THE KIPLING JOURNAL

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE KIPLING SOCIETY, LONDON

VOLUME 62 **JUNE 1988** NO 246

ISSN 0023 - 1738

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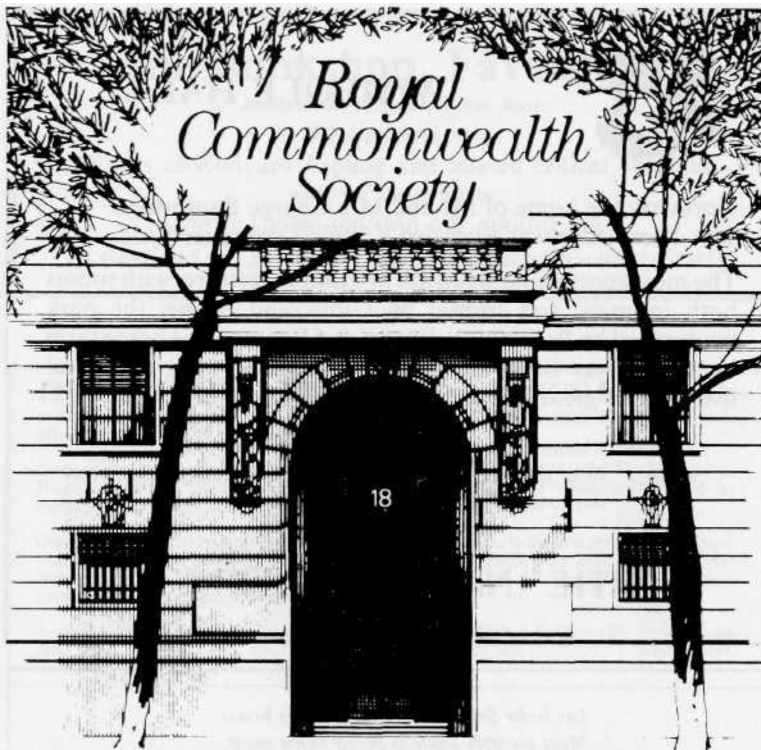

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Wherbye it cometh past disputison
Cookes over alle men have dominion. [Kipling]

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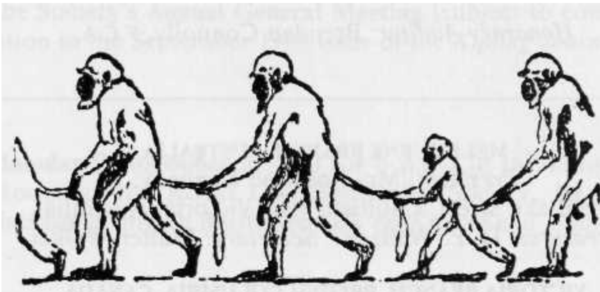

In our March 1988 issue on page 3 I invited our readers to identify a little-known picture. The response—and the true answer—can be found in the Editorial on pages 8-9. Here is another puzzle. The picture above appeared in repeated editions of a widely read anthology of Kipling's prose and verse. What does it illustrate? (That is fairly easy.) What was the edition, and who was the artist? (Now, that is harder to work out: though easy if you possess the book.) Answers to me, please, preferably before I go to print for our September 1988 issue.—*Ed.*

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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS IN 1988

Wednesday 20 July at 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Kipling Room at Brown's Hotel (Dover & Albemarle Streets, London W1), 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.*

Wednesday 12 October at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at the Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2, the Society's **Annual General Meeting** (subject to confirmation in the September 1988 issue of the *Kipling Journal).*

Wednesday 9 November at 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Ponsonby Room at the Royal Commonwealth Society, **Dr P. S. Jackson** giving an illustrated talk on *Kipling and 'Snaffles'.*

May 1988 NORMAN ENTRACT

PHILIP MASON, C.I.E., O.B.E.

In this issue Philip Mason features as guest speaker at our Annual Luncheon (page 10), as author of an article on " The Tomb of His Ancestors" (page 20), and as the writer of the Introductions to two more facsimiles in the "Railway Library" series (page 26). Here is a recent photograph of him.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly since 1927 by the Kipling Society
18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ
and sent free to all Members worldwide

Volume 62 JUNE 1988 Number 246

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WEIGHING

'Sur la balance de cuisine ... il pesait tout juste quatre livres trois onces.

EDITORIAL

In South Africa in 1901 the Kiplings devoted some effort to rearing a new-born lion cub—its mother, in captivity, having rejected it. In *Something of Myself* the episode is described, and the animal's death, later, in other hands, is mentioned; but at the time Kipling wrote a much fuller account, omitting the cub's death but introducing his own two children by names later used in the Puck stories—Una (after a lady with a Hon in *The Faerie Queene)* and Daniel (after the Hon story in the Bible). However, though the tale was true, unusual, engagingly recounted for children, and accompanied by the author's photographs, it was published only in the United States, appearing in the *Ladies' Home Journal* of January 1902 with a whimsical title, "My Personal Experience with a Lion".

In 1912 it was reprinted as "How to Bring up a Lion" in the *Kipling Readerfor Elementary Grades* (Appleton; New York); but no British version appeared, and for some reason, perhaps oversight, the story was left out of the numerous uncollected items that went into the great Sussex and Burwash editions after Kipling's death. It remains today generally unknown, which is a pity.

However, it came out long ago in French. Its translation into that language by Louis Fabulet, a regular translator of Kipling, was approved and it went into a collection of eight Kipling stories—entitled *Contes*—published in Paris in the 1920s by Librairie Delagrave (who also issued, in similar large volumes, lavishly illustrated, *Le Livre de la Jungle* and *Kim).* Here, then, can be found, together with familiar favourites such as "Le Chat Maltais", "Les Tambours du *Fore and Aft"* and "Le Navire qui s'y Retrouve", a more recherché item—"Mes Démêlés *[literally My Contentions]* avec un Lion". All the stories are illustrated, in a style a good deal more

powerful than beautiful, by H. Deluermoz.

I set one of his sketches—Una weighing the cub—as a puzzle in March, inviting readers to name the story, and if possible to specify the artist and the edition. To the basic question I received three correct answers: Dr Gillian Sheehan in Ireland, Miss Joan Vann in England and Colonel R. C. Ayers in Germany identified the story, but, being unaware of the French edition, missed the artist—though they guessed ingeniously.

The volume in question contains dozens of his drawings. Some, like the two shown here, are reasonably effective and apposite. Others are sadly crude. A few are quite lacking in conviction about the background they aspire to delineate, though Deluermoz is not of course alone in that. Some artists' published illustrations for Kipling's prose and verse are so extraordinarily inappropriate as to excite wonder in their own right, like follies. Kipling no doubt had some of them in mind when writing to Rider Haggard in 1905 that it was a "pity one can't sprinkle lime over illustrators—same as slugs". I shall try to make space, in future issues, for a selection of the more risible examples.

WEANING

[The cub resisted the switch from hand-fed milk to self-help mutton broth.]

Kipling: Una was very distressed. She ran about saying, "Ah, do please let my lion have his bottle! He aren't/?/ to be weaned!"

Fabulet: Una était dans la désolation. Elle courait partout disant: "Ah! je vous en prie, donnez au lion son biberon! Il n'est pas en état d'être sevré."

[The drawing is one of twelve by H. Deluermoz that accompany "Mes Démêlés avec un Lion".]

ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 1988

This year's Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society, on Wednesday 4 May, was particularly well attended. It is pleasant to record that the total number of members and guests who came to it was 112, the highest figure for very many years. The event was held, for a change, at the Royal Commonwealth Society, downstairs in their capacious Commonwealth Hall, and was enjoyed by a company as well assorted, convivial and distinguished as we have come to expect on these occasions. Those who attended were:-

Major & Mrs P. R. Adams; Mr Charles Allen; Rev Dr A. R. Ankers; Mr & Mrs R. B. Appleton; Col J. R. Archer-Burton; Miss A. M. D. Ashley; Mr & Mrs B. J. Bolt; Mr K. C. Bradley; Mr & Mrs A. L. Brend; Mr F. H. Brightman; Mr Hugh Brogan; Dr W. N. Brown; Mrs B. Caseley Dickson; General Sir John Chapple & Lady Chapple; Mr & Mrs S. J. Clayton; Major J. W. G. Cocke; Rev & Mrs H. S. Colchester; Mr R. J. W. Craig; Sir Ian & Lady Critchett; Mr & Mrs P. Crosland; Gp Captain R. de Burgh; Mr Norman Entract; Miss P. Entract; Mr & Mrs P. S. Falla; The Lord Ferrier; Mr K. R. Filce; Miss S. Foss; Mr B. M Garai; Mr T. H. Gee; Mr G. D. Gibbins; Mr M. Grainger; Dr & Mrs F. M. Hall; Col J. Henson; The Dowager Lady Hesketh; The Baroness Hooper; Mr & Mrs J. Humphries; Dr P. S. Jackson; Miss S. Jacobsen; Mr R. Kemp; Mrs N. C. Kempson; Sir William Keswick; Miss C. Kipling; Mr M. W. R. Lamb; Mrs F. Landau; Ms L. Learmont; Mr & Mrs Leeper; Mrs L. A. F. Lewis; Mr N. Luard; Lt Col C. H. T. MacFetridge; Mr J. H. McGivering; Rev Canon P. C. Magee; Mr & Mrs J. P. Magrath; Mr & Mrs Philip Mason; Mrs H. H. Mills; Major T. C. Morley; Mr & Mrs M. J. Moynihan; Commander R. K. Nesbitt; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Mr R. C. O. O'Hagan; Mr J. M. Patrick; Mr D. J. Peters; Mr G. C. G. Philo; Miss Isabel Quigly; Mr & Mrs O. H. Robinson; Professor Andrew Rutherford; Mr J. K. Saumarez-Smith; Dr Gillian Sheehan; Mr & Mrs C. E. Slade; Mr G. W. Smeeton; Mr B. E. Smythies; Mr M. Starkey; Miss S. Steel; Mr M. Stein; Lt Col J. W. Strickland; Miss P. W. Thomas; Mr R. H. J. Thorne; Mr L. W. Tibbott; Professor Kathleen Tillotson; Mr P. Valansot; Mr & Mrs S. Wade; Mr G. L. Wallace; Major B. M. Ward; Miss M. Warry; Mr & Mrs G. H. Webb; Miss H. M. Webb; Miss D. R. White; Mr J. P. Williams; Dr & Mrs D. G. Wilson; Mr & Mrs J. M. Wiltshire. [Mr P. H. T. Lewis and Brigadier F. E. Stafford were at a late stage unfortunately prevented by illness from attending.]

Mr G. C. G. Philo (Chairman of Council) presided. Canon Magee said Grace. Later, after the Loyal Toast, the Chairman welcomed members in attendance and their guests. He briefly described the present state of the Society's affairs; this was reasonably buoyant though he stressed the need for more members, and asked those present to try to attract others into joining, having regard to what the Society offered. He said that Mr Charles Carrington's frail health and

great age had prevented his attending the Luncheon. He read out a message of good wishes from Mr John Shearman, the former Secretary. He mentioned the death in the past year of Miss Marghanita Laski. He also mentioned, and welcomed, the impending posthumous publication of a major study of William Morris (Kipling's 'Uncle Topsy') by the late Dr Joyce Tompkins, a former Vice-President. He also reported, with regret, that a message had been received from Sir Angus Wilson, the Society's President, to the effect that Sir Angus's poor health would be obliging him to retire from the office of President — a matter which the Society's Council would discuss at their next meeting.

Finally, he warmly welcomed the Guest of Honour, Mr Philip Mason, C.I.E., O.B.E., and Mrs Mason. It was sixty years since Philip Mason had gone to India in the I.C.S., from which, after distinguished service, he had retired in the year of Independence, 1947. Thereafter he had found an active second career, in race relations and other aspects of public affairs. Meanwhile, under his own name or with the pseudonym 'Philip Woodruff, he had written an impressive number of outstanding books. In the context of the subcontinent, his two-volume account of the 'Men who Ruled India' *(The Founders* and *The Guardians)* and his history of the Indian Army *(A Matter of Honour)* were perhaps pre-eminent. In the context of Kipling, his *Kipling: The Glass, the Shadow and the Fire* was an excellent critical biography: he was also an occasional contributor to the *Kipling Journal.* On these and other counts it was a privilege for the Society to have Philip Mason with them and he had particular pleasure in inviting him to address the company.

ADDRESS BY PHILIP MASON

[Note by Editor. Here is the text kindly supplied by Philip Mason in advance of his talk. He asked me to state that it represented what he proposed to say at our Luncheon, but that as he was likely "to speak it, not read it" an exactly word-for-word rendering was not to be expected.]

What a piece of work is a man! And what a nerve anyone has, to write a biography!

These are thoughts that often occur to me as I totter into the eighties and consider the startling complexities and different facets within almost anyone—and most of all in Kipling, to whose memory I'm going to ask you to drink a toast, if I survive so long.

I have first to apologise for talking about myself — particularly to anyone who has read my book on Kipling. But my reactions to Kipling are very personal, and I really have to explain that I almost worshipped Kipling till I was about fourteen — and by that time, 1920, I had read all the fiction and verse he had then published in collected form. Not of course the late stories, not yet written, nor a lot of early prose. But at Oxford, in the mid-twenties — and again in India, late twenties to forties — I hardly looked at him. It would have taken a brave man to admit admiration for Kipling at Oxford in the twenties — but I don't think my indifference was just a literary fashion. It was more I think that Kipling is a very diverse man and his work can be appreciated at many different levels, and that I suppose I had myself moved out of one level and not yet reached the next.

I came back from India in 1947, and not long afterwards was asked to write a book about the Indian Civil Service which turned out to be a book about British rule and life in India. It was then that I began to remember scenes and places from the stories and verses I had once read so often, over and over again. It was then that I began to puzzle about the aspects of Kipling I disliked and those others that now seemed more marvellous than ever. I began trying to account for this.

I remembered an essay of Chesterton's about Kipling. It comes in *Heretics,* by which Chesterton means people he disagreed with. He applauded Kipling generously for seeing the romance of ordinary things —

> . . . And all unseen
> Romance brought up the nine-fifteen

— which of course was very much one of his own lines; he went on to say —something I have remembered since I was fifteen —

> No one can reasonably doubt that he means to say something ... When all is said and done, discipline is his primary theme . . .

He means of course discipline and efficiency and things working together smoothly and the team spirit—polo teams and ship's engines, cavalry regiments and mules and mountain-gunners—and up to a point of course that is right. Kipling does admire all this—but also the exceptions.

Stalky provides a clue. Kipling admires the Headmaster and the purpose of the school—but not the housemasters and the prefects. Part of him is secretly jealous of the prefects; he envies Pot Mullins, captain of football. There is a side of him that would have liked to *be*

Pot Mullins—and see "A Bank Fraud" and "Only a Subaltern"—but he couldn't, because of his eyes. He was regretful to be left out of the Inner Circle of responsible extroverts who were trusted with authority. On the side of the Headmaster, critical of the prefects but secretly envious—but then you must reckon in another element. There was a side of him that admired a Lord of Misrule—Puck—Stalky—Kim:

> And those things do best please me
> That befall preposterously.

Mulvaney and Daniel Dravot, Stalky, Kim, Mowgli—all *respect* the law but frequently break it. So discipline is only a part of what he is saying—even in 1919, when Chesterton wrote that essay. What he admires is discipline tempered by judicious disobedience.

Then it occurred to me that the Simla I knew in the 1930s was very like the Simla Kipling knew in the 1880s. It was very official and it would give a muted welcome to a cub reporter, even if his mother was a friend of the Viceroy's. Once again, he was outside the charmed circle. And again of course in Brattleboro. And in Sussex, was he really one of the landed gentry? I don't think he thought so. He *could,* perhaps, have become one of a circle at the Savile Club, with other writers, but in the first place he didn't really want to—and in the second place an inner circle of individualists is almost a contradiction in terms. He wanted to belong to an inner circle of people who *didn't* "moo and coo . .. About their blessed souls"—an inner circle of the kind of people 'William the Conqueror' admired, men who *did* things.

It was at this stage that John Gross asked me to contribute to a symposium on Kipling. I was to write about Kipling and the Indian Civil Service. I was inclined to think then that this business of getting into an inner circle—which incidentally accounts for the Freemasonry—was a key to some of the things I didn't like in Kipling. He was often trying to say two things at the same time, and because he knew that he didn't belong to that inner circle he would write what—read superficially—would please *them,* and at the same time would hint that he really meant something else. So his story could be read on two levels. Kipling and the civilians suited that; they were the prefects of his schooldays writ large.

I thought there were other people in English history who were influenced by the same feeling—Disraeli for instance. I thought about writing a book about such people, called *Men in Masks.* But publishers and agent were keener on a book about Kipling. And of course once I started on that I became immersed in it. And of

course—it all seems inevitable now—I soon saw that the inner circle theory was only one clue among many. I underwent something rather like in a small way a conversion when I first read Dr Joyce Tompkins. And in particular I must mention her article on "The Theme of Vanity", published by the University Press, Edinburgh, in 1964.

This last Dr Tompkins sent me after my own book had appeared and not long before she died. Since then I have been writing introductions to replicas of the six early collections published by Wheeler's in India in their Railway Library—those six collections republished in England in 1890 as *Soldiers Three* and *Wee Willie Winkie.* So I have gone on thinking about Kipling and the things about him that continue to puzzle me.

Let me first state the biggest problem as simply as I can. How was it that a man who was sometimes so disturbingly like the odious little man in Max Beerbohm's cartoon of Kipling out for the day with his girl Britannia—how could he also be the man of deep compassion who wrote "The Gardener" and "The Wish House"? Or the sad little story of little Muhammad Din? How could the man who sometimes seemed so brutal and cruel, so vulgar and blatant, sometimes show such understanding of Jews, of children, of such a person as Mary Postgate, or Hurree Babu?

It is the essence of my argument that there is no single simple answer. You can't put what he was trying to say in one word or a phrase. But there are clues—lines that can be followed up fruitfully.

The best of these, I suggest, is André Maurois' phrase:- "he has a permanent natural contact with the oldest and deepest layers of human consciousness." And this I think must be read with his own saying to Rider Haggard, that anything achieved by a writer "came from somewhere else, that we were in fact only telephone wires". Take those two sayings together and link them with the gift of words. *That* we all know he had. Link those together and I think that I begin to have some understanding of the first big puzzle about Kipling.

We are all amateur psychologists now, and we have all heard of Freud and Jung; we know that the "oldest and deepest layers of human consciousness"—of which we used not to be conscious at all!—contain a good deal that isn't very nice—tribal hostilities, primitive lusts and cruelties—but also the love of mother for child, man for woman, awe and wonder and gratitude at the splendour of the universe and man's work—all that we esteem. In short, we are groping our way back to the great twin doctrines of original sin and of man made in the image of God. These things come straight through the telephone wires with Kipling. They enable him almost to become the British gunner who had to drive over the body of his brother, and

ALONG WITH BRITANNIA

A celebrated picture of 1902 by Max Beerbohm, with acknowledgments. He was a great cartoonist. Unfortunately he detested Kipling. The caption to this cartoon was: "Mr. Rudyard Kipling takes a bloomin' day aht, on the blasted 'eath, along with Britannia, 'is gurl."

spoke those horrible lines in *Barrack-Room Ballads*—

> An' if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your Monday head
> 'Twas juicier for the niggers when the case began to spread—

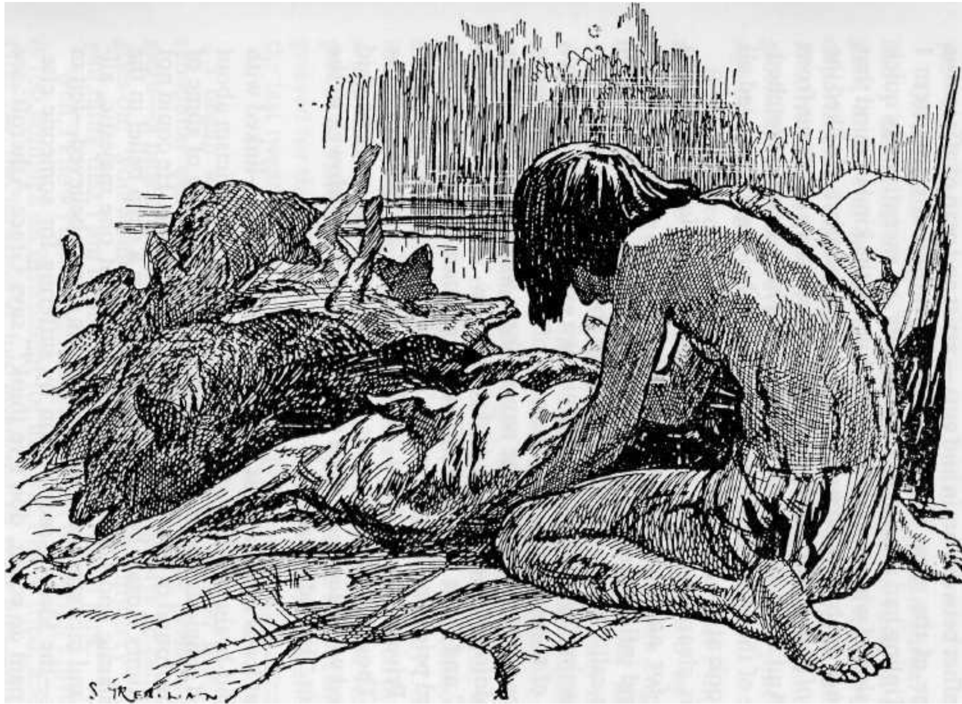
but they also enable him almost to become that Sussex woman, Grace Ashcroft, "an experienced London cook", who took pain and cancer and death upon herself for the sake of a man who had used her and left her.

Of course many writers through their characters express things we don't like as well as things we do. Kipling more than most seems to *be,* almost to enjoy, the cruelty his characters sometimes express, as well as being racked by the pity.

Both kinds of perception, cruelty and compassion, come up from the subconscious. And this accounts too for a lesser puzzle, how it is that Kipling can sometimes stir such a wide variety of people—old men and children, artists and technicians, the educated and the simple. How is it that he can excite us over an imaginary polo match between imaginary regiments, told through the minds of the ponies taking part? I have tried to read "The Maltese Cat" and "Red Dog" to my children and again—thirty years later—to grandchildren; and the death of Akela, the lone wolf, has us in floods of tears—reader and read-to—every time. How absurd, says the brain. But it comes from something very deep—and the guts respond if the brain doesn't.

It helps *me* to think of thoughts, ideas, impulses—I'm deliberately vague—coming up from the subconscious in vertical streams, which are crossed by horizontal streams—conflicts, forces, memories arising from childhood—the whole making a weaver's pattern of warp and woof—a check or tartan. It's only a metaphor and may not help you. But here are some of the horizontal strands.

First, early in his artistic life, there is the conflict between some of his interests and what he thought his readers could take at their breakfast tables in Lahore and Ambala and Amritsar. He solved it by writing on two levels, the superficial and the ironic. Notice, please, the constant ambivalence. Notice how he dissociates himself by ironic mockery from the narrator of "In the House of Suddhoo", and from Trejago in "Beyond the Pale". Consider "On the City Wall", with its ambivalence about the value of British rule in India, repeated in "The Bridge Builders". I don't think one can say that an early Kipling was critical, a later Kipling admiring, of British rule in India. He was always both. What he admired on the surface with the brain was constantly at war with what he felt in the guts. He admired order and the people who kept chaos at bay, but something deep within him told



THE DEATH OF AKELA

Illustration by Stuart Tresilian, accompanying "Red Dog" in *All the Mowgli Stories* (Macmillan, 1933). "From under a mound of nine dead, rose Akela's head and fore-quarters, and Mowgli dropped on his knees beside the Lone Wolf . . .took the terrible scarred head on his knees, and put his arms round the torn neck. . ."

him that the ancient many-armed gods of India would take over again. He was deeply interested by people like Janoo and Azizun, and the opium-smoker at the 'Gate of the Hundred Sorrows', but his brain warned him: "I mustn't give them the impression that I've gone native altogether."

The conflict between brain and guts— artist and man of affairs—is clearly one of the great horizontal strands in the tartan pattern I picture. Kipling had an astonishing memory, an exceptionally quick apprehension of what he heard or read, but not the kind of mind that thinks things out by logical steps, one leading to another. He liked the company of people whose reactions were unhesitating and came from the guts. And here comes in the cross-strand I have already sketched, the theme of the Inner Circle he would like to belong to. It lasted all his life. Look at the opening of "Fairy-Kist".

There is clearly no time—here, after lunch in Northumberland Avenue—for anything like a comprehensive list of these cross-threads and influences and conflicts. With these I include what Dr Tompkins calls 'heart-mysteries', a phrase she borrowed from W. B. Yeats, meaning 'symbols expressing his own experience'. In Kipling's case, one of these themes was 'showing off ', which he had been in trouble for all his life, which he never forgot was wrong though he went on doing it—see stories so far apart as "The Butterfly that Stamped" and "The Tender Achilles". Nightmare fears are another theme, and pride and honour in one's craft—see "Hal o' the Draft" and "His Private Honour" and "In the Presence" and perhaps "The Bull that Thought". Then there is the idea that things must be paid for—linked with sacrifice—from the bull that bought Mowgli to the haystack in "Friendly Brook".

And that leads me to a most important cross-thread—linked with the guts-and-brain conflict—the conflict between agnosticism about formulated religious dogma and his deep understanding of some of the most profound of Jewish and Christian revelations. He could not stomach Aunty Rosa's hell-fire but he did have a deep belief in the Jewish, Islamic and Christian understanding of one majestic, all-powerful and incomprehensible creator. He clearly believed—felt in his bones—the idea of redemption by suffering for someone else. "But the pain *do* count, don't ye think?" says Grace Ashcroft: see "The Church that was at Antioch" and "The Wish House". He believed in something after death—if not in the Resurrection: see "A Madonna of the Trenches" and " 'They' " and "The Gardener". He was a deeply religious, indeed a metaphysical, man: see "Cold Iron" and "Dymchurch Flit". "No man was less of a materialist", says Dr Tompkins.

I want finally to draw your attention to two late stories that go together and are good examples of at least two quite different levels of thought and feeling at work at the same time—"On the Gate" and "Uncovenanted Mercies", in particular the latter, the last collected story, admittedly very difficult. I don't pretend fully to understand it yet—but I have hopes.

"On the Gate" begins as a joke—a bitter joke, it's true. Owing to heavy casualties on the Western Front there's a rush on Heaven's gate, and Peter has to use untrained staff. Heaven is run like a department of the civil service: Peter and Gabriel, Azrael the Angel of Death and Satan too (as in the Book of Job) are departmental heads, glorified Sir Humphreys. Eleanor Bron used the same joke not long ago on television.

But it's "Uncovenanted Mercies" in particular that I think needs study. This too starts with the same joke. Here too we have an Archangel of the English who is a figure of fun—more English than his people—Archdeacon Grantly with a touch of Mr King from *Stalky* and a dash of 'Pagett, M.P.'. It's not always easy to be sure what is a joke—as when Satan and Azrael agree that human beings sometimes frighten them—and Gabriel says, "because We are their servants"—as Sir Humphrey might have said, though not meaning the same thing. But on a deeper level, all three Powers, with their haloes, swords and robes, are subject to a Law they cannot control and do not fully understand. They are "under the Mercy". They take infinite trouble over one pair of human beings—and each human has a guardian angel, always on duty. They are sure of the redemptive power of suffering and of mercy at last. And we know that Kipling grieved for the death of his daughter till his own death, and that for the last twenty years he was frequently in acute physical pain too.

I began with *Hamlet.* Let me end with *Hamlet* too. You will remember when Hamlet offers Rosencrantz—or perhaps Guildenstern—a pipe and asks him to play. When he says he can't, Hamlet goes on: "you would pluck out the heart of *my* mystery ... Why do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? . . ."

Well, I know I cannot pluck out the heart of Kipling's mystery—he is too complex an instrument for me. But I have tried, and I thank God for the pleasure it has given me to read him—since I was four—and to try to understand him; and I ask you to join me in drinking to his memory—*'Rudyard Kipling'.*

AT THE WEATHERED MARBLE FOUR-SQUARE TOMB

THE BIRTH OF A STORY

[1956]

by PHILIP MASON

[Philip Mason was Guest of Honour at our recent Annual Luncheon, and his speech for that occasion is recorded in the immediately preceding pages. Here, however, we present something else of his—an account of a clear and highly interesting historical source for one of the most attractive stories in *The Day's Work* (1898), "The Tomb of His Ancestors".

"The Birth of a Story" was first published in January 1956, under the pen-name Philip Woodruff, *in A Medical Bulletin,* a periodical that was, in Philip Mason's recent words, "edited by a doctor Kipling would have liked, who wanted to make a 'trade' paper also one of general interest—and who paid me a fee I was glad to have". Although the explanation of the origin of "The Tomb of His Ancestors" was duly noted in the Kipling Society's privately printed *Readers' Guide,* few of our members will be aware of it, and all, I think, will welcome the re-publication of the article in full.

For this I have the author's consent, and we are also reproducing two pleasant woodcuts, the work of an artist called Chalmers, which accompanied the original article. Incidentally Philip Mason stressed that if he were writing the opening passage today he would phrase it differently: hence my interpolation following his first sentence.—*Ed.]*

I am not really a Kipling fan now. [Written in 1956—*Ed.]* As a boy, I read everything of his that I could lay hands on—and understood about half. From those days of uncritical admiration there was a sharp reaction in the period of undergraduate puppydom, and it is only lately that I have come back to read the Kipling stories. There are things I still do not like—exaggeration, for instance, and the eagerness to show he is in with the County that spoils the later English stories—but for some qualities my admiration is unending. No one else can convey so completely a whole world of background in a phrase of dialogue, no one else is as good as he is at telling a story by what is left out, and not many others can make one's eyes prickle at such perfectly commonplace happenings.

Perhaps it is because India is only a memory now that I think the Indian stories are the best, but I believe my judgment would be the same even if I had never been to India. And among them I give a very high place to "The Tomb of his Ancestors". The story, you remember, tells how John Chinn arrived in India as a subaltern in the regiment his father had commanded and his grandfather had raised. They were "Chinn's Irregular Bhil Levies", generally known as the Wuddars. "They were irregulars, small, dark and blackish, clothed in rifle-green with black-leather trimmings", a corps which "most men would have paid heavily to avoid".

John Chinn the grandson had something more than the prestige paid as a right to any man who came back to an India where his father and grandfather were remembered. He was thought by all the Bhils to be a re-incarnation of his grandfather, John Chinn the First, who "had made the Bhil a man"; what was even more to the point, the grandfather had become a local god and the Bhils left offerings at the tomb in the Satpura Hills which the Directors of the Honourable East India Company had erected in his memory. He rode out at night, wearing his top hat, on a tiger that was not striped but "dappled like a child's rocking-horse in rich shades of smoky black on red gold", and his appearance meant that terrible things were going to happen. It took John Chinn the younger some time to get to the bottom of all this; in the end he killed the clouded tiger—with one shot, through "eyes, lower jaw and lungs"—laid his grandfather's ghost and prevented a minor insurrection among the Bhils.

It is a gorgeous tale, and although I had read it a dozen times before I was fifteen I read it again after an interval of nearly thirty years with

enjoyment and nothing else. I thought vaguely that probably Kipling had in mind half a dozen tales of old District Officers in the days of John Company, that perhaps he had seen, as I have, crude drawings of an Englishman in a top hat on the walls of a village temple, holding his own, as far as one can see, with Krishna and the milkmaids, Hanuman the monkey-god and the rest of them. And I remembered too the grave of an English soldier, a suicide we were told, buried behind the rifle-range where we used to ride with the dogs to put up a jackal or a hare, a grave before which there was always a little light burning at night. But I did not think at all seriously about the origin of the tale.

I did however remember John Chinn—who would not?—when I read what Bishop Heber had to say of Augustus Clevland, who tamed the aboriginal hill tribes of Chota Nagpur.

> A deadly feud *[wrote the Bishop in about 1830]* existed till within the last forty years between the aboriginals and the cultivators of the neighbouring lowlands, they being untamed thieves and murderers, continually making forays, and the Mohammedan landowners killing them like mad dogs or tigers, whenever they got them within gunshot. An excellent young man of the name of Clevland, Judge and Magistrate of Boglipoor, undertook to remedy this state of things. He rigorously forbade and promptly punished all violence from the lowlanders … He got some of the mountaineers to enter his service and took pains to attach them to him and to learn their language. He made shooting-parties into the mountains, treating kindly all whom he could get to approach him, and established regular bazars for the villages nearest to them, where he encouraged them to bring down for sale game, millet, wax, hides and honey, all which their hills produce in great abundance. He gave them wheat and barley for seed… and to please them still further… he raised a corps of sepoys from among them . . .

Now John Chinn the First had gone into the Bhils' country, "lived with him, learned his language, shot the deer that stole his poor crops, and won his confidence, so that some Bhils learned to plough and sow, while others were coaxed into the Company's service to police their friends …". It is like enough, but there is nothing remarkable in the likeness and I thought no more about it till someone sent me a copy of the inscription on Clevland's tomb. It was a splendid tomb, erected at the Company's expense, like John Chinn's, and as I read the words memory stirred sharply.

**TO THE MEMORY OF
AUGUSTUS CLEVLAND ESQRE
LATE COLLECTOR OF BAUGHULPOUR
WHO WITHOUT BLOODSHED OR
THE TERRORS OF AUTHORITY
EMPLOYING ONLY THE MEANS OF
CONCILIATION CONFIDENCE AND
BENEVOLENCE. . .**

That is how it begins. I turned to Kipling's story, to John Chinn's tomb, "hung about with wild flowers and nuts, packets of wax and honey, bottles of native spirits, and infamous cigars, with buffalo horns and plumes of dried grass"—and there, sure enough, was what I had hoped for. The "blurred inscription" which John Chinn the Younger picked out with bared head began as follows:

**To the Memory of JOHN CHINN, ESQ.
Late Collector of........
....ithout Bloodshed or ...error of Authority
Employ . only ..eans of Conciliat...and Confiden .
accomplished the ...tire Subjection ...
a Lawless and Predatory Peop...**

and so on. It is not quite word for word; Kipling left out one line, changed half a dozen words and—a touch of genius—made some of them undecipherable. Also he changed the date. Clevland—believe it or not—died in 1784, aged 29, at a time when every true Englishman knows that all the English in India spent their time amassing fortunes as oppressively as they could . . . Kipling wanted a grandfather for John Chinn, a contemporary when he wrote, and he wanted also something a little more credible than the truth, so he made the date *Aug. 19,184...* But there is no doubt where he found the inscription. He did not even have to go to Bhagalpur for it; I found it later in a book which was published before Kipling's day.

John Chinn the Younger went round to the other side of the tomb and found "ancient verses very worn". Now no one says anything about verses on Clevland's tomb and I have not seen it myself. But once the memory is awake it does odd things, and I remembered that someone else as well as Bishop Heber had written about Clevland: John Shore, Governor-General after Lord Cornwallis, had been Clevland's cousin and very fond of him, and Shore had written a funeral ode on Clevland in heroic couplets. I turned to it eagerly and there sure enough were the lines John Chinn had deciphered:

....the savage band
Forsook their Haunts and b.... is Command
....mended ..rals check a ...st for spoil
And .s .ing Hamlets prove his gene.... toil...

For those not good at acrostics, Shore had written

.... the savage band
Forsook their haunts and bowed to his Command
And where the warrior's arm in vain assail'd
His gentler skill o'er brutal force prevail'd ...
Now mended morals check the lust for spoil
And rising Hamlets prove his generous toil...

Now that one knows, it seems quite obvious that the style belongs to the 1780s, not the 1840s; but of course funerary literature is often a little old-fashioned.

That seemed to clinch it; Kipling plainly had Clevland in mind, and now it became important that more than forty years after Clevland died Bishop Heber found a religious fair taking place annually at his tomb. It is not far from Tatanagar, the largest steel enterprise in private hands in the world—or so I believe—and I am told that Clevland is still a half-god to the aboriginals.

But that of course is only half the tale. Clevland founded no dynasty and the point about the Chinns was that they all went to India, they were all infallible shots and no fever would touch them. I wondered whether there was perhaps any one family of whom Kipling was thinking when he wrote:

"Hope he'll shoot as straight," said the Major . . .

to which the answer came:

"Wouldn't be a Chinn if he didn't. . ."

And sure enough, I was told within a fortnight—but this is pure hearsay—that there was a tradition in the Outram family that Kipling was thinking of them when he wrote this story. The first James Outram did raise a regiment of Bhil irregular levies; and this really

THE CLOUDED TIGER IS OUT

Illustration from *A Medical Bulletin,* January 1956, showing "a white man, in the old-fashioned top-hat, riding a bloated tiger". The rider is John Chinn the First, and when "the Clouded Tiger is out in the Satpura country" trouble will follow.

was in the forties. It was he who disagreed so violently with Charles Napier of Sind, as any man worth his salt was bound to do, and who in spite of disagreement was named by that generous cross-grained old fire-eater "the Bayard of India". His descendants did go back for generations to that corner of India, they were all men who seemed unable to miss a tiger or a bird, and they could sit up all night in the jungle and take no harm from it like any genuine "fever-proof Chinn".

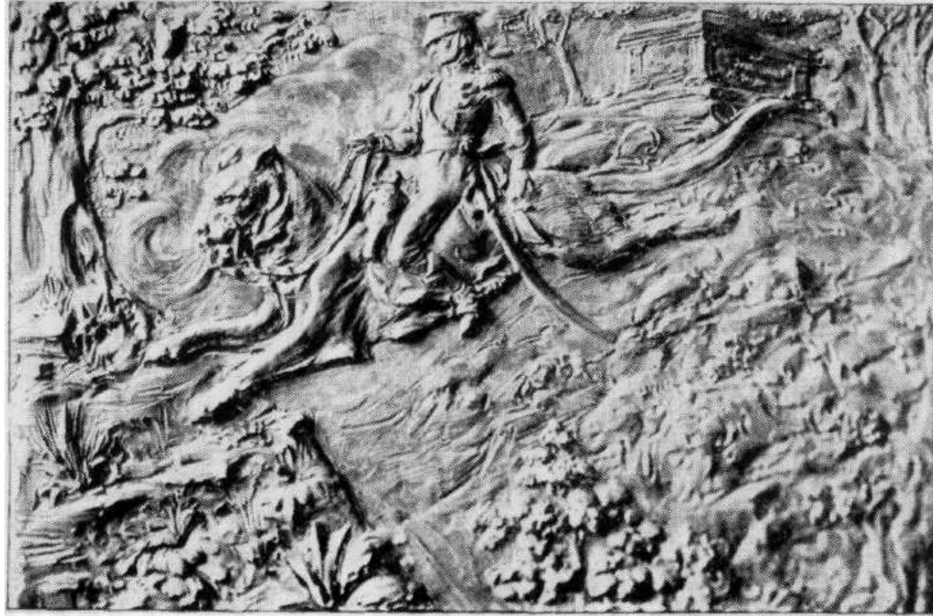
Well, there it is. That, I think, was the basis on which Kipling's mind worked and from which the story was evolved. But where the Clouded Tiger came from I do not know; ghosts of course and still more often goddesses do ride tigers, and I think there is a tale somewhere of two Englishmen whose ghosts rode tigers, hunting together all night. I cannot remember where this comes from, but what is there is enough. Anyone might have chanced on the materials, anyone might have dropped them into the vat to see what happened; in that one mind and no other could they have fermented in that particular way and produced just that particular vintage. And if anyone can explain in scientific terms how that magic transformation takes place, I should like to meet him.

THE INDIAN RAILWAY LIBRARY : FACSIMILES

In our March 1987 issue (p 26) we reported a project of the R. S. Surtees Society (a reprint society now extending well beyond Surtees) to reproduce, one by one, the six famous slim grey paperbacks of A. H. Wheeler's 'Indian Railway Library' in which many of Kipling's early Indian stories first appeared in book form. *Soldiers Three* and *The Story of the Gadsbys* had by then appeared and were available at £2.95 each. (Genuine early editions in good condition are rare and expensive.)

As then stated, these books are not in strict terms facsimiles: they incorporate later matter, e.g. information about the publishers, and a new foreword by Philip Mason. However they are of real interest for their illustrated covers, their contemporary advertisements, the textual differences which are only to be found in those early editions, and not least for Philip Mason's lucid introductions.

In Black and White and *Under the Deodars* are now available, at £3.75 each (or the set of four volumes to date at £12.50). Apply to the Secretary, R. S. Surtees Society, Rockfield House, Nunney, near Frome, Somerset. — *Ed.*



RIDING CROSS-COUNTRY BY MOONLIGHT

"So he rises, whistles his Clouded Tiger, and goes abroad a little to breathe the cool air. If the Satpura Bhils kept to their villages, and did not wander after dark, they would not see him . . . " [The illustration is a photograph of one of Lockwood Kipling's clay reliefs, from Scribner's Outward Bound edition of Kipling's works. It is not, of course, explicit in the story that the ghost was *top-hatted.*]

BOOK REVIEWS

[Mrs Ann Parry, a member of our Council, will be remembered by our readers for various contributions to the *Kipling Journal* in recent years, and most recently for her article "The Years Between", on Kipling's poetry and the Great War, in our last number. In my prefatory note to that article I alluded to the book now under review below, as an analysis by an American academic which I felt was flawed—as well it might be since it is formidably difficult for any outside observer, however learned, to get inside the skin of an alien national consciousness and to assess emotions as remote from us today as the mood of Britain in 1914 must be. However the book in question is a serious thesis, and I felt that Mrs Parry, a lecturer in English with an interest in the interplay of literature and history, would be a very appropriate reviewer.—*Ed.]*

THE ROAD TO ARMAGEDDON: The Martial Spirit in English Popular Literature, 1870-1914 by Cecil D. Eby (Duke University Press, 1988); 253 pp + 27 pp notes & index; ISBN 0-8223-0775-8; hardback; £25.

Increasingly, historians have recognised that one of the most difficult causes of the First World War to pin down—the psychological state of the various nations, that they were ready for war—is nevertheless one of the most important.

Part of this preparedness can be seen as a pervasive range of 'militaristic' ways of thinking. How else in the course of the years 1914 to 1916 could an island with no system of conscription, and in which no military engagement against a Continental enemy had taken place for centuries, have furnished a million and a half volunteers for a war overseas? The surge to the colours in the Great War, which indicated that militarism has to be taken seriously as a popular and indeed mass movement, was for a long time unacknowledged, perhaps because of a reluctance to contradict the commonplaces of British history that are so closely bound up with the definition of national character—that the British are a seafaring race who dislike standing armies, and that as a nation they would never buy conscription at any price.

Such commonplaces, however, provide no understanding of the social, political and cultural basis *of patriotism* as it was manifested in the Great War; they are in fact a hindrance that prevents the recognition of the depth, power, extent and complexity of militaristic sentiments at this time. Recent work by historians has shown

convincingly that militarism was more than a ruling class ideology, it was an integral part of the liberal political culture of the country, and I was delighted to discover that a literary critic had recognised the need to examine popular literature "in order to isolate and interpret the tides of militarism and xenophobia which prepared the public for the Great War" [p 9].

Professor Eby argues that writers like Wells, Le Queux, Newbolt, Henty, Barrie, Kipling, Doyle and Brooke "not only prophesied the war of the future but created a climate of political paranoia" [p 37], so that when the war finally arrived it "came like an ancient prophecy at last fulfilled" [p 9]. In a series of chapters about these authors Eby provides a range of examples that allows him to speak about an "epidemic of martial feeling" [p 7]. We learn of the percipience of H. G. Wells in prophesying the technological nature of the forthcoming war, but it was, Eby argues, figures like Baden-Powell and J. M. Barrie who had the greatest influence of all on the pre-war generation; because the former "dunned into them" the imperatives of duty and sacrifice, while the latter taught that youth alone mattered, that death was preferable to growing old, and that death anyway was a great adventure [p 147].

His penultimate chapter on Rupert Brooke suggests that he, and the myth that grew from his death, were no more than the inevitable product of the world that popular literature had created. As he had remarked earlier, when arguing that "Rudyard Kipling made the modern soldier", it was all "a clear case of life imitating art, of Kipling's altering the psyche of the modern soldier by providing him with a vocabulary and a recognizable personality" [p 153]. During this period it would seem that literature came into that legislative inheritance of which poets like Shelley had dreamed, but by suggesting this simple causal relationship between literature and society Eby deflects his reader from any understanding of how it functioned in relation to the whole political culture of which I spoke earlier.

This is ironic, because much of the detail Eby has amassed leads far more towards such a notion of complexity, rather than towards the epigrammatic oversimplification that allows him to claim that in this period life imitated art.

The same kind of reductionism is at work when Eby considers what gave popular writing such power at this time. Again, we find not so much explanation as unsupported generalisation about the political, economic and moral degeneracy of the English. This becomes a device by which he avoids trying to understand the role of militarism within an ideological complex that involved Conservatism, patriotism, royalism and racialism and which, through various social

practices that included literature, was able to make a mass appeal.

According to Eby, militarism in literature can be seen quite simply as the symptom of a sick society. It was bound up with a crisis of national identity and character which was evident at this time in the reactionary response of the country to its problems, "for England, despite its industrial prominence, in many ways looked backward to a pre-industrial world" [p 250]. The result was that she was unable to face the rigours of the international economic and political situation after 1870, and popular literature was a kind of "tonic" that could "stiffen the backbone and thicken the blood of an effete readership on the verge of forgetting that the price to be paid for basking in the late Victorian sunshine must ultimately be an unstinting willingness to sacrifice self for king and country" [p 128].

Readers of this journal might see similarities between Eby's assertions about the historical situation and Kipling's own assessment of England's position in these years. Ironically however, the Professor in pursuing this line of argument does not appear to recognise his atavistic relationship to Kipling. Perhaps that is not so surprising, for while admitting to Kipling's decency as a person [p 169], he judges him, as a writer, as a mere epiphenomenon of "that queasy epoch marking the century's end"; he was "a rank jungle weed" whose rise was "inevitable", because he was required "to pump red blood back into the blue veins of the English nation" [p 149]. Professor Eby's use, throughout the book, of the epithets of popular journalism does not help his reader to take him seriously as a scholar.

The question that Eby considers "might be worth debating" at the beginning of his chapter on Kipling [p 149]—whether the writer made the Empire or it made him—is perhaps not the most important one to ask about the subject of militarism in popular literature. Rather, the central issue is the nature of Kipling's populist appeal—what connected his work, in all its aspects, with the structures and forms of popular culture in this period. However, within the first paragraph of the chapter, Kipling is referred to as "a barbarian only recently over the wall" [p 149], and it is soon clear that Eby intends to review Kipling's rejection by the literary establishment in the 1890s and reconfirm it in the 1980s, because he concludes with the suspicion that "progressives" always had about this author, that "Kipling was a disturbing reminder . . . of the possibility that civilization in this twentieth century of the Christian era was little more than chipped rosewood veneer with rough lumber underneath" [p 177].

• What is disappointing about this chapter is not that Eby experiences the same aesthetic and moral revulsion felt by men such as Wilde and James, but that this received view is recalled in no new

way and, therefore, it seems to no great purpose. There is the usual tour of Kipling's obsessive hatred of all things German, his "blood-drenched" version of English history [p 166] so that it provided a lesson for the present, and his recasting of public school and military values with the emphasis falling on duty and service.

Each of these themes is developed within a biographical context designed to cover over the decency that Professor Eby noted earlier, and to imply a warped personality—e.g. John Kipling was pushed into the Army to provide his father with a vicarious military experience, and in memory of his lost son Kipling wrote a history of his regiment that was "frivolous" in its tone and failed "to comprehend the suffering and agony of a real battlefield". Kipling emerges as a kind of necromancer, the "paramount custodian of the War Dead" [p 176]. Critical descriptions such as these, along with the misquotation on page 244 of "For All We Have and Are", makes one doubt whether Eby's own reading of Kipling's works has been either extensive or various.

One suspects that this book has more to do with the author's wish to proclaim the moral bankruptcy of England at this time, as well as his despairing view of the modern age. By 1914, all England had was "gold reserves ... to buy materials and talent she could not produce" [p 251], and the Great War showed that "Perhaps an even greater loss than flesh and money, which are expendable resources in any case, was the gnawing sense that human problems had grown too complex to admit of solution" [p 253].

It is a pity that the genuine research that has gone into some of the earlier chapters of this book has been used tendentiously for such a reductive thesis that, in the end, offers the reader few insights as to why militaristic attitudes became a part of popular literature and culture.

ANN PARRY

[Our other reviewer in this issue is Mr Michael Kyle, a member of the Diplomatic Service who is at present working in East Africa.—*Ed.]*

THE ILLUSTRATED KIPLING edited and with an Introduction by Neil Philip (Collins, 1987); 191 pp; ISBN 0-00-217725-0; hardback; £12.95.

Collections or selections of Kipling's work have always been surprising in their multiplicity and, at the same time, a tribute to the great variety of the author's *oeuvre. A* recent addition to their ranks,

Neil Philip's *Illustrated Kipling,* at first sight boasts a somewhat grandiose title. This effect is heightened by the dustcover which, though striking and attractive, is reminiscent of the *Boys' Own Annuals* of the 1920s and 1930s and conveys an imperialist flavour which belies the contents. These fall into three categories—the stories and verse selection; the illustrations; the Introduction.

The last is excellent. Besides making many points which must now be in danger of becoming truisms about Kipling—the totally mistaken nature of the glib allegations of racism, jingoism and sadism (a schoolmaster's comment in the early 1960s typified these by referring to Kipling as "an imperialist bigot with pretensions to verse")—Mr Philip makes the less obvious points. He mentions Kipling's appreciation of the comic, with reference to "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat". (He might also have noted the witty but little noticed parodies, particularly the gem of a footnote to the Shakespearian "Marrèd Drives of Windsor" in the Definitive Edition of Verse, which guys the Baconian obsession.)

This analysis is succeeded by a second important insight in the reference to Kipling's "joy in life" as "one of the great distinguishing marks of ... *Kim".* Kipling took an intense interest and delight in everything and every person, an interest remarkable for an otherwise exceedingly private man. Mr Philip's essay points to this more than once as he picks out the main subjects of Kipling's writing and reaches the important conclusion that Kipling's work is not a reflection of transitory and separate experiences but a cohesive whole through which a clear pattern of development can be traced. It is this analysis which makes the essay a significant contribution to the critical work on Kipling.

As a final note on this aspect of the book, Mr Philip is to be commended for his trenchant assertion that "Kipling's children's books would alone put him in the ranks of great writers". This claim is often neglected, almost through too great a familiarity with the books most widely known—until one asks how many other Victorian authors have the capacity to hold spellbound a child of the 1980s when read aloud. (This claim has only recently been proved in practical experiment by the author of this review.)

The selection of stories and verse for inclusion in Mr Philip's book is its weakest part. There is an over-emphasis on the serious and sombre aspects of Kipling's work. It is important to bring out Kipling's deep insight into the real life of British India, as in "Without Benefit of Clergy" and "The City of Dreadful Night", but one would have welcomed a tale from Ortheris or Mulvaney to balance the assessment. Equally the great darkness of the War, and the impact of

John Kipling's loss, cannot be ignored, but it is questionable whether they justify the inclusion of two extracts from the somewhat peripheral *Irish Guards in the Great War.*

The selection of verse shows a better balance, covering the East and the Army ("Mandalay" and "Danny Deever"); imperialism and Sussex ("Cities and Thrones and Powers" and "The Way Through the Woods"); and lastly the sorrow and "the pity of war" in one of Kipling's most important poems, "Gethsemane".

The illustrations are, like the essay, a significant contribution to the study of Kipling. Drawing and art were an integral part of Kipling's upbringing, and his constant fascination with technical development links him with the then burgeoning craft of photography. Mr Philip has drawn together a wide variety of both, and added to them stimulating contemporary cartoons commenting on Kipling. These are a valuable reminder of how the author was seen in his own day, before the veils of veneration or execration had obscured the public's vision. Although the illustrations are scattered, on occasion, with a haphazard hand, by themselves they make the volume a desirable acquisition.

M. A. KYLE

THE 'LIAR' PLACARD

"Aunty Rosa ... bade him go for a walk with it upon him. 'If you make me do that,' said Black Sheep very quietly, 'I shall burn this house down.' " [From *The Illustrated Kipling:* a sketch by Kipling presented to Mrs Hill, 1888, in Allahabad.]

THAT LOOK

An unpublished story by RUDYARD KIPLING

introduced by KENT FEDOROWICH

[To the extent that this virtually unknown short story by Kipling, the record of which has existed for seventy years, can properly be called a 'discovery', we are indebted for it to Mr Kent Fedorowich—as he is in turn to others, who variously drew his attention to the original documents in their archive in Canada and gave permission for them to be passed to us for publication. This he explains in the Notes accompanying his Introduction.

Mr Fedorowich is a Canadian who, having taken first degrees at the University of Saskatchewan, is now researching for a doctorate at the London School of Economics. His thesis has the provisional title "Foredoomed to Failure: Resettlement of British Servicemen in the Dominions after World War I". His overall area of study—at least since his former M.A. thesis in Canada, treating the theme of Empire in Rider Haggard's fiction—has lain within British imperial history and Commonwealth affairs.

Having recently heard of the existence in Calgary of a transcript of a talk Kipling had given to wounded Canadians in a hospital in England in 1918, he followed it up. He showed the item to me and I had no hesitation in confirming both its interest and its obvious (and sufficiently documented) authenticity. I was glad to accept it for the *Kipling Journal,* which is precisely where important pieces of this sort should be displayed. I had to do little more with the typed transcript which Mr Fedorowich obtained and handed to me than to improve its punctuation and layout, correct one or two instances of erratic spelling, and provide a title.

"That Look" can thus be presented as a short story. But before it is unhesitatingly added to the canon, the reader must reflect that here is not what Kipling *wrote* but what he *said*—recounting it out of his head, essentially unscripted, to unknown listeners of varying sophistication. Every word, as he uttered it, was being taken down verbatim, whether with or more probably without his knowledge. Given this *caveat,* and the sharp departure which it reflects from his normally scrupulous standards of preparing his work for publication, "That Look" reads pretty well.

Mr Fedorowich's account also involves Nancy Astor *née* Langhorne (1879-1964), an extraordinary American-born figure who was socially and politically conspicuous for many years, and who was the first woman to sit in Parliament, as Lady Astor, wife of the second Viscount. During the Great War Mrs Astor, as she then was, worked with great energy, both in Plymouth where her husband was M.P. and at the family's

magnificent house and estate at Cliveden, in its superb setting overlooking the Thames between Windsor and Maidenhead. There she had built up a reputation as one of the most dazzling political and social hostesses of her era, and there, in wartime, the wounded Canadians came who are the background to "That Look".

Nancy Astor had a temperament of great intensity. She had exuberant albeit platonic love affairs with a number of celebrities of her day—Julian Grenfell before the War, T. E. Lawrence after it, for a long time Philip Lothian, and from 1927 Bernard Shaw. By contrast her impatiently expressed view of Kipling is well known. His opinion of her is not I think recorded but he would have found her exhausting at any time. As to the episode recorded below, where Nancy Astor in the 1920s was vexed at being unable to detach Kipling from his wife, I incline to Angus Wilson's view that "this reflects his determination that no one should treat his wife as the appendage of a celebrity". It sounds as though Nancy Astor's view of "That Look" (at the narration of which, to judge from her confusion of an Australian with a Canadian, she was possibly not present) was likewise unenthusiastic, but she deserves credit for providing the setting in which the tale was told.—*Ed.]*

INTRODUCTION BY KENT FEDOROWICH

In February 1918 Rudyard Kipling visited the Duchess of Connaught Red Cross Hospital on the Astor estate at Cliveden, Buckinghamshire.[1] Before the war, Nancy Astor, wife of the Conservative politician and proprietor of the *Observer* Waldorf Astor, had made Cliveden a centre of political and literary society, a meeting place where politicians, philanthropists and royalty were given the opportunity to exchange ideas in a congenial atmosphere. Regular weekend guests included such leading figures as Churchill, Balfour and Curzon, and, among literary celebrities, Belloc, Henry James, Buchan, Barrie and Lytton Strachey.[2]

Of Kipling, at a later date, Lady Astor wrote: "I found him dour. He was very poor company. He didn't seem able to take things lightly. And there was something laughable about him, though I know I shouldn't say it. He would sit on the sofa with his wife, an American, and before answering a question ask her opinion. As one couldn't get him away from her, it was impossible to do anything with him."[3]

When war broke out in August 1914 the Astors eagerly launched themselves into the war effort, primarily hospital work. Cliveden was immediately offered to the War Office as a military hospital. The offer was declined, but in November it was renewed, and accepted by the Canadian military authorities. Upon inspection, they quickly realised that the residence was ill-suited for conversion (though it

later became a convalescent home), but they were confident that the covered tennis court and bowling alley, a mile from the house and next door to Taplow Lodge, could be adapted. The hospital was located on the tennis court, and the Lodge became accommodation for medical staff. In February 1915 the hospital was opened with a capacity of 110 patients: by the end of the war it had been expanded to accommodate over 600.[4] According to Lady Astor, over 24,000 "scallywags and heroes" received attention at Cliveden between 1915 and 1918.[5]

Nancy Astor was the heart and soul of the hospital. She was constantly on the wards: stories abound of her exploits.[6] She also enlisted the help of well-known people and performers who would drop in to chat with or amuse the patients. Rudyard Kipling was one. "[He] came down to us one day and made a wonderful extemporary speech. This was so much appreciated that he promised" to come again, and did so. The second speech wasn't so good, because it was all about an Australian *[sic]* who shot a fox. The men at that time were all Canadians, and they could not see any reason why the Australian should not shoot the fox. So the whole point of the story was lost, because nobody understood it."[7]

Kipling's audience may have been harsh critics, but the entry from Lady Astor's memoirs confirms the authenticity of the following short story. The story itself was taken down in shorthand by two stenographers and later transcribed. The man responsible was a Canadian member of the medical staff, Dr G. R. Johnson.[8] The transcript remained in the hands of his family but a copy was given to the Glenbow-Alberta Institute by his widow in February 1963. "A few 'asides' have been left out", wrote Dr Johnson, "and some details have been omitted, but it is nearly as Kipling told it."[9]

NOTES ON THE INTRODUCTION

1. I am indebted to Bruce Thompson, a graduate student at the University of Calgary, who first told me about the 'rediscovery' of this story. The transcript was uncovered in the archives of the Glenbow-Alberta Institute while he and several colleagues were gathering information for a survey project on the availability of primary source material on military topics. I would also like to thank the Institute for their kind permission in allowing the publication of the story.

2. Maurice Collis, *Nancy Astor* (Faber, 1960), pp 35-55; Christopher Sykes, *Nancy: the Life of Lady Astor* (Collins, 1972), pp 100-01.

3. Collis, *op. cit.,* p 46.

4. Sykes, *op. cit.,* pp 153-54. The hospital was named after the wife of the Duke of Connaught, then Governor-General of Canada.

5. Collis, *op. cit.,* p 59.

6. All three biographies of Nancy Astor which were consulted contained stories of her activities on the wards. In addition to Collis and Sykes *(supra),* John Grigg, *Nancy Astor: Portrait of a Pioneer* (Sidgwick & Jackson, 1980).

7. Cited in Sykes, *op. cit.,* p 158.

8. Johnson received his medical degree from McGill in 1899. After working as a ship's doctor off the West African coast, and in bush camps in Canada, he joined the Canadian Army Medical Corps. In 1915 he was posted overseas as Regimental Medical Officer with the 12th Canadian Mounted Rifles, and he served in the London area and at Cliveden till January 1917 when he was posted to France, where he was wounded at Vimy Ridge in April. He then worked on a hospital ship, and again in England till March 1918 when he returned to Canada to serve out the war at the C.A.M.C. Depot, Calgary. After the war he was area director in Calgary for Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment. Biographical details from Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Dr G. R. Johnson Papers; the *Albertan,* 4.1.1922 and 14.1.1956; the *Calgary Herald,* 13.2.1956.

9. From the Johnson holograph annotation at the foot of the Kipling story manuscript in the Glenbow-Alberta Institute, n.d.

THE STORY AS TRANSCRIBED

My orders tonight are to speak to you—and considering what you have gone through before you came here I don't see why you need be exposed to this particular form of gas attack. But that is not my business.

As I cannot lecture for nuts I want to tell you a story that I picked up from a Canadian friend of mine—and I believe there is a lot of truth in it. My first idea was to write it out, but I thought I could get your views about it.

The tale is of a man I knew before the War, in Canada—Gerry Lidgett. I met him the second time near Banff, though he came from the East. His father used to breed foxes in Prince Edward Island, and as far as I know Gerry never did a stroke of work during the whole of his life. He went about with a dog and a gun—shot everything which came along. He told me he shot or trapped nearly everything in Canada. He was a large, dark, big man; one of the most polite—and awkward—men I have ever met. He joined up because he understood

the shooting was going to be good. He went to Victoria, and was sent on to England, and was kept very busy training. He could get no shooting in England, but when he went to France he got more shooting than he wanted to see, and got it in the leg.

He went to hospital in England, and he said it was good to lie in bed looking at the English woods, trees and hedges. It was dead new to Gerry, and he was aching with wonder to know what sort of game was in them, and when he would get a day's shoot. He stuck his head under the bedclothes. . .

But one day his luck changed, and a man came to see him—a middle-aged man named Arbuthnot, of the county of Leicestershire. They got talking together about wild animals, and old man Arbuthnot said, "Is there anything you could take a real interest in? Because, the way you are now, you are going back."

And Gerry said, "For the love of Mike, get me out of this place! Let me do some shooting, or I shall kill the Lady Visitors."

Old man Arbuthnot said, "You consider yourself cured. The moment you get well, come down to me. *I* can fix you. I have the woods and the dogs, so you come."

From that minute Gerry pulled up. The tubes were taken out of his leg, and he went to old man Arbuthnot's place in Leicestershire for eleven days, and he said it was everything he could imagine in dreams—English woods, fields and hedges, full of game, some of which Gerry had never heard of. Hawks, owls, weasels, hedgehogs, pheasants, rabbits and pretty nearly everything except woodcock, chipmunks and a few things of that kind. And old man Arbuthnot never troubled him, never took any notice of him, except to see that he ate good and plenty, three or four times a day.

There was a dog. The house was crawling with dogs, and an old black-and-tan hound took charge of Gerry. Gerry called him Uncle, and after he had been with Gerry about two hours Gerry decided he was capable of instruction. Uncle took Gerry out in the woods, and between Uncle, Gerry and the gun they shot nearly everything on old man Arbuthnot's place. Gerry said it was just like heaven: there were no women or nurses, and no time when the bar shut. Just him and Uncle and these woods, and these animals asking—simply asking—to be shot.

This lasted about ten days, and the day before his leave was up, Uncle took Gerry for a walk in the woods as usual, and for the first time Uncle got excited. His nose went down and his tail went up, and he seemed to be following the trail. Presently Uncle flopped from one ditch into another, and there suddenly appeared a beautiful fox, and Gerry just had time to shoot it—because, as Gerry said, "If Uncle had caught the fox he would have ruined the pelt."

And then Gerry told me the tale. I should like to tell it as Gerry told me, but I cannot. Anyway there are ladies present, so I could not. Gerry told me what happened, but he said, "You stand with your back to me, because I don't want to see your British expression till I've finished."

So I turned my back to Gerry, and he said, "I had no sooner pulled off when Uncle let out one howl and ran. That distressed me because I knew he was not afraid of a gunshot, *I* was afraid it was because I had peppered him up. After a time he came back like a huskie, tottering on tiptoe a step at a time, and at last he looked at me. And he looked at me, and kept on looking at me—I hate to say the way he looked at me, like as if he'd never seen anything resembling me in all his life before.

"That worried me a little bit, and I said, 'Uncle, had you never seen a fox killed before?' Uncle did not say anything.

"I said, 'I'm going to skin this fox. Do you eat it?'

"Uncle said yes, and I said, 'Done!' and started to skin the fox and feed Uncle with the fox meat that came out of the carcase—and you know these British foxes are much meatier than the Canadian foxes. It must have weighed about forty pounds, but there was not a pound too much for Uncle: he took it down like a huskie. And I wanted the skin—it was in prime condition—for the Nurse in hospital, because she was the one who held off the Lady Visitors by saying I was delirious.

"Well, I started in skinning, and the carcase got slimmer, and Uncle rounder and rounder, and then I saw the Keeper. (I had seen him before, but he did not notice me, because he and the others had orders that I could do as I liked.) *But"* Gerry said, "it is a curious thing: if you start to do anything in England, the whole countryside crawls with the British.

"The Keeper came up, and he did just what the hound did, he came up tottering on tiptoe. He looked at me and whispered, 'Good Gawd! Did *you* do that?'

"And I said, 'Yes'.

"And would you believe it, that man never answered a word. He just stood there and looked at me—that dreadful look of his—and when Uncle saw it, Uncle joined in the look.

"He kept looking, and *I* kept skinning the carcase. He took off his hat and wiped his head, and he said 'By Gawd!' into his hat two or three times, and tottered off, as if he was leaving the dead. I went on skinning.

"And then began the rush of the British population that I was complaining about. Not ten minutes after, an agricultural labourer,

who I call a hired man, came along. And he did exactly as the Keeper did, and what Uncle had done. He stopped, and tottered, and came up to me and whispered, 'My Gawd! Did *you* do that?'

"And when I said, whatever it was, I had done it, he wiped his head and said, 'My Gawd!' and went off as if I was dead.

"I asked Uncle about it, because it worried me. I hadn't been looked at in that way before. If Uncle had only wagged his tail, it would have helped me.

"There I sat—the woods getting darker and darker, and Uncle getting rounder and rounder, and the blamed pelt smelling stronger, and I trying to find out why beast and man looked at me in that way. Man didn't matter: a man might have looked like that through pride, ignorance or liquor or looking for trouble. But it's different in a dog: a dog is important.

"I studied it a bit, and went home, and carried the pelt up to my room, and cleaned myself, and down I came to tea. Old man Arbuthnot was sitting reading a newspaper, and he said, 'What sport, Gerry?'

"I said, 'The best, for I shot a fox.'

"I thought the old man grunted. He was very sparing of fine talk. He was behind the newspaper, and I went on with tea. I pushed my face into a cup of tea, and kept my eye on him over the cup. As I was drinking I caught him looking at me around the corner of the paper and, I swear to it, he had the same look that Uncle and the Keeper had and the hired man had, as if it was something he had never seen anything like in his whole born days.

"Presently, 'Gerry,' he said, 'where ah, ah, how er, wha-a-a—how did you dispose of the body?'

"I said, 'Uncle knows how I disposed of the body. He was there, and you would hardly believe he was a dog. I brought the skin home.'

" 'Thank God!' he said.

"Well, I took that for a good sign, because all the others had said 'My Gawd!' and tottered on. Old man Arbuthnot seemed religious about it.

"I said, 'Yes, I've got the pelt upstairs, and I should be grateful to you if you'd let me have it, because I want to give it to a lady of my acquaintance.' I told him all about the Nurse at the hospital.

"Old man Arbuthnot said he would love me to have it: there was nothing he'd like better: and, one thing leading to another, we got talking about Nurses and women. Old man Arbuthnot knew a heap about women. I believe I told him several of the times I got married in Canada.

"Next day my leave was up, and old man Arbuthnot sent me to the station in his own car. And just as I was looking out for the last time, I

saw him and Uncle on the station, both looking at me together. And they had just that look, that dreadful look I have been trying to make you understand. As if I was like something not only they had never seen, but God Almighty has never seen."

All this time I was standing with my back to Gerry.

"Look here," he said, "Uncle he can't talk, and old man Arbuthnot was my host, and whatever I'd done he would not make me uncomfortable, no more than I would him. But I know you; and I know you don't care how uncomfortable you make me look. Look here, what did I *dot* What sort of break was it that made them do it? *Did* I do it?"

I said, "Gerry, can I turn around?"

He said, "Yes."

Then he said, "My God! You're looking like 'em all! What did I *do*?"

I said, "Gerry—you *shot a fox."*

"What else is foxes *for*?" said Gerry.

And I put it as gently as I could. "Not—in *England.* Because—there are rich men, who have horses, and dogs."

He said, "How many?"

I said, "Lots. Thirty or forty."

He repeated the number, and said, "What in thunder do the dogs do when they catch them?"

I said, "I'm not a hunting man, but I believe he gets given to them in little pieces."

"Do you mean to tell me I fed Uncle with what thirty or forty dogs should have had? I don't wonder he was sick then. What I want to know about is this: where do those three million fox skins I have seen around women's necks come from?"

I said, "As far as I know, they are imported."

He said, "Let's get things straight. Do you mean to say you people train up your ignorant dogs to chaw up the fox, and import four or five million fox skins for women in England?"

I said, "I never looked at it in that light, but you have sized it up all right."

Gerry said, "Speaking as a businessman"—and Gerry never did a stroke of business in his life—"I can see that that argument goes in favour of Canada. But as a sportsman, it is damn foolishness ... I don't believe your fairy-tale. Tell me what it was I did do."

"Well," I said, "I will!" And I said to him, "Gerry, if you had gone out and killed your grandmother, and scalped her, and brought the scalp home to hang over the mantelpiece—you would be hung."

He said, "Of course I would."

I said, "You would be *hung,* but you would attract far less attention than if you shot a fox, and skinned the carcase, and brought it home to the house of—a Gentleman residing in the county of Leicestershire, England."

He said, "Say that again, Judge."

I said it again. I said it three times.

And Gerry said, "Yes, it's true, it's true. I made the break. That break I made." He went walking up and down, and I heard him say to himself, "The Keeper don't matter, because it isn't his business. The hired man don't matter because it was not any of his business. And old man Arbuthnot don't matter. But I would like to go back and apologise to Uncle. What that poor British hound must have suffered, and I thought it was fox meat all the time. That dog had a hell of a time." He was very sorrowful.

He said, "Thanks for letting me know. I have to go back, and go on killing Huns. *And* ", Gerry said—I was just going to say goodbye—*"and* ", he said, "there's no law—is there?—against a man killing Huns in that way?"

I said, "No, there isn't."

He said, "Well, *there's* a bond of union in the Empire, anyway."

"His nose went down and his tail went up." From a sketch by G. L. Stampa in the *Collected Dog Stories* of Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan, 1934).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[The Editor is glad to receive letters intended for publication. However, since more are sent than can in practice be printed, he is compelled to be selective. Unless expressly told otherwise, he reserves the usual right to shorten a letter. In some cases it may be possible for the text, and/or any enclosures accompanying it, to be summarised under "Points from Other Letters".]

'MY LUCKY' [3]

From Mr G. C. G. Philo, C.M.G., M.C. 10 Abercorn Close, London NW8 9XS

Sir,

Mr Wallace [December 1987, page 34; see also March 1988, page 64] may like to know that Dickens, who was familiar with the language of the London streets in his boyhood, uses the expression 'to make one's lucky', meaning to escape, in the dialogue of his early novels. In chapter 10 of *Pickwick* (June 1837) Sam "Weller prevents the enraged Pickwick from pursuing Jingle, saying, "Hold still, Sir: wot's the use o' runnin' arter a man as has made his lucky, and got to t'other end of the Borough by this time." And in the next novel, *Oliver Twist,* the Dodger tells Oliver that Fagin "might have got into trouble if we hadn't made our lucky" (Chapter 18, December 1837). In the latter story 'cut' is used several times in the dialogue with the meaning of to run away or make off. So it seems possible that by a process of compression the phrase 'to cut one's lucky' evolved, meaning to run away and make one's escape.

Yours sincerely
GORDON PHILO

'MY LUCKY' [4]

From Mr F. H. Brightman, 59 Rosendale Road, West Dulwich, London SE21 8DY

Dear Sir,

'I must cut my stick' means 'I must leave', usually with some urgency, often clandestinely, and perhaps not to return. Brewer *(Dictionary of Phrase and Fable)* remarks that the Irish usually cut a shillelagh before they leave on an expedition; and that pilgrims on

leaving the Holy Land used to cut a palm stick to prove they had really been there.

'Cut my lucky' is rhyming slang—'lucky trick', 'stick'. Lucky, possibly, because in the Army the best turned-out member of a guard was excused guard duty and made orderly, which meant he carried a cane rather than a weapon; this was known as 'taking the stick'.

Yours sincerely
FRANK BRIGHTMAN

'SCUMFISH'[3]

From Mr T. L. A. Daintith, Candide, 15 Whitehall, Watchet, Somerset TA23 0BD

Dear Sir,

May I, somewhat late in the day, offer a possible explanation of 'Scumfish' [September 1987, page 42; December 1987, page 33].

A dictionary, published in New York in 1900, gives one meaning of 'scum' as a verb, 'to pass swiftly, to skim'. Flying-fishes, I believe, when pursued by a predator fling themselves out of the water to escape, touching down at intervals. There would be a certain resemblance to a troop of monkeys leaping from branch to branch in a forest. Whether 'Scumfish' or 'skimfish' was a term used in America at the end of the last century I cannot say: perhaps one of our transatlantic members can help?

Yours faithfully
T. L. A. DAINTITH

'SCUMFISH' [4]

From Mr R. B. Appleton, The Barn, Gelli Farm, Cymmer, Port Talbot, West Glamorgan

Dear Sir,

I was talking recently to an eighty-two-year-old friend who spent a fair part of his working life in south Northumberland. He produced, among other dialect gems, the word 'Scumfish', which he said was to be stifled or smothered by over-wrapping—by, say, an anxious mother. This relates to, but does not wholly correspond with, the meaning given by Mr D. J. Peters. It seemed from the conversation that the word was still in use. The use of lowland Scots words in Northumberland, and sometimes Durham, is hardly surprising when one considers the frequent incursions into England in the fifteenth to seventeenth centuries.

Yours sincerely
ROGER APPLETON

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

'SCUMFISH' [5]

From Mr J. H. McGivering, 32 Cheltenham Place, Brighton, SussexBN14AB

Mr John McGivering has also written about 'Scumfish', which he suggests began as a misprint for 'skirmish'. In this connection he draws attention to the young Kipling's delightful essay entitled "An Important Discovery", in the *Civil & Military Gazette* of 17 August 1887 (see *Kipling's India,* ed. Thomas Pinney, pages 254-57) in which the theory is proposed that Lewis Carroll did not invent "Jabberwocky" but came upon it as a mass of misprints which needed "only a few polishings" to reach its final state. For instance,

> All mimsy were the borogoves,
> And the mome raths outgrabe

was derived from

> Ah! Memory wreaths the barren groves
> And the worn paths of fate!

KIPLING SUNG

From Mr Peter Bellamy, 16 Agnes Street, Keighley, West Yorkshire BD20 6AE

Peter Bellamy is a professional singer, a specialist in traditional songs: among his large repertoire is a wide range of Kipling, and not for nothing was he appointed a Vice-President of the Kipling Society. In a recent letter he told us that another of his Kipling records, the fifth, is under preparation. It may be possible to be more specific in our next issue.

KIPLING AND MARY KINGSLEY

From Mrs Nora Crook, 20 Defreville Avenue, Cambridge CB4 1HS

Mrs Crook has written expressing strong interest in John Shearman's recent article (December 1987, pages 12-24) about Mary Kingsley; and she has some illuminating comments to contribute to the riddle of inconsistent dates and locations that John Shearman describes (at

pages 18-20), regarding the meeting that took place in London between Kipling and Mary Kingsley. If she is right, the apparent incompatibility can be attributed to the fact that the text of *Something of Myself* had not been finally checked and smoothed by Kipling before he died. Her gist is as follows:-

Mr Shearman believes a date in 1898-1900 more likely; but from evidence he himself brings forward I think his first suggestion of 1894 is better—and that *both* accounts given by Kipling are essentially trustworthy. First, has Kipling in *Something ofMyself* really placed the event in 1889? In 1932 he had said he met her "some years before the Boer War"—plausibly describing a period which Mr Shearman shows must have been 1894-99: there is an implicit admission that he was not sure of the exact year. In late 1935, writing *Something of Myself,* he has apparently become sure he met her in 1889—which cannot be right if they talked about her travels. Old men forget, but is it likely that in that period he moved from the uncertain but roughly accurate to the certain but erroneous?

A closer look at the passage in *Something of Myself* throws up another oddity: therein may be the solution. The sentence after the Kingsley anecdote, closing the paragraph, "So I realised that my world was all to explore again", does not follow naturally from the information about Mary Kingsley, but *does* follow from the earlier sentence in the same paragraph, about finding the old ladies still at Warwick Gardens after his return from India.

As it stands, the paragraph can be made to hang together, but only with some ingenuity. But it makes natural good sense if we assume something like the following. The sentences about Mary Kingsley beginning, "It was at the quietest of tea-parties", form a parenthesis which Kipling inserted, perhaps after penning the rest, having difficulty finding an obviously right place for it. (He could have put it in chronologically when, in Chapter v, he mentions visits to England between 1892 and 1896. But he uses *them* as a plank to get on to the unpleasantness of the Atlantic crossing, and thence to *Captains Courageous:* a mention of Mary Kingsley there would have been a digression.) I hypothesise that having this floating fragment he stuck it in at a point where he was reminded of his first meeting with her—not by the *year* but by the *place* (Warwick Gardens), and perhaps by the associated idea of 'exploration'. A pair of brackets, or the word 'later', would have clarified this, but Kipling did not prepare his manuscript for the press. What we have is likely to be evidence of an editor's reproduction of an imperfectly revised manuscript.

If we accept no essential discrepancy between the 1932 and 1935 accounts, and that Kipling always located the meeting in the mid-to-late 1890s, other details become more trustworthy. The invitation to his rooms also slips into place. If he were walking towards Knightsbridge, the rooms would be his suite in Brown's which according to Carrington he took during his 1894 and 1895 visits, sometimes leaving Carrie at Tisbury. (The meeting with Mary Kingsley would have been one such occasion: if Carrie had been with him, Mary need have had no qualms about public opinion.) Indeed, the idea that Kipling could have been thinking of his 1889 Villiers Street rooms creates a new problem: why would Kipling be walking with her towards Knightsbridge, miles from Villiers Street? Whereas at Knightsbridge he would have been in line for

Piccadilly and Albemarle Street, and it would have been natural to say, "Come up to my rooms", since they had got so far towards them.

I think an 1894 date is more plausible because 1898-99 is only one year (Kipling said "some years") before the war; and also does not fit his statement that she got involved in lecturing *after* his first meeting—in 1898 she was already immersed in it. I don't find the evidence of the dates of her move from the north to the south of Addison Road very telling: it only adds some three quarters of a mile to her journey home if we suppose she was at 100 Addison Road at the time—no great hardship. Whichever end of Addison Road she happened to be living in at the time, Kipling was diverting her from the most direct route home.

KIPLING AND LAWRENCE

From Mr John Pateman, 32 Petten Grove, Orpington, Kent BR5 4PU

Mr Pateman, one of our members, has written to remind us, in the centenary year of T. E. Lawrence's birth, that there is a T. E. Lawrence Society: it has existed since 1985, has some 250 members, holds regular events, and produces a quarterly newsletter. More specifically, he mentions that he has written a brief monograph for that Society on Lawrence and Kipling—touching on their meetings, their correspondence, and their somewhat fluctuating relationship. It is due in print in the autumn, and will be obtainable at about £ 1 from Mr Pateman at the above address. He will also, as the T. E. Lawrence Society's publicity officer, be glad to provide information to anyone interested in that Society.

FAREWELL, ROMANCE!

From Mrs Anthony Lister, Mousehill Corner, Milford, Godalming, Surrey

Mrs Lister has written with a query about "The King"—Kipling's well known poem of 1894 which has the opening lines:

> "Farewell, Romance!" the Cave-men said;
> "With bone well carved He went away."

The lines that puzzle her are the last two:

> Then taught His chosen bard to say:
> "Our King was with us—yesterday!"

Who is the "chosen bard"?

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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Printed by Drogher Press, Unit 4 Airfield Way, Christchurch, Dorset, England.