THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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VOLUME 61 DECEMBER 1987 No 244

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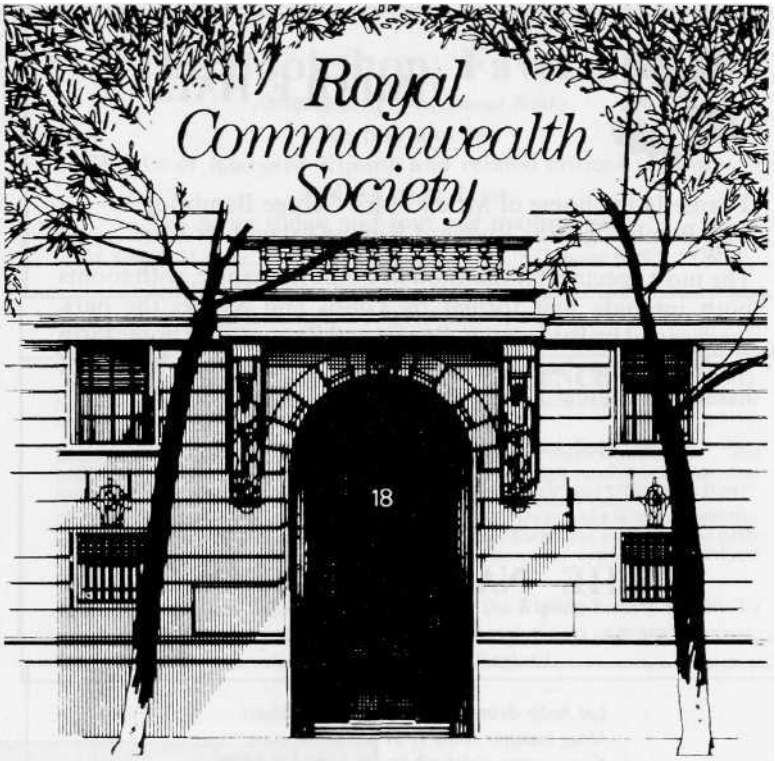

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The advertisement above is from the *Illustrated London News,* 1887. So is the one inside our back cover, citing Phil Robertson, *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in 1884 with the expedition trying to rescue Gordon: "Even if our invasion of the Soudan has done nothing else it has at any rate left the Arab something to puzzle his fuzzy head over, for the legend PEARS' SOAP IS THE BEST inscribed in huge white characters on the rock which marks the farthest point of our advance towards Berber will tax all the wits of the Dervishes of the Desert to translate."

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FORTHCOMING MEETINGS IN 1988

AND THE ANNUAL LUNCHEON

Wednesday 17 **February** at 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Kipling Room at Brown's Hotel (Dover & Albemarle Streets, London W1), **Mrs Nora Crook** on *"Mrs. Bathurst" Solved?*

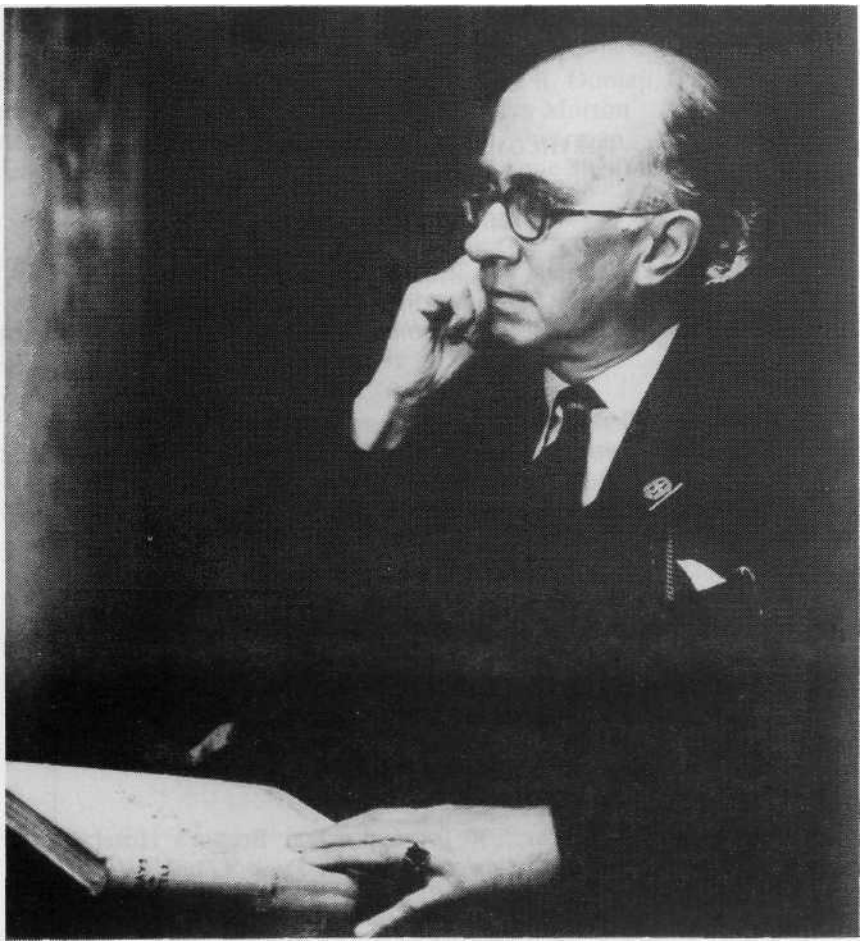
Wednesday 20 April at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel, **Dr Daniel Karlin** (Lecturer in English at University College, London, and editor of *The Jungle Books* in the Penguin Classics series) on *The Anglo-American Writings.*

Wednesday 4 May at 12.30 for 1 p.m., in the Commonwealth Hall at the Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2, the Society's **Annual Luncheon.** The Guest of Honour, and speaker, will be **Mr Philip Mason, C.I.E., O.B.E.** Application forms for tickets will be sent to members in Britain with this issue of the *Journal.*

Wednesday 20 July at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel, **Dr John Coates** on *Historical Themes in 'Puck of Pook's Hill' and 'Rewards and Fairies'.*

Wednesday 14 September at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at Brown's Hotel, **Mr Charles Allen** (editor of *Plain Tales from the Raj,* etc) on *Kipling and the Servants.*

November 1987 NORMAN ENTRACT



ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

The Editorial in this issue is his Obituary. The photograph above was supplied by his family. The book in front of him is *Essays in Little* by Andrew Lang, one of several authors on whom Roger Lancelyn Green became an undisputed authority: his biography of Lang remains the standard work on the subject.

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EDITORIAL

ROGER GILBERT LANCELYN GREEN, 1918-87
B.Litt., M.A. (Oxon), Hon. D. Litt. (Liverpool)

The sad news that Roger Lancelyn Green died on 8 October 1987 after a long illness will have caught the attention of many of our readers. There were full and laudatory obituaries in the *Independent,* the *Telegraph* and *The Times*—though *The Times* perpetrated a tiresome factual slip by stating that he had for twenty-three years edited the *Sherlock Holmes Journal,* and they failed to correct the record though repeatedly asked to do so.

It was of course the *Kipling Journal* that he edited, from 1957 to 1979; the Kipling Society, of which he was a Vice-President, owes him much. But so does a far wider public. He was so productive and so felicitous a writer, across so broad a field—most conspicuously with regard to children's literature and in scholarly studies of writers he admired—that he came to occupy a solid position in English letters. His death leaves a gap.

His friends, and his widow and family to whom we proffer our warm sympathy, will retain their own fond memories of the endearing and individual personal qualities of a charming, kindly and many-sided man. The reading public, however, including most of our present members who had little opportunity to meet him, will recall his books, scores of books, poured out prolifically yet with no diminution of style.

Among his output were several biographies, including the standard one of Andrew Lang, and studies of A. E. W. Mason, J. M. Barrie, Stanley Weyman, Mrs Molesworth and his friend C. S. Lewis. His book about children's literature, *Tellers of Tales,* has become a classic. His many volumes of old stories re-told afresh—drawing on Greek myths, Arthurian romances, Norse sagas, Robin Hood, and other rich seams in that world of ancient legend in which he attained mastery—have been enjoyed by countless children. So have his novels, with evocative titles like *The Luck of Troy, The Theft of the Golden Cat* and *The Land of the Lord High Tiger,* all zestfully redolent of laughter, excitement, danger and romance. Meanwhile in severer fields of criticism and scholarship he acquired authority over a wide if predictable range including Haggard, Stevenson, Conan Doyle and Kipling, and he was an acknowledged expert on Lewis Carroll—revising his bibliography, writing his Life, editing his diaries and jointly editing his letters.

Behind a shy exterior lay versatile abilities. As a young man he had tried his hand at antiquarian book dealing, at teaching, and at professional pantomime and theatre. For several years he was a Librarian at his old Oxford college, Merton. After inheriting Poulton Hall, a secluded manor in the Wirral that had been in his family's possession since before the Conquest, he and his wife devoted much time to the house and estate, and there they brought up their three children. He loved foreign travel, and once accompanied a Kipling Society tour to India. He served on the Council of Liverpool University. But the most abiding image, for those who saw him in an old house that breathed character and a library that brimmed with books, will be of the scholar, contentedly writing, and writing.

Certainly, when his health began to fail in 1979 and I was asked to take over as Editor of the *Kipling Journal,* I derived as much pride from being Roger Lancelyn Green's successor as from any prospect of managing a magazine. When I produced a format that differed widely from his, I was pleased by the magnanimity of his approval. Now that I have been in the chair for eight years, I respect his endurance in lasting for twenty-three.

However, the Society's debt to him goes beyond the mere span of years, and was apparent from the outset. His great contribution began with his readiness to be enlisted as Editor, and stemmed from his good reputation and his enthusiasm, and the leavening effect he had on the standard and scholarship of the *Journal.* The mid-1950s marked a trough in the self-confidence of the Society. When Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson retired as Secretary in 1956, he and other ageing members feared that the Society had no future. They were wrong, as was proved by the loyal efforts of a small number who kept the show on the road. Prominent among these was Roger Lancelyn Green, who never doubted Kipling's durability, believed his stature justified a society in his honour, and was determined that the *Journal* should be worthy of its subject. Time has vindicated his confidence. When he became Editor, the Society was thirty years old, and flagging: when he died, it was thirty years older, and thriving.

During his years on the *Journal* he became an acknowledged authority on Kipling, and underlined this by several significant and separate contributions to Kipling studies. He supplied substantial items for R. E. Harbord's privately circulated *Readers' Guide.* He selected and introduced an anthology, *Rudyard Kipling: Stories and Poems,* for Dent's Everyman's Library. In 1965 he wrote an attractive book, *Kipling and the Children:* it can be read as a straight biography which contains a good deal of information not found elsewhere, or, being coloured throughout by its author's special interests, it can be regarded as a sensitive study of Kipling as a children's writer. In 1971

he edited *Kipling: The Critical Heritage*, which is indispensable as a compendium of what major critics were saying about Kipling in his lifetime.

One reason why he proved to be a perceptive and helpful commentator on Kipling was because Kipling's works only occupied a narrow band in the wide literary spectrum with which he was familiar. Here is no contradiction, scarcely a paradox, but it is worth defining. A conspicuous attribute of much of Kipling's prose and verse is its apparent realism, its readability, which leads many to enjoy it who are in no sense intellectuals. On the face of it, this is not surprising; it goes with Kipling's talent for vivid narrative and predilection for men of action rather than of thought. Read superficially, he is middlebrow. However this seeming simplicity is often an extraordinarily deceptive illusion. Profound complexity tends to underlie his inferences, the things he leaves unsaid. Therefore, although on the descriptive plane it may take an engineer, a doctor, a soldier or a forester to authenticate the technical detail so beloved of Kipling, on the less pragmatic plane of criticism, where Kipling's status in the world of letters is concerned, he demands assessment by a sympathetic highbrow of wide literary tastes. Roger Lancelyn Green was such a one, and his cultivated comments on Kipling were thereby the more persuasive.

He had the advantage—very much less common in later generations—of familiarity since childhood with Kipling's books. If Andrew Lang was his first inspiration, opening the magic doors of literature to him in early youth, Kipling was always among his favourites. On the day that Kipling died in January 1936, Roger Lancelyn Green, then a bookish and rather lonely boy of seventeen, was moved to pour out his heart in the best verse of which he was then capable:

> The world rolls on and many pass away—
> Those whom we ill can spare—and such a one,
> Kipling, has left us now: his course is done
> And this our land is poorer from today.
> For he is dead who held us all in sway
> With magic words, words that were his alone,
> That will not sound again now he is gone—
> Is gone, and oh! the world seems sad and gray . . .

Fifty years later to the day, he wrote to me, referring to this schoolboy sonnet: as earnest of his consistency, he enclosed a cheque for a very handsome sum towards the expenses of the *Kipling Journal*—a magazine which he was delighted to see prospering, and which (as he never claimed, but I knew well) could have gone under in the 1950s had he not appeared and given it a renewal of life.

MARY KINGSLEY

This photograph dates from 1896 or 1897, when Mary Kingsley was about thirty-four. On one signed copy she wrote, wrily, "the melancholy picture of one who tried to be just to all parties". The article that follows is a tribute to her.

MARY KINGSLEY AND RUDYARD KIPLING

WITH A SPECULATION ABOUT WHEN THEY FIRST MET

by JOHN SHEARMAN

[For our members, Mr John Shearman can hardly need introducing. For others who read this article it is enough to say that he was for seven years Secretary of the Kipling Society, and is now a Vice-President, living in retirement in Hampstead after a long and varied career in Britain and abroad, as railway engineer, R.A.F. officer, film-maker, authority on the cinema, occasional writer and perennial enthusiast for literature and the arts.

His subject, Mary Kingsley (1862-1900), was one of the most remarkable Englishwomen of her age, who fitted into a mere seven years enough daring travel, coupled with lively writing and persuasive advocacy, to create a lasting legend, and who was endowed with great depth and quality of character. Kipling admired her profoundly, and by a happy inspiration was persuaded in October 1932 to contribute a short memorial essay about her to the *Journal of the African Society:* that was the month when, had she lived, she would have reached her seventieth birthday. It accompanied a review of Stephen Gwynn's *Life of Mary Kingsley* (then just out, and due to become the standard biography), wherein the reviewer, R. S. Rattray, himself an eminent West African anthropologist and administrator, declared that "in Miss Kingsley shone one of those rare intellects, blazed up one of those still rarer spirits, which do not often pass across men's vision".

Mr Shearman's article centres upon, but is not confined to, a speculation about the date of Kipling's first meeting with Mary Kingsley. Here is indeed a mystery, and the account given in *Something of Myself* has to be at fault: as it happens, the point is raised in a Letter to the Editor in this very issue.

However, Mr Shearman's attraction to the overall subject, for which I feel strong sympathy, impelled him to expand a narrow investigation of dates into a broader perspective of Mary Kingsley's career. He offered to let me shorten what he had written, but, despite the unforgiving imperatives of space that press always on the editors of magazines, I declined. The lady is worthy of homage, and this year, the 125th since her birth, provides a proper occasion for a tribute to her memory. — *Ed.]*

I have fallen into anachronic love with Mary Henrietta Kingsley. She was a niece of Charles Kingsley, the author of *Westward Ho!*. 1987 is the hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of her birth.

She was born on 13 October 1862 in Islington, London; had little or no formal education; lived a quiet and gloomy domestic life in her parents' various homes, the last of which was in Cambridge, looking

after her brother and her invalid mother and reading in her father's extensive library whilst her father, George Henry Kingsley, roamed the world.

Her parents died in February and April 1892, and soon afterwards her brother went abroad for a time. Thus

> it was in 1893 that, for the first time in my life, I found myself in possession of five or six months which were not heavily forestalled, and, feeling like a boy with a new half crown, I lay about in my mind, as Mr. Bunyan would say, as to what to do with them.[1]

In August 1893 she, who had never left England save for one visit to Paris and, after the death of her parents, a cruise to the Canaries, set off for West Africa. In 1893-95, in two major journeys, she travelled daringly and extensively in that little-known part of the world. She moved coastwise by trading steamers, and by canoe up and down the great rivers Ogowé and Rembwé with their perilous rapids, and on foot through bush and swamp. Her traverse from the Ogowé to the headwaters of the Rembwé is unique. Her companions were native Africans, often of the cannibalistic Fan tribe. She admired and respected them, and therefore she could firmly persuade them to perform exceptional feats of endurance and village diplomacy on her behalf.

She wrote about her journeys with such accuracy, zest and good humour that to read her is to love her. (She said that she herself did not "know love".[2]) 'The Voyager', as she called herself, is here learning to manage a canoe on the Ogowé river:

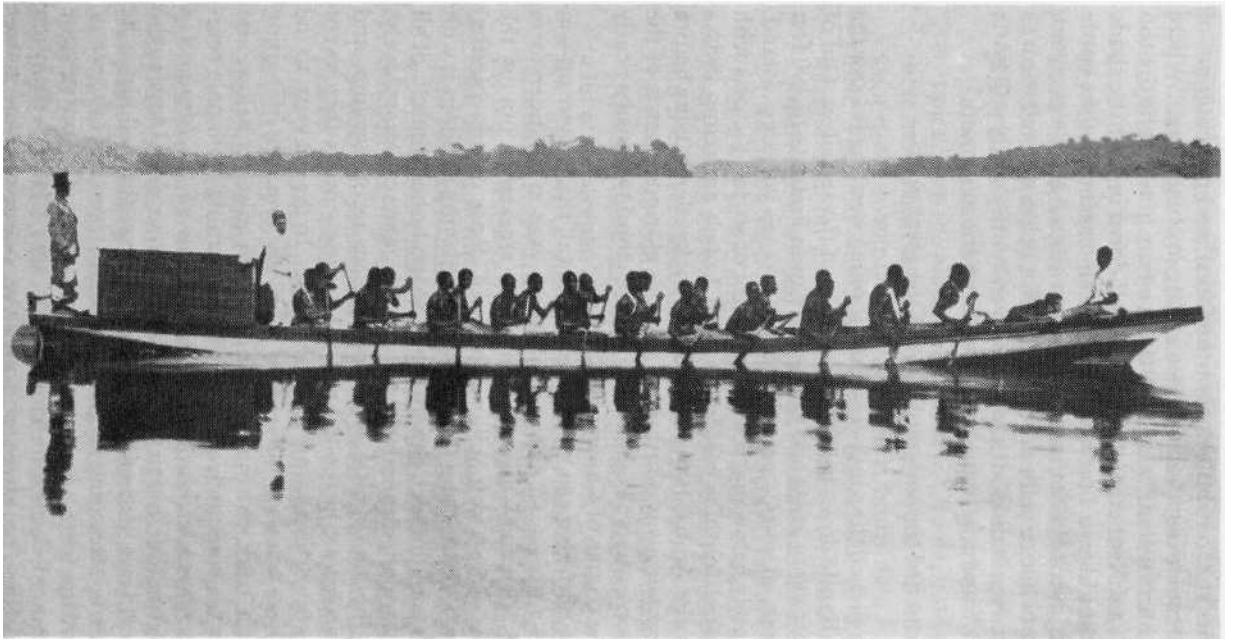
> There was therefore no one to keep me out of mischief, and I was too frightened to go into the forest that afternoon, because on the previous afternoon I had been stalked as a wild beast by a cannibal savage, and I am nervous. Besides, and above all, it is quite impossible to see other people, even if they are only black, naked savages, gliding about in canoes, without wishing to go and glide about yourself. So I went down to where the canoes were tied by their noses to the steep bank, and finding a paddle, a broken one, I unloosed the smallest canoe. Unfortunately this was fifteen feet or so long, but I did riot know the disadvantage of having, as it were, a long-tailed canoe then—I did shortly afterwards.
>
> The promontories running out into the river on each side of the mission beach gave a little stretch of slack water between the bank and the mill-race-like current of the Ogowé, and I wisely decided to keep in the slack water, until I had found out how to

> steer—most important thing, steering. I got into the bow of the canoe, and shoved off from the bank all right; then I knelt down—learn how to paddle standing up by and by—good so far. I rapidly learned how to steer from the bow, but I could not get up any pace. Intent on acquiring pace, I got to the edge of the slack water; and then, displaying more wisdom, I turned round to avoid it, proud as a peacock, you understand, at having found out how to turn round.
>
> At this moment the current of the greatest equatorial river in the world grabbed my canoe by its tail. We spun round and round for a few seconds like a teetotum, I steering the whole time for all I was worth, and then the current dragged the canoe ignominiously down river, tail foremost.
>
> Fortunately a big tree was at that time temporarily hanging against the rock in the river, just below the sawmill beach. Into that tree the canoe shot with a crash, and I hung on, and shipping my paddle, pulled the canoe into the slack water again, by the aid of the branches of the tree, which I was in mortal terror would come off the rock, and insist on accompanying me and the canoe, *via* Kama country, to the Atlantic Ocean; but it held, and when I had got safe against the side of the pinnacle-rock I wiped a perspiring brow, and searched in my mind for a piece of information regarding navigation that could be applicable to the management of long-tailed Adooma canoes. I could not think of one for some minutes.[3]

In September 1895 she ascended the 13,760 foot Great Peak of the Cameroons, Mungo Man Lobeh or 'Throne of Thunder', by the south-east face. She was the first explorer to reach the summit crater by that route. On the final stages her 'crew' were reluctant—

> I go and hunt cook out. He props open one eye with difficulty, and yawns a yawn that nearly cuts his head in two. I wake him up with a shock, by saying I mean to go on up today, and want my chop, and to start one time. He goes off and announces my horrible intention to the others. Kefalla soon arrives upon the scene, full of argument. "You no sabe this be Sunday, Ma?" says he in a tone that considers this settles the matter. I "sabe" unconcernedly; Kefalla scratches his head for other argument, but he has opened with his heavy artillery; which being repulsed throws his rear lines into confusion.[4]

As she ascended her companions dropped away—



A WEST AFRICAN TRADING CANOE, 1899

This classic picture was taken near Setté Cama, in what is now Gabon. It is reproduced, with grateful acknowledgment, from Olwen Campbell's *Mary Kingsley* (Methuen, 1957).

> Below me a belt of white cloud had now formed, so that I could see neither the foot-hillocks nor the forest, and presently out of this mist came Xenia toiling up, carrying my black bag. "Where them Black boy live?" said I. "Black boy say him foot be tire too much," said Xenia, as he threw himself down in the little shade the rock could give. I took a cupful of sour claret out of the bottle in the bag, and told Xenia to come on up as soon as he was rested, and meanwhile to yell to the others down below and tell them to come on. Xenia did, but sadly observed "softly softly still hurts the snail," and I left him and went on up the mountain.[5]

Alone, she attained the summit ridges of the great peak—

> When I reached the south-west end, looking westwards I saw the South Atlantic down below, like a plain of frosted silver. Out of it, barely twenty miles away, rose Fernando Po to its 10,190 feet with that majestic grace peculiar to a volcanic island. Immediately below me, some 10,000 feet or so, lay Victoria with the forested foothills of Mungo Mah Lobeh encircling it as a diadem, and Ambas Bay gemmed with rocky islands lying before it. On my left away south-east, was the glorious stretch of the Cameroon estuary, with a line of white cloud lying very neatly along the course of Cameroon River.
>
> In one of the chasms of the mountain wall that I came up—in the one furthest to the north—there was a thunderstorm brewing, seemingly hanging on to or streaming out of the mountain side, a soft, billowy mass of dense cream-coloured cloud, with flashes of golden lightnings playing about in it with soft growls of thunder. Surely Mungo Mah Lobeh himself, of all the thousands he annually turns out, never made one more lovely.
>
> Soon the white mists rose from the mangrove-swamp, and grew rose-colour in the light of the setting sun, as they swept upwards over the now purple high forests. In the heavens, to the north, there was a rainbow, vivid in colour, one arch of it going behind the peak, the other sinking into the mist sea below, and this mist sea rose and rose towards me, turning from pale rose-colour to lavender, and where the shadow of the Mungo lay across it, to a dull leaden grey. It was soon at my feet, blotting the underworld out, and soon came flowing over the wall top at its lowest parts, stretching its great spreading rivers over the crater plain, and then, these coalescing, everything was shut out save the two summits: Cameroon close to me, and Clarence away on Fernando Po. These two stood out alone, like great island masses made of iron rising from a formless, silken sea.

The space around seemed boundless, and there was in it neither sound nor colour, nor anything with form, save these two terrific things. It was like a vision, and it held me spellbound, as I stood shivering on the rocks with the white mist round my knees until into my wool-gathering mind came the memory of those anything but sublime men of mine; and I turned and scuttled off along the rocks like an agitated ant alone in a dead universe.

I soon found the place where I had come up into the crater plain, and went down over the wall, descending with twice the rapidity, but ten times the scratches and grazes, of the ascent.

I picked up the place where I had left Xenia, but no Xenia was there, nor came there any answer to my bush call for him, so on I went down towards the place where, hours ago, I had left the men. The mist was denser down below, but to my joy it was warmer than on the summit of the wind-swept wall.

I had nearly reached the foot of this wall and made my mind up to turn in for the night under a rock when I heard a melancholy croak away in the mist to the left. I went towards it and found Xenia lost on his own account, and distinctly quaint in manner, and then I recollected that I had been warned Xenia is slightly crazy. Nice situation this; a madman on a mountain in the mist.

Xenia, I found, had no longer got my black bag, but in its place a lid of a saucepan and an empty lantern. To put it mildly, this is not the sort of outfit the R.G.S *Hints to Travellers* would recommend for African exploration. Xenia reported that he gave the bag to Black boy, who shortly afterwards disappeared, and that he had neither seen him nor any of the others since, and didn't expect to this side of Srahmandazi. In a homicidal state of mind, I made tracks for the missing ones followed by Xenia. I thought mayhap they had grown on to the rocks they had sat upon so long, but presently, just before it became quite dark, we picked up the place we had left them in and found there only an empty soda-water bottle. Xenia poured out a muddled mass of observations to the effect that "they got fright too much about them water palaver".[6]

She adored such adventures; her journeys were full of them. She felt great affection, tolerance and scepticism for her travelling companions, cannibals or not. But her journeys and her writings had serious purposes. She collected zoological specimens of reptiles and river fish—eighteen species of reptiles and some sixty-five of fishes—for the British Museum. Three of the fishes now have *Kingsleyae* in their Latin names. She studied and wrote about Fetish, Native Law, Trade, Labour and Disease in West Africa. She became something of

an expert in 'Trade English', the *lingua franca* of the Coast. Her explication of a letter from Crashey Jane to her father, which begins *'To Daddy nah Tampin office,—Ha Daddy do, yah nah beg you tell dem people for me; make dem Sally-own pussin know. Do yah. Berra well. . .*'[7] is masterly. It is also very funny.

All these subjects were tackled with persuasive seriousness, relieved by flashes of the brave, the irrepressible Mary Kingsley. After her return to England in November 1895, and especially after the publication of *Travels in West Africa* in 1897, she was fully engaged in intricate polemical politics, writing, lecturing and corresponding, about the administration of Britain's African colonies. Her belief was that justice was the entitlement of the native African, and that the British must understand native law and religion in order to administer with justice. She had little faith in the British Government's grasp of this belief. Trade rather than colonisation, understanding rather than arbitrary rule: these she demanded.

She had great admiration for several individual missionaries, but she herself was by no means a missionary. (Angus Wilson, in *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling*, wrongly stated that she was.[8]) She held that missionary methods of working had produced results which "all truly interested in West Africa must deplore".[9] She was well read in English and German, especially in travel and scientific works. She often quoted Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling met her in London, and there is a small mystery about this. In *Something of Myself*, in the chapter which begins, "And, in the autumn of '89 . . .", he went on to say:

> The ancient landmarks of my boyhood still stood. There were the beloved Aunt and Uncle, the little house of the Three Old Ladies, and in one corner of it the quiet figure by the fireplace composedly writing her next novel on her knee. It was at the quietest of tea-parties, in this circle, that I first met Mary Kingsley, the bravest woman of all my knowledge. We talked a good deal over the cups, and more while walking home afterwards—she of West African cannibals and the like. At last, the world forgetting, I said: "Come up to my rooms and we'll talk it out there." She agreed, as a man would, then suddenly remembering said: "Oh, I forgot I was a woman. 'Fraid I mustn't". So I realised that my world was all to explore again.[10]

By its position in the book, and because of the phrase "Come up to my rooms", this suggests that the meeting took place whilst Kipling was a bachelor in Embankment Chambers, Villiers Street. But this is impossible. He was in Embankment Chambers from 25 October 1889

till, at latest, 22 August 1891, when he set out for South Africa, New Zealand, Australia and India, returning to England to marry Carrie Balestier. He arrived in London on 10 January 1892, and married on 18 January. Now, Mary Kingsley's first African journey began in August 1893 and ended in January 1894. Her second journey began in December 1894 and ended in November 1895. So, even before she first set out, Kipling was married, and mostly out of England.

But earlier than *Something of Myself,* Kipling had written an account of his first meeting with Mary Kingsley which carries more conviction. This appeared in the *Journal of the African Society,* October 1932. It is titled "Mary Kingsley" (and is also collected in the Sussex and Burwash editions of his works). It begins:

> I first met Mary Kingsley, some years before the Boer War, at the home of three delightful old ladies who had been kind to me as a boy, and to whom she was as a daughter of the house. She had come back, as far as I remember, from one of her West African expeditions among practising cannibals, and was telling her hostesses all about it as they sat round the fire. Her even, disinterested tones were in precise key with the Victorian atmosphere and surroundings; but the matter of her discourse was heathen and adventurous.[11]

Kipling recounted two African stories, very characteristic of her, which had been well received by the Old Ladies. He went on:

> I had never met anything like this before. We left the house together and talked all along from quiet Addison Road to peaceful Knightsbridge and back again. She spoke slowly and walked softly, with eyes ranging very far in front of her—spoke of witch-doctors; rubber and oil trading (incidentally she traded in a small way to eke out her travelling expenses); cannibal preferences in joints; and native administration at large.
>
> She was caught up afterwards by lectures and writings on the fishes, which, with Natural History and explorations and mountaineering, had been among the objects of her travels. But in those words, spoken or written, though one recognised the utter fearlessness of her and that controlled power which seemed to give her natural command of all situations, one did not, of course, get at her more intimate philosophy of things-at-large, as half-revealed, half-implied to the three charming old ladies, with whom she was all at ease.[12]

When did this meeting take place?

After her first West African journey (August 1893 to January 1894) Mary Kingsley was in England till December 1894, when her second journey began. Kipling was in England between April and 5 August 1894, so it is possible that the meeting took place at this time, but the above passage and other evidence makes it more likely that it was after her second journey, which ended in November 1895.

Kipling was in England in July and August 1895, and not again till September 1896. In the summer of 1895 Mary Kingsley was making a somewhat hairy voyage from Gabon to Corisco Island and back in a small overcrowded sailing vessel, the *Lafayette.* On this perilous and hilarious voyage she encountered courting whales—

> I don't come again into Corisco Bay in canoes or small craft while any of that wretched foolishness is going on[13]—

but I am here simply concerned to show that she and Kipling could not have met in London in July or August 1895.

The Kiplings left Vermont for good and all, and arrived in England on 9 September 1896, and remained until 8 January 1898, when they went to South Africa. They were in England again from 30 April 1898 until 25 January 1899, and from 23 June 1899 to 20 January 1900. Mary Kingsley, when she was in London and not rushing about the country lecturing with her magic lantern, lived in a flat at No 100, Addison Road, Kensington, "in a state of primitive culture"[14], till August 1898 when she moved to No 32, St Mary Abbott's Terrace, W14[15]. This is just across Kensington High Street from Warwick Gardens where the Old Ladies lived—Miss Georgiana Craik the novelist, Miss Mary Craik and Miss Winnard. This makes it probable that the meeting was either between August 1898 and January 1899, or between June 1899 and January 1900.

A summer-time date would fit well with Kipling's description of walking "from quiet Addison Road to peaceful Knightsbridge and back again"[16], for St Mary Abbott's Terrace joins the *south* end of Addison Road, and to walk, instead of going straight home, along Kensington High Street, Kensington Road and Kensington Gore to Knightsbridge and back, along the south side of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, some three miles in all, would not be at all arduous for Mary Kingsley. Her former flat, No 100, Addison Road, was much further *north,* near Shepherds Bush.

I have not found anything published, or in Carrington's notes from Mrs Kipling's Diaries, to date the meeting more definitely.

The second Boer War began in October 1899. The Kiplings left Southampton for Cape Town on 20 January 1900. In the winter of 1899 Mary Kingsley, who had earlier had some medical training in Germany, determined to volunteer to go to South Africa as a nurse.

On 12 February 1900 she spoke at the Imperial Institute in London and concluded with the words, "Good-bye and fare ye well, for I am homeward bound!"[17] She arrived in Cape Town in March 1900, and at once told the Principal Medical Officer, General Wilson, that she was out to help in any way he pleased. He asked her to go to Simonstown to the Boer prisoners. She went at once.

> Those prisoners were dying in a way the British authorities, properly so called, did not approve of.
>
> The plain truth was that this terrific outburst of camp fever broke out among Cronje's men, who for over a week had been living underground with dead men and horses and drinking the decoction thereof. The fever burst out just when science could have told the authorities it would; but science, as I have said before, is not attended to, so the authorities were unprepared. They did what they could, they spared no expense, they poured forth brandy, milk, eggs, champagne, etc., they wrote miles and miles on paper, they worked a few individual officials to death, *more suo;* the wretched doctor and the two only nurses they had to tackle the outburst were nearly done for when I arrived. I have nearly been done for since; but now we have two more doctors and three more nurses, and a lot more orderlies and Army Service men on the job, and the work is getting organised; but all to-day I have had over a hundred patients under my own charge—killing work from the nature of the case—delirious, fretting strong men, every third man wanting a nurse to himself . . .[18]

In a letter of May 1900 to St Loe Strachey she was even more explicit:

> The affair has suffered from the usual lack of organising power, absence of mobility, and the curse of clerking—write, write, write, report, examine, but to get off paper and down on facts is evidently extremely difficult in this country.
>
> The Boer prisoners who had been confined on ships and in limited areas, and apparently ill-fed, and never washed, either before or after entering into confinement, naturally had a terrific outbreak of enteric fever and measles. This evidently gave the Governmental powers here the doozles, and they sweated ink on the situation. They also placed the so-called "Palace" Barracks here at their disposal as a hospital prior to having it whitewashed or in any way made suitable for that purpose; into it they sent the wretched patients and gave it to an already over-worked Doctor to see after, omitting to supply either nurses or proper orderlies.
>
> The consequences have been, of course, a terrible death-rate

> and a regular howl from the Afrikander section here. The medical officers have moved Heaven and Earth to improve matters, and now I think I may say it has been done and things will go better; but I never struck such a rocky bit of the Valley of the Shadow of Death in all my days as the Palace Hospital, Simonstown. There seems to have been at the first start-off a nightmare state of affairs when dead men were found on the floor in the morning by the doctor; if he kept an eye on them during the day, and if he stopped with them at night and went to do his other work during the day, then somebody found dead men on the floor in the evening on his return.
>
> Then two most excellent women, Nurse Rowlandson and Nurse Jackson, were sent on. For a fortnight they stuck to it night and day, but of course could do little more than feed and give medicines to the patients, and see to it that they died in their beds. Die they did, four and five a day. Then I was sent on, and thirty more new patients poured in, and I did my best and nearly killed myself. It is no use attempting to describe the thing . . ,[19]

Kipling says:

> In the early days of the Boer War she came to Capetown of set purpose to relieve English nurses for work among our own peoples, by helping to tend sick and wounded Boer prisoners at Simonstown, the Naval station. Sometimes she would put into our house near Wynberg for what she called "a Christian tea". Sitting on the stoep, her hands quite still in her lap, and looking across the Cape flats to the coloured ranges beyond, she would tell of single-handed night-vigils over fever-stricken men whose speech she hardly understood. And notably of hand-to-hand campaigns, in which, to do them justice, other prisoners came to her aid, against a wounded Cape Colony farmer who had joined a rebel commando and was crazed with fear of being identified and punished when he should recover. His obsession led him to attempt stealthy escapes into the open at any hour of the night, and then, until he was overpowered and sat upon, to fight to exhaustion . . .[20]

Mary visited Carrie Kipling on 29 March 1900, when Rudyard was in Bloemfontein, and on 31 March. On 10 April, after Rudyard had returned from Bloemfontein, they entertained "Mary Kingsley the delightful" to dinner. The next day, 11 April, the Kiplings sailed for England. Mary Kingsley went on with her heroic work at the Palace Barracks Hospital. The Medical Officer in charge there, Dr Carré,

reported that between them they "converted chaos into order, or as she herself put it, turned a mortuary into a sanatorium".[21]

Kipling says:

> All this sort of thing helped to kill her, for she was weakened by malaria and worn down by lack of help, and could not resist when typhoid developed. But even during the short time that she served there, all who had come in contact with her, from Admirals to orderlies, knew and adored her as "Mary"; there being but one of her mould.[22]

She died of heart failure on 3 June 1900. As her dying wish she demanded to be buried at sea. The Army and Navy saw to it that this was observed with every honour—

> A party of West Yorkshires, with band before them, drew the coffin from the hospital on a gun-carriage to the pier at Simonstown, whence a launch took it to Torpedo Boat No. 29, which put to sea and, rounding Cape Point, committed her to the element in which she had chosen to be laid . . .[23]

Kipling says:

> At her own wish her body was delivered to the sea from a little torpedo-boat, off Simonstown, in a South-Easter. And, as the Quartermaster of that uneasy craft used to say in after years: *"That* was how we buried Mary."[24]

She died at the age of thirty-seven. Her published works include *Travels in West Africa* (1897), *West African Studies* (1899), *The Story of West Africa* (1900) and much periodical writing.

Kipling mourned her in "Dirge of Dead Sisters" (1902), as

> *Her that fell at Simon's Town in service on our foes.*

The African Society (now Royal) was founded in her honour. Her collections are in the British Museum. But I prefer to think of her as 'the Voyager', the undaunted skipper of *Lafayette*[25]—

> I sit up by the rudder watching the black heaving ocean, too rough for the weak moon to brighten save where it flies aloft in angry white foam and surf over the shoals and rocks; and the dimly moonlit sky with the clouds flying in the ever blowing upper wind from the equator; and the motionless black line of the forest with the soft white mist rolling low and creeping and crawling out between its stems from the lagoons behind the sand-ridged beach…

REFERENCES

1. From *Travels in West Africa* [hereinafter *TWA]* by Mary H. Kingsley (Macmillan, 1897), Introduction, p 1. Page references are to the Virago edition, 1982, which reproduces the 1897 edition.

2. See *The Life of Mary Kingsley* [hereinafter *LMK]* by Stephen Gwynn (Macmillan, 1932), p 18.

3. *TWA,* chapter x, pp 197-98.

4. *TWA,* chapter xxv, p 567. Incidentally, for confirmation that this was the first (and not as Mary Kingsley at one time thought the second) ascent by that route, see *LMK,* p 158. ['Chop' means food; 'one time' means at once; 'sabe' means know.]

5. *TWA,* chapter xxv, p 575. [Mary Kingsley's question meant: "Where is 'Black boy'?" (the latter being a member of the party).]

6. *TWA,* chapter xxv, pp 577-79.

7. *TWA,* chapter XIX, pp 432-33.

8. See *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling* by Angus Wilson (Secker & Warburg, 1977), p 55. There is also an index error at this point: 'Mary *Kingston'.*

9. *TWA,* Appendix I, p 659.

10. *Something of Myself by* Rudyard Kipling, chapter IV, "The Interregnum".

11. See the *Journal of the African Society [hereinafter JAS]* (Macmillan), volume XXXI, number cxxv, October 1932, p 351.

12. *JAS, loc. cit.,* pp 352-53.

13. *TWA,* chapter XVIII, p 425.

14. *LMK,* p 152.

15. *LMK,* p 191.

16. *JAS, loc. cit.,* p 352.

17. See *LMK,* p 245.

18. See *LMK,* p 245, citing a letter to Mrs J. R. Green, published in *The Times* on 8 August 1900.

19. *See LMK,* p 247.

20. *JAS, loc. cit.,* p 353.

21. See *LMK,* p 250.

22. *JAS, loc. cit.,* p 353

23. *LMK,* p 250.

24. *JAS, loc cit.,* p 353.

25. *TWA,* chapter XVIII, p 417.

THE OLDEST SCHOOL

arising from a speech and two letters by RUDYARD KIPLING

Mrs Rosemary Richardson of West Malvern, widow of one of our members, Dr James Richardson, M.B., B.Chir., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., who died last year, has written to us for the purpose of very kindly

> enclosing two letters that Rudyard Kipling wrote to my husband when he was finishing his training at the Middlesex Hospital. This was very many years before my marriage to him (as his second wife, in 1974), and I do not know exactly the subject on which they corresponded—presumably something to do with my husband's Alrna Mater, St Peter's School, York, and its founder, and Guy Fawkes who was educated there. I was wondering if you might care to have these letters on loan. . .

We are grateful for this. The letters are indeed of some interest, and we are now reproducing them on pages 29 and 30. From their dates, 10 and 16 October 1929, we have been able to pinpoint the matter to which they refer, namely one phrase, "the oldest school", in a little known speech by Kipling a few days earlier.

On 5 October 1929 Kipling had gone to King's School, Canterbury, together with a number of other prominent people including the Archbishop of Canterbury, to attend the formalities of opening the new Junior School. Also present was Lady Milner, widow of Lord Milner, the great proconsular and political figure who had lived near Canterbury and had died in 1925: the point of this connection was that Lady Milner had presented their house, Sturry Court (which then became Milner Court), and several acres of land, to form the nucleus of the Junior School, as a memorial to her husband. By October 1929 the whole complex, including new buildings, was ready to be opened and formally handed over.

Kipling had made the principal speech, which was widely reported, most notably in *The Times* and the *Morning Post* of 7 October. However, since his select collection of speeches, *A Book of Words,* had already been published in 1927, this speech is not to be found in it, nor in any standard popular edition, but only in the posthumous Sussex and Burwash editions of his works. We now take this occasion to republish it since it is of general interest as a commentary on youth, of more particular interest for its tribute to that austere idealist and formidable statesman, Milner, and of special relevance in the present context because Kipling referred to his hosts, King's School, Canterbury, as "the oldest school in England".

This is what obviously provoked Mr Richardson, then a medical student at the Middlesex, to write to Kipling, informing him of the counter-claim of St Peter's, York. Actually, there are several schools which can plausibly trace their descent, in as unbroken a line as the paucity of ecclesiastical records permits, back to church foundations in the seventh century or, more tenuously, just earlier. These schools are thus older than almost any institution in the land, older than the throne, or the unitary state itself. Among the most notable contestants for primacy, which is not surprising in

view of their locations, are St Peter's, York and King's School, Canterbury, and much rivalry on this account has existed between them. Some years ago a rugby football match was arranged between the two schools, and was supposed by some—certainly by St Peter's, which won it—to settle honourably the vexed question of historical precedence.

These explanations may be helpful to our readers, to whom we now offer, in chronological order, Kipling's speech to the schoolboys at Canterbury, and his two letters to Mr Richardson.—*Ed.]*

SCHOOL EXPERIENCES

by Rudyard Kipling

How shall we learn to judge men—the subtlest of all things created?
Even in childhood at play, before they have hidden their hearts.

Gentlemen—I am not going to tell you much that you do not know. Indeed, the only advantage I have over you is that you have not yet the words in which to express your knowledge, and—you are not allowed to contradict me. You have been told hundreds of times that your school presents you in advance and in miniature with almost every problem and situation that you may be called upon to meet later. Strangely enough, this is true, because (and perhaps you have not been told this) very few men are more than sixteen years old when it comes to the pinch. So, if you can remember the style of a man's work, and more particularly of his play, you can make a close guess later on as to what he will do, and why and how; and you will realise, presently, that men seldom do anything for the first time in their lives, except at school. It isn't as if man was an original creature. He is a boy-product. There is another thing that you know. You may have noticed already that there is not much justice in your present world. There is less outside. This ought to save you all the time and trouble of looking for it. Most injustice is not inflicted deliberately, but because people won't take the trouble to think things out. Thinking makes their heads ache, and if persisted in may make them change their opinions. Consequently it simply 'isn't done, you know.'

But may I work out for you a simple equation? The next time that a personal injustice is inflicted on you for your manners, habits, or

appearance, try to recall the last time that you were—I won't say unjust—but unfair to someone else. If you have forgotten, ask a friend. *He*'ll remember. Bracketing these factors, you will see that they cancel out. In the case of impersonal injustice—that is to say, when you have not had credit for some really decent thing you have done—remember that you have got, or may hope to get, credit for all sorts of things you didn't do, or stumbled into by accident. Once more bracketing these two factors, they cancel each other. You see, too much fussing over abstract justice leads to standing up for your rights and dwelling on what you owe to yourself. That is a temptation of the Devil. Any debt that a man thinks he owes himself can wait over till all the others are paid; and, besides that, standing up for one's rights, and not being put upon, and all the rest of it, often ends in one becoming a man with a grievance; which is the same as being a leper. So, when you are told off to shoot any sort of tiger (as you certainly will be), try not to choose a man with a grievance for your partner. If his disease attacks him, he will sulk and hang behind the scrum, and will delay or wreck the work that you are trying to do with him. Some of you in the School may have discovered this already in making up Elevens and Fifteens. Some of you may already have been told that you had a down on a man because you made him play where he could not do much harm to his own side.

So, you see, all your experiences at school are rehearsals for what you may expect on a larger scale and on a stage where it is important that you should know your part. And here is where the great value comes in of what is wrongly called 'secondary education.' All education is primary—not to say primitive. It is one's school that teaches one how to keep one's temper and when to lose it. If one is too clever and shows it, it is one's school that helps one to suffer fools. If one is a fool oneself, it is one's school that tells one precisely what sort of a fool one is. Lots of men go through life without grasping that great fact. If one knows how everything ought to be done (and some people seem to), it is one's school that recommends one to go and do it, instead of standing about talking. That means that one can pick up the rudiments of self-control, knowledge of what really matters, and a habit of burning one's own smoke—keeping one's mouth shut.

Now, as far as one man can judge another, I think that Lord Milner's character was built up on these three points— self-control, a sense of what really matters, and the power of possessing his soul in patience. They gave the enduring background to his natural great qualities. They strengthened his wide influence over men. His career was full of difficulties and some bitter disappointments, but in all the years that I had the honour to know him he never revealed that he was

thrown out of his stride by difficulties, delays, and intrigues that theoretically ought to have defeated him altogether. Whether he suffered fools gladly I don't know, but he suffered them in silence. After eight years of splendid and far-seeing work in settling and reconstructing a half-ruined Dominion, and after he had put aside honour and great preferment in order that he might finish that work, it happened to him to be treated unjustly by what the history books call 'his ungrateful country.' As a matter of fact, it was only the House of Commons—a paltry exhibition which took the form of a pious rebuke. Broadcasting was not invented in those days, but that rebuke went all round the world, and caused a great deal of talk. But Lord Milner did not contribute to the discussion, nor did he encourage his friends to. He went on with his work, and let other people do the talking.

Years later came the War, which does not interest you as much as it interested us at the time; and Lord Milner, who was then on the Imperial War Council, used every gift and power that he had to bring it to a certain end. We do not yet realise, and you will not for a long time, how vitally important his work was, and what it saved us. He saw that one thing needed to be done, and done quickly, and he gave all that was in him to get the matter accomplished. But all that while he was working sympathetically and serenely with some of the very men who had done him the public injustice years before. I think that that was a glorious climax to a devoted and unspotted career.

But whatever a man's natural gifts may be, he cannot slip on the virtues that built up a character such as Lord Milner's a few minutes before they are required. One has got to practise somewhere before one plays anywhere. And here, gentlemen, is your practice-ground. Lord Milner had to learn in a harder and a lonelier school. Looking back on his life, and his intense influence over the men he worked with, one feels that no memorial to Lord Milner is needed except one. And just that fitting memorial has been made possible by Lady Milner's discerning gift of the lands on which the junior branch of the oldest school in England enters now. But it is you, and you only, gentlemen, who can keep that memorial. It is you, and only you, who can keep it in permanence and due honour by the temper of your lives while you are here, for on that temper surely depends all the work you will do hereafter in and for the world. You have no small or self-seeking example to follow. May you be fortunate: lucky in little things; and secure in the possession of the few real things that life has to offer. And on these lines—shall we say?—the School will be open.

BURWASH
ETCHINGHAM

BATEMAN'S
BURWASH
·SUSSEX·

Private. October 10th 1929.

Dear Mr Richardson,

Many thanks for your most interesting letter.

I was expecting to hear from Sherbourne (which educated King Alfred) but you have weighed in first. It is no small thing to have produced the author of Greek Influence on Roman Medicine - and Dick Turpin is a distinct feather. But what's your authority?

If you have any history of the school, I'd be most grateful if you would let me have a copy.

Yours sincerely,

Rudyard Kipling

LETTER ONE. Sherborne *(sic),* though royally re-endowed in 1550 (by Edward VI, just as Henry VIII re-endowed King's School, Canterbury, and Mary and Philip re-endowed St Peter's, York) had been an ancient church foundation. The robber Richard Turpin (1706-39), though hanged at York for horse-stealing, was not otherwise educated there.

Private

BATEMAN'S
BURWASH
SUSSEX

Oct 16/29

Dear Mr Richardson,

Ever so many thanks for the book which I am now returning, as loans are apt to get mislaid under permanents. There is a regrettable absenceof certainty about Dick Turpin, but I admire your Gunpowder Plot record. Five thirteenths of a conspiracy to one school's credit is something to be proud of!

But the part I like best, of course, is all the history of the earliest beginni and the way in which popular education w was handled, in those days.

With renewed thanks

Sincerely yours

Rudyard Kipling

LETTER TWO [evidently typed by Kipling himself]. Guy Fawkes (1570-1606) was educated at St Peter's, York, as were several of his twelve fellow-conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot (1605). To this day the school declines to celebrate the exposure of the plot: politics apart, it is thought unbecoming to burn an Old Boy in effigy.

BOOK REVIEW

[Our reviewer in this issue is Dr J. D. Coates, a lecturer in Literature at Hull. Our readers will remember him as the author of an article about Kipling's "Proofs of Holy Writ" in September 1987. He is due to address one of our meetings in July 1988 on "Historical Themes in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*". The book under review, enthusiastically described in *The Times Literary Supplement* (5 June 1987) as having an introduction which in itself was "a performance of immense bravura", is of course a sort of belated companion volume to T. S. Eliot's *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*, published by Faber in 1941.—*Ed.*]

A CHOICE OF KIPLING'S PROSE edited by Craig Raine (Faber, 1987); 448 pp; ISBN 0 571 13735 0; hardback £12.50; paperback £6.95.

Craig Raine's selection of the twenty-eight stories which he considers "the best Kipling" is not, as he explains, intended as a scholarly edition but as an inducement to readers to explore Kipling further and "to think again" about him. One can certainly sympathise with the complaint about the over-elaborate footnoting of some editions, which suggests Kipling's work "needs a life-support machine". The line between scholar and scholiast is sometimes a very fine one. Raine's selection itself is thoroughly sensible and defensible.

There is, perhaps, more general agreement about what Kipling's best stories are, and less room for originality in making a choice of twenty or thirty of them, than might be the case with another author. It would be fairly surprising not to meet "In the House of Suddhoo", "The Story of Muhammad Din", "The Man who would be King", "Baa Baa, Black Sheep", "Love-o'-Women", "The Elephant's Child", "A Madonna of the Trenches" or "Dayspring Mishandled" —all of which also appear in Tim Wilkinson's *Twenty-One Tales* (Folio Society, 1972). Most of Raine's other choices such as "A Sahib's War", "'They'", "Mrs. Bathurst", "Mary"Postgate", "The Wish House", "The Bull that Thought" or "The Gardener" are equally uncontroversial. All have been often anthologised, recently appearing, for example, in Andrew Rutherford's two-volume Penguin collection.

Raine's introduction to *A Choice of Kipling's Prose*, like the selection itself, covers much familiar ground. He touches, vividly and entertainingly, on many topics frequently dealt with in Kipling

criticism, such as Kipling's brilliant ear for dialect, his eye for local detail, his concreteness, his art of withholding information and practice of the economy necessary in the short story form, his delight in a meticulous assemblage of detail in which nothing is wasted and there is "no place for guesswork", his themes of suffering and thwarted love, his interest in, and distrust of, the supernatural. (Raine's comparison of Kipling's mastery with that of Chekhov is, for instance, anticipated in Somerset Maugham's *A Choice of Kipling's Prose,* 1952.) Perhaps the most interesting parts of Raine's introduction are his readings of some of Kipling's most "difficult" stories—those of "Mrs. Bathurst" and "Dayspring Mishandled" being particularly stimulating, although, as he would presumably agree, not the final word on either subject.

The general feeling which this competent and useful selection leaves in the mind is not that Craig Raine has failed in his chosen task. It is rather one of surprise and irritation that such a task should need to be undertaken. Does "the literary intelligentsia" still ignore Kipling's work, as he claims? Why should the same battles need to be fought over and over again, using much the same evidence and many of the same arguments? It may indeed be a case of the peculiar obstinacy and impercipience of an academic establishment which refuses to read and consider a great English writer. It is just possible, however, that the state of affairs Raine describes and the "Kipling problem" he diagnoses are a resurrection of past conditions, rather than thoroughly representative of any present critical landscape.

JOHN COATES

VICTORIANS IN JAPAN: In and around the Treaty Ports, by Hugh Cortazzi (Athlone, 1987); 365 pp; map and illustrations; ISBN 0 485 113120; hardback £20. This is an extensive anthology, assembled by a distinguished authority on Japan, helpfully introduced, and linked by a supporting text. It draws on much miscellaneous writing about Japan in the second half of the 19th century, and thereby conveys interesting images of what the country looked like to British and other visitors—and of what those foreigners looked like to the Japanese. Frequent references to, and quotations from, Kipling, justify the inclusion of this note in the *Kipling Journal.* However, at this point I must declare an interest. Sir Hugh Cortazzi and I are now collaborating on a full scale study of Kipling's two visits to Japan in 1889 and 1892, which we hope may be published in 1988.—*Ed.*]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[The Editor welcomes letters intended for publication. However, since he tends to receive more than can in practice be printed he has to be selective. Unless expressly requested otherwise, he reserves the usual right to shorten a letter or, if appropriate, to summarise it and/or any enclosures, under "Points from Other Letters".]

'SCUMFISH' [2]

From Mr D. J. Peters, The Cedars, Wellington Road, Burton Joyce, NottinghamshireNG145GQ

Dear Sir,

Chambers' Dictionary gives 'Scumfish' as an alternative spelling to the Scots word 'Scomfish', meaning to stifle or disgust. It says that it derives from 'Discomfish', a by-form of 'Discomfit', from the stem appearing in the French present participle.

It is not easy to see how this meaning fits into the "Road Song of the *Bandar-Log"*, quoted by Lord Ferrier *(Journal*, September 1987, page 42), but Kipling had a fine ear for an expressive word, and the *scum* of 'Scumfish' fits nicely with the concept of the Bandar-Log, a tribe which does not appear to have diminished in numbers since Kipling's time.

Perhaps Lord Ferrier, living as he does in Ayrshire, could enquire if the term is still used in Scotland.

Yours sincerely
D. J. PETERS

'SCUMFISH' [3]

From Mr I. L. Penseroso, Garden Flat, 29 Buckland Crescent, London NW3 5DJ

Dear Sir,

Lord Ferrier asks about the Bandar-Log verb, 'scumfish'.

I hazard that this is a portmanteau word, compounded of 'skirmish' and 'jump'. The 'j' of 'jump' has assimilated with the 'i' of 'fish' in accordance with Figment's Anagrammatic Principle, and the 'p' of the same word is copulative with the 'f of 'fish' in a typical Teutonic formation.

For the invention and mechanism of portmanteau words, see

Through the Looking-Glass : and What Alice Found There, chapter VI; and the Preface to *The Hunting of the Snark,* both by Lewis Carroll (C. L. Dodgson).

Your erudite readers will probably not need reminding that if you take the two words 'fuming' and 'furious', and have "that rarest of gifts, a perfectly balanced mind", you will say 'frumious'. So, I suggest, it is with 'scumfish'.

Yours faithfully
I. L. PENSEROSO

[It is always agreeable to hear from our Hampstead Thinker, Mr Penseroso. Some of our readers may deduce from his address, which has featured before in our correspondence pages, his true identity.

His reference in *Through the Looking-Glass* is to the dialogue between Alice and Humpty Dumpty, in which the latter explains that *slithy* "means 'lithe and slimy'. 'Lithe' is the same as 'active'. You see it's like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word." In the Preface to *The Snark* Lewis Carroll returns to the same theme and gives support to "Humpty Dumpty's theory" regarding interpretation of the words in "Jabberwocky" *(Through the Looking-Glass,* chapter I), explaining 'frumious', as above, by way of example.—*Ed.]*

'MY LUCKY'

From Mr G. L. Wallace, 9 Hathaway Close, Luton, Bedfordshire LU4 0HU

Dear Sir,

I wonder if any of our members could throw light on the following.

I have been reading Kipling's *Early Verse* (edited by Andrew Rutherford, Clarendon Press, 1986), and on page 256, in the poem "Lord Ripon's Reverie", there is a phrase, "*I* 'cut my lucky' ", which is described in a footnote as Cockney slang for 'decamped'.

I am a Londoner myself, and have never heard this expression, and should like to know if possible the origins, or any examples, of it.

Yours sincerely
G. L. WALLACE

["Lord Ripon's Reverie", which Kipling wrote under a pseudonym in 1884, marked the resignation of Lord Ripon from his Viceroyalty before his five year term was complete. It begins:

> I shall leave it in a little—leave it ere my term has run.
> Of the millions that I govern, who will wish me back? Not one.

The two lines containing the phrase under enquiry are as follows:

> Praise be blessed! *I* 'cut my lucky'—too delighted to resign
> All the God-forsaken *sub chiz* to a clearer head than mine. —*Ed.]*

WHALES

From Mr J. H. McGivering, 32 Cheltenham Place, Brighton, Sussex BN1 4AB

Dear Sir,

You invite comment [Editorial, September 1987] on whether there is an authentic case of a whale swallowing a man. I am glad to bring to your attention an interesting case of a whale swallowing a whole boatload of men, off Port Chalmers, near Dunedin, New Zealand. The account is given in *My Life and Crimes* by Reginald Renyolds (Jarrolds, 1956), at page 113, as follows:

> Captain Jackson told of the time when he was swallowed by a whale—he was in a rowing-boat off Port Chalmers with three other men when they saw a huge whale coming at them. It smashed the boat and left them struggling in the water, holding on to their oars as ordered by Jackson. The whale swallowed them, oars and all, so they cut suitable holes in the whale's sides with their knives, and rowed him into Port Chalmers. "You may not believe me when I say that was the biggest whale ever brought into Port Chalmers!"

Yours sincerely
JOHN MCGIVERING

MARY KINGSLEY

From Ms Valerie Grosvenor Myer, 34 West End, Haddenham, Cambridgeshire CB6 3TE

Dear Sir,

I am currently at work on a new biography of Mary Kingsley, and my friend Nora Crook has drawn my attention to a reference in Kipling's *Something of Myself*, which says he met her in the autumn of 1889.

His essay in *Uncollected Prose* makes it quite clear that at the time

Mary Kingsley had already been to Africa, because she was recounting her experiences to Mrs Winnard and her maiden sisters. If this is so, then Kipling must have made an uncharacteristic mistake about dates. Mary Kingsley first went to Africa in 1893, after the death of her parents in 1892. She did not become famous until after the publication of her book, *Travels in West Africa* (1897), though the meeting could easily have taken place before it was published.

However, in 1889 Mary Kingsley had had no adventures, but was unpaid domestic servant and nurse to her mother, unpaid research assistant to her father.

Yours faithfully
VALERIE GROSVENOR MYER

[Coincidentally, and fortunately, this topic and the whole subject of Kipling's friendship with Mary Kingsley are covered in our main article by John Shearman in this issue. I might add that Kipling's accuracy over particulars like dates, writing *Something of Myself* in old age, was often at fault.—*Ed.]*

"PROOFS OF HOLY WRIT"

From Mr Peter Lewis, O.B.E., Cappaslade Cottage, Brightwell-cum-Sotwell, Wallingford, Oxfordshire OX10 0RQ

Dear Sir,

John Buchan's suggestion may not have been the sole inspiration for "Proofs of Holy Writ" *(Journal,* September 1987, page 12). Some years earlier, Kipling had actually seen a revision of the Bible in progress. In a letter (now in the Library at Sussex University) to his wife, from Rome, dated 7 May 1917, Kipling describes how he and his friend Perceval Landon were entertained to lunch in the Palazzo San Calisto by an English Cardinal. After an excellent lunch (beef, chicken, marvellous ice-cream, and many curious wines) in the Cardinal's den, the guests were taken into a long room off the study, where "a most learned committee was revising the Latin Bible".

The English Cardinal was Francis Gasquet (1846-1929). Before going to Rome, he had been first the Prior and then the Abbot of Downside. He was the author of many books on Reformation England. Several of these historical works are to be found in the library at Bateman's and may well have been used by Kipling as source material for the monks in "The Eye of Allah" *[Debits and Credits].* On retiring to Rome, Gasquet became President of the International Commission for the revision of the Vulgate, as well as

the Prefect of the Vatican Archives and later the Librarian.

Throughout his life, Gasquet was a notable English patriot, and he was one of the few international figures to support the British cause in the Boer War. In the first World War he did much to promote the interests of the Allies in a Vatican dominated by Austrian influence. His considerable efforts in the national interest went unrewarded: his only distinction was to be elected a Member of the Athenaeum under Rule II.

Yours sincerely
PETER LEWIS

BROUGHT UP BY WOLVES

From Mrs P. J. M. Goffe, L.D.S., R.C.S (Eng.), White Cottage, Warboys Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey KT2 7LS

Dear Sir,

As ex-Radar/Wren 79172 it is my annual privilege to attend the Annual General Meeting of the Women's Royal Naval Service Benevolent Trust.

Last year, on 21 May 1986 at the Victory Services Club, London, the two guest speakers were two young nurses, Miss Anne Macklow-Smith and Miss Claire Blyth-Vickers, just back from nursing for Mother Teresa of Calcutta. They described a woman who had all her faculties except speech. She had been brought up by wolves. They called her 'Mowgli'. In Calcutta she sustained life by eating the cartons thrown on the street by passers-by, until Mother Teresa took her under her wing.

I was so surprised that I checked during tea with the nurses. They both said the woman had been brought up by wolves. Possibly this should go on record for the Kipling Society.

Yours faithfully
PAULINE GOFFE

BATEMAN'S AND THE GALE

From Mr J. M. Wiltshire, Administrator for the National Trust, Bateman's, Burwash, Etchingham, East Sussex TN19 7DS

Dear Sir,

I write in order to give some idea of the effect on Bateman's of the tempest of 16 October, and to ask, through you, the members of the Kipling Society to bring what help they can to the task of restoration.

In common with most National Trust properties in the south east, we were lucky to avoid much structural damage. The house escaped with no more harm than a slide of tiles from the north west pitch of the roof, and the dislodgement of twenty feet of guttering from the south elevation. The Tea Room survived the fall of a large branch on its roof, but the Mill was less fortunate since a passing baulk of timber ripped a hole in the side and exposed the northern edge of the milling floor to the elements.

As everywhere, however, the sadness and the major destruction is in the garden. The oak which grew aslant the millpond for perhaps two hundred and fifty years is no more, and of the five oaks which march westwards in procession from the back of the Tea Room, one is down, three are stunted and only the one nearest the house remains intact. Two huge trees are down in the Quarry Garden, and four of the majestic Corsican Pines which Kipling planted lie flat beside the new car park.

There is also massive destruction amongst the smaller more recently planted trees, and valuable ornamental specimens. Numerous seven to fifteen year old pines and limes have perished, and the famous Smoke Tree, a magnificent cherry, a fine walnut and numerous unusual fruit trees are amongst many uprooted and irretrievably lost.

At the time of writing [21 October] the chainsaw and the bonfire are successively at work reducing the tangled wreckage. Beyond that, we look ahead to replacement and replanting so that the garden can be put on the road to recovery. The big trees lost are for us irreplaceable, but we must look ahead as our forebears did to the retrospective appreciation of some future generation. The ornamental trees will grow faster, and some of us will see them to fruition.

We thought we had a herb garden to restore this winter, but we are faced with rather more than that. I would be grateful if anyone who feels able to help would send a donation, made payable to the National Trust, c/o The Administrator, at the above address.

Yours faithfully
JULIAN WILTSHIRE

[It was with my personal encouragement that Mr Wiltshire, an active member of the Kipling Society who has now joined its Council, wrote this letter. I feel sure that there are not a few of our readers who cherish memories of the great beauty of Bateman's, and will be willing to respond to this appeal by its Administrator.—*Ed.]*

AFTER THE GALE, BATEMAN'S. The Administrator's letter in this issue describes the havoc wrought in the estate.

A. H. FISHER

From Mr William F. Whitmore, 14120 Miranda Avenue, Los Altos Hills, California94022,U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

On page 20 of the *Journal* for June 1987 [in the text of Mr Donald Simpson's talk, "A Librarian's View of Kipling"] there is a quotation from a letter by A. H. Fisher. At Christmas 1927, when I was not quite eleven, I received from the author a book titled *Through India and Burmah, with Pen and Brush,* by A. Hugh Fisher. It was published by T. Werner Laurie, London, no date. I still have it.

On page 257 is the same quote given in the *Journal* [about Kipling playing around the gun Zam-Zammah as a boy]. On page 259 is a reference to "the late Mr Lockwood Kipling", which would put the publication date at 1911 or later. [The reference is to Lockwood Kipling's pioneering work at the Mayo School of Art.]

The book is illustrated with reproductions of drawings and paintings, but there is no reference to photography, nor was I aware of his interest in it. [Fisher's photographs of the Mayo School accompanied Mr Simpson's article.]

I assume your author, D. H. Simpson, is aware of the book, which seems to have been based on the "journal-letters" he cites. If he doesn't know it, it would make a relevant acquisition for the R.C.S. Library. My copy has corrections in Fisher's own hand of a number of incorrect geographical citations.

My connection with Hugh Fisher was through my mother, Elizabeth Manning Whitmore, who was a publisher of fine prints at The Print Corner, Hingham, Massachusetts, from 1924 to her death in 1958. He was one of the artists she distributed. We didn't see him in person very often, but I have vivid memories of his kindness to a small and rather bookish boy. My mother also helped in the U.S. publication of his book for children, *Frolics with Uncle Yule.*

My own fascination with Kipling began about age three or four, when my mother read me stories from *The Jungle Books.* "The White Seal" made a particularly strong impression. The first book that I remember as being specifically "mine" was *The Day's Work.* My Kipling collection has since expanded to include a re-issue copy of the Burwash Edition, and a complete set of the *Kipling Journal,* among other items. Good luck to the *Journal* and to the Society.

Sincerely

WM. F. WHITMORE

KIPLING CLIPPINGS

From Mr L. A. Vernarelli, 74 Deerfield Lane, Matawan, New Jersey 07747, U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is a sampling of newspaper and magazine clippings, which give a fair idea of how very often something of Kipling's words find some application in current events.

How would Kipling feel about his listing as 'Art Critic' under 'Role Models', and the use of his cat picture for decorative tiles to be sold by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and listed in their Christmas catalog?

Sincerely
LOUIS A. VERNARELLI

[Mr Vernarelli kindly sent us a mixed bag from papers and magazines he had happened to see during the last year or two. A few of them were as follows:

(a) a report of how Representative Robert Dornan, in the House Foreign Affairs Committee, had parodied Kipling's poem "Tommy" to express support for Colonel Oliver North in the Iran arms investigations: e.g. "Ollie this and Ollie that", etc.

(b) a cartoon suggesting that Kipling's "The Young British Soldier", particularly the last verse beginning "When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains", was now highly appropriate to Russian soldiers serving in Afghanistan.

(c) a notice of a 30-minute video, published by Random House at $14.95, of "The Elephant's Child", narrated by Jack Nicholson, and highly praised.

(d) a list of 48 outstanding heterosexual 'role models' (in answer to someone's controversial listing of 48 homosexuals), i.e. writers, composers, philosophers, etc. Kipling was included, not however among the writers and poets but as an 'Art Critic'!

(e) a note that "producer-director Amin Chaudhri plans to film ten of Kipling's works, including *Jungle Boy.* Although trained here in America, New York-based film-maker Chaudhri intends to film the Kipling tales in the same province of India *[sic],* Lahore, where the author lived."

(f) a reprint of an obituary notice on Kipling dated 1936, recording that "for many years before his death, he remained a recluse in his home in the village of Burwash"!

(g) an advertisement in a museum catalogue, for a cork-backed ceramic tile of Kipling's well known *Just So Stories* picture of the 'Cat that Walked by Himself. *—Ed.]*

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

FROM REEF AND ROCK AND SKERRY

From Mr O. H. Robinson, C.M.G., O.B.E.. 37 Circus Road, London NW8 9JG

Mr Robinson writes enclosing a copy of an article entitled "A Nautical Miscellany", by J. W. Hogarth, in the latest issue of the *Nautical Magazine* (Volume 238, No 5, page 289). It describes the modernisation, under the auspices of the centuries-old foundation of Trinity House, of the seven hundred or so 'landmarks' and 'seamarks' around the coasts of England, Wales and the Channel Isles. This great number had been reached in the nineteenth century, when the navigational aids installed aboard ship were negligible: charts apart, "log, lead and compass" was the available technology, backed by the "knowledge, intuition and instinct" of sailors. It was a time when "sighting of a landmark or seamark was the ultimate in tension-release and accurate position fixing".

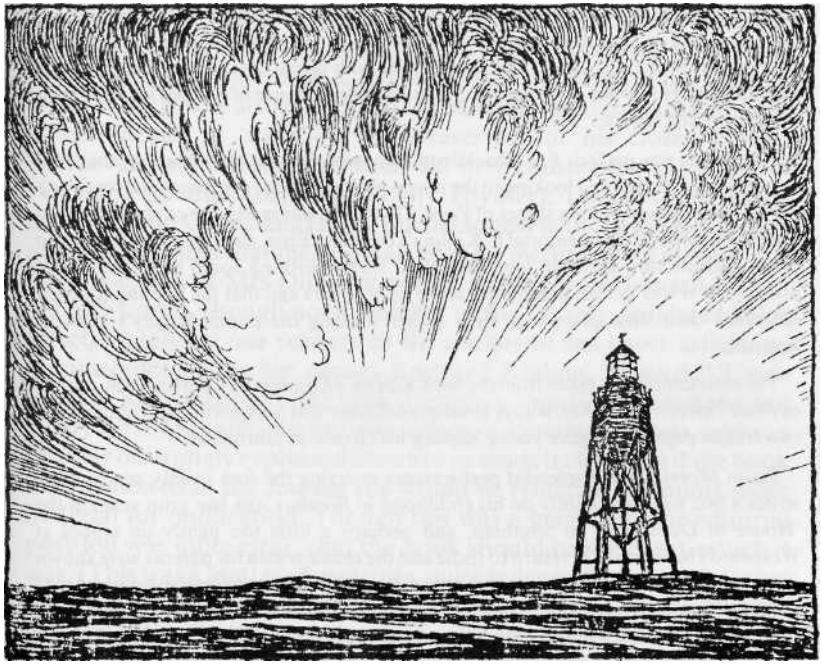
Current reviews of the network, the article explains, are proposing the discontinuance of some forty main navigational aids in the form of lighthouses, fog signal stations, lightvessels and lighted buoys, and modifications to some eighty other beacons of various kinds. This diminution of service is only possible, of course, since most modern vessels have navigational 'black boxes' of considerable sophistication. The reduced system is evidently felt to be adequate for the local needs of fishermen and private boat owners.

Continuing, the article reminds us that Trinity House, founded in 1514, is a religious foundation and presumably "in routine communication with the Great Ship-Master of the Universe". As such, it might "humbly petition for Rudyard Kipling to be granted a day's leave from his duties in the Port of Heaven" so as to "amend or rewrite his fine poem *The Coastwise Lights of England".*

KIPLING'S KINGDOM AT BATEMAN'S

From Mr Ronald King, c/o National Trust, Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex TN19 7DS

Through the National Trust's office at Bateman's, Mr Ron King, whom many of us remember well as the doyen of the team of guides and helpers there, has sent us a review of a theatrical performance held there in the summer—before the destructive hurricane of October which is described in the Administrator's letter in this issue. Mr King's review, written in August, reads as follows.



THE WEED IS ON OUR KNEES

One of the many drawings and paintings by W. Heath Robinson which illustrate the collection of verse entitled *A Song of the English* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1909). No fewer than seven such drawings and three paintings in colour accompany one poem alone, *The Coastwise Lights* (mentioned among "Points from Letters" opposite). This is the poem, dating from 1896, that begins:

> Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is on our knees:
> Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.
> From reef and rock and skerry—over headland, ness and voe—
> The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go!

The fourth of its six verses runs:

> We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race the Southern wool;
> We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen, Leith and Hull;
> To each and all our equal lamp at peril of the sea—
> The white wall-sided warships or the whalers of Dundee!

There have been few evenings this summer when the weather has been fair enough for folks to sit and enjoy a performance in the open air. On Friday 28 August however, the evening was brilliantly sunny, and people came with picnic baskets and folding chairs into the Quarry Garden at Bateman's, for a fine performance of *Kipling's Kingdom* by two fine young actors.

The setting was perfect. For a backdrop there was the wall of the quarry, sheltered by overhanging trees and looking to the south-west across the gardens of Bateman's to the hanging woods and the slopes of Pook's Hill. The summerhouse or shelter, set up some ten years ago as a memorial to Kipling's daughter Elsie, gave the actors a place to dress, and the tiny apron in front was their stage. Nothing could have been more fitting. For it was in this 'green plot' some eighty years ago that the Kipling children rehearsed their little play, with their father wearing the paper donkey's head as Bottom.

The entertainment is taken from the book *Kipling's Kingdom* by Charles Allen, author of *Plain Tales from the Raj*, whose great-grandfather was part-owner and manager of two Indian papers and gave young Kipling his chance in journalism.

Jason Morell gave a splendid performance covering the first twenty years of the writer's life, touching lightly on his childhood in Bombay, the five grim years in the 'House of Desolation' in Southsea, and perhaps a little too lightly on school at Westward Ho! The joyful return to India and the reunion with his parents were shown with feeling, and his struggles as Assistant Editor of a provincial Indian newspaper at the age of seventeen were portrayed with grim realism. The brashness, the mistakes, the successes and failures of the following years were presented faithfully, and the play ended with the unauthorised publication of Kipling's first short story in the paper which he helped to edit.

Jason Morell's partner was Sarah Griffith, who performed admirably in eight different parts, including Kipling's mother, native servant and editor, and whose changes of character and costume were carried out with remarkable versatility.

The weather, the performance of the actors and the lovely surroundings combined to make this an evening to remember; it is hoped that its success will encourage the National Trust to follow it with others.

VICTORIAN SISTERS

From Mrs Ralph Oliphant, Flat 6, 86 Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea, London SW10

Mrs Oliphant *(née* Mary Mackail, daughter of Denis Mackail, granddaughter of J. W. Mackail, O.M., great-granddaughter of Sir Edward Burne-Jones) is a new and welcome member. She has written, from the family standpoint, expressing strong criticism of Ina Taylor's recent book *Victorian Sisters* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1987, reviewed in our last issue) which in her view adds nothing of value to the authoritative and well written *The Macdonald Sisters* by the late A. W. Baldwin (the third Earl).

Mrs Oliphant found certain avoidable errors particularly tiresome: her father's death and her aunt Clare's, which occurred in 1971 and 1975 respectively, are both dated as 1919 in the 'family tree' on pages xii and xiii. It was also a solecism in the book to refer gratuitously to John Mackail as 'Jack'—a form reserved for his closer friends. Moreover, the author had seen fit to publish reproductions of Poynter's portraits of Agnes (Lady Poynter), Louisa (Mrs Alfred Baldwin) and Georgiana (Lady Burne-Jones) without the customary acknowledgment that the originals of these pictures were variously in the possession of Mrs Oliphant and of Lady Lorna Howard.

Lady Lorna, though not a member of the Society, will be recalled affectionately by our readers as the author of ten short articles of reminiscence about her cousin Rudyard Kipling, entitled " 'Uncle Ruddy', Remembered". She took strenuous objection to what she had been told of the tone and the inaccuracy of *Victorian Sisters*, and in a number of strongly expressed letters to us made it clear that if the book were reviewed in the *Journal* she would be reluctant to supply more material for publication. Though this was a great pity, the editorial position was quite clear, that the book should be reviewed, which it was. (This was a matter of principle, quite independent of the fact that by this time a review had been submitted, accepted and sent to the printers.) We take this occasion to thank Lady Lorna very warmly for the attractive and evocative memoirs she has produced over the past three years.

SONG OF SULLIVAN

From Mr D. T. Irvine, 56 Jessel House, Judd Street, London WC1H 9NU

Mr Irvine writes with a cutting from a recent issue of the *Gramophone* including an advertisement for a recording of "Songs of Sir Arthur Sullivan" [Conifer CDCF 156 (CD); CFC 156 (LP); MCFC 156 (MC)]. The selection includes Kipling's "The Absent-Minded Beggar", which Sullivan set to music.

Mr Irvine expresses warm approval, which many of us will share. He goes on to say that Kipling "always knew the natural voice" of the British people, and he compares favourably Kipling's "wiping something off a slate" in this song—authentic argot of the back-streets—with the artificiality of Asquith's "not lightly drawn sword" [Guildhall speech, November 1914].

KIPLING AND MOTORING: AND SALE PRICES

From Henry Sotheran Ltd, 2-5 Sackville Street, London W1X 2DP

The booksellers, Henry Sotheran Ltd, who have a department of Autograph Letters, sent their catalogue 999 of 1986. It includes as Item 52 something they describe as an "Amusing Autograph Letter Signed on a correspondence card to Johnson, discussing motor-cars, 2 pages 88 by 113 mm., headed, Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, Wednesday night, [n.d.]", priced at £335. The text is given as follows:

> Your letter disarms me! I hope however that you tried, or got an enemy to try, the Vomitorium that went back. As to my own car she did go well, as I wrote, till she went bad and then she went very bad. Consequently it's no good pretending I am not disappointed and vexed. I didn't expect she would go bad so soon. And I hate being laughed at by my neighbours. The Grey Spectre awakens memories of (?) Fleck I think and illegal speeds through France. She shall not be over-driven here and we shall wait anxiously for the return of the Green Goblin. I've already perjured my soul to one man that she went up for—upholstery & varnish!! So low does pride and a motor bring an honest man!

It is likely that some reader will be able to establish the date of this letter, and to fill in other missing details about the cars. "Johnson" will have been Claude Johnson of Rolls-Royce, to whom Kipling wrote a long and remarkable illustrated letter from France, incidentally referring to Fleck the chauffeur (published on pages 73-75 of our September 1985 issue).

The price cited by Sotheran for this letter perhaps provides a logical occasion to mention other current high prices for Kipling items—starting with the same catalogue, where an edition of *The Seven Seas,* dated 1914, signed by Kipling, was offered at £285. In a Sotheby's catalogue listing autograph manuscripts and printed books (English Literature & History) to be sold in July 1987, three "fine letters signed, two entirely autograph" of Kipling, were included with an estimated price of £600-700, and described as

> thanking Charles Hughes of Manchester for three books by him: namely, his edition of *Willobie his Avisa* (".. .apart from the keen interest I take in. . .Shakespearean interpretations I happen to know the Knoyle, Mere and Gillingham country. . ."), his *The*

Defence of the Realm (". . .an excellent treatise. . .What I always admire of those ancients is the splendour of their style.. .we don't seem to be able to make the prose ring as it should. . ") and his *Mrs Piozzi's Thraliana* (". . .In her way she was as amazing a woman as Ursa Major was a man. . ."); he also discusses and denies his mania for motoring (". . .if you will read what I wrote.. .you won't find any glorification of 'high speed' motoring. . .it is hardly a generation since Ruskin damned the whole breed of wheelmen as 'cads on castors'. Now Ruskin was wrong...","... .this is a free land in which a man may write as he pleases. . ."), *4 pages, 4to and 8vo, small tear at edge of one fold, slight spotting, Bateman's, 26 June 1905 to 12 July 1913.*

Charles Traylen's catalogue 102 of 1987 (English Literature) also has some interesting Kipling items, with first editions varying widely in price, from £16 for *Puck of Pook's Hill* to £250 for *The Jungle Book* offered together with *The Second Jungle Book.* But most noteworthy is £6,500 for an obviously superb set of the Bombay Edition of Kipling's works. This is unusual not so much for its lushness (hand made paper, full crimson crushed Levant Morocco, gilt panelled sides with corner ornaments, crimson silk endpapers, top edges gilt, others uncut, etc) but for the fact that it is complete in 31 volumes, in other words containing the rarely found last five volumes which were added posthumously to the 1913-27 series, in 1938.

M.I.

From Miss Elizabeth Phillips, 27 Elm Bank Mansions, London SW13 0NS

Miss Phillips, whose father served in the Boer War with the Mounted Infantry (having originally joined the Devonshires as a private, and been commissioned into the Lincolns from the ranks) wrote about Kipling's "M.I.". This, it will be recalled, is the spirited poem that begins:

I wish my mother could see me now, with a fence-post under my arm,
And a knife and a spoon in my putties that I found on a Boer farm,
Atop of a sore-backed Argentine, with a thirst that you couldn't buy.
I used to be in the Yorkshires once
(Sussex, Lincolns and Rifles once),
Hampshires, Glosters and Scottish once!
But now I am M.I.

She had two queries. The first was to ask what *Ikonas* means, as in:

> That is what we are known as—we are the push you require
> For outposts all night under freezin', an' rearguard all day under fire.
> Anything 'ot or unwholesome? Anything dusty or dry?
> Borrow a bunch of Ikonas! Trot out the_____M.I.!

[Kipling, by the way, said that the blank could be supplied "according to taste and service of audience".] Her second query was for confirmation that Tod Sloan was a famous jockey, as in:

> I wish my mother could see me now, a-gatherin' news on my own,
> When I ride like a General up to the scrub and ride back like Tod Sloan,
> Remarkable close to my 'orse's neck to let the shots go by.
> We used to fancy it risky once
> (Called it a reconnaissance once),
> Under the charge of an Orf'cer once,
> But now we are M.I.!

I enlisted the aid of Mr John McGivering, so that Miss Phillips should receive an interim response before her enquiries appeared in print. On *Ikonas* we commented as follows:

> *Editor*: From Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang & Unconventional English* I learn that the word *Ikona,* which may be from the Zulu, was a colloquial phrase current in the Boer War, meaning something like "No you don't! ". What I do not have is any indication of when, or precisely why, it became attached to the Mounted Infantry as a nickname. [Miss Phillips replied that she liked this definition, since it seemed to imply that the M.I. were known for proficiency in the military art of scrounging.]
>
> *Mr McGivering:* In *Notes & Queries,* 1 August 1942, pages 74-75, I find
>
> > *Ikona,* Zulu *Ha'ikona,* literally meaning 'nothing' or 'not a bit of it'—occasionally meaning 'I don't know', indicating that the London Ikonas are a gang of greenhorns! Or, if short for *Ikawna marli,* 'no money', which seems more likely.
>
> On the other hand, Carrington has a note in his *Complete Barrack-Room Ballads* (Methuen, 1973), at page 173:
>
> > The M.I. were known as *Ikonas,* 'ikona' being Afrikaans slang for 'ready', probably of Bantu origin— 'O.K.', 'make-do'. Their one complaint was that the Australian volunteers were paid 5s. a day for the same duty as the British Tommies at 1s. a day.
>
> That [continued Mr McGivering] may tie in with *Ikawna marli* above.

On Tod Sloan, I commented as follows:

> He was indeed a famous jockey, who gave rise to various expressions. E.g., in Cockney rhyming slang, 'on your Tod Sloan' meant 'on your own', hence the abbreviated term still heard, 'on your tod'. At the turn of the century there was a tendency for anyone called Sloan to be nicknamed 'Tod' after the jockey. At the same period, 'to sloan' meant 'to obstruct', arising from his obstructive tactics on the race course.

Readers may well be able to amplify, or correct, our comments on both subjects.

PINNEY'S *KIPLING'S INDIA*

From Mr M. Athar Tahir, 115-D, Model Town, Lahore, Pakistan

Mr Athar Tahir has written very helpfully from Lahore, pointing out solecisms in Professor Tom Pinney's edition of *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches, 1884-88* (Macmillan, 1986), which was reviewed last year by Philip Mason *(Kipling Journal,* June 1986, pages 51-54). Some of these historical, technical or linguistic lapses, he remarks, "such as 'Ziafut' [ziyafat], 'Budndming' [badnaming] and 'Durbaies' [Darbaris], have been explained by Mr Philip Mason in his review. However, even Mr Mason's information regarding 'Arains' is limited, and that regarding 'Gutkas' is incorrect. It is hoped that the following observations will help towards a better understanding of Kipling's early work."

His observations relate to three main topics, categorised below as (1) the sixteenth century mystic and saint, Shah Husain; (2) the very important event at Karbala (Iraq) in 680 A.D.; (3) interpretations of certain words.

(1) Shah Husain

Mr Athar Tahir writes:- In the context of "A Popular Picnic" *[Civil & Military Gazette,* 30 March 1886] the editor states at page 148:

> The Chiragan festival, or festival of lamps, is held in honour of the Muslim Saint 'Abd al-Qadir Jilani . . .

The festival has thus erroneously been attributed to the Baghdad Sufi Master (1077-1166 A.D.) who founded the Qadiriyya *silsilah* or

brotherhood of the sufis. In fact, the festival commemorates the *Urs* or death anniversary of Shah Husain.

Son of a weaver, Shah Husain was born in 1539 at Lahore. He spent the first thirty-six years of his life practising the sufi discipline of contemplation and physical rigours. Though a member of the Qadiriyya order, the colour of the *majzub* or 'intoxicated' mystics was dominant. So he danced and sang in the streets of Lahore. It was popularly believed that he possessed supernatural powers, and he is stated to have had a large number of followers. His poems form an important part of Panjabi literature.

Shah Husain's attachment to Madho, a Brahman youth from Shahdara, once a village, now a part of Lahore, across the Ravi river, is well known. The saint came to be popularly known as Madho Lal Husain. Madho became a Muslim and a disciple of Shah Husain, and after his mentor's death in 1593 or 1599 he inherited the spiritual mantle. Both are buried in the same tomb at Baghbanpura, near the famous Shalimar Gardens.

(2) Karbala

Kipling, in "The City of the Two Creeds" *[Civil & Military Gazette,* 1 October 1887; *Kipling's India,* pages 265-69], wrote:

> Because many hundreds of years ago Yezid, son of Mowwajib, first of the Ommeiad Caliphs of Damascus, met, on the plains of Kerbela, west of the Euphrates, and slew Hossain and Hussan, sons of Ali . . .

Mr Athar Tahir feels that the young Kipling, as "a reporter writing a hundred years ago", may to some extent be excused for historical inaccuracy, but that it should now be corrected, and that the editor is at fault in commenting that

> Mohurrum (or Moharram) is the festival commemorating the deaths of the Imams Hassan and Hussein, when replicas of the Imams' tombs, called *tazias,* are carried in procession . . .

In Mr Athar Tahir's words:

> *Firstly,* it may be mentioned that Hassan, the elder brother of Hussein, was never at Karbala. The processions taken out during Muharram commemorate the martyrdom (which took place in 680 A.D.) of Hussein and his few followers. As such, the *tazias*

are not the "images of the tombs of Hussein and Hassan" [as defined in Professor Pinney's Glossary, at page 295] but of Hussein and his fellow martyrs.

Secondly, historical dates of the Karbala confrontation would have helped the reader understand the importance of this event so many centuries later. Kipling's "many hundreds of years ago" is too facile.

Thirdly, Yezid's father was called Mu'awiya, not Mowwajib: a footnote would have been in order.

Finally, Muharram is not a "festival". It is the first month of the Islamic calendar. The 9th and 10th of this month are the holy-days when mourning processions are taken out. More appropriately, the occasion is called Ashura, or The Tenth.

(3) Corrections to the Glossary

Mr Athar Tahir comments as follows:-

(a) *Benaoti.* This in all probability refers to practitioners of *benoat,* the Muslim art of self-defence. It was taught at several educational institutions in the early decades of this century. The Aligarh University employed a regular *benoat* teacher. It involved the use of bare hands, handkerchief, dagger, sword and staff (or *lathi).* It declined over the centuries into *gutka.*

(b) *Gutkas* occurs at page 268 in "The City of the Two Creeds":

> In the pauses of the processions the *gutkas* leapt into the middle of the way and fought with lath swords carrying arm guards to the elbow . . .

Gutka, a discipline of self-defence, was once popular amongst the Muslims: it primarily involved the use of swords. *Gutkas,* in Kipling's report, refers to the *gutka* players.

(c) *Kerritch hogya* [in "The Tragedy of Crusoe", page 47] is a colloquial expression for 'It is broken' or 'It has collapsed'.

(d) *Tharrahs* occurs in "A Week in Lahore" [*Civil & Military Gazette,* 21 May 1884, *Kipling's India,* page 37]:

> They could understand voting for a man, be he Hindu, Mahomedan, or Sikh, who, in time of need, might sanction the enlargement of their *tharrahs* and wink at the blockade of the drain below . . .

Tharrahs are ledges in front of shops, over the drains. They increase the functional area of the shops but cause considerable sanitary problems as it is often hard to get at the refuse clogging the drain underneath. When shops are closed, these *tharrahs* are places where children play. Men, young and old, can be seen in groups, gossiping, pulling at their hookahs, or playing cards on them. These encroachments on public areas are contained by the levy of a special municipal tax.

(e) *Arains* occurs in "The Private Services Commission" *[Civil & Military Gazette,* 29 June 1887, *Kipling's India,* page 239]:

> 'And stole vegetables from Esmit *Sahib* for the *Sahib's* table', said the *khansamah.* 'All these *Arains* are one.'

Kipling here is referring to the vegetable growers and sellers. Sir Denzil Ibbetson gives the following information regarding *Arains:*

> 'In the western half of the Punjab excepting on the satling, the word seems to be used for any market-gardener . . .'.
> 'They are admirable cultivators, skilful and industrious, but like all vegetable growers of low standing among the cultivating classes.'

(f) *Phenyl-ki-diwai* [cf. *phenyle-ke-diwai* on page 242] does not exactly mean 'phenyl-as-medicine' as in the Glossary, but 'medicine-of-phenyl', which can also mean medicine made from phenyl.

(g) *Pice, pie* is not just 'small coin; money' as in the Glossary. Before the introduction of the decimal system, the rupee had sixteen *annas* and each *anna* had four *paisas* or *pice.* One *paisa* had three *pies,* and one and a half *pies* made a *tayla.* In other words there were 64 *paisas* or *pice,* or 192 *pies,* in one rupee. Before the second World War the *paisa* was a coin of large size: during the war, however, owing to metal shortages, it was reduced in size, with a hole introduced at its centre.

(h) *Palki* is not a 'small compartment, box', but a palanquin used for transporting the well-to-do, or newly-wed brides.

A BRITISH LIBRARY EXHIBITION

From Mr I. Hayden, Press Officer, British Library, 2 Sheraton Street, London W1

The Press Officer has written to inform us about the exhibition covering the life and works of Kipling, which opened at the British Library in November 1987 and will continue till 14 February 1988. It includes numerous manuscripts, printed editions, photographs on loan from Bateman's, and other items, such as the manuscript of *Just So Stories* and an autograph draft of *Kim.* Further information, and some black-and-white photographs, may be obtained on application to him at the address above.

THE MELBOURNE BRANCH

From Mrs Rosalind Kennedy, 26 Blake Street, Caulfield, Australia 3162

It is always a pleasure to hear from Mrs Kennedy, President of our Branch in Melbourne, Australia. In letters written in July 1987, too late for inclusion in our September number, she brought us up to date on events in Melbourne—an Annual General Meeting, re-election of office bearers, a programme of speakers for the second half of 1987, and plans for a special celebration of the Melbourne Branch's fiftieth anniversary in July 1988.

Though numbers are small, there is an air of vitality in that quarter, and certainly the quality of speakers that are attracted is very high. One example among several has been Professor Moorhouse's lucid presentation on "Mr Wardrop's Problem", which we reported in our issue of March 1987, and we hope that, space permitting, other comparable reports of addresses to the Melbourne Branch will follow before long.

Mrs Kennedy sent us some cuttings from the Australian press, relating to Kipling. From these it is clear that the effusion of new editions of Kipling following the end of the copyright—and of biographical and critical books riding on the bandwagon—has attracted wide attention in Australia. One article, by Michele Field in the Melbourne *Age's* "Good Weekend" issue of 8 May 1987, dwelt interestingly on the anomaly over copyright in Kipling's case—namely that for many years sales of Kipling's works directly benefitted the public interest (through the National Trust), but that immediately on the cessation of a set period that benefit ceased, and that "not one publisher is passing on copyright savings (say 10%) in reduced book prices".

TAILPIECE

From Sir Hugh Cortazzi, G.C.M.G., 100 Wood Street, London EC2P 2AJ

My Editorial in September 1987 dealt with (and raised questions about) cases of survival after being eaten, whether man by whale or frog by snake. Soon afterwards Sir Hugh Cortazzi sent me the English language *Japan Weekly Mail* for 14 May 1892 containing references to Kipling, who was in Japan at the time. It incidentally quoted a story from a Japanese paper, the *Yomiuri Shimbun* [no date]. This was to the effect that a farmer, who was named, had caught a three-foot snake while working on his land, and had offered to the bystanders to swallow it for a wager. They produced four yen, and he "put the head of the snake into his mouth and swallowed it without difficulty". However, he quickly "changed colour and fell to the ground", and died. We are not told if the snake died too.

TOM DRIVER

Those who dealt regularly with Tom Driver, one of our members, a bookdealer who specialised in Kipling and who advertised for several years in the *Kipling Journal,* will know that he died on 8 August 1987. All who knew him will have heard this news with sadness, and will wish to be associated with an expression of sympathy to his widow, Mrs Sheila Driver, and to his family.

Tom Driver did not start to deal in books till 1980, on retirement from a long career in business, and he did not open his little bookshop in Arundel until 1983. However he soon established himself as a Kipling specialist—following an interest first kindled during experience with the Army in India in 1947—and his useful monthly book lists became known to many Kipling collectors.

All of us who met him, or corresponded with him, found him a pleasure to deal with, invariably considerate and painstaking. He had an endearing capacity for taking a personal interest in his clients, and for deriving surprised satisfaction from the flow of new and variegated information that comes the way of anyone who explores the endless ramifications of Kipling's *oeuvre.* His business was ably supported by his wife, and it is good to know that she and one of their sons will continue, albeit at first on a reduced scale, the distribution of those lists of Kiplingiana, to which Tom Driver always contrived to attach some individual flavour, so that they became an institution.

SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome to the Society the following new or rejoined Members:

Dr P. F. Ahern *(Surrey);* Mr E. J. Boagey *(Surrey);* Mr D. L. Bruce-Merrie *(East Sussex);* Mr A. K. Chatterjee *(London);* Mr P. J. C. Feinstein *(London);* Miss M. Gallo *(Romagnano Sesia, Italy);* Mr T. H. Gee *(London);* Mr Richard Lancelyn Green *(Merseyside);* Mr K. Jeyasingham *(Bristol);* University of Kelaniya *(SriLanka);* Mr R. D. Kirkman *(London);* Mr M. C. Oatley *(Dorset);* Mrs R. Oliphant *(London);* Professor R. N. Parkinson *(Devonshire*—formerly a U.S.A. member); Mr A. G. V. Rogers *(London);* Mr G. W. Smeeton *(London);* Mr J. D. Spencely *(Edinburgh);* Mr R. T. G. Thompson *(Kent);* Miss J. M. Vann *(East Sussex);* Mr R. L. Warner *(Cambridge);* Dr D. G. Wilson *(Cambridge).*

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Society, thinly but adequately attended, was held at the Royal Commonwealth Society on Wednesday 21 October 1987.

The Chairman (Mr G. C. G. Philo) reported with regret the recent death of a Vice-President and former Editor of the *Kipling Journal,* Mr Roger Lancelyn Green. The Editor (Mr G. H. Webb) stated that his Editorial for December 1987 would embody the Society's obituary. It was heartening that the family's connection with the Society would continue: Mr Richard Lancelyn Green had applied for membership, replacing his father.

The Secretary (Mr N. Entract) delivered his report on the year. Among many encouraging points, he said that most U.K. subscriptions were now paid by Banker's Order, which reduced the burden of issuing reminders, etc.

The Treasurer (Mr T. S. Bittleston) had attended the preceding meeting of Council but owing to business commitments was unable to stay for the A.G.M., so his report was read by the Secretary. Its salient features had already been published in the September 1987 *Journal.* The financial position was relatively sound, and was strengthened by income from Covenants: 68 new Covenants had been entered into.

The Meetings Secretary (Mrs L. A. F. Lewis) and Librarian (Mrs G. H. Newsom) rendered their reports. The Librarian and Chairman described measures to improve the security of the Library, involving the purchase of new bookcases. The Editor reported on the *Kipling Journal.* Both the Treasurer and the Editor stressed that they were willing to hand over their responsibility if suitable replacements were found.

The Officers of the Society were however re-elected *en bloc.* Since Mr Spencer Maurice and Mr J. M. Patrick were retiring from the Council under Rule, Miss Sheena Steel and Mr Julian Wiltshire (Administrator, Bateman's) were elected in their place. The Chairman, Officers and elected Council members were thanked for their work.

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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