

THE
KIPLING JOURNAL



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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 18 September 1996 at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel (Albemarle Street, London W1), **Mrs Leonee Ormond**, Reader in English at King's College, London (and editor of *Captains Courageous* for the World's Classics series, Oxford University Press, 1995), on "*Captains Courageous*".

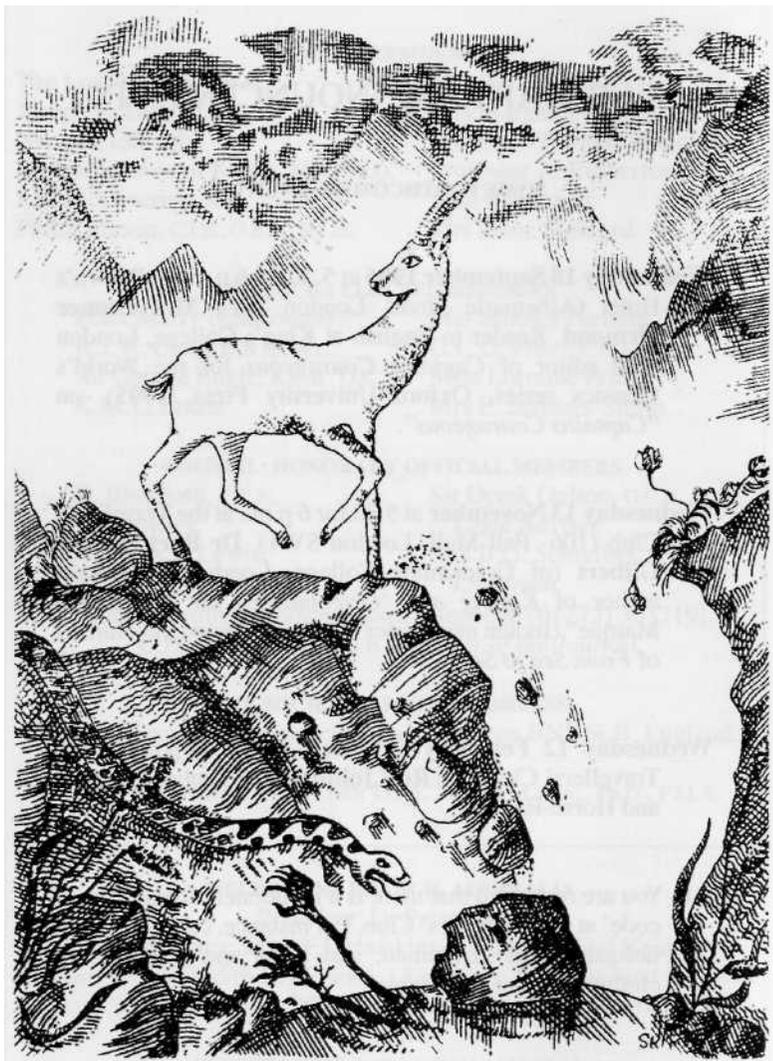
Wednesday 13 November at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at the Travellers' Club (106 Pall Mall, London SW1), **Dr Bart Moore-Gilbert** (of Goldsmiths College, London University, author of *Kipling and 'Orientalism'*) on "Letters of Marque" (Indian newspaper articles collected in volume I of *From Sea to Sea*).

Wednesday 12 February 1997 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Travellers' Club, **Mr Rolf Johnson** on "Kipling, Horses, and Horse-Racing".

n.b. You are reminded that there is a moderately formal 'dress code' at the Travellers' Club. For instance, coat and tie are obligatory for gentlemen; and jeans and other casual clothing are not acceptable.

August 1996

MICHAEL SMITH



"BY THE HOOF OF THE WILD GOAT UPTOSSED"

For a note on this drawing, see page 8.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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A NOTE ON THE FRONTISPIECE DRAWING (PAGE 6)

This drawing is from a slim paperback booklet of Kipling's verse, published in Russian in Barnaul in 1994, by the Altai Region Youth Fund, for the *Vstrecha* newspaper. The translator was K. Filatov, and the numerous illustrations were by a 14-year-old girl, Svetlana Kof. Here the accompanying poem was "By the Hoof of the Wild Goat Uptossed" – which was the epigraph preceding the story about the down-and-out McIntosh Jellaludin, "To be Filed for Reference" in *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

It is a rather poignant poem, taking as its fatalistic symbol the innocence of a hapless stone, fortuitously kicked by a mountain goat into oblivion in "the Tam where the daylight is lost"; and it plainly impressed Mr Filatov sufficiently to be included in this selection of only nine poems by Kipling.

EDITORIAL

Being pre-eminently a short story writer and poet, Kipling wrote very few novels. *Kim* was one – a work of genius, and his greatest single achievement. *Stalky & Co.* hardly counts: it is a string of episodic stories rather than a novel. *The Light that Failed* is powerful, psychologically convincing and to my mind underrated. But my favourite is *Captains Courageous* – for its masterly portrayal of a way of life now vanished; for its beautiful descriptions of the moods of the sea; for its central theme, the gratifying redemption of the initially horrid Harvey Cheyne, by hard work and unpretentious example; and also for the unforgettable pace of that record-breaking ride by special train from San Diego to Gloucester.

There is at page 36 of this issue a revealing account by Gisbert Haefs of the difficulties of translating *Captains Courageous* into German; and while I was drafting this editorial (always my last task with each issue) I received a copy of a new book, *Kipling in Gloucester* by David McAweeney (The Curious Traveller Press, Gloucester, Mass., 1996) to which I will refer more fully in December; it throws interesting light on Kipling's quest for local knowledge while writing *Captains Courageous*.

However, what I want to do now is to recommend very warmly the World's Classics edition (Oxford University Press, 1995) of *Captains Courageous*, expertly edited by Leonee Ormond – who, as announced in our June issue, is to address the Society in London very soon. We are accustomed to quality in the World's Classics editions of Kipling, and should not be surprised by the excellence of this production, which at £4.99 in paperback is worth every penny – even if you already have a standard unannotated edition of the book.

Much of Kipling's writing – and *Captains Courageous* is a good example – is so allusive, and so crammed with local facts and serious technicalities, that with the passage of time there is an inevitable impediment to complete understanding by the modern reader. Of course, the sweep and verve of this novel will carry one comfortably through the story, even with only a slight grasp of the many geographical and historical references, or of the lovingly described skills of those fishermen of a bygone era. Indeed, as I have remarked before, Kipling, for all his obsessive addiction to technical detail, can still be keenly enjoyed without an elaborate life-support apparatus of notes. Still, for most of us the enjoyment of *Captains Courageous* will be much enhanced through the added value that we gain from Leonee Ormond's lucid introduction and her 25 pages of exemplary annotation. •

ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 1996

The Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon, on 1 May 1996, was once again very successfully held at the Royal Over-Seas League in Park Place, London. This year the Guest of Honour was Mr Terry Waite, C.B.E. The occasion was, as always, much enjoyed by members and guests. The attendance of well over 100 included the following:-

Colonel J.R. Archer-Burton; Mrs R.K Archer-Burton; Mrs L.A. Ayers; Lt Colonel R.C. Ayers; Dr M. Azzam; Brigadier R.J. Baddeley; Mrs S.M. Baddeley; Mr R.A. Bissolotti; Mr B.J. Bolt; Mrs G. J. Bolt; Mr N. Brade; Mrs N. Brade; Mr T.F. Brenchley; Mrs E.H. Brock; Dr M.G. Brock; Dr W.N. Brown; Miss F. Browne; Professor P.W. Campbell; Lady Clarke; Mrs J. Clayton; Mr S.J. Clayton; Revd Canon A.A. Coldwells; Mr A.J. Commin; Mrs P. Commin; Major A.T. Condy; Mrs E.E. Condy; Dr E. Cook; Ms M.T. Coughlin; Mr R.J.W. Craig; Sir Ian Critchett; Lady Critchett; Mrs F. Crosland; Mr P. Crosland; Miss E. Deacon; Mr G.J. Dove; Mrs L. Eames; Mr M. Egan; Sir Geoffrey Ellerton; Sir George Engle; Mr N. Entract; Mr B. Garai; Mr R. Grass; Mrs H.H. Greenwood; Dr F.M. Hall; Mrs V. Hall; Mrs H.S. Hancock; Mr J.A. Hancock; Mr A.N. Hollis; Mr W.E. Jacobs; Mr D. Jameson; Ms H. Jones; Mrs C.A. Key; Mr W.H.B. Key; Dr J.D. Lewins; Mrs J.D. Lewins; Ms C. Lewis; Mrs L.A.F. Lewis; Mr P.H.T. Lewis; Miss Barbara Luke; Mrs H. Mace; Mr J.A. McGuirk; Mrs M.A. Merry; Mr P.F. Merry; Mr A.J. Mitchell; Mr F.P.W. Moor; Mrs I. Moor; Miss M.S. Morison; Mr M. Moynihan; Mrs M. Moynihan; Mrs C. Muller; Mrs G.A. Myers; Dr S.A. Nusseibeh; Mr R. O'Hagan; Mr R. Paget; Mrs M.R. Passmore; Mr G.C.G. Philo; Mr G. Plowden; Miss L.A. Price; Dr A.R. Prindl; Mrs P. Ralph; Mr YR. Rowland; Mrs T. Schreiber; Mr CE. Slade; Mrs T.M. Slade; Revd Adam Smith; Mrs A.J. Smith; Mr Michael Smith; Mr S. Springer; Sir Wilfred Thesiger; Miss J.M. Vann; Mr D.N. Vermont; Mrs D.N. Vermont; Mrs E.F. Vyvyan; Mrs FM. Wade; Mr S. Wade; Colonel A. Walker; Mr G.L. Wallace; Mrs Frances Waite; Mr Terry Waite; Mrs C. Waterson; Mr H. Waterson; Mr G.H. Webb; Mrs J. Webb; Ms S. Wilcox; Dr D.G. Wilson; Mrs A. Wolfe; Mr A.D. Wolfe.

When the company were assembled at their tables in the India & Pakistan Room, Canon Coldwells said Grace – taking as his text the first and last verses of Kipling's "Non Nobis Domine!":

Non nobis Domine! –
 Not unto us, O Lord!
 The Praise or Glory be
 Of any deed or word;
 For in Thy Judgment lies
 To crown or bring to nought
 All knowledge or device
 That Man has reached or wrought.

O Power by Whom we live –
Creator, Judge, and Friend,
Upholdingly forgive
Nor fail us at the end:
But grant us well to see
In all our piteous ways –
Non nobis Domine ! –
Not unto us the Praise!

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY THE CHAIRMAN

After an excellent meal, followed by the Loyal Toast, the Chairman (Mr Peter Merry) welcomed all members present and their guests. He said that the very high attendance, besides being a tribute to an eminent Guest of Honour, was also indicative of the enduring fascination of Rudyard Kipling. Incidentally, those who had read that morning's issue of *The Times* would have seen an entertaining article by Alan Hamilton and Jeremy Laurance on page 3, reviewing a report by a Dr Felix Post in the current issue of the *British Journal of Psychiatry*. After studying the cases of 100 British and American writers, poets and playwrights in search of a pattern of madness, abnormality and alcoholism, Dr Post had listed Kipling as relatively sane. Gratifying news indeed.

Continuing, the Chairman expressed a special welcome to Terry and Frances Waite; to Sir Geoffrey Ellerton who besides being a member of the Society was Chairman of the Council of the Royal Over-Seas League; to Annie and Alan Wolfe from Maryland, representing the Society's international dimension; to Pat and John Commin of the Rottingdean Preservation Society; to John McGuirk and Christine Muller of City University Library, with thanks for their provision of a safe home for the Society's Library; to Reto Grass, General Manager of Brown's Hotel, with its longstanding associations with Kipling; and finally to three people involved in the practicalities of producing the *Kipling Journal*, jewel in the Society's crown – Helen Jones and Sharon Wilcox from Dorset, who were responsible for typesetting and design, and Michael Egan from Kent, who undertook the printing and distribution.

The Chairman next referred to the current healthy state of the Society; while many literary societies were finding the going tough, our story was one of increasing membership and strong finances. There were various reasons for this, but certainly an important one was the selfless hard work a number of people put in to maintain the Society's affairs and provide good service to members. He wanted to take the opportunity,

while more members were gathered in one place than on any other occasion, to thank the Society's Council, and particularly the Honorary Officers who did so much.

Two colleagues, however, deserved very special approbation, since they would shortly be retiring from office after many years' service. Peter Lewis had been Treasurer since 1988: it was a tribute to his expert management that the finances were in such good order, and he had made many other valuable contributions to the Society's councils and affairs. Then Norman Entract would be leaving the post of Secretary, which he had filled with distinction since 1985: his friendly, person-oriented approach, his knowledge and his wisdom would be greatly missed. The Chairman suggested that members would wish to convey to both of them their appreciation and warm good wishes for the future – sentiments which were endorsed by the company with prolonged and enthusiastic applause.

It was now time to introduce the Guest of Honour. Terry Waite had had a varied career, with much involvement as a layman in Church affairs in Britain and abroad. He was Adviser to the Archbishop of Canterbury for several years; and was occupying that post when he was kidnapped by terrorists in Beirut in January 1987 – at the beginning of 1,763 days in captivity – much of it in solitary confinement, some of it in excruciating conditions, as he had modestly recounted in his book, *Taken on Trust*. His ordeal had been world news, and he had emerged from it as one of the most remarkable figures of his generation. Since his release, he had led an active life, playing a major role in various charities and, helped by a fellowship at Cambridge, writing and lecturing. Themes he had explored, in the light of his experience, included the psychological problems of solitude, and the spiritual impact of books read in captivity. He had read *Kim* as a prisoner, and it would be particularly interesting to hear what he would say about Kipling.

ADDRESS BY MR TERRY WAITE

Mr Chairman, Mr President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Although I am both delighted and honoured to have been invited to address the Kipling Society, I have to admit that my qualifications for doing so are slight. I have read Kipling in the past; and, like many of the British public, I enjoy his verse. But that does not qualify me to stand before you today.

The reason why I am here is that some time ago I happened to mention to my old friend George Webb that during my incarceration in the Middle East I had read *Kim*. However, when saying this I had little idea that George was the Editor of the *Kipling Journal*. Anyway, that chance remark was sufficient for him to propose to the Society's Council that I should be invited to address you today. I must say at the outset that if this talk falls short of your expectations the fault is totally mine: whereas if you appreciate it I trust you will give credit to your esteemed Editor.

*

Let me begin by telling you a story that is both amusing and sad. Some time ago I was invited to open a centre in London which helps victims of what is now known as Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. Before the opening I talked with some former patients. One elderly man told me he had been imprisoned by the KGB, spending a number of years in solitary confinement. "Tell me," he said, "have you ever experienced interrogation?"

I told him I had.

"Have you ever been questioned with bright lights shining into your eyes?"

Again, I said I had. I then related how one day I was blindfolded and led from my cell, along a corridor and into a room. I was told to sit; and I heard my guard position himself behind me. When he removed my blindfold there were indeed bright lights shining into my eyes.

"Mr Waite," my guard began, "you will now tell us the story of your life."

I was afraid, but I was also feeling somewhat rebellious. "Right!" I thought to myself, "You have asked for the story of my life: you shall have it." An hour and a half later, when I had got as far as the age of fourteen, I heard the sound of snoring behind me. He was asleep.

When I told this to the former KGB prisoner he burst out laughing. We had both experienced difficult times; and yet, as we had been able to tell our story – either by writing it or relating it to another – we had been able to manage the experience, rather than allowing it to manage *us*. In the years I spent in solitary confinement, I told myself the story of my life; and on my release I published it under the title of *Taken on Trust*.

Though I am no Kipling scholar, I do love books. Now, there are those who love to collect books, and those who love to read them: I am a reader. In almost four years of total solitary confinement, I spent many long months without reading material of any kind. I am often asked what I missed most during those years. Apart from the obvious deprivations – family, friends, freedom – I missed *books*. On one occasion I received a

small packet of medicine, which contained some brief pharmaceutical notes. I read and re-read those notes intently, day after day after day.

Admittedly my guards had problems when it came to obtaining English books for me. First, though many of them could make themselves understood in English they could not read it: thus they would not know what they were bringing me. Second, if they had been observed entering a second-hand bookshop to buy quantities of English books, they would of course have drawn attention to themselves. However, one day a friendly guard promised to try and bring me a book. Several weeks later he tapped on the door of my cell, and I duly fastened my blindfold. When he entered he said he had a book for me; and I heard him drop it on the floor. When he left, and I removed the covering from my eyes, I laughed out loud. He had, unknown to himself, brought me Eric Williams's *Great Escapes*.

Terry Anderson, an American hostage, went for quantity, not quality. He requested *large* books. So one day a heavy book was dropped beside him; and when he removed his blindfold he found he had been given *Diseases of the Middle Ear*. It was a very large book, but he claims to have read it from cover to cover.

One of the very first books I received was Freya Stark's travel book, *Beyond Euphrates*; I can still remember the pleasure it brought me. Whenever I received a book, the first thing I would do would be to examine it carefully, to see if a previous owner had inscribed a name in it. Normally, if this had happened and my guards had spotted it, they would tear off the corner of the page, or the whole page. Occasionally they were careless, and the name was left in; and I would stare at the inscription, wonder who the previous owner was, and where he or she was now.

Then I would take delight in the *smell* of a book. The smell of new books, like fresh bread, brought back a host of memories. Memories of walking through the one bookshop in the town where I spent my childhood, and savouring the delicious smell of new paper and ink; of taking a new book down from the shelf, and longing to take it home with me, only to replace it reluctantly as seven and sixpence was way beyond my pocket; of attending countless jumble-sales, and returning home with an armful of tattered volumes, each with its distinctive smell of dust and yellowing paper; of entering the village church, and immediately¹ scenting the mixture of old hymn books and pitch pine...

Then I would take note of the number of pages, and quickly calculate how many words the book contained. I knew how long it would take me to read a page and, if the book was short, I would try to adjust my reading-speed accordingly. Once I had received a book, I had no idea how long it would be before I received another – a couple of days or a

couple of months. Each book was valued as a precious object, and treasured accordingly.

Strict solitary confinement was at first difficult to bear, but when books were brought to my cell the experience was transformed. I knew there was a good possibility that once I had paid my single daily visit to the bathroom in the morning, I would be left totally alone for the rest of the day. If I was given a book I was happy, and I read with a degree of concentration that I had not experienced since student days. I was overjoyed when the publisher had had the good sense to print on the dust-jacket a potted biography of the author, because this provided me with some form of human contact. Not only did I share in the lives of the characters who walked the pages: I entered into the mind of the author. This (apart from the curt voices of my guards) was the only voice to enter my cell, and share my solitary state. I looked to books to bring me strength. Freya Stark encouraged me when she spoke of the qualities of endurance she had learned during her life: she moved me to tears when she spoke with tender affection of her father.

Years later, meeting the British hostage John McCarthy, I discovered something of the strange history of that copy of *Beyond Euphrates*. I told John it was one of the first books I had received. "That", he said, "was the very book I was carrying when I was captured. My mother gave it to me as a birthday present." In fact it was the last gift he ever received from her, as she died while he was still incarcerated.

As you can imagine, in the course of time many different books found their way to my cell. There was a period when I suffered as a result of receiving numerous copies of cheap romantic novels. (Discretion forbids me to name the prolific author: suffice it to say that her writings were more of an irritant than a consolation.) I puzzled as to how to get my guards to move to a different section of the second-hand bookshop and find more substantial reading material, but finally I hit on an idea. I asked my guard to bring me a pencil and paper. He did so. Then, as best I could, I drew the outline of a penguin. "If you ever see this on the front of a book," I said, "get it. It will be a good book." The next week, I received my first Penguin, Laurie Lee's autobiographical *As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning* – a delightful book, which I had read many years before, but which brought me much pleasure once again.

One of the problems of being alone for a long time in restricted circumstances is that one becomes acutely conscious of the natural process of ageing; and the possibility of physical deterioration leads one to be concerned about the possibility of inner disintegration. This can be

depressing, and the only way to cope with it is to maintain a strong inner life, and keep some sense of spiritual balance. Good language, like good music, breathes harmony into the soul. It was for this reason that, when after much pleading on my part my guards brought me a Bible, I was disappointed that it was a modern translation, not the Authorised Version.

Of course I see the value of various translations, but I especially wanted the familiar version for the harmony and beauty of its language. I was fortunate that as a child I had been a chorister, and had unconsciously memorised whole sections of both the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer. At a time of difficulty I could bring back passages which not only brought me some consolation but also breathed a little music into my soul.

People often say that I was fortunate in having faith, which must have enabled me to survive. It did, but not in the way that many people imagine. My faith did not enable me to 'feel good'; but it did enable me to maintain hope, and to say to my captors: "You have the power to break my body and to bend my mind; but my soul is not yours to possess."

*

It was towards the end of my time in solitary confinement that Kipling came into my cell. The one and only book of his that I received was *Kim*. In some ways it was appropriate that Kipling joined me for a while, because, as I have already indicated, solitary confinement provided one with an opportunity to explore the past, and Kipling, as Lionel Trilling has observed, belongs to our past. Moreover, he is fixed deep in childhood feeling.

At first, Kipling resurrected memories of the bound volumes of the *Boys' Own Paper* which I had once carefully rescued from the local jumble-sale: within their pages were pen-and-ink sketches portraying the glorious days of Empire. And I believe that I had first stumbled across Kipling on a second-hand bookstall; and thus when *Kim* turned up in Beirut I was delighted. It helped me to recall memories which I later included in my first book, *Taken on Trust*.

However, as I have said earlier, in solitary confinement I looked to books not only to provide some form of diversion but also as a means of finding inner strength and harmony. Certainly, one way of reading *Kim* is to see it as a striving for contemplation and inner peace. It proved to be one of the contributions that enabled me to develop and strengthen my own inner values. To illustrate Kipling's insight, I would like to quote extensively from an astonishing passage near the very end of the book. It describes the Lama's spiritual experience in mystical terms, using

language and imagery reminiscent of the Bible – perhaps the *Revelation* or *Isaiah*. Listen to this:

"Yea, my Soul went free, and, wheeling like an eagle, saw indeed that there was no Teshoo Lama nor any other soul. As a drop draws to water, so my Soul drew near to the Great Soul which is beyond all things. At that point, exalted in contemplation, I saw all Hind, from Ceylon in the sea to the Hills, and my own Painted Rocks at Suchzen; I saw every camp and village, to the least, where we have ever rested. I saw them in one time and at one place; for they were within the Soul. By this, I knew the Soul had passed beyond the illusion of Time and Space and of Things. By this I knew that I was free... And I meditated a thousand thousand years, passionless, well aware of the Causes of all Things. Then a voice cried: 'What shall come to the boy if thou art dead?' and I was shaken back and forth in myself with pity . . . Upon this my Soul, which is the Soul of Teshoo Lama, withdrew itself from the Great Soul with strivings and yearnings and retchings and agonies not to be told. As the egg from the fish, as the fish from the water, as the water from the cloud, as the cloud from the thick air, so put forth, so leaped out, so drew away, so fumed up the Soul of Teshoo Lama from the Great Soul. Then a voice cried: 'The River! Take heed to the River!' and I looked down upon all the world, which was as I had seen it before – one in time, one in place – and I saw plainly the River of the Arrow at my feet..."

Kipling in this passage shows an understanding of solitude and the way in which it can be transformed into what one might almost term a communal experience. The interesting thing is that this kind of awareness is almost impossible to convey in words; yet Kipling manages it, rising above the concrete to a convincing expression of the mystical.

*

Following my release, and after I had written an account of my experiences, I determined to compile a little book which would include some of the anecdotes I have told you today, together with some passages from various books I had received or remembered. This resulted in *Footfalls in Memory*. Its title was taken from "Burnt Norton" in T.S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*:

Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened

Into the rose-garden. My words echo
Thus, in your mind...

Across the years, words had echoed in my mind. They had enabled me to find some inner harmony and satisfaction; and helped me to go beyond the experience of solitude alone, and discover something of creative solitude.

I will conclude with a quotation which surprised me when I discovered to whom it was attributed – Thomas à Kempis:

I have sought for rest everywhere
But have found it nowhere
Except in a corner with a book.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have much pleasure in asking you to rise and drink with me a toast to the memory of one of my companions in solitude: *Rudyard Kipling*.

**VOTE OF THANKS BY THE SOCIETY'S PRESIDENT,
DR MICHAEL BROCK**

In expressing our thanks to Terry Waite for his fascinating talk, I am privileged to speak for the Society at a unique moment. The standard of the talks given lately at these Luncheons seems to me extremely high; but this one surely stands alone. It is, as our American friends say, "something else again". As I listened, I was reminded of that account of General Galliéni in early September 1914, reviewing the six hundred Paris taxicabs which were to rush the French Fourth Corps to the front at a critical point in the Battle of the Marne. Here, Galliéni remarked, was "something out of the ordinary".

The contrast with the other talks strikes me as this. They have been analytic and explanatory; they represent feats of illumination. This, on the other hand, has been not an analysis but a record of, and reflection on, an extraordinary experience. Terry Waite has not analysed Kipling's work for us: he has illustrated, in a most moving way, why it matters. No one recognised more clearly than Kipling that analysis has limits. One of the quotations from Terry Waite's book, *Footfalls in Memory*, makes that point. "The nearer we get into reality," wrote Von Hügel, "the more numerous will be the questions we cannot answer." Kipling, who was far "into reality", knew the truth of that.

We have been reminded, in our "sound-bite" age, that the printed word is as important as ever; and we have been enabled to see more clearly just why the work of the greatest writers is indeed unfading. Seventy years ago it was supposed that Kipling's writings belonged to Britain's imperialist phase before the First War; and that they would fade because that phase had ended. We recall Max Beerbohm's cartoon putting Kipling "On the Shelf".

The talk which we have just heard establishes conclusively that this view was mistaken. This morning's *Times* pronounces Kipling to have been one of the sanest of our poets. That is not to be disputed, but it is only one facet of the truth. A great deal of Kipling's writing depicts people who worked in the more dangerous and unsettled parts of the world. Such parts are just as numerous, and as dangerous, now as they were in Kipling's time; and that will remain true as far ahead as we can foresee. The need for brave and resourceful people who can cope with such conditions is as great today as it was when Kipling wrote; and Terry Waite is pre-eminently such a person. *Taken on Trust* depicts, for all the modesty with which it is written, someone whom Stalky's friends would have described as "inferentially adequate".

Terry Waite moved from one 'tough spot' to another. While serving in what was then Amin's Uganda he attended a conference in Rome. The Medical Mission Sisters who were running it spotted him at once as the roving ambassador they needed, although he knew no Italian and was not a Roman Catholic. In no time he was off to the Khyber, reminded of Kipling's "rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between".

It is difficult to imagine a more thorough training than his for the appalling ordeal which followed. May I therefore express the Society's deep gratitude for what has been for all of us a remarkable experience.

ULTIMATE BREAKING STRAIN

A FOURTH AND FINAL EXCERPT FROM A THESIS ON THE SUBJECT OF KIPLING'S POETRY

by the late FRED CHERRY (1923-1990)

[In our last three issues we have published extracts from a thesis, "The Concept of the Law in Rudyard Kipling's Verse", that Mr Cherry presented in his candidacy for an M.A. degree at Hull in 1959. The first, under the heading of "Romance, the Sea and the Open Road", appeared in December 1995; the second, "The Discipline of Engine-Room and Jungle", in March 1996; the third, "Empire and Responsibility", in June 1996; here is the fourth. It deals with the elderly Kipling's concern with the burdens laid upon the human spirit, in fact with "loads we cannot bear".

As such, it provides a fitting end to this series of passages from Mr Cherry's thesis. However, the reader should note that they have been essentially discrete extracts: mere samples which do not form a continuous text. But I think they are of interest and value; and, as already explained, the whole thesis has been presented by Mr Cherry's family to the Society's Library. – *Ed.*]

Kipling was striving during this period [his last ten years or so] to convince himself that the power of human love could provide the strength to meet and overcome the strain and ugliness of life. In the last two verses of "Rahere", the poem that follows "The Wish House" in *Debits and Credits*, he writes:

'So it comes, – it comes,' said Gilbert, 'as it came when Life began.
'Tis a motion of the Spirit that revealeth God to man
In the shape of Love exceeding, which regards not taint or fall,
Since in perfect Love, saith Scripture, can be no excess at all.

Hence the eye that sees no blemish – hence the hour that holds no
shame.

Hence the Soul assured the Essence and the Substance are the same.
Nay, the meanest need not miss it, though the mightier pass it by;
For it comes – it comes,' said Gilbert, 'and, thou seest, it does not
die!'

This might appear a somewhat cold conception of universal love akin to that of classical Stoicism, but there is no mistaking the passion in "Azrael's Count", the concluding poem in *Limits and Renewals*:

*Yet, among women a thousand, one comes to me mistress-wise.
Arms open, breasts open, mouth open – hot is her need on her.
Crying, 'Ho Servant, acquit me, the bound by Love's promises!
Haste Thou! He waits! I would go! Handle me lustily! '
Lo! her eyes stare past my wings, as things unbeheld by her.
Lo! her Ups summoning part. I am not whom she calls.
Lo! My sword sinks and returns. At no time she heedeth it
More than the dust of a journey, her garments brushed clear of it.
Lo! Ere the blood-rush has ceased, forward her soul rushes.
She is away to her tryst. Who is her pandar? Death!*

The passive endurance of Stoicism is not enough for Kipling. He strives constantly to believe in love as a redeeming and creative power, but his wish is constantly vitiated by a gnawing sense of the inadequacy of man. The preoccupation with strain during these years, both in the prose and the verse, shows the urgency of this problem to him. The story "The Tender Achilles" in *Limits and Renewals* points directly the feeling of personal inadequacy which inability to rise to the appalling demands made on men in the four years of war might cause. In "Uncovenanted Mercies" (the story accompanied by "Azrael's Count", quoted above) he presents Satan as staging a "full test for Ultimate Breaking Strain"; and in this story, as in "The Wish House", love and suffering are intermingled.

Kipling indeed wanted to believe that in such love as triumphs over suffering lies the bright hope of a sombre world; that such love is capable of changing the preordained pattern; but one cannot help feeling that he could not quite convince himself it was true. Had he done so with the same magnificent confidence that he believed in the Empire at the turn of the century, he might have ranked until the end of his life as a strong force in the literature of his time. He undoubtedly shared the discomfort of soul of some of the younger writers – E.M. Forster, T.S. Eliot, and even D.H. Lawrence. I do not suggest any close affinity between Kipling and those writers, but it is feasible that he did hear distantly the desolating echo in the Marabar caves, and caught a glimpse of The Waste Land. He seemed, however, unable to rouse in himself any of the sustained, solitary passion and strength and energy with which Yeats armed himself to meet "The Second Coming".

His glimpses of salvation, then, were few. The best that he could show us during the thirties was a courage unsustained by optimism. Even so,

it was a clear-sighted courage. It showed that despite his seclusion he was still sensitive to the trends and movements of his day. In "The Storm Cone" (1932) he said:

This is the midnight – let no star
Delude us – dawn is very far.
This is the tempest long foretold –
Slow to make head but sure to hold.

With remarkable prescience he continued:

Stand by! The lull 'twixt blast and blast
Signals the storm is near, not past;
And worse than present jeopardy
May our forlorn tomorrow be.

If we have cleared the expectant reef,
Let no man look for his relief.
Only the darkness hides the shape
Of further peril to escape.

This was clear vision at a time when many responsible leaders seemed to be blindly ignoring the danger-signals in world affairs; and it is voiced with a telling deliberation. But apart from its political implications Kipling probably intended a wider meaning.

The whole poem is based upon the image of the ship, a complex symbol for a group of people of common purpose and common ideals, journeying through life. Earlier, it will be remembered, Kipling used ships and the sea to express the mystery and excitement of life. "McAndrew's Hymn" on one level explores the relation of the individual with the group. The wartime poem, "A Song in Storm", with its chorus –

The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew ! –

suggests a close-knit community in which the individual performs his set task, contributing to a whole which in some mysterious way is greater than the sum of its parts.

In "The Storm Cone" is the same implication, but the ship labouring against the storm is fighting for life, and the analogy presumably is that civilisation is also fighting for existence. It is a kind of Ragnarok, a twilight of the gods, a life-and-death struggle of which the outcome is

not certain, and yet which paradoxically was destined:

This is the tempest long foretold –
Slow to make head but sure to hold...

and

It is decreed that we abide
The weight of gale against the tide...

The closing verse again emphasises effort and strain with no promise of reward, and a caution against optimism:

She moves, with all save purpose lost,
To make her offering from the coast;
But, till she fetches open sea,
Let no man deem that he is free!

There is nothing new in this poem, but it does sum up very clearly the change in the later Kipling. He still believed in the Law as a purposive force of which man was the instrument, but the sense of joyous participation was gone. The vision, that self-sacrificing love, like a lightning-flash, can cut cleanly through suffering to a happiness beyond the compulsion of the Law, seemed to have deserted him, and he was left with stoical endurance.

The "Hymn of Breaking Strain" (1935) may be taken as a final statement of his position. Machines had always fascinated Kipling, and he even endowed them (as in "The Ship that Found Herself in *The Day's Work*) with something approaching soul. McAndrew held himself in relation to his engines as God in relation to mankind; and Kipling takes up the analogy to grapple with the problem of pain, which had obsessed him for the last fifteen years:

The careful text-books measure
 (Let all who build beware!)
The load, the shock, the pressure
 Material can bear.
So, when the buckled girder
 Lets down the grinding span,
The blame of loss, or murder,
 Is laid upon the man,
 Not on the Stuff- the Man!

The verse is not exciting, but there is a matter-of-fact precision about it which is effective in underlining the comparison – as man is to the machine, so is God to man. He then stresses a difference, the detachment of the gods:

But, in our daily dealing
 With stone and steel, we find
 The gods have no such feeling
 Of justice toward mankind.
 To no set gauge they make us, –
 For no laid course prepare –
 And presently o'ertake us
 With loads we cannot bear:
Too merciless to bear.

Consciousness, self-awareness, is considered a burden; and yet there is the pride, inseparable from Kipling when he thinks of the spirit of man, which cannot accept the finality of failure:

We only of Creation
(Oh, luckier bridge and rail!)
 Abide the twin-damnation –
 To fail and know we fail.
 Yet we – by which sole token
 We know we once were Gods –
 Take shame in being broken
 However great the odds –
The Burden or the Odds.

The final stanza shows a courageous acceptance of life and suffering, and an acknowledgment of its mystery:

Oh, veiled and secret Power
 Whose paths we seek in vain,
 Be with us in our hour
 Of overthrow and pain;
 That we – by which sure token
 We know Thy ways are true –
 In spite of being broken,
Because of being broken,
May rise and build anew.
Stand up and build anew!

The gallant expression of the last four lines seems a shade too emphatic to carry conviction; as if, to Kipling, it were the only answer possible on the evidence, but an answer in which he could rouse no real feeling of belief.

And in this respect Kipling might be considered to have raised problems which are only now [written in 1959] beginning to trouble the general awareness. The lack of sympathy which was shown him by critics and writers in the twenties and thirties has been attributed to the fact that his opinions were fossilised, that he still urged the discredited imperialism of the nineties; but Kipling was nothing if not progressive. He was alive to the possibilities of empire long before many of his contemporaries; and he was sensitive to the darkness of the world war before it disrupted the world as he had known it.

In the years following, he was concerned with the breaking strain – a theme which has been explored with horrifying effect in recent novels by George Orwell, Paul Gallico and David Karp. How much can the individual stand? In Kipling, the strain is imposed by crushing circumstances and disease; in the later writers, the individual will is attacked by the scientific tyrant – but the problem is basically the same. In the "Hymn of Breaking Strain" Kipling still clings to his belief in the ultimate sovereignty of the individual will; but he is very close to the post-war fear that the will, whatever effort is put forward in resistance, can be broken; and he is troubled by this uncertainty.

But this is speculation, which must not be stretched too far. It serves only to show that Kipling was developing up to the time of his death. He was not "written out" at the turn of the century; and although he did not rise to the challenge of the post-war world as did Yeats, the later stories and the verses which accompany them reflect a mind which was urgently seeking real truth, and not compelling the world into a pattern of its own making.

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

OBITUARY: MR FRANK BRIGHTMAN

We record with great regret the recent death of Frank Brightman, a longstanding and enthusiastic member of the Society, who had served a stint as Chairman of our Council. He was a man of wide interests, an authority in diverse fields — from botany to the novels of R.S. Surtees. Above all, he was a robust and forthright character, and (until prevented by increasing ill-health) a familiar figure at our London meetings: we will miss him, and we take this opportunity of expressing the Society's condolences to his widow, Janice. At his funeral, Norman Entract represented the Society, and gave a much appreciated reading of Kipling's beautiful poem, "A Charm" (the one beginning "Take of English earth as much/ As either hand may rightly clutch...").

CHANGES AMONG THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS

Peter Lewis, our Treasurer since 1988, has decided to retire, and Council have accepted his decision with strong regret but with grateful thanks for the exemplary way in which he has always handled our finances. The Treasurership is a vital appointment; the wellbeing of the Society depends in no small measure on the wise judgment, as well as the accuracy and industry, of the incumbent; and we owe much to Peter Lewis in all these respects and as a fount of imperturbably good-humoured common sense. Mr Rudolph Bissolotti, F.C.A., has kindly agreed to be appointed in his place, and we wish him similar success.

We have also had to accept the retirement of our Secretary, Norman Entract, who felt that at seventy-eight it was time to pass the baton to someone younger. Though someone younger in spirit would be hard to find, Council, forewarned of his intention, had already appointed Michael Smith as Deputy Secretary; so Michael Smith has moved smoothly into the vacancy and assumed the Secretaryship, with our best wishes. (See page 4 for his home telephone number and for the Society's new postal address.) Norman Entract had brought to the job particularly attractive qualities — personal friendliness, and a relaxed charm of manner masking an assiduous conscientiousness in fulfilling his duties since becoming Secretary in 1985. Council have now elected him a Vice-President: we congratulate him on that, and look forward to seeing both him and Peter Lewis at future London meetings.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following, listed as in early August 1996:-

Mr R.A. Burdick (*Canberra, Australia*); Mrs J. Coryton (*Sussex*); Mr R.P. Feld (*Sussex*); Mr D.A. Hynes (*Devon*); Mr R.A. Jordan (*Somerset*); Mr K. Moss (*Cheshire*);

Mr A.D. Munsey (*London*); Mr M.S. Norman (*Derbyshire*); Mrs J. Rupert (*London*); Mrs H. Speight (*Natal, South Africa*); Mrs Y. Vandyke (*New South Wales, Australia*).

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 69th Annual General Meeting of the Kipling Society was held on 17 July 1996 at Brown's Hotel, London, attended by more than forty members including the Society's President, Dr Michael Brock.

The following members who were unable to attend had sent apologies:-

Mrs P. Commin; Mr J. Comyn; Mr J. Davie; Mrs Monica Furlong; Mr A. Hollis; Mrs L.A.F. Lewis; Mr J.H. McGivering; Mrs M. Newsom; Mr R. O'Hagan; Miss Lorraine Price; Lady Sinclair.

A full record was kept by the Secretary: the following is no more than an outline of some salient points.

Brief reports by the Secretary, the Treasurer, the Meetings Secretary, the Librarian and the Editor of the *Kipling Journal* were presented and accepted.

The **Secretary**, Mr Norman Entract, summarised the Society's programme of the previous twelve months – including five lecture-meetings in London; a one-day conference with the Open University in March; the Annual Luncheon in May [separately reported in this issue]; and an eventful visit to Rottingdean in June [also reported in this issue]. Membership had increased slightly – the death or resignation of 35 members being offset by the accrual of over 40 new ones. Alluding to his own retirement as Secretary [separately reported above] he said he had begun in 1985 with trepidation, but had quickly been reassured by the strong support invariably received from Council and from members in general. He had thoroughly enjoyed his term of office, and was sure his successor would do likewise.

The **Treasurer**, Mr Peter Lewis, who was also retiring from office [as separately reported above], said the Society's financial position was healthy – as those present could judge from the draft financial statement distributed at the meeting, on which he answered questions. [The audited Accounts for 1995 are printed at pages 28 and 29.]

The **Librarian**, Mrs Trixie Schreiber, spoke with appreciation of the continual support received from the University Librarian at City University, and his colleagues. The Society's Library, which was in their custody, would benefit from certain refurbishments which were being undertaken in the University Library.

The **Meetings Secretary**, Mrs Lisa Lewis, had been prevented by illness from attending

[continued on page 30]

KIPLING SOCIETY

YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 1995

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

	1995 £	1994 £
INCOME		
Subscriptions	10,333	8,776
Overseas Branches ²	1,888	1,805
Donations	742	968
Investment Income ³	1,003	410
Other Income ⁴	378	266
	<u>14,344</u>	<u>12,225</u>
EXPENDITURE		
Print and despatch of <i>Journal</i>	8,856	7,039
Lectures and meetings	697	528
Library	165	130
Administration ⁵	1,200	1,556
Advertising and PR	70	720
Depreciation ⁶	742	542
	<u>11,730</u>	<u>10,515</u>
Surplus for year	2,614	1,710
Increase/(Decrease) in value of investments		(1,589)
Profit from sale of shares	2,686	
Surplus for year	<u><u>5,300</u></u>	<u><u>121</u></u>

NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS

1. These accounts are accrual based.
2. The Branches of the Society in the U.S.A. and Australia make contributions in accordance with Rule XIII(4).
3. Includes gross interest on Bank Account and dividends from investments.
4. Includes miscellaneous sums from advertising, sale of journals and copying.
5. The Society employs no paid staff and has no permanent office. All overheads, professional fees and running expenses are allocated to the heading of 'Administration'.
6. Fixed assets are depreciated over 5 years at 20% per annum, or pro rata.

KIPLING SOCIETY BALANCE SHEET YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 1995

	1995		1994	
	£	£	£	£
FIXED ASSETS				
Library		14,334		14,334
Office Equipment – cost	6,784		6,784	
Depreciation	(5,919)	865	(5,177)	1,607
		<u>15,199</u>		<u>15,941</u>
INVESTMENTS				
Listed Securities ⁷		0		11,496
CURRENT ASSETS				
Cash at Bank and in hand	31,424		13,204	
Debtors and Prepayments ⁸	2,797		2,386	
		<u>34,221</u>		<u>15,590</u>
CURRENT LIABILITIES				
Creditors	(2,802)		(1,708)	
NET CURRENT ASSETS		31,420		13,882
		<u>46,619</u>		<u>41,319</u>
RESERVES				
Balance at 1 January		41,319		41,198
Surplus/(deficit) for year		5,300		121
Balance at 31 December		<u>46,619</u>		<u>41,319</u>

7. The investments shown at their quoted values on 31/12/94 were sold in 1995.
8. Includes a grant of £1,000 towards the costs of a joint meeting with the Open University to be held in March 1996.

SIGNATORIES

Note: The signatories were *Peter Lewis* (Honorary Treasurer) and *Norman Entract* (Honorary Secretary).

AUDITOR'S REPORT

I have audited the financial statements above in accordance with approved auditing standards. In my opinion the financial statements give a true and fair view of the Society's affairs at 31 December 1995.

Signed *Georges Selim* (Honorary Auditor)

[continued from page 27]

the A.G.M., and her report was read for her by the Chairman. One feature of it was the news that the connection with Brown's Hotel which the Society had enjoyed for the past ten years was likely to be broken, because the Hotel's new management had indicated an intention of charging an extremely high fee for the use of the Kipling Room, which had hitherto been made available free of charge. Various alternatives were now being urgently explored. Regarding herself, Mrs Lewis mentioned that, as Council were already aware, she too would be retiring in a year's time. She had enjoyed her time as Meetings Secretary, and had benefited greatly from many suggestions of potential speakers helpfully made to her by members.

The **Editor**, Mr George Webb, said his report would be brief because his product, the *Kipling Journal*, was something with which all members were familiar. He continued to receive rather more material than could be published, which objectively speaking was an ideal situation, reflecting much credit on contributors, and on Kipling – dead sixty years, but alive in the interest of his readers. Mr Webb added that he was in his seventeenth year as Editor, and could not go on indefinitely; but if re-elected he was certainly willing to serve another year; and in any case if for health or other reasons he felt obliged to retire he would hope to give six or even twelve months notice, to facilitate the choice of a successor.

After the **Chairman**, Mr Peter Merry, had paid eloquent tribute to the work of Mr Norman Entract and Mr Peter Lewis, Mr Michael Smith and Mr Rudolph Bissolotti were elected as Secretary and Treasurer in their stead.

The other *ex officio* members of Council were then re-elected *en bloc*. They too were thanked for their work over the past year, as was the Honorary Auditor, Professor Georges Selim, who was re-appointed with much appreciation.

Mr Geoffrey Plowden had completed his term of membership of Council, and there were two vacancies. These were filled by the election of Mr K.M.L. Frazer and Mrs E. Stammers-Smith.

The A.G.M. was followed by tea, and then by Mr Michael Smith's brilliant illustrated lecture on "Kipling's Sussex".

ROTTINGDEAN REVISITED

THE SOCIETY'S RECENT VISIT

described by MICHAEL SMITH and PETER MERRY

[On Saturday 22 June 1996 a large attendance of Society members enjoyed a carefully organised visit to Rottingdean, the Sussex seaside village where the Kiplings had lived from 1897 till 1902 when they moved to Bateman's. It began and ended at The Grange, formerly a Georgian vicarage, later transformed into an elegant house once occupied by Kipling's artist friend Sir William Nicholson; the Rottingdean Preservation Society maintains a Library and Museum there, including a Kipling Room.

The programme included highly privileged visits to The Elms (where Kipling lived) and to North End House (which belonged to his uncle and aunt, Sir Edward and Lady Burne-Jones – and John Kipling was born there in 1897). Next came a tour of St Margaret's Church, particularly to see the lovely stained-glass windows by Burne-Jones. That was followed by a talk-cum-recitation by Patrick Garland, entitled "An Enthusiast's View". (Patrick Garland, former Director of the Chichester Festival Theatre, has had a notable career as producer, playwright, actor and writer.) His presentation was varied by Kipling songs sung by members of the local Copper family, who for years have had an international reputation as singers of traditional folk-songs.

At my request, an account of the whole proceedings was written for the *Kipling Journal* by two of the main participants, Michael Smith (then the Society's Deputy Secretary, now its Secretary) who is an authority on everything to do with the Kipling years in Rottingdean; and Peter Merry (our Chairman of Council) who is very knowledgeable about Burne-Jones, and who conducted the tour of the church. – *Ed.*]

PART I, BY MICHAEL SMITH

In June 1897 the Kiplings settled in Rottingdean. Exactly ninety-nine years later the Kipling Society was given a unique opportunity to visit the two Rottingdean homes most closely identified with their extensive family. The bright promise of morning sun had faded by early afternoon, when members gathered on the lawn of The Grange; but the brilliance of what followed compensated for that.

We divided into two groups, one to view The Elms first, the other North End House; and in due course we changed places.

At The Elms, the warmth of Mrs Marnya Wenstrom's hospitality was matched only by the charm of the house. The relatively spartan

conditions of the Kipling household have been replaced over the past few years by an elegance almost breathtaking. Behind the well known facade, the interior is more spacious than one might imagine.

Just to the right of the front door, as you go in, is the study in which Kipling was depicted in the famous portrait by his cousin Philip Burne-Jones. Instead of the simple shelves and work-table of 1899, the present room, fittingly still a working study, is panelled and furnished with glowing wood; here, in the most fruitful of years, many memorable works were hatched for publication.

Within call just along the corridor is a smaller room, probably the one Carrie Kipling used as a work-room, from which she would have kept a protective eye on her husband. The rest of the house carries echoes of its seventeenth-century origins; flint and brick are still to be seen in some of the nooks, though the rooms have been decorated and furnished with exquisite taste. Kipling would surely have approved of the transformation. We are greatly indebted to Mr and Mrs Wenstrom for so graciously opening their doors to this invasion by two groups of devotees.

Exactly the same warmth was shown us by Mr and Mrs Feld, whose home was the original North End House of the Burne-Joneses. This was the house in which young Kipling stayed in 1882, en route to India from *Westward Ho!* And here his growing family were admitted for Carrie Kipling's confinement with John in the summer of 1897. Here too, that July, the verses originally entitled "After" were rescued from the wastepaper basket by Sallie Norton, re-worked with the connivance of Lady Burne-Jones (Aunt Georgie), and sent to *The Times* as "Recessional". From the window of this house the same Aunt Georgie hung a black banner, proclaiming "We have killed and also taken possession" as her commentary on the Treaty of Vereeniging ending the South African War in 1902 – which so provoked the village that Kipling had to hurry across from The Elms to prevent a violent reaction.

North End House became a major focus for the extended family and their friends. Here the men gathered to chat, smoke and play draughts and other simple games of Victorian England. Their 'snug', the smoking-room which they called 'The Mermaid', brick-floored with ruddled walls and wooden settles, was designedly spartan in its discomfort – but what tales it could tell.

In this house, with its various stairways and rambling interconnecting corridors, Josephine and Elsie Kipling and their cousin Angela (later the writer Angela Thirkell) were able to scamper without much hindrance. Angela Thirkell's superb evocation of that happy time is vividly conveyed in her book, *Three Houses* (1931), from which we seem to know the interior of North End House better than that of The Elms. On

our visit it was not difficult to work out our whereabouts, even though the 'blue staircase' and 'brown staircase' of the former Prospect Cottage and Aubrey House have long since been re-carpeted, and the rooms beautifully re-designed.

The murals painted by Edward Burne-Jones to comfort his granddaughter Angela when she was made to stand in the corner have gone, but his studio still overlooks the High Street and Green; and still has the unusual vertical slit in its wall through which his large canvases were manhandled.

Outside, the ancient fig tree is still there; but the garden is now more lawned. And how Angela and her friends would have enjoyed the covered swimming-pool; for their exercise was to brave the buffets of a cold English Channel, from Trunky Thomas's bathing-machines on the beach.

Both visits will abide in our memories: we owe the Wenstroms and the Felds a debt of gratitude for their tolerance and hospitality.

PART II, BY PETER MERRY

After the privilege of visiting the Burne-Jones home, our programme very appropriately included a viewing of one of Rottingdean's chief glories, the Burne-Jones windows in the parish church of St Margaret. The cool of the church interior was welcomed, as were pews to sit in, to hear a brief account of the career of the artist and his long relationship with William Morris.

Burne-Jones was the most significant and prolific of the designers for Morris's arts-and-crafts 'Firm'; and stained glass proved to be the Firm's most successful product; thus many churches in this country – perhaps up to a hundred – possess glass by Burne-Jones. That at Rottingdean, however, is very special, because of its variety and quality, and the personal associations.

For instance, the magnificent three-light east window, installed in 1893, was the personal gift of the artist to commemorate the marriage in the church, five years earlier, of his daughter Margaret to J.W. Mackail – they were the parents of Angela, later Angela Thirkell. The subject is the three Archangels, Gabriel (messenger of God), Michael (symbol of the Church Militant) and Raphael (guardian of pilgrims and the young), with in each instance a delightful lower panel with a relevant scene.

Moving down the chancel, we have a pair of lovely images installed in 1894. In the south wall is Mary the Virgin; in the north, the church's patronal saint Margaret of Antioch (this window a gift of Margaret

Mackail). These two windows are very representative of the artist, with vibrant colours in the blue/green spectrum, delightful patterning of backgrounds, and the same beautiful, demure, half-asleep faces that are found in most of Burne-Jones's art.

The lancet windows in the tower were subscribed for by parishioners in 1897 in memory of their vicar who had recently died. The north window shows Jacob's Dream, with a ladder stretching from earth to heaven, and angels ascending and descending. Facing this is the Tree of Jesse, a symbolic genealogical tree tracing the ancestry of the Messiah from Jesse at the foot, through David, Solomon, Hezekiah and Josiah, to Mary with Jesus at the top. This is a marvellously intricate design, although Georgiana records her husband as saying of it: "I should like more space for that; it is the kind of thing that would look glorious spread over an acre of glass."

Burne-Jones took no fee for any of these designs done specially for the Rottingdean church; and we know that he visited the Morris factory at Merton Abbey in south London, where the windows were made, to supervise execution and colouring.

In the north wall of the nave are further windows from Burne-Jones designs – lovely in themselves though lacking personal associations since they were made in the early years of this century, after the deaths of both Burne-Jones and Morris, from cartoons held in stock by the Morris factory. We have St Martin of Tours in the costume of a Roman soldier; with a lower roundel illustrating visiting the sick. Also a two-light window with St Veronica on the left and St George on the right; a lower panel in each case illustrating the exploit for which each subject is most famous.

On leaving the church, the party paused at the simple plaques on the west wall, marking the place where Edward Burne-Jones's ashes, and later Georgiana's, were interred. Then some of us walked to a corner of the churchyard to stand for a few moments by the grave of Cornell ('Crom') Price, who was a lifelong friend of Burne-Jones (they were at school together in Birmingham) and, of course, Kipling's headmaster and mentor.

PART III, BY MICHAEL SMITH

From the church back to The Grange for a cream tea in the garden; then upstairs to another feast – "Rudyard Kipling: An Enthusiast's View", presented by the distinguished producer, playwright, novelist and actor, Patrick Garland. The two halves of his talk were framed by Kipling

poems sung by the Copper family, to settings by the late Peter Bellamy.

Patrick Garland's first half, before an interval for a glass of wine, was concerned with the lure of homeland, particularly Sussex. Kipling's words were linked with an inspiring commentary that ranged to Shakespeare and Edward Thomas. Kipling's dilemma over choice of the Sussex landscapes came in "A Three-Part Song" –

Nor I don't know which I love the most,
The Weald or the Marsh or the white Chalk coast!

and the heart-rending plea of the officer ordered home in "The Roman Centurion's Song" –

Here is my heart, my soul, my mind – the only life I know.
I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not to go!

Edward Thomas's answer to Eleanor Farjeon's asking why he was off to the war had been the showing of a handful of soil; and this was echoed in "A Charm" –

Lay that earth upon thy heart,
And thy sickness shall depart!

A natural progression was to "The Land", in which every gesture and inflexion conveyed Hobden's innate superiority of lineage –

Shall I dog his morning progress o'er the track-betraying dew?
Demand his dinner-basket into which my pheasant flew?
Confiscate his evening faggot under which my conies ran,
And summons him to judgment? I would sooner summons Pan.

Thence to the wider county, in "Sussex", where

The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found
Dreams, as she dwells, apart...

At the start the Coppers sang "A Tree Song" –

But whether a lad be sober or sad,
Or mellow with ale from the horn,
He will take no wrong when he lieth along
'Neath Oak, and Ash, and Thorn! –

and Bob Copper concluded with "The Way through the Woods", a poem inspired by Christabel Macnaghten's confiding her unease to Kipling in the garden of The Elms.

Patrick Garland's second half was more widely based. "Chant Pagan" ("Me that 'ave been what I've been...") conveyed the indignation of the soldier returning from the Boer War; and "Gethsemane" the horrors of a later war which occasioned his own personal grief at the loss of his son John, and led to his work for the Imperial War Graves Commission. Prep-school days, scouting and the work ethic were all most skilfully interwoven; and we were privileged to listen to a master interpreting the themes. The 'brackets' enclosing the whole were two poems sung by the Coppers: "A Smuggler's Song" and "Follow Me 'Ome' "-

*So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!
An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me!
Oh, 'ark to the fifes a-crawlin'!
Follow me –follow me 'ome!*

So ended a memorable day. For the last part of it, in the Gallery of The Grange, we were beholden not only to Patrick Garland and the Coppers but to the Rottingdean Preservation Society, and particularly to its Chairman, John Commin, for providing such splendid premises. All who attended were impressed and inspired.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS IN GERMAN

by GISBERT HAEFS

[Gisbert Haefs, as readers of this *Journal* will recall, is a fine and sensitive translator of Kipling's works into German. He recently produced *Kühne Kapitäne* (published by Haffmans in Zurich, 1995; 211 pages; DM36). In our issue of March 1996, at page 53, I said I planned to place in the forthcoming (June) issue a letter from him "describing some of the linguistic and cultural considerations which have coloured his translation of *Captains Courageous*". Actually, it got squeezed out in June for reasons of space; but here it is now, in the form of a short article. – Ed.]

Kühne Kapitäne is the third German translation of Kipling's *Captains*

Courageous. The earlier versions (*Brave Seeleute*, i.e. "Good/Brave Seamen", 1902; and *Fischerjungs*, i.e. "Fisherboys", 1930 and still in print) were somewhat marred by omissions and a certain tendency towards 'fine writing' which sometimes made Kipling's dialogues sound like a contemplation out of Thomas Mann.

When I began with the new version, I worked on the assumption that the 'spoiled-brat-licked-into-shape' story really has the Sea as its main character, and the Day's Work as its main subject. I now feel that an opinion I used to share is unjustified, namely that Harvey Cheyne's 'conversion' comes too quickly and easily to be plausible. I think that critics who stated this are a trifle biassed by reading too many psychological novels – mainly about intellectuals who happen to be well off, without any real work to do, and who therefore can while away their ample leisure in introspection. Grown-up artists (etc) may indulge in such pursuits; but Harvey, an adolescent, in a period of rapid and often quirky changes, is drowning in an alien environment, and simply must adapt very quickly in order to survive.

Captains Courageous may not be a 'novel' in the accepted sense (though that sense might be challenged), but rather a 'tale' – like *Treasure Island*. Stevenson's book was published 15 years earlier, but on the whole I find it reads 150 years older than Kipling's book. More glory, marvel and romantic romance, true; and Long John Silver and Israel Hands are more dramatic as characters; but to me Disko, Salters, Penn and the black Gaelic-speaking cook seem to possess far more psychological subtlety and depth. Despite the disappearance of sails and the quasi-extinction of cod, *Captains Courageous* still reads very modern: a tough and terse tale about the unromantic romance of gaining one's daily bread.

Translating the book was a difficult kind of fun. Unlike Britain, Germany is not surrounded by water; deep-sea fishing and other marine pursuits, as well as the related vocabulary, are more or less unknown in areas not bordering the North Sea coast. So, while many fish-and-sea words are 'normal' English, their German equivalents happen to sound either unintelligibly bizarre or like something queer from some North German dialect.

There is no intelligible (to the ordinary reader) word for a simple thing like a bucket, for a German seaman or fisherman would never use *Eimer* but *Pütze* – a word nobody south of the North Sea or Baltic has ever heard. Kipling is unintelligible only in fun, e.g. when Harvey has to learn the ropes: for the translation, I had to learn my ropes from old Navy hands who taught me that it is a mortal sin to confuse *Sell*, *Leine*, *Reep*, *Tau*, *Kette*, *Kabel*, *Schmur*, *Tampen* and a variety of other arcane 'rope' words, each with a special meaning and function unknown to those



LEARNING THE ROPES

A scene from *Captains Courageous*, chapter III, when Long Jack is educating Harvey in the "things av the sea that ivry man must know, blind, dhrunk, or asleep". The drawing is by Raffaello Busoni, for an abridged version of Kipling's book in the World Famous Books series (Hart Publishing Co, New York, 1960).

outside the trade. Regretfully, I had to sacrifice some nautical authenticity here and there; otherwise the book would have been unreadable.

One delicate, though really delicious, problem was that the crew of the *We're Here* eat *sounds*, which a special dictionary defined for me as a fish bladder, an air bladder. I would not have believed that one could eat that, until a fishmonger made me prove to myself that one *can*, aye – yet one must not. But that is another story...

THEATRE REVIEW

A STAGE PRESENTATION AT MEDICINE HAT

described by JAY JOHNSON

[Dr J.F. (Jay) Johnson, a Canadian member living in Medicine Hat, will be remembered by readers of the *Journal* principally for his interesting article, "Freight-Car Kipling", describing Kipling's close links with Medicine Hat, in our issue of March 1995; and also for his notes on "Kipling and Canada" in June 1995. He has now reported on an unusual stage performance recently put on in that city, featuring 'Kipling' as the sole actor. – *Ed.*]

If at any time during the summer of 1996 you were lucky enough to be in Medicine Hat, Alberta – the town that according to Kipling was "born lucky" – you would have been able to attend a very charming and entertaining stage production called *The Town that was Born Lucky*. It was presented twice a day, every day except Mondays, from 29 June until 25 August, at the Public Library Theatre.

It was a small-scale production, with the Canadian writer and actor Conrad Boyce in the role of Rudyard Kipling; and it was set on the evening of 10 December 1910 at the Orpheum Theatre, London. On this day, Kipling has just received, and has already drafted a reply to, a letter from Francis F. Fatt, Postmaster of Medicine Hat, enlisting his help in a campaign to save the prairie city's unique name. [For the historical facts of this incident, and the texts of the letters exchanged, see pages 37-40 of our March 1995 issue. – *Ed.*]

Within the fiction of the play, Kipling, scheduled to deliver a speech

entitled "The Empire on the Edge" to the audience assembled at the Orpheum, on the crisis facing the Empire, allows his audience to decide if it will hear the set speech, or if it would rather be entertained by reminiscences of his three visits to this sturdy Canadian community out on the true Edge of the Empire. Not too surprisingly, the vote at every performance has favoured Medicine Hat rather than the Empire!

Weaving substantial excerpts from Kipling's *Letters of Travel* with other material relating to the history of Medicine Hat, including Indian legends concerning the origin of the city's name, Boyce has created a play that has enough detail to be of interest to city residents who might be expected to know quite a bit of this already, while at the same time providing an easy-to-absorb history lesson for tourists.

More interested in being entertaining than in being absolutely historically accurate in his portrayal of Kipling, Boyce, with piano accompaniment, allows his Kipling not only to sing (he begins and ends his performance with a very moving rendition of "The Prairie" –

Be wary as the seasons pass, or you may ne'er outrun
The wind that sets that yellowed grass a-shiver 'neath the sun –

set to a Stephen Foster melody), but also to lead the audience in a jolly vaudeville sing-along on the joys of motoring. The real Kipling had participated in an eventful motor-tour of the city and district in 1907; and though I do not remember any reference to his ever singing in public, I recall that he frequented the music-halls as a young man; so he might not mind this portrayal too much.

The title of this production is from the original name given to the sixth of eight "Letters to the Family" written during Kipling's Canadian speaking tour in 1907 (though when these were collected in book form in *Letters of Travel*, the title of this sixth Letter was changed to "The Fortunate Towns"). The phrase comes from the prophecy made by Kipling's freight-car companion in 1889, an old broken-down prospector: "You'll hear of that town if you live. She's born lucky." It refers to the ocean of natural gas beneath the prairie city, available to supply light and power – "Luck enough to make a metropolis."

Medicine Hat is still enjoying its lucky natural gas, which doesn't look like running out any time soon. It is also still enjoying its lucky name, and its connection with the great Empire poet – especially in the version presented by Conrad Boyce this summer in the Public Library Theatre. No decision has yet been made, but its recent success might make it a regular feature in summers to come; so if you missed it in '96, you still might be lucky next year!

EDGAR WALLACE

AND KIPLINGS *MANQUÉS*

by ROBIN BROWN

[Robin Brown is a member of the Society, living in London. He was born in England in 1937, but in 1946 emigrated with his family to Salisbury, Rhodesia (now Harare, Zimbabwe), and thereafter spent many years in Africa. He was educated at the Churchill High School in Salisbury, and then embarked on a successful career in journalism, working both for newspapers and for television.

Though he has written a number of very readable books (variously fiction, memoirs and works relating to animals and conservation) he is probably best known for his fine and authoritative television productions. As a talented director of documentaries, mainly about wild life and marine biology but also about travel and the life-stories of celebrities (his ITV films about Sir Peter Scott and Sir Wilfred Thesiger won notable awards), he has earned a distinguished reputation internationally, and in the process lived a life of great variety and considerable adventure, in unusual and exotic places.

I am glad to publish his thoughts on Edgar Wallace (1875-1932) – a phenomenon in his day, who wrote an astonishing number of very popular crime novels but was quintessentially a journalist. After Wallace's death, the plaque put up in Ludgate Circus, over the spot where as an impoverished boy he had sold newspapers, proclaimed that "he knew wealth and poverty, yet had walked with kings and kept his bearing. Of his talents he gave lavishly to authorship – but to Fleet Street he gave his heart." To the young Wallace, Kipling was a hero. It is on that note, with some lively verses written by Wallace in January 1898 and published in the *Cape Times* to mark Kipling's arrival in Cape Town by the *Dunvegan Castle*, that Robin Brown's article begins. – *Ed.*]

*O, good mornin', Mister Kiplin '! You are welcome to our shores:
To the land of millionaires and potted meat:
To the country of the fontains' (we 'ave got no 'bads' or 'pores')
To the place where di 'monds lay about the street
At your feet;
To the 'unting ground of raiders indiscreet...*

*We should like to come an' meet you, but we can't without a pass;
Even then we 'd 'ardly like to make afuss;
For out 'ere, they've got a notion that a Tommy isn't class;
'E's a sort of brainless animal, or wuss!*

Vicious cuss!

No, they don't expect intelligence from us...

More of the above, for the Kipling votary, in a moment. Of course it is not Kipling. Those lines were written almost a century ago by Edgar Wallace, who is commonly held to be the father of the modern 'penny dreadful', via novels and plays like *The Four Just Men*, *The Green Pack*, *The Crimson Circle*, *The Green Archer* and many more in like vein. Kipling caused the penniless, under-educated Wallace to believe he could be a writer; and thus founded one of the most lucrative writing careers of this century.

In twenty-seven years Edgar Wallace wrote 150 novels; and within six years of his first stage success 17 more plays followed. I suspect that in his heyday Wallace was making a good deal more money than Kipling – and was never anything less than eternally grateful to his celebrated mentor. Kipling was Wallace's role-model in everything: his social conditioning, his journalism, and his aspirations as a writer.

Yet Wallace never earned a shred of reputation as a serious writer. Graham Greene once described him as a writer "completely outside the world of serious letters". This is a somewhat priggish description even though it was meant admiringly: it discounts Wallace's abilities as an investigative journalist, which indubitably outrank Kipling's. Kipling prided himself – or was so credited by his readers – on having 'the common touch': Wallace actually had it. As a result I suspect that Wallace's books exerted rather more moral influence (albeit not necessarily for the good) on his readers than have Graham Greene's – which is surely a "serious" thing to do with "letters".

In general it is very hard to place Wallace comparatively as a writer. He certainly was no Virginia Woolf, but in his day as a journalist he was as good as they come. His sense of irony is sometimes better than Kipling's, and as good as Trollope's. But the Graham Greene perception of Wallace – which I suggest the generous, egalitarian Kipling would not have shared – stuck with Wallace throughout his life. It was an image which he appeared not to unduly resent. His love of life seemed to have outweighed his love of literature. He loved sweet tea, racehorses, women and song; and indulged himself liberally. At the time of his death he was in Hollywood, writing his ridiculous script for the movie *King Kong*. Yet which movie will last longer in the celluloid halls of fame – *King Kong* or *Our Man in Havana*?

*

What has always intrigued me about Kipling and Edgar Wallace is, How

many Kiplings *manqués* were there – are there still – living beside the road to Mandalay, or on islands where the flying-fishes play, or indeed in "the country of the 'fontains' "? I ask this as a writer who also grew up, and penned my first commercial words, like Wallace, in Africa (or, like Wallace and Kipling, in a colonial environment).

Being an aspiring writer in those places was especially difficult. Firstly, there was inadequate further education. I went to high school – quite a good one – in Southern Rhodesia, and passed the necessary Matriculation Exemption exams for a university entry. But Southern Rhodesia had no university, so my only options, given my family's lack of money, were universities in South Africa, all bar one of which taught in Afrikaans. Even these were almost outside our financial means. I was lucky enough to find a rare place on a journalism course, and ended up on the Argus group of papers. Had I not found this writing bolt-hole I would probably have become a teacher or an accountant; and a professional writing career would have seemed as unattainable as it seemed to Edgar Wallace.

The other side of this coin is that it was possible in the Colonies – being so far away from reality – to have outrageous expectations. Wilbur Smith (a local accountant) and I not only wrote our first novels in the same year, but went on to have them published by eminent publishers through the same London literary agent. At the time we did not realise that this was little short of a miracle. Moreover Wilbur had the sense to write a rip-roaring adventure, *When the Lion Feeds*, of Wallace pace and drama which has stood him in very good stead ever since. I aspired to be a Graham Greene.

Like Wallace and Kipling we resented the idea that "*out 'ere... a Tommy [or a colonial writer] isn't class; 'E's a sort of brainless animal, or wuss!*" We wrote with an enhanced sense of challenge.

*

Wallace was in South Africa just before the turn of the century as a young military orderly, described in the *Cape Times* which published his 'Welcome to Kipling' as "a private in the Medical Staff Corps stationed at Simon's Town". He had read all Kipling's egalitarian challenges, and in his fifth stanza he wrote back to Kipling:

*But you're our partic'lar author, you're our patron an' our friend,
You 're the poet of the cuss-word an' the swear,
You're the poet of the people, where the red-mapped lands extend,
You 're the poet of the jungle an' the lair,
An' compare
To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere...*

Consider that last line. Wallace's poem is a thing of many layers, not just a Kipling pastiche. Indeed, as a political commentary it is rather deeper than a lot of Kipling. For example, *"the land of millionaires and potted-meat"* is very observant and ironic; and *"the 'unting ground of raiders indiscreet"* must refer to the Jameson Raid. The poem was not just welcoming Kipling: it was giving him a potted commentary on social conditions and the political climate.

*

Here, highly condensed, is how it all came about. Edgar Wallace was born the bastard son of a bit-part actress in Dulwich; and fostered as a baby to a Billingsgate fish-porter's wife. (He later identified the harshness of this upbringing with Kipling's early years with foster-parents in Southsea.) In his late teens he almost died of cold on a building-site, and took the Queen's Shilling. He was sent to Cape Town after joining the Medical Corps and training at Aldershot.

At Aldershot he had enjoyed barrack-room concerts, and started writing 'ditties' and 'barrack-room ballads', à la Kipling. His breakthrough came when he wrote a song for the music-hall comedian Arthur Roberts, based on a ticking-off he had been given by Queen Victoria's son, Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, who commanded at Aldershot from 1893 to 1898. It was pure Kipling:

*Wot does the Gen 'ral know? sez I;
 Wot does the Gen 'ral know?
 "O, 'e 's a Prince of the Royal Blood, an' 'e 's on 'y got up for show!"
 But I 'chanced' kit inspection, an' thought it a 'cert';
 But 'e put me down, smart, for a tunic and shirt;
 An', insult to injury, checked me for dirt!
 Did Arthur!*

Arthur Roberts accepted it for his new comic musical, *Biarritz*, which was soon put on at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London.

Arrived in Cape Town, Wallace was befriended by a Wesleyan minister's wife, who encouraged his self-education. As her reward, Mrs Caldecott was obliged to put up with his seducing her daughter (or so it would seem from coded messages in his diaries, and from his subsequent way with the ladies), although there is no doubt the two were in love, and he courted her with poems.

When Kipling was about to arrive in South Africa in January 1898, Wallace wrote for the *Cape Times* the 'Welcome to Kipling' with which we started. It was a newspaper gimmick – a poem from a real Tommy Atkins – but it produced an extraordinary invitation to Wallace to attend the Kipling Farewell Dinner at Cape Town's City Club. Wallace asked Kipling for his autograph, and was rewarded by Kipling penning several verses of one of his own poems on club notepaper, which Wallace cherished all his life. Kipling also offered to help the soldier-poet in any way he could; an invitation which Wallace never took up.

Wallace thereafter offered his poems and journalism to other South African newspapers, as from "the famous Edgar Wallace, who wrote such wonderful poetry in the *Cape Times*", and was widely commissioned. He earned enough from these pieces to buy himself out of the Army.

When the Boer War became imminent, he wrote an outrageous application to Reuters, offering to be their war correspondent; and when Kruger gave the British the ultimatum which made war with the Transvaal and the Orange Free State inevitable, Reuters recognised Wallace's army contacts, and gave him the job. Aged twenty-four, he rode off to the front on a bicycle (he had never learned to ride a horse) to compete with the most famous journalists of the time – including a dashing, intrepid young English aristocrat called Winston Churchill.

Progressively over the next three years, Wallace scooped them all. His most notable coup was the final surrender of the Boers. By then working for the *Daily Mail*, he had a spy in the peace camp, whose intelligence he wired to his paper, encrypted as stock-exchange orders. As a result, the *Mail* was able to proclaim the signing of the peace terms a full day before Mr Balfour stood up in the Commons to announce them.

In one stroke Wallace became the most famous journalist in the land – but out of a job. Lord Kitchener was so miffed at the evasion of the rules of censorship that Wallace's pass as a war correspondent was withdrawn. However, by then he was past worrying about the Boer War: a campaigning South African newspaper called the *Rand Daily Mail* was about to be born, and Wallace, aged twenty-seven, had been offered the editorship, at £2,000 a year. The *Mail* had been paying him £28 a month.

*

It was via the *Rand Daily Mail* that I found Edgar Wallace. By the time I came into African journalism more than half a century after him, the *Rand Daily Mail* with its resolute and implacable *exposés* of the worst

aspects of apartheid was the model for any aspiring investigative journalist of a liberal bent. And it is here that I must break off the record of his career. (If I have whetted appetites for Wallace's story, Margaret Lane's book, published by Heinemann in 1938, *Edgar Wallace: Biography of a Phenomenon*, cannot be bettered.) He was thereafter in orbit. He did not need Kipling's help ever again, but I still wonder how many there are like him – how many who heard Kipling's call to believe in themselves.

Wallace, not without his ups and downs, went on to 'live the life of Riley'. He made and spent several fortunes from what he was obviously best at – the prodigious output of good popular fiction and journalism. His end was a melodrama in the grand Wallace tradition. In Hollywood writing the script for a 'monster film' (*King Kong*), he went into a diabetic coma after a starlet failed to appear for their tête-à-tête dinner; and later contracted double pneumonia. They brought his body home on the liner *Berengaria*. The grand ship flew her flag at half-mast as she came into Southampton Water, and the bells of Fleet Street tolled.

There is one last Kipling twist to this story. Wallace reveals in his diary that Kipling gave him a particular piece of advice at that seminal dinner in Cape Town. "His last words", Wallace wrote, "were, 'For God's sake, don't take to literature as a profession. Literature is a splendid mistress, but a bad wife!'" One could, I suppose, find clever innuendos in Wallace's employment of mistresses in producing his particular brand of literature; but it is probably simpler to be content that he ignored this item of advice, and went on to give so much enjoyment from his plays and books, to so many ordinary people. Kipling, I am sure, would have been proud to have had a hand in that.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[I am glad to receive letters intended for publication. However, since more are received than can in practice be printed, I must be selective, and reserve – unless expressly told otherwise — the usual right to shorten a letter. In some cases it may be possible for the text, and/or enclosures, to be summarised under "Points from Other Letters". My address is given on the penultimate page of this issue.— *Ed.*]

" 'WIRELESS' " AND THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE

From Mr A.A. Turner, 5 Foxlands Drive, Penn Terminus, Wolverhampton WV4 5NB

Dear Sir,

Arising from the letter at page 43 in the issue of June 1996, and various other references to " 'Wireless' " in recent issues [notably September & December 1994; March & June 1995], may I bring to your attention a quotation which may be of interest in suggesting the recognition by Marconi of potential supernatural implications in the new medium of radio.

I found it in Paul Hyland's *Wight: Biography of an Island*, and it reads: "Marconi believed that 'this super-set which is called the human brain may send out vibrations in the form of prayer...'" Marconi's quoted words would appear to come from a book by W.P. Jolly, *Marconi (1972)* – that being the only book about Marconi mentioned in Hyland's bibliography.

Yours sincerely
ANDREW TURNER

MORE ON "MCANDREWSHYMN"

From Commander A.J.W. Wilson, R.N. (retd), Jolyon, Salthill Road, Fishbourne, Chichester, West Sussex PO19 3PY

Dear Sir,

May I offer some 'further thoughts' on "McAndrew's Hymn", following on from Mrs Crook's letter at page 39 in the June 1996 issue? I would say at once that in no way do I take issue with her main theme.

However, she says, "The ship, we note, is driving on a shade *too*

fast..." Certainly, the ship is going faster than her normal service speed – but driving (or being driven) *too* fast is, I suggest, an over-statement. The "slam-bangin' home again" and the knocking a wee are no more than the normal effects of the "race and rack and strain" of a 90-day voyage.

What we are seeing through McAndrew's eyes is a touch of 'homeward-bound revs', or 'the Channels'. Ferguson, the Engineer of the watch, has surreptitiously lengthened the cut-off very slightly (i.e. adjusted the valve-gear to allow steam to enter the cylinder for a longer portion of each stroke of the piston) to give a few extra turns ("three turns" refers to three revolutions per minute), in his eagerness to be reunited with his wife – to use Mrs Crook's words.

In fact, the effect was more psychological than real. Three turns on seventy is only 4.28%; and at the top end of a ship's speed range the increase in speed is not proportional to the increase in the number of revolutions of the screw. But let us assume that it is, and take McAndrew literally, and say that the ship has covered 30,000 miles in 90 days (which would equate to a round voyage out to New Zealand via the Cape of Good Hope, and back via Cape Horn, as he has described). That gives a service speed of just under 14 knots: not an unreasonable speed in those days for a cargo-liner, though perhaps a little bit high, and far too high for a tramp. I won't bore you with the arithmetic; but *very* roughly, during Ferguson's four-hour Middle Watch (midnight to 4 a.m.) he will have saved 10.3 minutes at the most!

Nor do I think that the final couplet should be read as being in a tone of surly reproach. It is more the wry observation of an older man who has done the same himself in his time – before "Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty years ago". But, in increasing speed by 4%, the coal consumption would have risen by say 10%. The graph of speed/fuel consumption is shaped like a rising curve: one may achieve 12 knots on half-power, but only get 15 knots on full-power.

As a final observation, I would add that Kipling shows McAndrew as a conscientious Engineer to the last syllable. "I'll burn 'em down to port" implies that he will have no more coal fed to the furnaces (or only a minimum), but will use the heat in the fire-bed and the partially burned fuel to generate the necessary steam for the remaining few miles to her berth. Thus when the engines were rung off, and the order passed "Let fires die out", there would have been the minimum of unburnt coal. (An analogy existed in steam railway practice: on a run up from the west country to Paddington, a fireman might do his last serious shovelling as the train passed Maidenhead, some 24 miles out.)

Yours sincerely

A.J.W. WILSON

CHARNOCK AND "JOBSON"

From Mrs N. Crook, 20 Defreville Avenue, Cambridge CB4 1HS

Dear Sir,

I feel that Mr Frazer [letter, June 1996, page 35] has found it – that though "Jobson" is not to be identified exactly with Job Charnock, and other Jobs and Jobsons feed into the associations that coalesce round the name, Charnock is the determining reason why Kipling's speaker is called Jobson and not anything else.

Kipling also alludes to Charnock and his bride in chapter VIII of *The Light that Failed*:

Shoulder to shoulder, Joe, my boy, into the crowd like a wedge –
Strike with the hangers, messmates, but do not cut with the edge.
Cries Charnock, "Scatter the faggots, double that Brahmin in two,
The tall pale widow for me, Joe, the little brown girl for you!"

It is a stanza of the fragmentary ballad, "The Pilot", sung by the Nilghai.

Incidentally, doesn't it illustrate to perfection Kipling's genius for piercing to the marrow of a situation? All you really have to know by way of background is that this is a crowded hour of glorious life recollected by the dying Ganges Pilot. Narrative, atmosphere, Kiplingesque obsessions – all are caught in these four dashing lines: violence is juxtaposed with mercy, discipline with permitted lawlessness, chivalry with lust, race supremacism with a yearning for miscegenation. You don't even have to know that there was a real Charnock – though it enhances one's pleasure to be informed that there was. The incident is one worthy to have figured in the 'three-decker' novel Kipling wanted to write. You get an insight here into why he never did write it: he was too good at evoking everything in a flash – as he does in "Jobson's Amen".

Yours sincerely
NORA CROOK

THE KIPLING WEDDING

From Mr D.A. Richards, 18 Forest Lane, Scarsdale, New York 10583, U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

May I make a further contribution to the discussion about the identity of Kipling's best man at his wedding (commenced in December 1995,

pages 56-7, and continued in June 1996, pages 45-6).

As noted in Carrington's biography, "Henry James gave away the bride; Edmund Gosse, with his wife and son, and William Heinemann made up the congregation..." James's letter, sent a fortnight later, noted that he "gave [Caroline Balestier] away . . . with an audience of simply four men . . ." (counting 'Ambo' Poynter as best man).

Edmund Gosse, too, has left epistolary evidence about the wedding at All Souls', Langham Place, on 18 January 1892, scarcely five days after Carrie's brother Wolcott's funeral. As set forth in Ann Thwaite's *Edmund Gosse: A Literary Landscape* (Secker & Warburg, 1984) at page 332:

Gosse wrote to [Richard Watson] Gilder [the American editor of *Scribner's*] that day: 'At 2.8 the cortege entered the church and at 2.20 left it, the sharpest thing of modern times. Henry James gave away the bride and I supported the bridegroom.' Heinemann was there and young Tessa and Philip Gosse, but hardly anyone else. Philip remembered the occasion because he wore his first Eton suit – he was now twelve – and was compelled to wear the stiff white collar outside and not inside the new jacket. He had a floral buttonhole bought at Whiteley's for the enormous sum of one shilling – and afterwards treasured among his souvenirs a hairpin attached to a paper on which he wrote in a childish scrawl, 'Greatest sight on earth! !!! Hairpin worn by Carrie Balestier at her wedding. Valued at £5,000,000.'

Apparently all the Gosses left a written record. The copy of Carrington's first edition of his biography of Kipling (1955), now in the possession of Mr and Mrs Frank Gilliam and loaned by them to the 1990 exhibition at the University of Virginia on the 125th anniversary of Kipling's birth, was originally owned by Philip Gosse. According to the exhibition catalogue, entitled (with an explicit nod to Marghanita Laski's book, the citation of which triggered this correspondence last year in the *Journal's* pages) *From Palm to Pine: Rudyard Kipling, 1865-1936*, this book contains several loose items of correspondence, and cataloguer Mildred Abraham writes (at page 60):

Perhaps the most curious relic is a note in a youthful hand that describes the wedding of Carrie and Rudyard, January 18, 1892: "there were present besides the clergyman, the clerk, the pew opener and the happy pair, Mr. Henry James (best man), Mr. William Heineman[n], Mr. Edmund Gosse, cousins of groom, Tessa Gosse and Philip Gosse signed T. Gosse."

Tessa would have been fourteen at the time of the wedding, and would naturally have listed her presence before her younger brother's.

All of which raises two new questions about Carrington's summary in chapter 8 of his classic biography, which is footnoted to say that he discussed Dr Philip Gosse's attendance at the wedding with Gosse. If Ambrose Poynter "was the only representative of Rudyard's family", who are the "cousins of groom" of whom Tessa Gosse writes? And where did Carrington get the information that Edmund Gosse's wife Nellie attended, when all other sources identify only "Tessa" – his daughter Emily Teresa? (Carrington made no revisions in this part of the biography between the first edition of 1955 and the revised edition published in 1978.)

Yours sincerely

DAVID ALAN RICHARDS

"THE JANEITES" AND HENRY JAMES

From Mr B.E. Smythies, Field Cottage, Church Hill, Merstham, Redhill, Surrey RH1 3BL

Dear Sir,

"The Janeites" [1924, collected in *Debits and Credits*] contains a puzzling reference to Henry James.

To quote Humberstall's words, recalling a wartime conversation between his officers: "... 'Ammick says what a pity 'twas Jane 'ad died barren... 'I'm inclined to agree with 'Ammick,' says young Gander. 'Any'ow, she's left no direct an' lawful prog'ny.'... 'Pa-hardon me, gents,' Macklin says, 'but this *is* a matter on which I *do* 'appen to be moderately well-informed. She *did* leave lawful issue in the shape o' one son; an' 'is name was 'Enerly James.'... I forget whom he said was the sire of this 'Enerly James-man; but 'e delivered 'em a lecture on this Jane-woman for more than a quarter of an hour."

Professor Juliet McMaster, in her essay entitled "Jane Austen as a Cultural Phenomenon" (the first essay in a new book, *Jane Austen the Novelist*, Macmillan, 1996), suggests that "The Janeites" seems to be written in answer to the views expressed by Henry James in his essay, "The Lesson of Balzac" (1905).

There, Henry James compares Balzac, and a select band of male novelists, with the women novelists 'George Sand', the Brontës and Jane Austen; and finds the women wanting by comparison. He notes the tide of Jane's popularity, augmented by the commercial interests of book-sellers and illustrators (today he would have added television and films), and says it has risen beyond "the high-water mark ... of her intrinsic merit and interest". The equivalent modern sentiment, usually voiced by

men, is, "So what's all this fuss about Jane Austen?"

Professor McMaster concludes: "I am sufficiently an admirer of James to regret it when he writes fatuously... As one who has had occasion to note the current demographics of the Jane Austen societies, in which women are a large majority, I welcome the strong masculine bias of ["The Janeites"]; for it reinforces the image of a Jane Austen who is for both sexes as well as for all seasons."

Juliet McMaster is a professor in the University of Alberta. As a leading authority on Jane Austen she has lectured to the Jane Austen societies of North America (3000 members), Britain (5000 members) and Australia. She calculates that in the six years 1988-93 alone there were 40 books on Jane Austen and 200 learned articles. (Kipling Society please follow suit!)

As for Kipling's "The Janeites", it may be of interest to supplement Philip Mason's one-paragraph summary of the story at page 280 of *Kipling: The Glass, The Shadow and The Fire*, by reference to Professor McMaster's more detailed account, which I enclose.

Yours sincerely
B.E. SMYTHIES

[Actually, I lack the space to reproduce Professor McMaster's synopsis of "The Janeites" in full, though I recommend it to anyone who cares to obtain the book in which it appears. Anyway, *qua* summary of the story it is perhaps superfluous for most of our readers, who can refresh their memories by turning to *Debts and Credits*.

However, the 'gender-related' aspects of Professor McMaster's comments are highly relevant. She notes that Humberstall, "a hulking working-class heavy gunner", has twice been "blown-up" on the Western Front in the Great War. After the first occasion, on rejoining his Battery, he is still quite unfit to serve the guns, so is given a job in the dugout that serves as the officers' mess. There he hears his Major and Captain endlessly talking about Jane Austen – seemingly "the one lady they admire, indeed idolize". References to her writings become a sort of code; phrases from the novels are used as passwords; even the guns are nicknamed "General Tilney", "The Reverend Collins" and "The Lady Catherine de Bugg" (*sic*). Humberstall, uneducated though he is, and shell-shocked, does his best to read Jane Austen; indeed, after the war, "though his understanding of the novels is hazy at best, [he] nevertheless recalls the days of his immersion in Jane as the happiest of his life".

Thus far in the wartime narrative, Jane Austen is shown as enjoying currency in an essentially masculine society. However, in the German offensive of March 1918 all the 'Janeites' in the Battery are killed – except for Humberstall who, after being "blown up" a second time, contrives to get to a hospital train, where after an initial rebuff, a timely allusion to Miss Bates "wins him admission, beef-tea, and an extra blanket". In fact the "Jane passwords" prove as effective in the "female-dominated" hospital as in the "male

preserves" of his Battery. Professor McMaster feels that Henry James "would have hated all this"; but she applauds the way Kipling's Janeites have been depicted as "aggressively male"; and the devotion to the novels is shown as "bridging all barriers of rank, class, education, and even – ultimately, gender".

She regards the story as a riposte to Henry James, with the joke about Jane Austen being his mother "forming a cheerful reproach to an insufficiently respectful son". –*Ed.*]

KIPLING AND JEWS

I

From Mr Philip Mason, C.I.E., O.B.E., 97 Glebe Road, Cambridge CB1 4TE

Dear Sir,

In the letter and editorial comment about Kipling's attitude to Jews (June 1996, page 42) which has just been read to me since I can no longer read myself, there appears no reference to "The House Surgeon" in *Actions and Reactions* – a story which immediately leaps to my mind because of the narrator's very sympathetic attitude to the Jewish family who occupied Holmescroft, the house which was virtually haunted.

It appears to me that if one attempted to summarise Kipling's attitude to Jews, one could say that whenever he thought on the subject in depth he was sympathetic, but he frequently lapsed into the thoughtless prejudice common in the period when he was writing, in people of his class.

But any such generalisation will probably provoke an exception, because he was a very complex character.

Yours faithfully
PHILIP MASON

II

From Mrs J. Leeper, Lammas Cottage, 43 Lammas Lane, Esher, Surrey KT10 8PE

Dear Sir,

After Mr Rowntree's letter (June 1996) you append some references to Jews in Kipling's works; but you do not mention "The House Surgeon".

The owner of the 'haunted' house is Mr L. Maxwell M'Leod, a wealthy importer of furs. It is only half way through the story that he

says, "I shall be a good Jew;" and not till the end does Mary Moultrie say, "What ideas these Jews have of arranging furniture." But from the beginning Kipling gives hints, through M'Leod's conversation, and the description of the house, that he is the contemporary image of a rich, vulgar Jew.

Some years ago Mr Philip Mason and I discussed why Kipling had chosen to make the owner of the house a Jew – and his wife, even more irrelevantly, a Greek. Was it because Jews and Greeks were more sensitive to supernatural influences than thick-skinned English people? (The servants seem to have been unaffected by the waves of subconscious depression.) Or was it that the values of these vulgar materialists seemed the antithesis of spiritual sensitivity – so they were the most unlikely recipients?

However, Kipling does show the M'Leods as genuinely good, warm-hearted people, in contrast to the unpleasant Misses Moultrie and their ineffectual cousin the solicitor.

Mr Mason and I came to no conclusion; and we also wondered why the poem that follows "The House Surgeon" was called "The Rabbi's Song": it is an incantation to unhappy people not to infect their habitations with a lasting anguish – very applicable to the story but not showing any signs of Judaism; in fact the last verse is more Christian in tone.

I wonder if other members have views on why Kipling made the owners of Holmescroft Jewish and Greek.

Yours sincerely
JOSEPHINE LEEPER

III

From Mr Bryan Diamond, Flat 2, 80 Fitzjohn's Avenue, London NW3 5LS

Dear Sir,

In June Mr Rowntree asked about Kipling's stories about Jews; and you, Sir, commented on Kipling's prejudice.

A recent book, *The Jew in the Text: Modernity and the Construction of Identity* (edited by Linda Nochlin & Tamar Garb; Thames & Hudson, 1995) includes a chapter on 'The Jews in Imperial British Literature' by a lecturer in English, Brian Cheyette.

Cheyette describes particularly the figure of the Reverend John Laputa in Buchan's *Prestor John* (1910) who is partly transformed into a Semitic villain; and in Haggard's *Queen Sheba's Ring* (1910) the



"A MAN SO TALL HE WAS ALMOST A GIANT"

An illustration by Claude Shepperson in the *Strand* magazine for October 1906 (supplied by courtesy of Dr Gillian Sheehan). The story was "The Treasure and the Law", collected in *Puck of Pook's Hill*; the figure confronting Una and Dan is the stately Jew Kadmiel, whose political perception and dignified altruism make him the hero of the story.

Abyssinian Jews (Abati), decadent from inter-breeding – and Cheyette says they represent both Kipling's "lesser breeds without the law" and living remnants of a superior religion, neither white nor black, neither good nor evil.

This latter theme is said to be taken up in Kipling's "Jews in Shushan" (1887, collected in *Life's Handicap*, 1891). Cheyette analyses the central figure, Ephraim, as an example of the dangers of Jewish particularism; the abusive conclusion brings together the Jew and the "nigger" as racial primitives.

But in Kipling's "His Chance in Life" (1887, collected in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, 1888), a seven-eighths black man, Michele D'Cruze, is momentarily transformed into a white man by virtue of his English and Jewish ancestry.

Dick Helder in chapter VIII of *The Light that Failed* (1891) describes his fellow-passenger on a cargo-boat as "a sort of Negroid-Jewess-Cuban; with morals to match" (prejudice again). From these and other examples Cheyette concludes that the racial identity of the Jew varied according to the cultural and political context.

I might add that, prior to Kipling, the portrayal of the Jew in the English novel had varied – in Dickens from the stereotypical criminal Fagin (*Oliver Twist*, 1837-8), to the virtuous employee Riah (*Our Mutual Friend*, 1864-5); and the very sympathetic view by George Eliot (1876) of Daniel Deronda and his family. How far would Kipling have been influenced by such writers when he began his stories?

Yours sincerely
BRYAN DIAMOND

[Among other letters received on this subject is one from **Professor David H. Stewart**, of Montana, U.S.A., with the reminder that a remarkable piece of verse by Kipling can be found in chapter XXV of Lord Birkenhead's *Rudyard Kipling* (Weidenfeld, 1978). Beginning significantly with an allusion to the sixteenth chapter of *Genesis*:

In ancient days and deserts wild
There rose a feud – still unsubdued –
Twixt Sarah's son and Hagar's child
That centred round Jerusalem...

it continued through sixteen more stanzas, providing an acrid background to the enmity of Jews and Arabs which Kipling had observed on his visit to British-Mandated Palestine.

Professor Stewart also pertinently drew attention to the remarks about the Jews, and the reference to the Koranic view of the Jews, in the final chapter of *Something of Myself*.

Returning to Mr Diamond's letter and the reference to "Jews in Shushan", I was



"HIS WORDS RANG LIKE A TRUMPET"

Another drawing by Claude Shepperson in the *Strand*. Here Kadmiel has been explaining the economic sanctions which underlay Magna Carta. "Our good King signed because he could not borrow more money from us bad Jews . . . That was my work!" he cried, triumphantly, to Puck . . . He shot up to his full towering height, and his words rang like a trumpet."

extremely puzzled by the comment attributed to Brian Cheyette, that the conclusion of the story was "abusive" in tone, and involved equating Jews with "niggers". However, looking up the story, I found that at the end, while the narrator has been witnessing the pathetic removal of the diminished community of Jews from Shushan by train to Calcutta, a British subaltern, browsing at the station bookstall, unaware of the human drama that has just been played out, is by chance "whistling to himself 'The Ten Little Nigger Boys'" (a sprightly jingle of the 'counting-song' variety – not unlike "Ten Green Bottles" – which once had virtually the status of a nursery rhyme). It was undeniably apposite to the sad fate of the Shushan Jews, whose numbers had dwindled, one by one, by a melancholy series of misadventures. To the narrator, the irony is very evident, and the jaunty tune sounds "as solemn as the Dead March". – *Ed.*

TOO PLAIN, PERHAPS

From Mr Tim Connell, 32 Southwood Gardens, Hinchley Wood, Esher, Surrey KT10 ODE

Dear Sir,

Mrs Greenwood raises the question (June 1996, pages 46-7) of why *Plain Tales* should have been banned from the Melbourne Library in 1892 on grounds of impropriety. I wonder whether any of the board of governors of the public library at that time had connections with the racing fraternity. If so, they might have taken exception to an incidental item in "The Broken-Link Handicap":

Shackles' jockey, Brunt, was a quite well-behaved boy, but his nerve had been shaken. He began his career by riding jump-races in Melbourne, where a few Stewards want lynching, and was one of the few jockeys who came through the awful butchery – perhaps you will recollect it – of the Maribyrnong Plate.

Kipling could be abrasive; which leads me to wonder whether the good burghers of Melbourne had taken exception to a possibly derogatory remark about either their city or the Antipodes in general. I know that *Debits and Credits* (1926) does not fit the chronology of Mrs Greenwood's question, but a story in it, "A Friend of the Family", presents a somewhat robust view of Australians – and a historically curious sideline on republicanism down under.

Kipling seems to have been lionised in Canada (you refer in your June editorial to a "near-regal progress across Canada" in 1907); was there something specific that went sour with Australia?

Yours sincerely
TIM CONNELL

KIPLING'S CORRECTION OF AN ERROR

From Mr Michael Smith, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton, East Sussex BN2 6LB

Dear Sir,

The enclosed photocopy [pages 60 & 61] is of a letter from Kipling to George Brown, Esq, S.T. *Isis*, 63 Stanley Street, Grimsby, England. It was dated 3 April 1904, and sent from Kipling's South African house, The Woolsack, Cape Town: the reverse of the envelope was franked 'Grimsby April 23rd 1904-7 pm'.

It is clearly in response to a letter from Brown – skipper of a Steam Trawler in the Grimsby fleet – which had pointed out an error in the recently published story "Their Lawful Occasions" (later in 1904 collected in *Traffics and Discoveries*). That story, in two parts, appeared in the *Windsor Magazine* in December 1903 and January 1904. The relevant section of the story is in Part II, presumably published in the January issue, and it had prompted Brown to write immediately, for his letter – the text of which is unknown – had been dated 4 January. It would be interesting to check if the collected story differs in any respect from the magazine version – perhaps indicating what error Brown had pointed out.

We have been kindly permitted by the owner of the letter, Mrs Margaret Skirras, of 5 The Cresta, Grimsby DN34 5AP, who is the late George Brown's granddaughter, to publish the photocopy if we wish.

Yours sincerely
MICHAEL SMITH

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

APPRECIATION OF "IF–"

*From Mr H.M. Nimkhedkar, 28 Deotale Layout, near Lake Ambazari, Nagpur (M.S.)
440 010, India*

Mr Nimkhedkar has sent us a cutting from the Sunday Magazine edition of the *Hindu* of 18 February 1996 – one of the largest-circulation newspapers in India. It is an article by T.G. Vaidyanathan, headed "If Kipling were alive . . ." and prompted by the fact that "If–" had been

The Woolack.

Rosebank.

Cape Town.

Apr. 3. 1954.

Dear Sir

Your letter of Jan 4th has reached me in South Africa and I am very much obliged for the trouble you have taken to point out my error. It was careless on my part.

I was writing about a Brixham boat and should first have satisfied myself ^{whether} ~~that~~ the Brixham fleet are trawlers or drifters. Would you very kindly let me know which they are and whether the word used in the North differs from

LETTER TO GEORGE BROWN, PAGE 1

See Mr Smith's letter. Kipling's text reads:- Dear Sir/Your letter of Jan 4th has reached me in South Africa and I am very much obliged for the trouble you have taken to point out my error. It was careless on my part. / I was writing about a Brixham boat and should first have satisfied myself whether the Brixham fleet are trawlers or drifters. Would you very kindly let me know which they are and whether the word used in the North differs from ...

that used in the South as I
 expect shortly to be bringing that
 tale (with some others) out in
 book form and I want to correct
 my mistake. Can one say
 "a Brixham herring boat" or "Brixham
 drifter"?
 My home address will be
 Batemans
 Burwash
 Sussex
 and I come back in a few days.
 Again thanking you for your
 courtesy believe me
 Yours very sincerely
 Rudyard Kipling
 Geo. Brown Esq.

LETTER TO GEORGE BROWN, PAGE 2

•.. that used in the South as I expect shortly to be bringing that tale (with some others) out in book form and I want to correct my mistake. Can one say "a Brixham herring boat" or "Brixham drifter"? /My home address will be /Batemans /Burwash /Sussex/ and I come back in a few days. /Again thanking you for your courtesy believe me /Yours very sincerely

voted the most popular poem in Britain (in a BBC poll, discussed and described in our issue of December 1995, pages 55-6).

Though the writer of the article errs on a point of detail, stating that Kipling wrote "If-" on the night of Dr Jameson's death in 1917, he is more concerned with the general background, the ups and downs of Kipling's reputation as a poet at the hands of T.S. Eliot, George Orwell and others, and the idealism inherent in Kipling's imperialism. He judges that "Kipling is not exactly a jingoist. If anything he is a Francophile and an admirer – if often a maddened one – of America."

As to "If-", he feels that its stirring sentiments have "a distinguished ancestry (even the Bhagavad Gita's notion of a *sthitapragnya* is not dissimilar)". However, "it is the British, with their bulldog tenacity . . . who have been the best exemplars of the never-say-die spirit... that Kipling's famous poem celebrates..."

THE COLOUR SERGEANT SAID

*From Lt Colonel (ret'd) R.C. Ayers, O.B.E., 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wiltshire
SPI 3SB*

Colonel Ayers has been corresponding with Mr John Whitehead, editor of the Centenary edition of Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads* (Hearstone Publications, 1995, reviewed in our issue of March 1995); and has allowed me to copy an excerpt from one of his letters to Mr Whitehead, dealing with the astonishing poem "Danny Deever". Colonel Ayers wrote:-

'... Your comment on "Danny Deever" accords very much with what I have always thought of this quite remarkable description of an event which, as you say, remains in the mind as if it was a bad memory. Two other things combine in my mind to enhance this effect; the first being Kipling's description of the aftermath of a barrack shooting in the opening to "Love o' Women" in *Many Inventions*, which had impressed me as a boy some time before I first met the *Barrack-Room Ballads*. The second stems from my experience of Academy parades at Sandhurst in 1952 when I first read "Danny Deever".

These parades were frequently preceded by a rehearsal, the purpose of which was explained by the CSM [Company Sergeant-Major] or Colour Sergeant before the company marched on to the parade of all twelve companies. Once fallen in, the Colour Sergeant and the platoon sergeants formed a supernumerary rank behind the company, from

where warnings, exhortations and encouragement were given in low tones to the files immediately in front of them during the course of the parade. The officers, if on parade, were out of earshot in front of the company; the CSM was on the right of the front rank. Such a formation appears in an Edwardian photograph that I have; and I think it applied in Kipling's day.

I have always felt that Kipling was portraying a clandestine conversation between the Colour Sergeant and the files standing to attention in front of him, which heightens the poem's effect as a commentary on the course of the execution. The Colour Sergeant would have been in front of the company only as they fell in before the parade, when the "What's happening now, Colour?" questions of the first stanza would have come naturally...'

THE MAGIC CIRCLE

From Mr Norman Entract, 24 Cedar Court, Lower Street, Haslemere, Surrey GU27 2BA

Mr Entract draws our attention to a Kipling autograph letter advertised as item 122 (priced at £275) in Catalogue No 1207 issued in June 1996 by Maggs Brothers Ltd of London.

It is dated 9 November 1934, "as from Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex" but on Brown's Hotel writing-paper; and is addressed to the Secretary of the Magic Circle [W.R. Minns]. In it Kipling says, "I am anxious to become a member of the Magic Circle and should be much obliged to you if you would kindly let me know if this is possible." The cataloguer commented that "It is known that Kipling did in fact become a member."

Readers may find this surprising, if they understandably doubt Kipling's qualifications to join an association exclusively confined to those with a capability of performing sophisticated 'magical' tricks in public. However, I recently chanced to meet as a fellow-passenger on a railway train a professional member of the Magic Circle, who in the intervals of performing inexplicable prodigies of *legerdemain* with a pack of cards for my personal edification, enlightened me as to membership. It seems that although full members are invariably those who have satisfied the association that they have appropriate skills, associate membership is more easily available; and I presume that Kipling joined on that more marginal footing. The fact that he wished to do so corroborates what is often said of him – that he attached value all his life to belonging to exclusive organisations. Still, he *was* something of a magician, was he not? –*Ed.*

NO FROWSTING

*From Miss M.S. Morison, 13 Ballast Quay, Lassell Street, Greenwich, London
SEW 9PD*

Miss Morrison has noted a passage in chapter 2 of the late Kingsley Amis's novel, *The Old Devils*, which opens with an incidentally inaccurate quotation from Kipling's verses, "The Camel's Hump" in *Just So Stories*. Two men are drinking in a club bar:

"But uglier still is the hump that we get from not having enough to do. You know who said that?"

"No."

"Kipling... He was usually right, you know. Had a way of being right. No use sitting about, he said, or frowsting by the fire with a book. Wonderful word, frowst. Wonder what it comes from..."

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

From Major C.S. Drake, T.D., 150 The Street, Rushmere St Andrew, Suffolk IP5 7DH

Major Drake, who was educated at Christ's Hospital (the school founded in 1553 by Edward VI) and who edits the Old Blues section of the school magazine, the *Blue* (a title derived from the famous Blue Coats worn by the pupils), has written with a Kipling query.

It had been raised by one of his readers, who had seen in chapter 3 of Charles Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling* (1955) that Kipling as a twelve-year-old had accompanied his father to Paris, and had happily run wild there while his father was busy setting up the Indian Section of the great 'Exposition' of 1878; and among other activities had been "playing at paper-chases in the Tuileries Gardens with an English friend, a Christ's Hospital boy in blue cassock and yellow stockings". The reader had asked if more was known about who the friend was, and how Kipling had got to know him.

Pending any more specific information from readers of the *Kipling Journal*, I told Major Drake of Kipling's own account in his *Souvenirs of France* (1933) – whence it appears that there were two Blue Coat boys staying at the same "boarding house full of English people at the back of the Parc Monceau", where the Kiplings were lodged. The three boys "fraternised, and soon discovered that the Bois de Boulogne [not the Tuileries] was an ideal ground for paper-chases..."

However, the ancient traditional uniform of his two friends, which Kipling described in detail ("white linen bands . . . long blue cloth bedgown... bright flat buttons ... blue knee breeches ... vividly yellow stockings ... square-toed shoes...") astounded the *gendarmierie* who often "halted and questioned" the boys, enquiring after "the genesis and intention of this bizarre uniform? Military? Civil? Ecclesiastical?"

Major Drake has replied to me, confirming the accuracy of Kipling's sartorial account, and saying that even today a modified version of the same uniform is worn by the boys (and now girls) at the school. He adds that "the upper part of the coat is lined with yellow cloth ... all that remains of a yellow petticoat which used to be worn under the coat," with the advantage that "yellow showed any bugs quite clearly".

Major Drake also confirms from personal experience the effect of the uniform on the French. On a school trip to France in 1946, having been specially asked to wear their extraordinary garb, the boys were very conscious of its impact. "Our entry into *La Pipe*, a somewhat dubious night-spot in Rouen, caused consternation to the *Patron*; and I have a photograph of five of us one morning showing our yellow-stockinged calves to a puzzled *agent de police* !"

THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

The Society's Research Library contains some 1300 items – books by Kipling, books and articles relating to his life and works, collections of press cuttings, photographs, relevant memorabilia, and a complete run of the *Kipling Journal*. It is located at City University, Northampton Square, London EC1V 0HB, where, by kind permission, it is housed in the Special Collections Room of the University Library on the 7th floor. Members of the University's Graduate Centre for Journalism are allowed access to it.

So, of course, are members of the Kipling Society, if they obtain a Reader's Ticket from the Honorary Librarian, Mrs Trixie Schreiber, at 16 High Green, Norwich NR1 4AP [tel. 01603 701630, or (at her London address) 0171 708 0647], who is glad to answer enquiries about the Library by post or telephone. If Mrs Schreiber is away, enquiries should be channelled through the Society's Secretary – see page 4 for the address and telephone number.



THE SCAPEGRACE JAKIN

A drawing by the French artist H. Deluermoz for a second edition of various *Contes* of Kipling, published in Paris by the Librairie Delagrave in 1929. Here is the unlvely Jakin, one of the two dubious drummer-boy heroes of "Les Tambours du 'Fore and Af' " (collected in English, in *Wee Willie Winkie*).

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The *Kipling Journal*, house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all members. Its contributions to learning since 1927 have earned it a high reputation. It has published many important items by Kipling not readily found elsewhere, and a vast quantity of valuable historical, literary and bibliographical commentary, in various shapes, by authorities in their field. In the academic study of Kipling, no serious scholar overlooks the *Journal's* wealth of data, soon to be re-indexed. Over two hundred libraries and English Faculties, in a dozen countries, receive it as corporate members of the Society.

However, though scholarly in general tendency, it is not an austere academic production. It aims to entertain as well as to inform. This is both necessary and easy. Necessary because our membership is as representative of the ordinary reader as of the university researcher. Easy because there exists an inexhaustible reservoir of engrossing material – thanks to the great volume and variety of Kipling's writings; the scope of his travels, acquaintance and correspondence; the diversity of his interests and influence; the scale of the events he witnessed; the exceptional fame he attracted in his lifetime; and the international attention he continues to attract.

The Editor is glad to receive, from members and non-members alike, articles or letters bearing on the life and works of Kipling. The range of potential interest is wide, from erudite correspondence and scholarly criticism to such miscellanea as justify attention, e.g. reports of new books or films; press cuttings; sales catalogues; unfamiliar photographs; fresh light on people or places that Kipling wrote about; and of course unpublished letters by Kipling himself, particularly ones of any biographical or bibliographical significance.

Authors of prospective articles should know that length may be crucial: the volume of material coming in steadily exceeds the space available. A page holds under 500 words, so articles of 5000 words, often requiring preface, notes and illustrations, may be hard to accommodate quickly. Even short pieces often have to wait. Naturally, as with other literary societies, contributors are not paid; their reward is the appearance of their work in a periodical of repute.

The Secretary of the Society arranges distribution of the *Journal*, and holds an attractive stock of back numbers for sale. However, items submitted for publication should be addressed to **The Editor, Kipling Journal, Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ, England.**

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Kipling Society exists for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). When founded in 1927 by J.H.C. Brooking and a few enthusiasts, it met with vehement and predictable disapproval from Kipling himself; but it quickly gained, and thereafter retained, a substantial membership. It remains today one of the most active and enduring of the many literary and historical societies in Britain. Moreover, being the only one in the world that focuses specifically on Kipling and his place in English literature, it also attracts members from many other countries, who all receive the quarterly *Kipling Journal* (subject of a descriptive note on the previous page).

As an essentially non-profit-making literary organisation, run on a voluntary basis to provide a service to the public as well as to its members, the Kipling Society is a Registered Charity (No. 278885) in Britain. Its overall activities are controlled by its Council, though routine management is in the hands of the Secretary and the other honorary officials. However, its large membership in North America is mainly co-ordinated from Rockford College, Illinois, and there is also an active branch in Melbourne, Australia.

For fuller particulars of its organisation, and a list of impending meetings, see pages 4 and 5 of this issue. The Society's main London activities fall into four categories. *First*, maintaining a specialised Library which scholars may consult, and which is located in City University, London; *second*, answering enquiries from the public (e.g. schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request; *third*, arranging a regular programme of lectures, usually but not exclusively in London, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a distinguished Guest Speaker; *fourth*, publishing the *Kipling Journal*.

Kipling, phenomenally popular in his day, appeals still to a wide range of 'common readers' attracted by his remarkable prose and verse style, his singular ability to evoke atmosphere, and his skill in narrative. These unacademic readers, as well as professional scholars of English literature, find much to interest them in the Society and its *Journal*. New members are made welcome. **Particulars of membership are obtained by writing to the Secretary, Kipling Society, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton, Sussex BN2 6LB, England** (or, for those living in North America, to the address at the foot of page 4).

The annual subscription rate is £20 – both for individual and for corporate members, whether in Britain or abroad. This remains the 'minimum' rate: some members very helpfully contribute more.

