for his politics, but to praise him as a master craftsman. In a collection of essays published in 1972, J.I.M. Stewart wrote of his reputation:

> We have come to see that Kipling's verse and his politics alike clouded the issue, and that when we focus upon his real achievement any question of placing him in a second rank becomes absurd. He is, quite simply, the first short story writer we have had. [1]

The two sides of this critical perspective seem to have had their origin in Kipling's unsympathetic relations with literary London in the 1890s. He was variously hailed as a budding genius, a Hooligan, and an evil portent for literary style.[2] The neat separation of form from content in Kipling's work was then heavily reinforced by Orwell, Edmund Wilson and C. S. Lewis in the 1940s.[3]

Orwell's starting point had been:

> It's no use pretending that Kipling's view of life, as a whole, can be accepted or even forgiven by any civilised person.

The condemnation was of all aspects of his work: this "gutter patriot", who "tended to mix with 'the wrong' people", was "morally insensitive and aesthetically disgusting'', so that ''even with his best passages one has the. . . sense of being seduced by something spurious".[4]

Against this total dismissal stand Edmund Wilson and C. S. Lewis. Wilson, following Hemingway, distinguishes between the "good" and the "bad" Kipling, finding that his best work was done when the "big talk of the work of the world, of the mission to command of the British . . . [had] largely faded away"; in fact, proportionately as Kipling's "responses to human beings became duller, his sensitivity to his medium increased". This was in the later Kipling that "nobody read".[5] C. S. Lewis was more direct, telling his readers that he had never at any time been able to understand ''how a man of taste could doubt that Kipling is a very great artist". There follows the usual qualification, that in large doses Kipling's world is a "suffocating monstrosity", but it does not alter the recognition that ''he was a very great writer''.[6]

More recent criticism that is supposed to have rehabilitated Kipling's reputation has also done so at the expense of making the explicit ideas and beliefs in his work peripheral to what is deemed to be its essential value.[7]

Dobrée suggests that "the Empire is, strictly speaking, only an accident, an expression rather than a necessity''. It is the mere dress to his "profound intuition" of "the void which surrounds existence", and against which he erected a "philosophical apparatus" which finds its

clearest expression in a "love of action'' and a "craving to belong''.

Dobrée's perception of a "metaphysical scepticism"[8] in Kipling receives direct development in Elliot Gilbert's fairly recent extended study of some of his short stories.[9] In Gilbert's view Kipling uses "Imperialism as Metaphor", through which he perceives life's "absurdity"—for "man trapped in an indifferent universe". Kipling is shown to be an existentialist in his response to this state of affairs, and he is most meaningfully discussed alongside such writers as Camus. Like Camus, he "believed in the possibility of human response", and he shows us

> men who succeed in winning their freedom. . .who through an intense act of consciousness, acknowledge the reality of the absurd universe, but recognize further its irrelevance to their own existence.[10]

This necessarily brief survey of Kipling criticism makes it clear that any reader of this author is encouraged to appreciate the artistry of the stories, and either excuse content in terms of biographical pressure, or justify it in terms of symbolic value. One is required to separate Kipling the artist from all the other Kiplings—the political figure, the cultural phenomenon, the psychological curiosity—who are all, it would seem, ideologically unacceptable. The early reservations about Kipling's work are incorporated by contemporary criticism in the stress on the unimportance of explicit ideas or attitudes. History, the context of the stories, is dismissed as irrelevant.

* * *

In this essay I wish to examine "The Bridge-Builders", a story written in 1893, set in India, and later published in *The Day's Work* in 1898.[11] I have chosen this story because in its reception then[12] and now it is an example of the unanimous admission by critics of the unevenness between form and content in Kipling's writing.

In my reading of the story I do not wish to claim that this is an example of the "good" Kipling in which unity is redeemed; neither do I wish to pursue the condemnations of those who abhor his politics. Instead I shall take as my starting point the admitted contrasts between story elements and formal characteristics, and concentrate on the meanings that are being expressed by these disparate relationships.

In the second part of my article [in the next issue] I shall discuss which imperialist ideologies are being challenged by the dissonances in Kipling's story, and shall suggest that "The Bridge-Builders" should be seen as one

of a number of stories that require us to reassess critical assumptions about him.

The tendency to minimise the importance of story details is seen clearly in the commentaries by J.M.S. Tompkins and Elliot Gilbert on "The Bridge-Builders".[13] They interpret the story in metaphoric terms, so that the actual context is subordinated to a larger and, it is deemed, more profound metaphysical meaning. Tompkins's interpretation of the story builds upon Dobrée's belief that Kipling had a "profound intuition" of "the void which surrounds existence".[14] "The Bridge-Builders" becomes for Tompkins a celebration of the healing power of *work;* work fulfils man's potentiality to create; in creating he is healed by avoiding the truth about life, that "It is necessary to man's health in this world that he should be shortsighted".[15]

Gilbert deals with the story at some length in his chapter "Imperialism as Metaphor''.[16] He concedes ''the contrast between the two halves of the tale'', but claims that they are incorporated ''without destroying the unity of his work''. There is for him, as for Tompkins, a coherent and unified theme to be traced. Unlike Tompkins, however, Gilbert at certain points in his essay stresses the presence and importance of the real world—"The Bridge-Builders" is a story of India at "this very special instant of history". He is at pains to dissociate Kipling from any charge of jingoism, noting how in the story he "explodes [the] notion" of "any special competence residing in the English". In spite, however, of these efforts to contextualise the story Gilbert's position in the end corresponds with what I have described as the accepted one. The specific and realistic detail is essentially surface paraphernalia; what is at the heart of the story is "Findlayson's vision of the universe"; and it "emerges as a far-reaching philosophy rather than a narrow pragmatism''.[17] The imperial context is disregarded as we are told that the significance of Findlayson lies in his level and type of consciousness, which is in the last resort independent of the world, which it has the power to subordinate:

> The position is again the existentialist one. In an empty universe, Kipling implies here, as he does in many of his stories, man is nobody's creature and life is precious precisely because every moment of it is its own excuse for being.[18]

While the material world is not explicitly denied, it is being shown to be meaningless, irrelevant to man's mind, which can rise above it. Gilbert is asking us to read "The Bridge-Builders" as the idealist's response to the absurd universe. As such, of course, it can enter the canon of modern literature.

I have dwelt at some length on Gilbert's reading of the story because it is an example of the kind of interpretative criticism that makes play of emphasising contextuality only in the end to judge it irrelevant, subordinate to "far-reaching philosophy". Ultimately, as the title tells us, imperialism is a "metaphor", for a peroration on consciousness and the transcendent power of the mind. An alternative reading of this story emerges if we ignore Tompkins's assertion that "No man was less of a materialist than Kipling''.

The opening of "The Bridge-Builders" is laden with realistic details; a great deal of information is given about the minutiae of the construction site. The progression of the narrative dictates however that this world confronts an opposite one: a world of vision induced by opium, where the native gods, in the form of beasts, discuss the condition of religious faith under the impact of the "things that the bridge-builders have done".[19] Realism and fabulism confront each other in story type; in cultural terms west confronts east; and on another level ancient India confronts the impact of a new consciousness created by trains and bridges.

The desire, perhaps, to discover unity in the text has led the critics who have commented on this story to speak of "the real world blend[ing] imperceptibly into the world of the supernatural".[20] Narrative detail, I would suggest, does not support this reading; rather, it indicates a violent contrast between the two worlds. Findlayson, on the bridge site the most calculating of men, once under the influence of opium is transformed: it is his reckless and uncontrolled action that thrusts himself and Peroo into the situation in which they may overhear the conclave of the gods.

Further, the difference and distance between the world of bridges and that of the gods is stressed by the passage from the one to the other being violent: it is the uncontrollable rush of the Ganges in flood that flings them fromone to the other. If there is a smooth transition from realism to fable it has within it dissonant elements that suggest that Empire and technology are separate from, and alien to, ancient India.

There is another equally significant contrast, as the reader is propelled from one world to another: the roles and primacy of the characters in the story are reversed. Tompkins and Gilbert in pursuit of the higher consciousness make it clear that for them it is Findlayson who achieves it: Peroo, the native, is barely mentioned. Again, reference to detail draws attention to emphases that would conflict with this reading.

While on the island it is Peroo who is alert to all around him, Findlayson is glazed and semi-conscious. Peroo at the end is able to say, "Now I am wise", whereas Findlayson can only observe that

> ''It seemed that the island was full of beasts and men talking, but I do not remember."[21]

In other words the vision, which is of the future of India, is given to the native. This promotion of a minor character to a major role advances the Indian at the expense of the Imperialist, and within the reversal there is surely an implicit comment on the future of the Raj. It may be providing the means of transition from one world to another, but the outcome will belong to the Indian, who is "wise" to what is going on.

These shifting configurations of narrative type and character focus can be related to the presentation in the story of the bridge and its builders. In the first pages the title refers literally to Findlayson and Hitchcock; later it is given a more general meaning, the gods using it to refer to the Imperialists—"the men from across the water".[22]

With this link established, it is interesting to note the contrasting effect of the bridge on first the Empire, then India, and finally its builders. As soon as the bridge has been ceremonially opened the first use to which it will be put is to transport soldiers. It has been conceived as part of the infrastructure for Imperial control: it is there to aid the maintenance of law and order, and if necessary extend it. However, as an object in the Indian landscape it is "raw and ugly as original sin, but *pukka*—permanent".[23] The relationship of the bridge to India, it seems, is like the relationship of original sin to man: the bridge becomes an ineradicable part of the nature of India, determining her fate.

The gap between the use of the bridge for the Raj and the impact of it on India is a difference between short and long term effects: its practicality for the Empire is exceeded by the determining outcome it has for India.

In comparing the effect of the bridge on its builders, narrative details again point to oppositions. His work on the bridge has bred in Findlayson a double and conflicting illusion—in one sense he conceives of himself as god-like. He

> looked back on the humming village of five thousand workmen; upstream and down, along the vista of spurs and sand; across the river to the far piers, lessening in the haze; overhead to the guard-towers—and only he knew how strong those were—and with a sigh of contentment saw that his work was good.[24]

The parallel with Genesis is quite explicit—as God looked with satisfaction on the seventh day at His work of creation, so Findlayson surveys the site and the bridge and sees himself as its source and origin. As God kept knowledge unto Himself, so only Findlayson knows the real offensive and defensive strength of the bridge.

This vision of the bridge as the powerful creation of Findlayson the representative of Empire is undercut by the details in the narrative that

show us that the story of its creation includes Indian bureaucratic incompetence and the inability of the British administration to perceive its own best interests.

Moreover, contrasting and conflicting with Findlayson's god-like image of himself as a creator is his loss of identity and selfhood in his creation. His own qualities and abilities, the potentialities of his labour, no longer belong to him, they inhere in the object he has produced—

> his own kind would judge him by his bridge, as that stood or fell. . . those eighty foot piers . . . carried his reputation.[25]

Findlayson on the one hand is unable to see the bridge as a product of human labour, but on the other hand he conceives it as a commodity with which he will purchase the adulation of his peers. The contradictions that are involved in his relationship to his labour culminate in his inability to see beyond the bridge to its meaning in relation to India: this emerges in his lack of response to the convention of the gods—which he cannot remember.[26]

The nullity of Findlayson's response stands in contrast to that of Peroo, who receives and understands the indication he is given, of what is happening to India. At the outset Peroo believes in the gods—there is, he claims, no alternative in India—

> "London is London . . . Also Mother Gunga is Mother Gunga, and when I come back to her banks I know this and worship. ''[27]

The emphasis is on the difference between the cultures, and therefore their discontinuity, which undermines the practicability of Imperial notions of the transference of British cultural institutions. Peroo, it seems, however, has become suspicious of the *gurus* of his native faith, and would like to put them to the test to see if they can ''stop a monsoon''; but on the whole Peroo is faithful—" 'if you carried off his *guru* he'd leave us like a shot' ''. Peroo recognises that the bridge and its builders are a challenge to the gods—the material benefits of Imperialism threaten belief—but he is confident that "when *she* [Mother Gunga] talks I know whose voice will be the loudest''.[28] When technology has done its work the gods of the earth, of the natural forces, will not be conquered. He is wrong, and in discovering the difference between what he thought would be the case and what will be, he has insight into the fate of India.

The procession of the gods that passes before the eyes of the two men asserts their continuing power over the Hindu masses: " 'for when the words are said, and the new talk is ended, to Shiv men return at the last' "; or " 'each bridge leads surely to Us in the end' ''.[29] Implicit in these statements is the notion that the Raj is merely a bubble on the ancient

surface of India, and there will always be a return to things as they are: Imperialism will be a route back to the old gods.

Significantly it is Krishna, god in a human not a symbolic form, who throws the Indian and Imperial perspective into disarray. The power claimed by the gods for natural disaster over mere technological feats is immediately contradicted by Krishna—"when all is done, what profit? Tomorrow sees them [the bridge-builders] at work".[30] The means are always at hand for bridges to be rebuilt: technology will not go away.

But is this the good news that it might seem to be for the Empire? It seems that the important effect of technology has been on the consciousness of the people—

> "They do not think of the Heavenly Ones . . . They think of the fire-carriage and the other things that the bridge-builders have done.''[31]

The effect on religion, of the people becoming preoccupied with these material phenomena, will be terminal: altars will be forgotten. The process, which has already started, will be irreversible—"It is too late now"[32] for religion to be revived. However, in this explicit statement about the future of religious faith, there is also implied a comment on the position of the Raj. If we concentrate not on what is happening to religion, but on how it has happened, it seems that the people have separated the *achievements* of the Empire from the *men* of the Empire. It is not the case that the Imperialists have taken the place of the gods, but that the minds of the people have been filled with "things"—they have become materialised. Remembering the equation of the bridge with original sin, again the emphasis is upon the ineradicable effect of technological change.

Several attempts are made by the gods to refute Krishna, and to argue that things will be as they always have been. Hanuman, in particular, claims that they will twist all of the Imperial gods, including fire-carriages and bridges, to their own purposes. This assertion elicits from Krishna the following:

> "Their Gods! This is no question of their Gods—one or three—man or woman. The matter is with the people. *They* move, and not the Gods of the bridge-builders."[33]

In India, it would seem, history has already overtaken native religious faith and Imperialism. The people move now in the irreversible momentum of "the things that the bridge-builders have done". The technology itself is the momentum, and it is the people who feel it. In the explicit emphasis on the anachronism of religion is the implicit prediction

of the short-term future of the Raj in the face of the movement of the people.

As I shall show in my next article, such a prophecy stands in direct opposition to Britain's imperial policy in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. In this policy, India had become much more important to the Empire, which was confronting new European, and even American, competitors.

In response to Krishna's declaration of doom for the gods, Indra reasserts the old riddle:

> "When Brahm ceases to dream, the Heavens and the Hells and Earth disappear. Be content. Brahm dreams still."[34]

However, he cannot ignore Krishna's warning, and accuses him of being too involved with human affairs and losing sight of heavenly truths; but this reprimand is preceded by a qualification on Brahm's creative will, and is undercut by the qualification, for now

> ''The dreams come and go, and the nature of the dreams changes, but still Brahm dreams. "[35]

An admission, surely, that the creative spirit has become tenuous and is being transfigured. Krishna is unmoved, and states his position again, simply and with no qualification:

> "It is but a little time to wait, and ye shall know if I lie."[36]

The story does not end here—as most of the critics lead us to believe by not commenting on what follows.

Gilbert maintains that Findlayson's lack of response to the conclave of the gods merely shows the strength and superiority of his mode of consciousness—its commitment to reality, to his bridge as a symbol of "the central creative act of life".[37] Findlayson shows us that the " 'unreality' of the Indian deities" cannot survive his "return of consciousness".[38]

Omitted from this reading, however, is Peroo's response, which is crucial because it is a vindication, on the individual level, of the truth of Krishna's prophecy—that the consciousness of the people of India is changing. Peroo re-evaluates his total life-experience in the light of the disclosures he has derived from listening to the gods. He understands suddenly that his life has not been in the pay of the gods, but of "the Kumpani's big boat''.[39]

Moreover, in these last pages the inclusion of the response of both men

necessitates their comparison. Findlayson is concerned with the short term—"wondering what news might be of the bridge". Peroo is concerned with the larger implications—the effect on men when "the Gods go".

Further, the rescue of Findlayson and Peroo contains some interesting details that can be related to the implicit discoveries of this story. It is the Rao of Baraon who owns the steam-launch that saves them—though Peroo had often reflected on the need for one on the bridge-site. It is Peroo who can handle the boat, and who expertly returns it to the shore. Finally, we have the Rao's unwilling attendance at the sanctification of "some new idol. . . They are dam-bore, these religious ceremonies. . .".[40]

All of these seemingly unimportant details confirm Krishna's prophecy, that *"They* [the people] move". India—it is implicit in this story—is becoming a nation, shedding its ancient past; and in doing so is accommodating itself to the technology introduced by the Imperialists; and all of these factors are undermining the Raj.

Far from being a story about "Imperialism as Metaphor", it is one which allows us to see some of the real problems that were raised by the British position in India. It is to these, seen in relation to late Victorian ideas about Empire, that I shall turn in my next article.

NOTES

1. "Kipling's Reputation" by J. I. M. Stewart, in *Kipling, the man, his work and his world,* ed. J. Gross (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1972), p. 160.

2. A. Lang, R. Buchanan, R. L. Stevenson. See *Kipling: the Critical Heritage,* ed. R. L. Green (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1971).

3. For the essays by Orwell and C. S. Lewis, see *Kipling and the Critics,* ed. E. L. Gilbert (New York U.P., 1965), pp. 74-88, 99-117. For E. Wilson's essay, see *Kipling's Mind and Art,* ed. A. Rutherford (Oliver & Boyd, 1964), pp. 17-69.

4. Orwell in *op. cit.,* pp. 74-75, 78, 85.

5. Wilson in *op. cit.,* pp. 52, 69.

6. From "Kipling's World" by C. S. Lewis, in *op. cit.* (Note 3).

7. 77K? *Art of Rudyard Kipling* by J. M. S. Tompkins (Methuen, 1959); *Aspects of Kipling's Art* by C. A. Bodelsen (Manchester U.P., 1964); *Kipling: Realist and Fabulist* by Bonamy Dobrée (Oxford U.P., 1967).

8. From ''Rudyard Kipling'' by Bonamy Dobrée in *op. cit.* at Note 3 (an extract from his *The Lamp and the Lute,* Oxford, 1929, revised edn. 1964).

9. *The Good Kipling* by E. L. Gilbert (Manchester U.P., 1972).

10. *ibid.,pp.* 118,195,197,201.

11. "The Bridge-Builders" is at pp. 1-47 of *The Day's Work,* which since its original publication in 1898 has been reissued more than twenty times. It is available in the Macmillan Centenary edition, 1968, and in a new paperback series (1983).

12. See for example " 'The Madness of Mr. Kipling' " by Stephen Gwynn, at pp. 212-18 of op. *cit.* at Note 2.

13. Tompkins, *op. cit.,* p. 193; Gilbert, *op. cit.,* pp. 126-57.

14. From *op. c*it. at Note 8.

15. Tompkins, *ibid.,* Note 13.

16. Gilbert, *ibid.,* Note 13.

17. *ibid.,* pp. 128, 129, 132, 141.

18. *ibid., p.* 146.

19. "The Bridge-Builders" in *The Day's Work* (Macmillan, 1968), p. 40. [n.b. the page references given below will fit that edition, and others in which the story takes 47 pages of the book, e.g. the Macmillan pocket edition.]

20. Gilbert, *op. cit., p.* 129

21. "The Bridge-Builders", p. 44.

22. *ibid.,* p. 40.

23. ibid., p. 3.

24. *ibid., p.* 3.

25. *ibid., p.* 20

26. *ibid.,* p. 44.

27. *ibid.,* p. 10.

28. *ibid., p.* 16

29. *ibid.,* pp. 34-35.

30. *ibid., p.* 38.

31. *ibid., p.* 40

32. *ibid.,* p. 40.

33. *ibid., p.* 41.

34. *ibid., p.* 42

35. *ibid.,* p. 42.

36. *ibid.,* p. 42.

37. Gilbert, *op. cit., p.* 141.

38. *ibid., p.* 144.

39. "The Bridge-Builders", p. 45.

40. *ibid.,* p. 47.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF "THE ENGLISH FLAG"

by K. M. WILSON

[Dr Keith Wilson has since 1970 been a lecturer in Modern History at the University of Leeds. His recent research and writing, mainly on aspects of British foreign policy in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, culminated in the publication of *The Policy of the Entente* (Cambridge University Press, 1985), on which he is to be congratulated.

It was in the course of preparatory work for that book, exploring connections between the Foreign Office and the press, and public opinion in general, that he discovered what turned out to be the archive of the *Morning Post* (the newspaper that was taken over by the *Daily Telegraph* in 1937: it had been a favourite paper of Kipling's, and he had had close connections with its management). In that archive was an unexpected find—the manuscript of "The English Flag".

That poem, a very fine specimen of the English patriotic *genre*, dates from 1891, when it was published in the *National Observer* and the *St. James's Gazette* and in the famous anthology of poetry entitled *Lyra Heroica* which was compiled by W. E. Henley (who also edited the *National Observer).* In 1892 Kipling included it in *Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses.* What was presumably the *original*—or at least an *early*—manuscript of the same poem was reproduced by the *Morning Post* in 1899, as Dr Wilson recounts.

Though I have been obliged by considerations of space both to reduce by some 10% the size of the copy of the manuscript that Dr Wilson sent me, and to cut it into five slices to facilitate its convenient reproduction on five pages of this magazine, it loses little thereby, and nothing of real substance bearing on the text of the poem, which is the important thing.— *Ed.]*

"The English Flag" (1891) is the only poem of his, the *making* of which Kipling mentions in his autobiographical work, *Something of Myself* [chapter IV], from which it emerges that its best known line

And what should they know of England who only England know?

was a parental contribution.

In the same work [chapter III] Kipling refers to the occasion when he fell sick in New York. The time was the end of February 1899. The sickness was pneumonia, of which his daughter Josephine, aged six, died on 6 March. Kipling, then aged thirty-three, was near death for over a week, and his condition and his current status as a writer were subjects of much interest in the British press.

The Times devoted a whole leader to him on 4 March. This credited him with having, by virtue of his discovery of India as a field of poetry and romance,

> enabled the West to understand the East as was never before possible;

with helping

> half to create, half to popularise, a type of our soldier such as we did not before know;

and with having of late

> done more than diplomacy and treaties, arbitration and speech-making to convince two nations [England and the United States] sprung from the same stock that they are still in many ways one.

As "a patriot poet'', as one ''who strikes the heroic note in literature'', he had "sung the pride of Empire, none better". He had also "preached its obligations"—

> He has not hesitated to proclaim the right of the capable to rule the weak. But he has inculcated, in ways which men of the world understand, duty, obedience, resignation, and self-denial, as if they were the corner-stones of Empire.

It was because he had dwelt on "the manly virtues of life" that affection and solicitude for his recovery had gone out to him.

The Times's Berlin correspondent took direct issue with the German press, and indirect issue with Kaiser Wilhelm II, who in a telegram to Kipling's American wife had used the phrase, "our great common race", to retrieve Kipling for the English—pointing out that "the Tyrtaeus of the British Empire" and the author of "The English Flag" was neither American nor German.

The *Morning Post,* which on 28 February had printed a facsimile of Kipling's phrase, "but—the shadows come & go", on 1 March paid its own tribute by printing, centre-page across three columns, a facsimile of the manuscript of "The English Flag".

This was done with the permission of Methuen & Co, who may have supplied the manuscript. Whether they did or not, it was retained by Oliver Borthwick, the son of the owner of the *Morning Post,* Lord Glenesk, and something of a collector of autographs. On his death in 1905 the envelope containing this manuscript, together with another containing the originals of poems by W. E. Henley and Harold Begbie, of a story by J. M. Barrie, and parts of the original manuscripts of R. L. Stevenson's "The Cruise of the *Casco"* and Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the*

D'Urbervilles, passed to his sister Lilias, Lady Bathurst, who inherited the newspaper on the death of their father in 1908. These manuscripts now comprise a part of the Glenesk-Bathurst MSS, on loan to the Brotherton Library, Leeds University.

The present publication marks the rediscovery of the manuscript of "The English Flag". It also remedies the *Morning Post's* omission from its publication of the word "The" at the beginning of the fourteenth quatrain.

[Anyone unfamiliar with "The English Flag" and with Kipling's handwriting may find parts of this manuscript hard to decypher. A printed text (including the slight subsequent variants, and based on the version in the Definitive Edition of verse) is therefore provided below, for reference.—*Ed.)*

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?—
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English Flag!

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster anew with dirt?
An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?
We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell or share.
What is the Flag of England? Winds of the World, declare!

The North Wind blew: —"From Bergen my steel-shod vanguards go;
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe.
By the great North Lights above me I work the will of God,
And the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger fills with cod.

I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies came.
I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down with my blast,
And they died, but the Flag of England blew free ere the spirit passed.

The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic nights,
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern Lights:
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my bergs to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

The South Wind sighed:— "From the Virgins my mid-sea course was ta'en
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the long-backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon.

Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud in the breeze.
Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.

I have wrenched it free from the halliards to hang for a wisp on the Horn;
I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned and rolled and torn;
I have spread its folds o'er the dying, adrift in a hopeless sea;
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the slave set free.

My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my reefs to dare,
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there! ''

The East Wind roared:—"From the Kuriles, the Bitter Seas, I come,
And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the English home.
Look—look well to your shipping! By the breath of my mad typhoon
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your best at Kowloon!

The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas before,
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singapore!
I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded snake she rose;
And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with the startled crows.

Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake—
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is stayed.

The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass knows,
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun to dare,
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there! "

The West Wind called:—"In squadrons the thoughtless galleons fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people die.
They make my might their porter, they make my house their path,
Till I loose my neck from their rudder and whelm them all in my wrath.

I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn from the hole.
They bellow one to the other, the frighted ship-bells toll;
For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud with my breath,
And they see strange bows above them and the two go locked to death.

But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by dark or day,
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.

The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dews have kissed—
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in the mist.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there! ''

Continued on pages 28—31. See article and text on pages 23—26.

No proof wanted
Read carefully

BERGEN
KURILES
PRAYA.
KOWLOON
VIRGINS
TYPHOON
LOTOS

DISKO
HOOGHLI
HORN.
SINGAPORE.
TAINTLESS
CONGER
ROLLERS
BREAKERS

The English Flag

Dr
type

Above the portico a flag staff, bearing the Union Jack, remained fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see significance in the incident.

Daily Paper

Winds of the world, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro,—
And what should they know of England who only England know?—
The poor little street-bred people that rapour and preme and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English flag.

Must we borrow a clout from the Bocks – to plaster anew with dirt? –
An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?
We may not speak of England; her flag's to sell ~~an~~ or share;
~~And~~ What is the Flag of England, winds of the World declare!

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I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe;
By the ~~Northern~~ Great North lights above me I work the will of God,
And the liner splits on the ice field or the Dogger fills with cod.

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Because to force my ramparts your nut shell navies came;
I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down with my blast,
And they died but the flag of England blew free ere the spirit passed.

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Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the long-backed breakers crown
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon.

~~Strayed~~ Strayed amid ~~outer~~ lonely islets, ~~strayed~~ amazed amid outer ~~seas~~ Keys,
I waked the palms to laughter - I tossed the scud in the breeze -
Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.

I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang for a wisp on the thorn;
I have chased it north to the Lizard - ribboned and rolled and torn;
I have spread its fold o'er the dying adrift in a hopeless sea;
I have hurled it surf on the slaver, and seen the slave set free.

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Where the lone wave falls with fire beneath the Southern Cross,
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I raped your richest roadstead — I plundered Singapore!
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And I flung your stoutest steamers to trade with the ~~foreign~~ startled crows.

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Because on the bones of the English the English flag is staged.

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The scared white leopard winds it across the ~~trackless~~ snows.
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Ye have but my Sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there!"

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That bear the wheat and cattle lest ~~[illegible]~~ street-bred people die.
They ~~[illegible]~~ make my midnight their porter they make my house their path,
And I loose my neck from their service and whelm them all in my wrath.

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They bellow one to the other, the frighted ship-bells toll,
For day is a dipping terror till I raise the shroud with my breath,
And they see strange bows ~~[illegible]~~ above them and the two go locked to death.

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I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.

The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it- the frozen dews have kissed,
The naked stars have seen it, a yellow star in the mist.
What is the flag of England? Ye have bet my breath to dare,
Ye have bet my wares to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

Rudyard Kipling

See article and text on pages 23—26, and caption on page 27.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[The Editor welcomes letters intended for publication, though he tends to receive a greater number than can in practice be printed. For reasons of space he reserves the usual right (unless expressly requested otherwise) to shorten a text. Or he may need to summarise a letter, and/or its enclosures, under ''Points from Other Letters''.]

STEPNEYS [1]

From Mr P. C. Beale, 131 Byron Street, Loughborough, Leicestershire LEU 0JN

Dear Sir,

As I am the present editor of the late Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang & Unconventional English* (8th edn. pub'd 1984), my eye was naturally caught by the footnote to Kipling's pun on *Stepney* (December 1985, page 18). It recalled a note I took of a letter which appeared in *Country Life* (13 December 1984), from W. A. Taylor, Esq, of Banwell, Somerset:

> *With regard to Carol Hasting's motoring reflections (Oct. 18), may I add a note on the Stepney wheel? This was a tyre mounted on a rim without hub or spokes, which could be bolted on the side of the rim carrying the punctured tyre.*
>
> *Some eminent personage—I do not know who—once had a mistress in Stepney, and this led to ''Stepney'' becoming the general term for, shall we say, a ''replacement wife''. Hence a Stepney wheel was a replacement wheel.*

Since the new *Partridge* had not added anything to the entry in the 5th edition (1961) which you quote, my curiosity led me to ask Mr Taylor directly whether he could add anything further, as I hope there will eventually be a 9th edition. He wrote most kindly and at some length, and I will quote the relevant part of his private letter to me:

> *My letter to Country Life had one very curious sequel. A man telephoned and said I was wrong: the Stepney was invented or made by a firm in the Borough of Stepney, and he claimed to be related to the family who owned the firm! Unfortunately I never took his name and address.*

Well, I thought I'd better go into this, so I turned up the Olympia Motor Show catalogues. The advertisement for the Stepney Spare Motor Wheel Ltd, Stepney Works, Llanelly, first appeared in the 1907 catalogue . . . and continued till 1913, the last show before the War—but had disappeared in 1919.

As far as I remember, my father told me about the connection with the mistress, but I have held this belief for so long that I really can't tell you when I first heard it. I was born in 1906. . . So my motoring memories are primeval, jumbled up, and to a large extent dateless. But I have always thought that Stepney as a spare wife was Victorian.

Tantalising, isn't it, that Arthur Gibbs's "Stepney tale" might have told us why the term was used for a "spare wife": what a pity R. K. never made use of it.

Yours sincerely,
PAUL BEALE

STEPNEYS [2]

From Mr A. J. V. Fletcher, O.B.E., G.M., 14 Hermitage Close, London E18 2BW

Dear Sir,

The word "Stepney" is widely used in India for the spare wheel of a vehicle. I was told by a long-term British resident of New Delhi that it had its origin in a garage in Stepney Street, Llanelly (now Llanelli), and I find this confirmed in the definition given in the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary:*

> 1907. [Said to be from the name of Stepney-street, Llanelly, the place of manufacture.] A spare wheel with ready inflated tyre but no spokes, carried by motorists.

In the early days of the motor car there were few garages and spare parts shops: the money-making brainwave of the Welshman in Llanelly was to box up individual spare wheels and tyres, of varying sizes to fit various vehicles, and to ship them all over the British Empire: the name "Stepney" stuck.

Yours faithfully,
GUS FLETCHER

STEPNEYS [3] AND THE SILENT KNIGHT

From Mr J. Shearman, Garden Flat, 29 Buckland Crescent, London NW35DJ

Dear Sir,

May I make two points of elucidation about the interesting "Lordly of Leather [9]" article, (December 1985, Kipling's 'Letter 2' on pages 17-18).

First, Kipling refers to a "Stepney". This was an elementary spare wheel patented in 1904 and 1906 by T. M. and W. Davies. It consisted of a strong rim fitted with an inflated tyre which could be clamped on to the outside of a punctured road-wheel as a get-you-home device. The name is said (by the 5. *O.E.D.)* to derive from Stepney Street, Llanelly, where the rim was manufactured. The Science Museum, London, catalogues an example, "Presented by the Stepney Spare Motor Wheel Ltd.", and dated 1906. (Inv. 1912—77) So I guess that Kipling was playing on the "fancy-girl" and "spare wheel" meanings of the word.

Second, Kipling mentions a Silent Knight, acquisition of which would be the "last pitch of degradation". The Silent Knight was a car manufactured in the U.S.A. from 1906-09, selling at $3500. Its mechanical feature was a sleeve valve engine which ran quite silently. The design was patented by Mr C. Y. Knight in 1905 and 1908. The Knight Company made at least three models—Knight of the Road, Knight Special, and the sleeve-valved Silent Knight. The Silent Knight did not sell well in America, but the engine design was adopted by the Daimler Company Ltd in England, in 1908. There is an example of the Daimler-Knight engine of 1910 in the Science Museum Catalogue (Inv. 1910—47). I thank my friend and colleague R. H. B. Mason for information about the Knight motor cars.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN SHEARMAN

[Note by Editor. I am grateful for these comments on"the "Stepney" wheel. I also have found it mentioned in *One Hundred Years of Motoring* by R. Flower and M. W. Jones (R.A.C., 1981), pp 49 and 52, where it is explained as a useful roadside makeshift in an era when wheels were not detachable—and thereafter it became pointless. The inventor, however, is said to have been *Dunlop.*

Some overseas readers unfamiliar with British place-names may not know that Llanelli is a port in Dyfed, South Wales; it prospered in the Industrial Revolution, developing metal and other manufactures. Stepney is an area of London east of the City, down-river from the Tower. But who, allegedly, kept a mistress there, causing the name to become a byword?)

THREE MORE OR LESS MALAY PHRASES

From Mr B. E. Smythies, F.L.S:, Field Cottage, Church Hill, Merstham, Surrey RM 3BL

Dear Sir,

1. "PAYAH KUN"

The following sentences occur in "The Crab that Played with the Sea" *(Just So Stories):*

> *'Kun?'* said All-the-Elephant-there-was, meaning, 'Is this right?'
> *'Payah kun, '* said the Eldest Magician, meaning, 'That is quite right'.

These sentences are reprinted in the *Kipling Journal* (December 1984, page 32) in the article by Rosalind Meyer on *Just So Stones.*

When re-reading the story after a lapse of half a century I was struck by the fact that the words in italics, which are repeated several times in the story, are not ordinary Malay words (the word for "right" would be *baik* or *betul),* and I therefore looked up their derivation.

Walter William Skeat gave Kipling a copy of his book *Malay Magic* (1900)—*vide* Kipling's letter to Skeat dated 5 January 1935 (printed in the *Readers ' Guide,* page 1677):

> You sent me, years ago, your *Malay Magic* out of which I took ("pinched" is another word for it) my tale of "The Crab that played with the Tides'', and used your Eldest Magician, including the phrase *Kun, Paya Kun;* the Rat; the Man in the Moon; Rajas Moyong Kaban and Abdullah; the Pusat Tasek, etc., etc. The evidence of this "adaptation" is as plain as print. . .

Kipling used two of the Malay legends, about the Creation [Skeat, pages 3,4, 584] and about the crab that caused the tides [pages *6,7,*92], in his story, first printed in 1902 only two years after Skeat's book.

The legend of the Creation as given by Skeat on page 584 starts:

> "Kun" kata Allah, payah "kun" kata Muhammad: Menjadi benih . . .

Note *payah ''kun '',* not *''payah kun ".* In a footnote on page 4 Skeat states that *Payah* is probably a corruption of *supaya,* meaning "so also", or "likewise". *Kun* in Arabic means "be"; here, in the imperative, "Let there be". So the translation of the beginning of the legend is:

> "Let there be", said Allah, likewise "Let there be", said Muhammad: a seed was created . . .

Kipling's translation is wide of the mark, presumably because he did not read Skeat's footnotes.

2. "PAUH JANGGI"

Skeat says that this is the universal Malay name for the tree which grows, according to Malay fable, in the central whirlpool or navel of the seas, *Pusat tasek.* That great naturalist, the German-born Rumphius (1628-1702), the blind seer of Amboina, interpreted the name as a corruption of *Buwa-zangi*—"fruit of Zang (East Africa)"—but Skeat disagrees, on the grounds that *Pau* or *Pauh* is perfectly good Malay, and is the name given to various species of mango.

The objection to this interpretation is that the fruit of this tree, according to ancient belief, was not a mango, but was "produced on a palm growing below the seas, whose fronds, according to Malay seamen, were sometimes seen in quiet bights on the Sumatran coast". This fruit, the Coco-de-Mer or Double Coconut, was sometimes washed up on islands of the Indian Ocean and Malay Archipelago, and remained a complete mystery until the palm *(Lodoicea seychellarum)* was discovered growing in the Seychelles. Even Rumphius "believed in the submarine origin of the nut, though he discredited its growing on a great palm, as no traces of such a plant had ever been discovered on the coasts".

3. "PAU AMMA"

There is no name like *Amma* in Skeat. According to the *Readers ' Guide [ibid.]* Kipling probably invented the name *Pau Amma* for the crab—the *Pau* being suggested by *Pau[h] Janggi.* Here again the meaning, ''mango'', for *Pau* seems irrelevant.

Yours sincerely,
B. E. SMYTHIES

KIPLING AND T. E. LAWRENCE

From Mr J. P. Pateman, 32 Petten Grove, Orpington, Kent BR5 4PU

Dear Sir,

I was interested to read in the September 1985 issue of the *Kipling Journal* (Letters, page 58) that four of Kipling's letters to T. E. Lawrence are held in the Syracuse University collection.

These letters were auctioned at Sotheby's on 20 July 1981. The *T. E. Lawrence Studies Newsletter,* volume 1, No 2 (1981-82), at page 6, shows that the letters (two autograph and two typed, signed) had been previously published in *Letters to T. E. Lawrence,* edited by A. W. Lawrence (Cape, 1962), and were written between January 1919 and July 1922. They

greatly exceeded their estimated price of £180 to £200: in fact they were sold for £1155.

Two of the letters are about raising support for a proposal to establish an American Mandate over Syria at the end of World War I. The other two deal with Lawrence's masterpiece, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom.*

Yours faithfully,
JOHN PATEMAN

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

SELECTED AND SUMMARISED BY THE EDITOR

KIPLING COMMEMORATION, 1986

From Mr John Burt, Assistant Librarian, Manuscripts Section, University of Sussex Library, Fainter, Brighton BN1 9QL

At pages 64-65 of our issue of September 1985 we summarised letters received from Sussex University Library about a tentative programme of lectures, etc, to be held under the Library's auspices in May 1986. We have now heard more, and the programme is firm.

Anyone wishing to participate, or requiring more information, must consult the Librarian at the address above. To set out the timetable here in full detail (together with data on the Kipling Award offered by the Ralph Lewis Trust, adequately summarised in our September issue) would take several pages. A sufficient outline, however, is as follows:

Thursday 15 May. A free public lecture at 6.45 p.m. *Title:* "Talking in the Library: Kipling's Voices". *Speaker:* The poet, Mr Craig Raine, currently Poetry Editor at Faber & Faber, and preparing for them a collection of Kipling's short stories to complement the verse selection made by a predecessor in that post, T.S. Eliot.

Friday 16 May. Seminar. *Speakers* to include Professors Thomas Pinney and Andrew Rutherford—respectively editors of *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches* and *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling.* The day's events include a visit to Bateman's and a reception in the University Bookshop.

Saturday 17 May. A "day school", with discussions. *Speakers:* Dr Alun Howkins (Lecturer in History, Sussex University); Dr Geoffrey Hemstedt (Lecturer in English, Sussex University); Dr Sandra Kemp (Lecturer in English, Glasgow University); Dr Angus Ross (Reader in English, Sussex University).

There will also be *Kipling Exhibitions* during the period 12-18 May, at the University Bookshop and the University Library.

KIPLING, MACNEICE AND ULSTER

From Mr M. M. Chapman, Ministry of Defence Library, London

Mr Chapman enclosed extracts from *Hansard* for 26 November 1985, covering part of the House of Commons debate on the Anglo-Irish Agreement. Passions had run high, and speakers had had recourse to poetry to point their arguments, in a manner unlikely to have been prompted by subjects less emotive.

Mr Peter Robinson, M.P. for Belfast East, had ended a speech in these terms:

> I wish that the House had a sense of the deep feeling of anger and betrayal in Northern Ireland. Yesterday, while I was waiting in an ante-room in No. 10 Downing Street before meeting the Prime Minister, I saw on the wall a portrait of Rudyard Kipling, who was a great patriot. I recall the words of his poem "Ulster 1912", which begins:
>
> ''The dark eleventh hour
> Draws on and sees us sold
> To every evil power
> We fought against of old.''
>
> Later, it states:
>
> ''The blood our fathers spilt,
> Our love, our toils, our pains,
> Are counted us for guilt,
> And only bind our chains.
> Before an Empire's eyes
> The traitor claims his price.
> What need of further lies?
> We are the sacrifice.''

Mr John Hume, M.P. for Foyle, had followed, and his speech had ended as follows:

> What is the alternative to the process of reconciliation and the breaking down of barriers . . .
> The only alternative is the old one of hopelessness, tit-for-tat, revenge—the old doctrine of an eye for an eye which has left everybody blind in Northern Ireland.
>
> This is well summed up by a better poet than Kipling, the good, honest voice of the North, Louis MacNeice. Describing the old hopelessness, which is what we are being offered by those who will not take this opportunity, he said:
>
> ''Why should I want to go back
> To you, Ireland, my Ireland?
> The blots on the page are so black
> That they cannot be covered with shamrock.

I hate your grandiose airs,
Your sob-stuff, your laugh and your swagger,
Your assumption that everyone cares
Who is the king of your castle.
Castles are out of date,
The tide flows round the children's sandy fancy.
Put up what flag you like, it is too late
To save your soul with bunting.''

It is far too late for the people of Northern Ireland to save their souls with bunting or with flag waving . . .
The challenges are daunting and difficult, but the choices are not. There is no other choice. There is no other road.

CHANGES AT BATEMAN'S

From Mr R. C. Taylor, Bateman's, Burwash, East Sussex TNI9 7DS

Mr Roger Taylor, whom many of us have met as the National Trust's Administrator at Bateman's, wrote an interesting letter in December 1985 to bring us up to date with recent developments. Slightly abbreviated, his three main points were:

1. I shall be taking over the administration of Sissinghurst Castle Garden; however there will be continuity here in that my wife, Polly, has been appointed Administrator at Bateman's. We shall continue to live here and my interest will gladly be continued.

2. We are progressing with the new car park, to resolve the 'scar' in front of the house. It will be in a landscaped area north of the garden, screened by a plantation already prepared and growing. Access is from the lane, north of the garden and swinging through a small copse in which we shall make a picnic area. The result will be to introduce the visitor to the property at the topmost corner of the garden: accordingly we are preparing a pathway along the herb garden border to the hard surface by the tea room.

3. We are concerned about the lawns in front of the house—and have been for years, with the volume of visitors—to the point that we have had to decide on a path across the front of the house close to the main door. We are careful to match it to the path leading to the gate; after a short time they will blend, which will preserve the appearance on that side. We are to turn the old car park back into the field opposite, and thus restore it to its former tranquillity.

A GARAGE BILL

From Mr T.F. Brenchley, C.M.G., 19 Ennismore Gardens, London SW7

Mr Brenchley has kindly sent us a photocopy of a paid bill dated June 1902, which had been sent to Kipling, then living at Rottingdean, four miles from Brighton, by Lonsdale & Company's Brighton Motor Works. The original is in the possession of a relative of the sender: the copy, much reduced, is opposite.

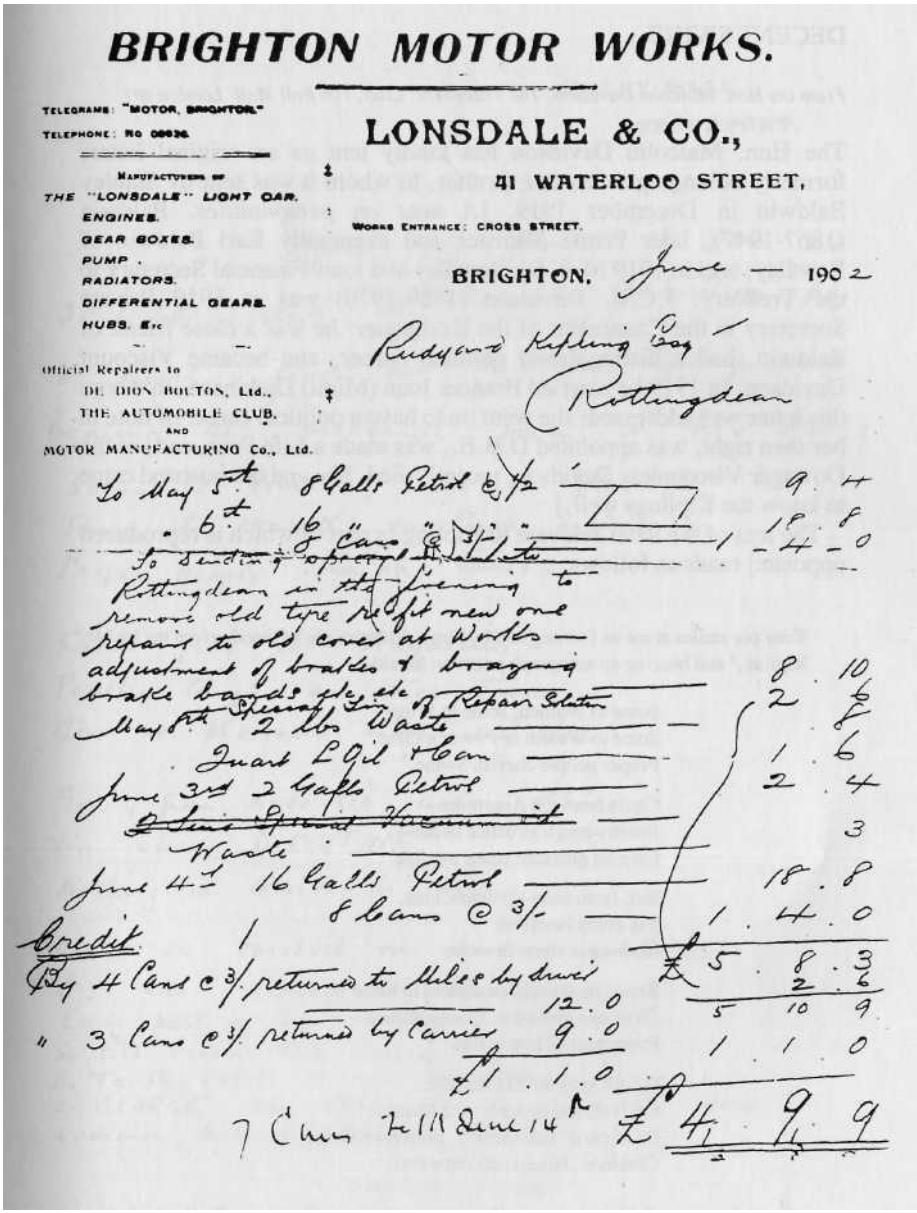
Mr Brenchley writes: "I fear it is not very exciting . . . Although Mr Lonsdale was indeed the manufacturer of a light car of his own design, it was not the sale of such a car to Kipling which is recorded, but the much more mundane sale of petrol and oil, and repair of a tyre. . ."

It is true that our appetite for garage bills is limited, but this one does repay passing attention. (Foreign readers may need reminding that 12 old pence made a shilling, 20 of which made a pound. This may clarify the tangled sums on the bill, and put into perspective 1 shilling and 2 pence for a gallon of petrol, 3 shillings for a two-gallon can, and 8 shillings and 10 pence for sending someone specially "to Rottingdean in the evening to remove old tyre, refit new one—repairs to old cover at Works—adjustment of brakes and brazing brake bands etc etc".)

The dates shown (5 May to 14 June 1902) cover the anxious to-ing and fro-ing that led up to the purchase of Bateman's (£9300 for house and 33 acres) on 10 June. They also cover Kipling's change of car. He had had an American Locomobile, which though a steam car used petrol for the burners that heated the boiler tubes [see further in Meryl Macdonald's *Kipling the Motoring Man]*. His next car, a two-cylinder Lanchester, was delivered to him by its inventor, Frederick Lanchester, on 5 June.

The Lonsdale was one of literally scores of diverse types of car put together by small-scale manufacturers in the early years of the century when the motoring craze was catching on. 1902 was the year that saw intense lobbying by motorists to get the 12 m.p.h, speed limit abolished. There was, however, an equally strong anti-car faction, which managed to retain a 20 m.p.h. limit in the Motor Car Bill introduced in 1903. As *The Times* commented,

> the number of drivers of motor-cars who are not gentlemen would seem to be unduly large. There is no turning a cad into a gentleman, but there is such a thing as making even cads fear the law.



BRIGHTON MOTOR WORKS.

TELEGRAMS: "MOTOR, BRIGHTON."
TELEPHONE: No 08036.

MANUFACTURERS OF
THE "LONSDALE" LIGHT CAR.
ENGINES.
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Official Repairers to
DE DION BOUTON, Ltd.,
THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB,
AND
MOTOR MANUFACTURING Co., Ltd.

LONSDALE & CO.,
41 WATERLOO STREET,
WORKS ENTRANCE: CROSS STREET.
BRIGHTON, June — 1902

Rudyard Kipling Esq
Rottingdean

To May 5th 8 Galls Petrol @ 1/2 — 9 . 4
" 6th 16 " " @ 1/1 — 1 8 . 8
1 . 4 . 0
To sending operator down to Rottingdean in the morning to remove old tyre & fit new one repairs to old cover at Works — adjustment of brakes & bracing brake bands etc etc of Repair Station — 8 . 10
May 8th Spencer Lin 2 lbs Waste — 2 . 6
Quart Oil & Can — 1 . 6
June 3rd 2 Galls Petrol — 2 . 4
~~2 Lins Spread Vacuum oil~~
Waste — 3
June 4th 16 Galls Petrol — 18 . 8
8 Cans @ 3/- — 1 . 4 . 0
£5 . 8 . 3
Credit 1
By 4 Cans @ 3/- returned to Miles by driver — 12 . 0 — 2 . 6
5 . 10 . 9
" 3 Cans @ 3/- returned by Carrier — 9 . 0 — 1 . 1 . 0
£1 . 1 . 0
7 Cans
£4 . 9 . 9

A GARAGE BILL

Above, reduced in size by 40%, is the bill referred to in the letter opposite.

DECENT SWINE

From the Hon. Malcolm Davidson, The Travellers' Club, 106 Pall Mall, London SW1

The Hon. Malcolm Davidson has kindly lent us an original letter, formerly belonging to his late mother, to whom it was sent by Stanley Baldwin in December 1919. *[A note on personalities.* Baldwin (1867-1947), later Prime Minister and eventually Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, was in 1919 M.P. for Bewdley and joint Financial Secretary to the Treasury. J.C.C. Davidson (1889-1970) was in 1919 Private Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer: he was a close friend of Baldwin, had a distinguished political career, and became Viscount Davidson. In 1919 he married Frances Joan (Mimi) Dickinson, to whom this letter was addressed: she went on to have a political career of note in her own right, was appointed D.B.E., was made a Life Peer, and, as the Dowager Viscountess Davidson, recently died. She and her husband came to know the Kiplings well.]

The text of the letter relevant to Kipling (a part of which is reproduced opposite) reads as follows:

Your pig smiles at me as I write,[1] and by him a primitive pig of wood, given me by Mr. Kipling,[2] and bearing an autograph poem on his side:

Some to Women, some to Wine—
Some to Wealth or Power incline,
Proper people cherish Swine.[3]

Cattle from the Argentine-
Poultry tough as office twine—
Give no pleasure when we dine:

But, from nose-tip unto Chine,
Via every intesTINE
Nothing is amiss in swine

Roast, or smoked or soaked in brine
(We have proved it, Cousin mine)
Every part of him is fine.

So, till Income Tax decline,
Or Truth exists across the Rhine,
Or GEORGE[4] can speak it, praise we Swine,
Common, honest, decent SWINE.

Isn't that sweet? He went into Harrods, and said, "I want a Pig". And they: "We have one at four guineas." "That" said the Poet "is no good to me. My limit is half-a-crown." So he bought one made by a wounded warrior.

I have had no walks: I was too slack at first, and it has been very wet. Rain every day

30. XII. 19.

ASTLEY HALL,
STOURPORT.

Your pig smiles at me as I write, and by him a primitive pig of wood, given me by Mr. Kipling, and bearing an autograph poem on his side:

Some to Women, some to Wine –
Some to Wealth or Power incline,
Proper people cherish Swine.

Cattle from the Argentine –
Poultry tough as office Twine –
Give no pleasure when we dine:

But, from nose-tip unto Chine,
Via every intesTINE
Nothing is amiss in Swine

Roast, or smoked or soaked in brine
(We have proved it, Cousin mine)
Every part of him is fine.
So, till Income Tax decline,
Or Tariff exists across the Rhine,
Or GLORIE can speak it, praise we Swine
Common, honest, decent SWINE.

THOUGHTS ON PORK

This is part of the letter *[referred to, opposite]* from Stanley Baldwin to Mimi Davidson in 1919, containing the text of Kipling's lines on "Swine" which were inscribed on a wooden pig he had given his cousin Baldwin.

and gales every other. I sit mostly in the library. The children have given me a delicious roll of Moszkowski (op. 58)—you have it, I think.[5] Also a rather puzzling Romance of Schumann. But I haven't had a great deal of music.

There have been wonderful games of pots and canons *[sic]* with the four men of the party, Olly,[6] Little,[7] R.K. and I. One evening the conversation during the match was carried on in dog-French. The climax was reached when R.K. blandly announced, "je pense que la chambre est plus facile que le canon".[8] From that you can judge the effects of country air on our intellects.

EDITOR'S NOTES

1. Reference to a gift.
2. This other gift, to which there is an allusion by the 3rd Earl Baldwin in our issue of March 1968, p 13, evidently no longer exists.
3. Baldwin's fondness for pigs, sometimes alluded to in the press, was genuine. His younger son, in the reference cited at Note 2 above, quotes one of his father's letters of 1919, about how he was enjoying "living as nearly like a pig as I can, except that so many people look over the top of the sty and poke me up whenever I try to settle down . . .".
4. David Lloyd George, former Prime Minister; later Earl Lloyd George.
5. Roll music was for the pianola, a Welte-Mignon.
6. The elder son, Oliver Baldwin, later 2nd Earl (1899-1958).
7. The younger son, Arthur Windham Baldwin, later 3rd Earl (1904-76).
8. To understand this billiard-table comment one should know that the word ''chamber'' was a common euphemism for ''chamber-pot'' or ''pot''.

THROUGH THE QUICKSAND [2]

A reader [whom I judge from internal evidence to be "Mr I.L. Penseroso" of London NW3, the Hampstead Thinker who addressed us on Bacon at page 40 of our December 1985 issue] now writes about the route through the quicksand as charted at page 31, December 1985.

The specifications in "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes", he feels, are even more surprising than Mr H.R. Preston's letter shows. Calculation from the chart reveals that in, say, 180 nights' work, the man in the hunting suit threaded his way for not much more than 180 feet. Moreover in "ground made good"—distance from start to finish in a straight line—the progress was only about 30 feet. This left "quite a lot of work to be done. I think we may take it that the impetuous Gunga Dass, after stunning Jukes, went down for ever in that uncharted stretch.''

Mr. Edward Arnold's Spring Announcements.

THE ADVENTURES OF DUNSTERFORCE.

By MAJOR-GENERAL L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B.

With Illustrations and Maps. Demy 8vo. **18s. net.**

Who is not familiar with Mr. Rudyard Kipling's figure of Stalky, the schoolboy "wily Odysseus"? Stalky has grown up, and is now Major-General Dunsterville, the author of this work.

To-day, eighteen months after the events described herein, the eyes of Europe are again focussed on the stage where Stalky and his command played their part. To any student of political movement, the first contact of the British soldier with Bolshevism and Pan-Islam must needs be of interest, and the more so when presented by an observer blessed with an unfailing sense of humour and a courage undaunted by the appalling complexity of the task allotted to him.

Towards the end of 1917, under the seal of absolute secrecy, a plan was hatched in London to fill the gap left by the defection of Russia for the infiltration of enemy propaganda into Asia via the Caucasus and Persia. Hence the "Hush Hush Army," a body of officers and N.C.Os. each fastidiously handpicked from every front, France, Salonika, Palestine, Mesopotamia—representing every part of the British Empire—in fact, a microcosm of Anglo-Saxondom in arms.

It was a very highly picked force that the author was ordered to lead in a desperate attempt to deal with the newly-arisen situation. It was originally intended to organize, with Tiflis as centre, the Christian populations of the Caucasus against the then unopposed Turkish arms. It was physically impossible for either London or Baghdad to keep in touch with the kaleidoscopic changes of the situation, which compelled complete modification of the original plan. This book sets out the way in which was achieved that success, whose measure can be gauged by the amazement with which the world heard during the last fortnight of August, 1918, that a British force had occupied Baku.

To General Dunsterville's courage and foresight is largely due our present position in Persia. Treachery, bad roads, famine, intrigue, armed opposition by those whom he had set out to help, were successfully overcome. The whole story is a tribute of the highest order to the amazing versatility of the race. Englishmen, Australians, South Africans, Canadians, New Zealanders, and a handful of faithful Russians, pioneered the road for the Gurkhas and the immortal 39th Infantry Brigade, whose feats of arms alone would have more than justified the writing of this volume.

Mr. Kipling's estimate of Stalky, the boy, is amply realized in the story, as told by himself, of Stalky the man.

THE ADVERTISEMENT FOR DUNSTERVILLE'S BOOK, 1920

See pages 46—49 of this issue.

"STALKY" [9]

A NOTE ON "DUNSTERFORCE", BY THE EDITOR

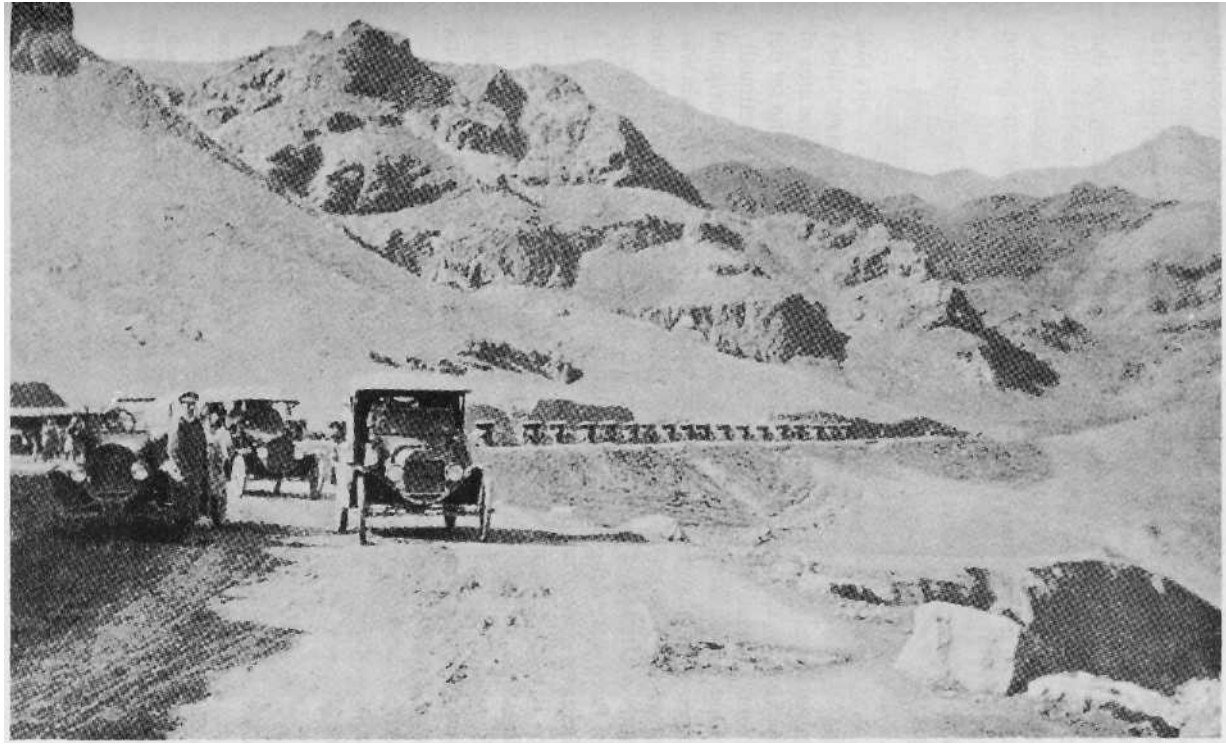
In this series on "Stalky" we have several times alluded to "Dunsterforce"—the little heterogeneous army which, as an acting Major-General in 1918, Dunsterville led during a mobile and irregular campaign in Persia and Russian Transcaucasia. The episode was a highly colourful one, beset by political complexities, and though it proved militarily inconclusive the panache with which it was handled made Dunsterville's reputation. It was a dashing performance even if—at a bewilderingly fluid stage of the war, when local nationalities were asserting their independence as the Russian Empire crumbled—it achieved little of permanent value.

The unorthodoxy of the intervention, and the undoubted fact that it failed to attain its originally planned objectives, coupled with ethnic and political considerations of great bitterness in a region of chronic tensions, made Dunsterville's campaign a matter of controversy from the first, and the glamour with which the British felt free to regard it was not necessarily the salient feature for other people affected—for instance for the Armenians in Baku who had counted on massive British support and who felt betrayed when Dunsterville's small force, having temporarily occupied that town, withdrew again before a Turkish offensive.

One of our readers writes to invite attention to a highly critical assessment of the campaign, in the form of an article by Artin H. Arslanian in the *International Journal of Middle East Studies* No 12 (1980), entitled "Dunsterville's Adventures: A Reappraisal". I have not yet seen this, but am informed that its author is extremely dismissive of Dunsterville, and particularly of his defence and evacuation of Baku. The article apparently ends on a personal note as follows:

> He devoted the rest of his life to writing his memoirs, organising the Kipling Society, and cashing in on his reminiscences of Rudyard Kipling. †

Most readers would probably agree that the *Kipling Journal* is not the ideal place for an extended historical evaluation of Dunsterville's campaign. However, a series on "Stalky" would stop short of an overall



INTERVENTION BY CAR

Dunsterville's forty-one Ford cars in Persia in mid-February 1918. The convoy is heading north towards the southern end of the Caspian Sea, with a view—in fact long frustrated by local difficulties—to taking ship there for the Russian port of Baku, on the west coast of the Caspian. *[Photo from Dunsterville s book]*

picture if it failed to pay a respectful tribute to a spirited military performance against odds in a remote theatre, an exercise which Kipling (in *Something of Myself)* called "a monumental bluff against the Bolsheviks", cheerfully conducted "with an equipment of doubtful Ford cars and a collection of most-mixed troops''.

A substantial literature on the subject awaits the serious student: for our readers I think it enough to take the occasion to reproduce here the publisher's advertisement for Dunsterville's book about his experiences, the book's review in *Punch,* and two photographs which evoke the period and convey the atmosphere of an almost forgotten story.

Punch (26 May 1920) had this to say of *The Adventures of Dunsterforce* when it first appeared:

> . . . it is a most lively account of as strange an enterprise as any that the War brought forth. Briefly, the object of General Dunsterville's mission was to prevent German and Turkish penetration in the area of the Caucasus, Baku and the Caspian Sea. In January 1918 he set out from Baghdad with what he calls "the leading party". Continually hampered by lack of men, the mission failed to achieve its original object; but what it accomplished in most difficult circumstances was of great value to the Allies. The conditions at the time when the author sailed from Enzeli with his "Dunsterforce" to raise the siege of Baku were delightfully cosmopolitan. He describes himself as "a British General on the Caspian, the only sea unploughed before by British keels, on board a ship named after a South African Dutch President and whilom enemy, sailing from a Persian port under the Servian flag to relieve from the Turks a body of Armenians in a revolutionary Russian town." "Let the reader," he adds, "pick his way through that delirious tangle, and envy us our task who may." After pursuing the tricky course of this astounding adventure I confess myself lost, not in its mazes, thanks to an excellent map, but in profound admiration for "Dunsterforce" and its leader.

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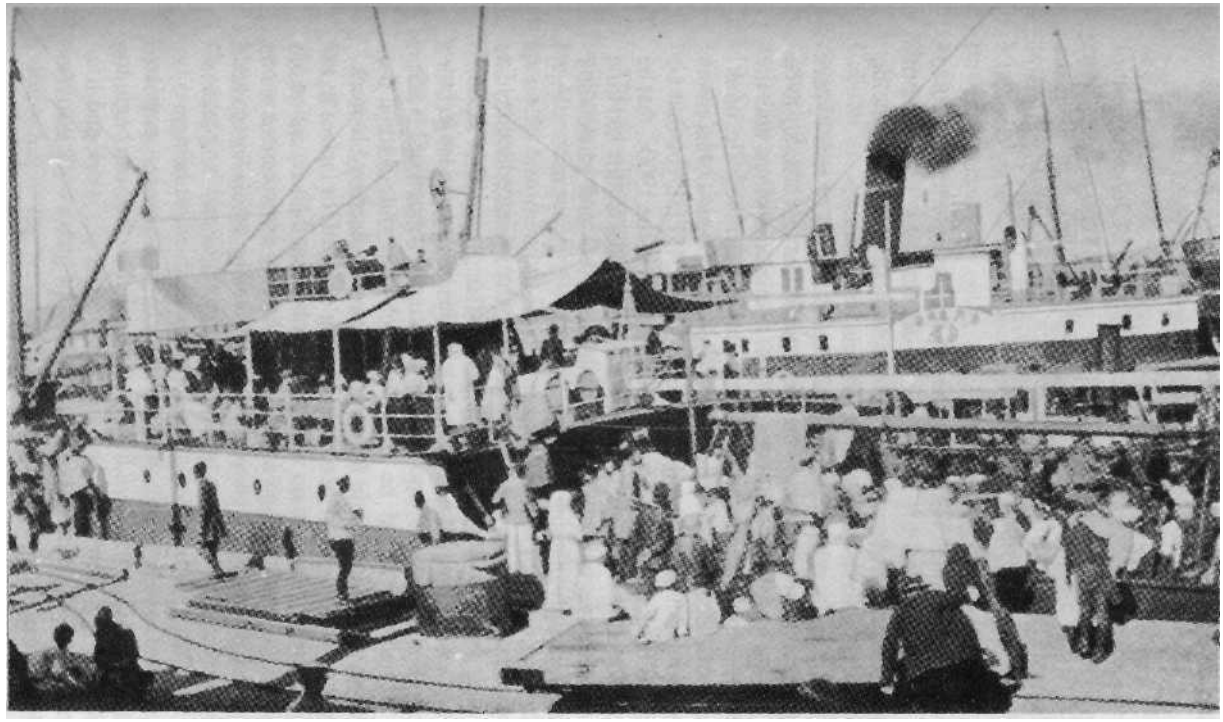
† I obtained a copy of Arslanian's article as this issue went to print. It consists of 14 pages of hostile but reasoned analysis of the Baku episode, supported by a substantial list of references indicating research. In my view it is a serious piece and (as it stands) damaging to Dunsterville's record. What I strongly doubt is the overall objectivity of an approach, however scholarly, which sets out expressly to convey "the Armenian view" of the fall of Baku.—*Ed.*



REFUGEES AT THE HARBOUR, BAKU

A typical scene at Baku harbour, in supposedly independent Azerbaijan, early September 1918. "Steamers were now leaving daily for Krasnovodsk [across the Caspian] crowded with refugees wisely escaping from the wrath to come. Their departure was an advantage to us . . . helping very much to simplify the supply question. " *[Photo from Dunsterville's book]*

BOOK REVIEWS

KIPLING: Storyteller of East and West by Gloria Kamen (Atheneum, New York, 1985); hardback; 72 pp; illustrated with numerous drawings; ISBN 0-689-31195-8; U.S.$ 12.95.

Gloria Kamen is the illustrator and author of this book, which seeks to introduce children to the life and work of Kipling. An Indian motif throughout provides the context for the illustrations, and a distancing effect in time and place is sought through sepia colouration.

The book is presumably intended for the child of nine or more years old, but the self-conscious maturity that emerges at that age is likely to be offended by the soft-toy cuddliness of the animal drawings and the caricatures of certain individuals. The main criticism of the book, however, must be directed towards the text which, throughout, has errors of fact, and carelessness in the presentation of detail. If I tell you that we "learn" in this book that Kipling was "a little sahib" in the 1900s, that he spent his childhood years in Swansea, that he visited India for the last time in 1918, I will have indicated the kind of incorrect and misleading information that is given to the young reader.

This book raises the more general question of what an introduction to a writer should be and do. Should it precede or succeed a child's acquaintance with Kipling? If it is to precede it, this book provides so little information about his works, and such an inaccurate version of his life, that few, I suspect, would be likely to seek him out. Surely the introduction to the writer should follow the interest aroused by his work.

Recently, much has been written about Kipling's appeal, or lack of it, to children nowadays. We would do well to remember that their reception of him will depend as much on the variety of their literary environment as on what he actually wrote. If that environment is limited by media heroes and cult fiction a child is unlikely to be open to the images and language of Kipling's imagination. His appeal to children depends on his being easily available to them, and drawn to their attention by that now less popular pastime of reading to them aloud beyond the age when they can begin to read for themselves. Then, an introduction to Kipling's work and life becomes necessary and interesting to the child—but such a book remains to be written.

ANN PARRY

THE KITCHENER ENIGMA by Trevor Royle (Michael Joseph, 1985); hardback; xii+436 pp (including maps, appendices & index)+49 b/w illns; ISBN 0-7181-2385-9; £15.

In the spring of 1913 Kipling visited Egypt and took the opportunity of calling on Lord Kitchener, the British Agent in Cairo. Kipling privately condemned the despotic style of rule of the man he called a "fatted Pharaoh in spurs". It was a view shared by several observers but Kitchener's public reputation, nourished by the press and the support of powerful friends in England, was by then quite unassailable. His victory at Omdurman fifteen years before had made Kitchener a Victorian hero, the most famous British military figure since Wellington.

In August 1914 the floodtide of public opinion swept him into the Cabinet as War Secretary, and his stern visage emblazoned on the recruiting posters came to symbolise the nation in arms as surely as Churchill was to do in the dark days of 1940. In Kipling's phrase—from an Indian proverb, used as a chapter-heading in *The New Army in Training* (1915)—"the ore, the furnace and the hammer are all that is needed for a sword", but that is to omit the smith: Kitchener more than anyone else forged the New Army.

This new biography of Kitchener by Trevor Royle is to be welcomed. It will not supersede the monumental study of the Field-Marshal's career by the American scholar George Cassar, which remains indispensable for the specialist historian; but Royle has succeeded in furnishing a well written and reliable account for the general reader which embodies the latest research findings. He tells a familiar story well and has added some new details of his own, notably on Kitchener's connections with Ireland, and on the events which led to the loss of the cruiser *Hampshire* in 1916 with the Field-Marshal aboard.

Royle is particularly sure-footed in his treatment of Kitchener's role as War Secretary. On some minor points of detail such as the machine-gun controversy he is open to correction, and more emphasis should have been given to the political manoeuvrings of May 1915 (which almost cost Kitchener his job), and to the Field-Marshal's unfortunate neglect of the General Staff in the War Office. However in his analysis of Kitchener's vital contribution to the raising of Britain's mass armies, building up munitions supply, and strategic planning, Royle shows a firm grasp of the political and military realities of the period. He offers a useful corrective to the harsh criticisms of Lloyd George and other contemporary politicians.

But what of the 'enigma' of the book's title, the confusing private personality hidden behind Kitchener's carefully cultivated public mask, which has alternately fascinated and frustrated his biographers? Here too

Royle has new evidence to bring forward in the shape of Kitchener's letters to his sister Millie, which help to round out our picture of the rising young engineer officer. The author's attitude to his subject is sympathetic but fair. Royle does not gloss over the less likable aspects of Kitchener's character: his arrogance, ruthless ambition, greed and streak of cruelty; but he also highlights the many positive qualities which were capable of inspiring great loyalty and affection among the Field-Marshal's friends and colleagues. Some contradictions remain unsolved, but by the close of Royle's book Kitchener emerges as an understandable human being as well as a great war leader.

MICHAEL CHAPMAN

Review Note, *THE CHANGING OF KINGS: Memories of Burma 1934-1949* by Sir Leslie Glass, Foreword by Jan Morris (Owen, 1985); hardback; xiv+241 pp (inc map & index); 9 b/w illns; ISBN 0-7206-0641-1; £12.50

A member writes drawing our attention to this book: I am glad to support his commendation of it. The author was an administrative officer in pre-war Burma, was involved in its reoccupation from the Japanese, and served as a diplomat in post-war Rangoon. His entire story has verve and interest, not least the early chapters which, to quote the foreword, give insights of historical value "into the mind of a young and very lively imperial official".—*Ed.*

THE MIRRIELEES CONNECTION [6]

based on papers passed to the Editor by FAITH ROBINSON

[The 5th instalment in this series, in our issue of December 1985, described the period February to April 1900 when the Kiplings, together with F.J. Mirrielees (head of the Castle Line) and H.M. Bernard (brother-in-law of Mirrielees) were in South Africa. It was drawn from an unpublished biography of Bernard by his daughter, the late Mrs Una Sait. That MS, and some other family papers, are an important source without which this series could not have been produced. We are grateful to Mrs Faith Robinson, who is Una Sait's niece and Bernard's granddaughter, for permitting us access to them: in the case of the letter at (B) below, we are also obliged to Mr Edward Sait in the United States, Mrs Una Sait's son.

The 6th instalment below relates to the spring and summer of 1900, when the Kiplings and Bernard were back from South Africa and in touch with each other. Two brief items from this period are relevant to Kipling.—*Ed.)*

(A) A VISIT TO THE ELMS

[The following account comes verbatim from Una Sait's biography of her father.]

Before coming up to Fearnan,[1] my father had visited the Kiplings who then lived at The Elms, at Rottingdean, outside Brighton.[2] Writing to Mother, he told her that "Rudyard Kipling was awfully cordial and affectionate". Other guests were John Collier[3] and Mr. Doubleday[4], the publisher from New York.

> He it was who nursed K. last year through his illness, and they are like brothers . . . He was certainly a first rate fellow . . . Mr. Collier, the artist, was painting Kipling's portrait and we had great fun over this; he made his clothes too smart. R.K. is rather casual about his clothes. Saturday and Sunday afternoons K. and I were on the shore under the cliff with a Lee-Metford rifle . . . The K's have a very nice old house, small with a neat little garden, surrounded by high walls built of flint.

Even so, their home did not give the Kiplings sufficient privacy. The road to Brighton lay on the other side of the wall; char-à-bancs often stopped opposite the house and a strident cockney voice was heard: " 'Ere, lydies and ginl'men, lives the poet of h'our h'Empire." The passengers would rise to their feet and peer over the wall. Fame had other drawbacks. It became difficult to have necessary repairs made by the local plumber, who was also the village publican. Again and again, Kipling wrote to summon him. Finally, going in person to complain, he found the plumber waiting hopefully for more autographed letters. He had made a tidy sum by selling those already received.

NOTES

1. In Scotland, where the Bernard family lived for part of the year: their daughter Una was at school there at St Leonard's.
2. This visit may have been around 27 May 1900, when Collier and Doubleday were at Bateman's—according to Mrs Kipling's diary, which does not mention Bernard.
3. Collier was an old friend. The portrait is at Bateman's.
4. F.N. Doubleday, who had become an intimate friend, and was responsible for Kipling's favourite edition of his works (Scribner's).

(B) A LETTER FROM MRS KIPLING

[Mrs Kipling's letters are not often quoted. This one (of which the first page is reproduced opposite) unfortunately lacks its ending, including the signature. It is still worth transcribing, for the warmth and kindliness with which it is imbued.]

THE ELMS,
ROTTINGDEAN,
SUSSEX.

July. 16. 1900

Dear Mr Barnard:[1]

You don't know how much your kindness has done for us. We have made several efforts to get anything like a satisfactory picture of our maiden[2] and been disappointed each time and now you have given us a simply perfect picture. I don't pretend to understand how your friend got it from an only moderately satisfactory photograph but I rejoice in his achievement and Rudyard shares the pleasure with me and we both send a thousand thanks.

Let us have a Sunday when you return from Scotland, a line in the week to give a day for an answer is quite sufficient always as I hope you are quite sure of your welcome and know it's only a question of a bed.

The children send love, they spend an hour daily in the pools by the sea catching things, and Elsie "sposes Barny knows their names", being content that it should be so and not in the least objecting because Lucy[3] does not.

You did give Mrs Doubleday and her mother a great treat and they immensely appreciated it, so did we.

NOTES

1. *Sic:* a slip. The children had nicknamed Mr Bernard ''Barny".

2. Elsie. It would be interesting to identify the portrait (or retouched photograph?).

3. Identity unconfirmed. Possibly Stanley Baldwin's wife Lucy (usually "Cissie").

From Mrs Kipling

THE ELMS,
ROTTINGDEAN,
SUSSEX.

July 16. 1907

Dear Mr Barnard:

You don't know how much your kindness has done for us. We have made several efforts — to get anything like a — satisfactory picture of our — maiden and been disappointed each time and now ~~now~~. You have given us a simply perfect picture. I don't pretend to understand how your friend got it from an only moderately satisfactory photograph but — I rejoice in his achievement: — and Rudyard shares the pleasure

MRS KIPLING'S LETTER

This is the first page of the manuscript letter referred to opposite.

"From Mrs Kipling" is of course in another hand.

'UNCLE RUDDY', REMEMBERED [6]

by LORNA HOWARD

[This continues our series by Lady Lorna Howard who, as a daughter of Stanley Baldwin and a favourite cousin of Rudyard Kipling, has memories of interest to us which stretch back to the close of the nineteenth century, and which no one now living can match.

Lady Lorna's sketches of reminiscence are being presented as a string of vignettes, not necessarily in chronological sequence. Some are set at Bateman's, some elsewhere. In any case they provide authentic glimpses of the Kiplings as a family, seen through the eyes of a privileged insider, and convey something of the atmosphere of a wholly vanished age. We are pleased to be permitted to publish these pieces, which contribute to a proper understanding and enhanced appreciation of Kipling—as well as being entertaining in their own right.—*Ed.)*

A LIKENESS

I often wondered why I had been chosen to join the enchanted life at Bateman's, in preference to my elder and younger sisters, Diana and Margot—for only three years separated us in age. (True, Elsie Kipling and I were born in the same year.) I asked my mother, who replied that my colouring and build had reminded Uncle Ruddy of Josephine.

Elsie and John were sturdily built, dark skinned and dark haired, with hazel-brown eyes. Josephine, from descriptions, had been slim, with golden-red hair and with her grandfather Lockwood's large heavy-lidded blue eyes. I was slim, golden-red-haired and blue-eyed.

"Only your *back* view is like Josephine", my mother said—I suppose in case I became vain. But I had no vanity, nor (as I grew older) any false ideas about my face. At least until one day when I was about fifteen.

Then Uncle Ruddy suddenly said, "Ever read the story of the Ugly Duckling, Lornie?"

"Yes. And all Hans Andersen's stories. But—why?"

"Go and look in the glass", was all the explanation I received.

DROPPED STITCHES

Happiness and peace—until the War came and our world fell apart—I owe to Bateman's and its dear inmates. Bateman's, where once dear Great-Uncle Edward[1], while awaiting the car to take him to the station to return to London, slipped into the pond!

Aunt Carrie, always ready in an emergency, took him indoors, gave him a pair of Uncle Ruddy's trousers, and removed his own which she placed before the kitchen range to dry as quickly as possible. This

succeeded beyond her dreams: the trousers dried in record time. But as Uncle Edward gratefully donned them they fell apart. The fire had done its job too well and destroyed the threads.

To his credit, Uncle Edward, looking like a tattered scarecrow, burst out laughing. So did Uncle Ruddy, who replaced him in a pair of his own and hustled him into the waiting car. He caught the London train.

SUMMER, 1913

The last happy summer was August 1913, when Aunt Carrie and a friendly neighbour decided each to give a teenage ball for their children and friends. The excitement at Bateman's was intense. The party included Isabel Bonar Law and her brother Charlie; beloved Oscar Hornung (son of E. W. Hornung of *Raffles* fame), who was a great friend of John Kipling's and later of mine. Elsie had her dark hair tied up with an immense "flapper" bow into a "door knocker", i.e. a plait doubled up—rather like a horse's tail but then very fashionable. Isabel's hair was up, she being then about twenty. We shared the Yellow Bedroom, next to Uncle Ruddy's study.

Bateman's looked lovely that evening, the hall beflowered. We danced in the drawing-room, the garden door open to the night.

Two nights later the Bateman's party attended the neighbours' ball, at a large house full of people unknown to me.

Afterwards we were driven home by Rolls-Royce's best chauffeur, Fleck[2], since the family chauffeur was on holiday. Uncle Ruddy, Aunt Carrie and Isabel were in the comfortable back seat of the Rolls-Royce, with Elsie and me, as usual, on the monkey-seats.

There was silence in the car, till Uncle Ruddy burst into one of his famous spontaneous verses:—

We went to a ball at the Goschens'
With the proper conventional notions,
But one of us (Lance)[3]
Came away from the dance
A prey to the wildest emotions.

When we asked him, ''Whom did you see?''
He replied, ''It is Monica G.,
Lady Desborough's dotter.
She swims like an otter.
There isn't another for me!''

Uncle Ruddy was given to impromptu verse, and Monica Grenfell had just won a medal for swimming at the Bath Club. But that was my last summer visit to Bateman's for many years.[4]

NOTES

1. Sir Edward Poynter (1836-1919), President of the Royal Academy. He had married Agnes Macdonald and was uncle to Kipling and Baldwin.
2. For earlier references to Fleck see *Kipling Journal,* December 1985, p 18.
3. Mrs Kipling's diary mentions him as Lance Dale Lace: a "beau" of Elsie's, as Lady Lorna records.
4. In the War, Lady Lorna did nursing work at a convalescent home for the military. When visiting a hospital at Droitwich she incidentally met an Irish Guardsman who told her he had seen her cousin John Kipling during the battle of Loos (in which John was killed, September 1915), trying to go back to get a face wound attended to: he was never seen again.

LORNA BALDWIN AND ELSIE KIPLING

This family snapshot, in Lady Lorna Howard's possession, was taken at Astley Hall in Worcestershire, her family home in the west of England, in 1913.

SOME RECENT MEETINGS

KIPLING AND SURTEES

On 14 November 1984, in the spacious and elegant premises of the Linnean Society, which the speaker had kindly arranged for our use that evening, **Mr Frank Brightman,** F.L.S., addressed a very appreciative audience on *Kipling and Surtees.* Of course the many literary links between the two writers are by no means newly discovered, but Mr Brightman found new and interesting things to say and said them engagingly, crisply and with authority. The text of his paper is with the Editor and (on the assumption that the *Journal* can be sustained at something like its present very large size, which, though costly to produce, is justified by the great inflow of publishable material) will appear in print before long.

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

Miss A. M. D. Ashley; Mrs J. Brightman; Mr T. L. A. Daintith; Mrs S. Darling; Mr N. Entract; Miss S. Fairweather; Mrs M. Goeller; Mr M. J. Grainger; Lt-Colonel R. I. Hywel-Jones; Mrs L. A. F. Lewis; Mr F. P. W. Moor; Miss C. Mundy; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Mr R. O'Hagan; Mrs S. M. Peel; Sir Charles Pickthorn; Miss D. Salter; Mr J. Shearman; Mrs M. H. Smith; Mr S. Wade; Mr G. L. Wallace; Mr & Mrs G. H. Webb; Miss H. M. Webb; Mr & Mrs D. W. White; Mr J. R. Young; and some who did not sign the register.

KIPLING AND SCOUTING

On 6 February 1985, at Brown's Hotel, **Mr Hugh Brogan,** who had been billed to speak on Kipling's *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides,* gave a stimulating, original and well-researched address covering the whole connection between Kipling, the Scouts, and the origins of the Scout movement—setting it firmly in the context of the day. His substantial paper, which had intrinsic interest throughout and was also sustained by the liveliness of its delivery, was a contribution to scholarship which it is to be hoped that Mr Brogan (a historian, and the biographer of Arthur Ransome) will find occasion to publish in full before long.

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

Miss A. M. D. Ashley; Mr F. H. Brightman; Mrs D. M. Carpenter; Mr & Mrs D. S. Cottrell; Mr B. C. Diamond; Mr N. Entract; Miss S. P. Fairweather; Mr M. J. Grainger; Mr H. R. Harlow; Mr & Mrs P. H. T. Lewis; Canon P. C. Magee; Mr S. G. Maurice; Mr F. P. W. Moor; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Mr R. O'Hagan; Mr J. M. Patrick; Mrs S. M. Peel; Mr G. C. G. Philo; Professor & Mrs T. C. Pinney; Miss H. A. Pipon; Mr J. Shearman; Miss S. Steel; Miss P. W. Thomas; Mr S. Wade; Mr & Mrs G. H. Webb.

KIPLING AND JANE AUSTEN

On 3 April 1985, at Brown's Hotel, **Miss Audrey M. D. Ashley, B.A.,** by now a familiar speaker, again addressed the Society. Her title, calculatedly enigmatic, was *Why did he admire her so ? Or didn't he ?* The theme, it transpired, was Kipling's opinion of Jane Austen. Miss Ashley proved once again that she is worth listening to: once again she developed an individual line of argument, couched in subjective and personal, though always modest, terms. Her conclusion—that Kipling venerated Jane Austen—sounds, *tout court*, like an anticlimax: in the context of the speaker's own empirical thinking, it was not so. Her paper is in the Society's Library, but the Editor, who also has a copy, hopes to make use of it in a future issue, for the benefit of a wider audience.

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

Mr & Mrs Alexander; Mr & Mrs F. H. Brightman; Mr J. W. G. Cocke; Mr & Mrs D. S. Cottrell; Mrs F. Crosland; Mr B. C. Diamond; Mr N. Entract; Mr & Mrs H. R. Harlow; Sir Anthony Hayward; Mr M. W. R. Lamb; Mrs L. A. F. Lewis; Mr P. Lynn; Canon P. C. Magee; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Mrs S. M. Peel; Professor & Mrs T. C. Pinney; Mr J. Shearman; Brigadier F. E. Stafford; Miss S. Steel; Mr S. Wade; Mr & Mrs G. H. Webb; Miss H. M. Webb.

KIPLING'S INDIA

On 9 July 1985, at the Naval & Military Club, Piccadilly, **Professor Enamul Karim** addressed the Society on *Kipling's India*. His address was reproduced in full as our major article in our issue of September 1985.

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

Mr F. H. Brightman; Mr C. E. Carrington; Lt-General Sir John Chapple; Mrs C. Charlish; Dr N. K. Cooper; Mr B. C. Diamond; Mr N. Entract; Miss P. Entract; Miss S. P. Fairweather; Mr M. J. Grainger; Mr A. B. Hewitt; Mr M. C. Jones; Mr M. W. R. Lamb; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Mr R. O'Hagan; Mr G. C. G. Philo; Professor & Mrs T. C. Pinney; Mr D. Robbins; Professor A. Rutherford; Miss D. Salter; Mr J. Shearman; Mr S. Wade; Mr G. L. Wallace; Mr & Mrs G. H. Webb.

KIPLING AND CATS

On 31 July 1985, at Brown's Hotel, **Mrs Lisa A. F. Lewis** addressed a meeting on the subject of *The Cat that Walked with the Daemon.* Her theme, expounded with the confidence, thoroughness and wealth of references that only someone well acquainted with even the obscurer corners of Kipling's *oeuvre* could sustain, concerned Kipling's

appreciation of cats. She convincingly showed that despite a few facile pointers to the contrary (one or two easily selected quotations, and a known preference for dogs) Kipling did respect cats, and—the point of her title—found in a cat the inspiration for one of his best and most timeless stories. Copies of her excellent text are in the Library and with the Editor.

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

Miss A. M. D. Ashley; Mr T. S. Bittleston; Mr F. H. Brightman; Mr N. Entract; Miss G. R. Harris; Mr M. W. R. Lamb; Mr P. H. T. Lewis; Mr S. G. Maurice; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Mr J. Pateman; Mr G. C. G. Philo; Mr J. Shearman; Mr S. Wade; Mr G. L. Wallace; Mr & Mrs G. H. Webb; Miss H. M. Webb.

ANGELA THIRKELL

On 11 September 1985, at the Naval & Military Club, **Mrs D. M. McFarlan** of the Angela Thirkell Society addressed a meeting on Angela Thirkell (who was born Angela Mackail and was a cousin of Kipling, about whom she wrote in her autobiographical *Three Houses).* Mrs McFarlan's enthusiasm for her subject's novels—which have now dropped out of fashion but which were once very popular—came over warmly, helped by readings, by Mrs Margot Strickland, of selected passages of Angela Thirkell's writing, which confirmed that their author had been no mean stylist. A copy of the text was passed to the Editor.

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

Mrs P. Aldred; Mrs A. M. D. Ashley; Mrs T. Bacchus; Miss M. M. Beard; Mrs F. Crosland; Mr N. Entract; Mrs U. Fleming; Mrs L. A. F. Lewis; Mrs A. F. F. Nesham; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Mr R. O'Hagan; Mr J. Shearman; Miss S. Steel; Mrs H. I. Swainston; Miss P. M. Trueman; Mrs H. Whitbread; Mr J. V. Woolford.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1985

The Annual General Meeting of the Kipling Society was held on 13 November 1985 at the Naval & Military Club, London. Mr B. C. Diamond, Chairman of Council, presided: twenty-six members attended. The full minutes, kept by the Secretary, may be seen on request: only salient points are summarised below.

1. After the Minutes of the 1984 A. G. M. had been read and signed, the Secretary reported on the state of the Society and on the main features of 1985. He outlined steps taken towards the automation of membership records, accounts and office routine.

2. The Treasurer reported that the accounts had shown a surplus at the end of 1984 (largely owing to prompt payments from the U.S. Secretariat and a drive for arrears in the U.K.). However, costs were rising significantly, particularly for production and distribution of the *Journal,* and the increased subscription for 1986 would be vital.

3. The Librarian, Meetings Secretary and Editor all reported. The Editor said that the *Journal,* though averaging 65 pages an issue in 1985 (compared with 48 in the early 1980s and 16 in the 1970s) was still not keeping up with the inflow of publishable material. However this size was all that could be managed in terms of effort, and would not long be affordable were the subscription not being raised.

4. Mr J. Shearman was unanimously elected a Vice-President in recognition of his previous work as Secretary. Mr J. H. McGivering announced his retirement as Meetings Secretary, and was thanked for his work in that post (as, *in absentia,* was Mr F. L. Croft, recently retired as the Society's Solicitor). They were replaced by Mrs L. A. F. Lewis (Meetings Secretary) and Sir Derek Oulton (Legal Adviser). Other office-bearers (listed in the *Journal)* were re-elected *en bloc.*

5. Dr H. Thomas and Miss H. M. Webb, retiring from Council under Rule, were replaced by the election of Mr J. R. Young and Mr R. O'Hagan, and were thanked for their work for the Society, as was the Chairman, who will be continuing in office, with the same Deputy-Chairman, for one more year.

KIPLING, WESTMINSTER AND THE LAW

On 27 November 1985 **Sir Derek Oulton,** K.C.B., Q.C., the Permanent Secretary in the Lord Chancellor's Office, addressed a very receptive audience at the Naval & Military Club. His talk, entitled *The Crucible of Thorney Island—and Rudyard Kipling's Commitment to the Law,* fell into two distinct halves. The first, profusely and efficiently illustrated with slides, was a witty and informative introduction to the history of the area known as Westminster, bringing out the factors that underlay its emergence as a site connected with government—with all that that eventually entailed for the world. The second half focussed on Kipling, and on Sir Derek's analysis of Kipling's attitude to "the Law". The whole presentation was masterly, and the Editor proposes, when space permits, to print at least the second half of it.

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

Miss A. M. D. Ashley; Mr F. H. Brightman; Lt-General Sir John Chapple; Miss Ann Cook; Mr & Mrs D. S. Cottrell; Mr B. C. Diamond; Mr N. Entract; Miss C. Kipling; Mr T. S. Legg; Mr & Mrs P. H. T. Lewis; Mr & Mrs S. G. Maurice; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Brigadier B. A. H. Parritt; Mr & Mrs O. H. Robinson; Mr J. Shearman; Mr R. W. R. Ward; Mr & Mrs G. H. Webb; Miss H. M. Webb; and some who failed to sign the register. Regrets for absence were sent by Mr A. L. Brend; Mr and Mrs P. Crosland; Miss H. A. Pipon.

SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome to the Kipling Society thefollowing new, or rejoined, Members:

Mr F. G. Atkinson *(New South Wales, Australia);* Mr A. L. Brend *(Buckinghamshire);* Mrs P. J. M. Goffe *(Surrey);* Mr D. Pollard *(Ohio, U.S.A.);* Ms A. M. Ruscalla *(Italy);* Captain F. G. Thatcher, R.N. *(Guernsey);* Mr D. K. Thomson *(Victoria, Australia);* Dr D. Trotter *(London);* Dr O. C. Wilkinson *(Oxfordshire);* Rektor V. Winbäck *(Sweden);* Mrs S. Wintle *(London).*

THE U.S.A. SECRETARIAT AND THE KIPLING ANNIVERSARY

In our last issue, at page 67, we noted the plans of Professor Enamul Karim and his co-sponsors, to stage a major literary event at Rockford College, Illinois, on 24-25 April, in connection with the 50th anniversary of Kipling's death. These intentions went ahead, and at the time of writing (February) were well advanced. We expect to publish a report in our June, or possibly September, issue.

SOME MELBOURNE BRANCH ACTIVITIES

It is always a pleasure to hear from Mrs Rosalind Kennedy with news of the diverse activities of the Melbourne Branch. As its Secretary, she has incidentally had a twenty-minute 'live' interview last year on Radio Australia: it was about the Kipling Society, and since it was thereafter edited and re-broadcast several times it provided some welcome publicity.

In December 1985 the Melbourne Branch again held a successful Christmas Dinner, and again passed the hat for the Society, which resulted in another very handsome donation transmitted to London. It was accepted with gratitude. The generous donors can be assured that their encouragement is warmly appreciated.

On 18 January 1986, the 50th anniversary of Kipling's death, the Branch held a wreath-laying ceremony at Melbourne's Shrine of Remembrance. All who have been fortunate enough to see that War Memorial will recall it as one of the most superb, and fitting, that they will ever see, and members of this Society should know that Kipling's specially written (but unsigned) Ode, marking its inauguration (a poem of 34 lines beginning, "So long as memory, valour, and faith endure"], adorns the main stairway, cast in bronze.

We might add that the Melbourne Branch can be congratulated on the distinguished quality of the speakers who have addressed them—particularly, perhaps, in the past two years or so. This is a reflection of a live organisation: more than one of the addresses delivered before them are now in the waiting list for eventual publication, in whole or in part, in the *Kipling Journal.*

A NOTE ON THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Head 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, Norman Entract. 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. On various pages in each issue, information on the Society's functions is provided. More can be obtained from Norman Entract or branch Secretaries. Applications for membership are most welcome: the Society and *Journal* depend heavily on such support.

MINIMUM ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES	*Britain*	*Overseas*
Individual Member	£12	£14
Junior Member *(up to age 24)*	£5	£5
Corporate Member	£20	£20

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 will always allot some 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.

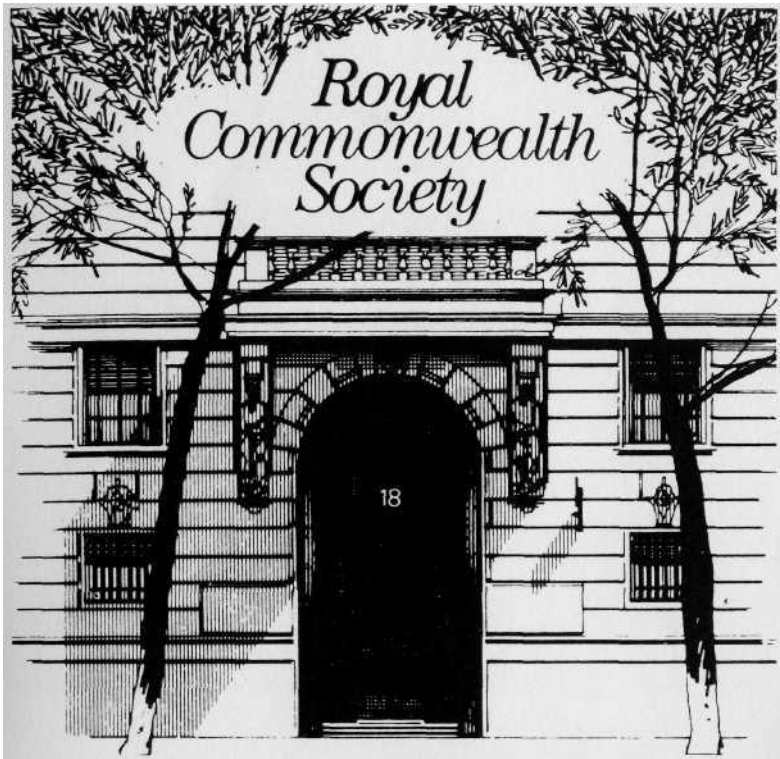
We have at present much more publishable material than we can print, and have to defer or decline some items of interest. However this is healthy. We would like *more,* to improve our variety and quality. *It should invariably be sent to the Editor.*

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 must remind contributors of a factor which inevitably influences 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. Kipling touched the literary and practical world at so many points that our terms of reference are broad.

Advertisements. We welcome *regularly placed* advertisements which are compatible with the style of the *Journal:* for current rates, please enquire of the Editor.

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



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