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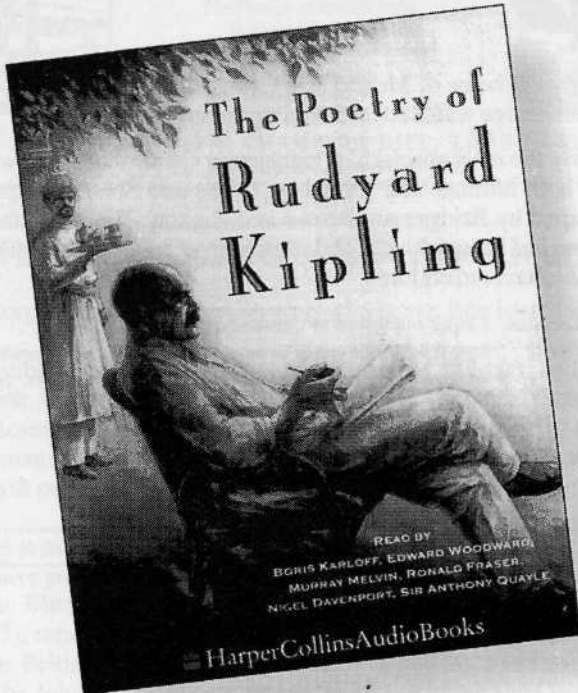
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# The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling

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There is always much for members of the Kipling Society to enjoy. We have published George Webb on Kipling's *The Irish Guards in the Great War*; Peter Lewis on Kipling's *The War in the Mountains* (1917), reporting on the Italian/Austrian front; and Victor Neuburg on the British Army's NCO tradition. Our January 1996 issue had an item by John Pegg, "Poems about Soldiers: Kipling and Owen". Also we offer a special discount to the Society's members.

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## SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

### SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**Wednesday 12 February 1997** at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Travellers' Club (106 Pall Mall, London SW1), **Mr Rolf Johnson** on "Kipling, Horses and Horse-Racing". You are reminded of the Travellers' 'dress code'; for gentlemen, coat and tie are *de rigueur*.

**Wednesday 16 April** at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Travellers' Club, **Mr Peter Merry** (Chairman of the Society's Council) on "Kipling and Elgar".

**Wednesday 30 April** at 12.30 for 1 p.m. at the Royal Overseas League (Park Place, off St James's Street, London SW1), the Society's **Annual Luncheon**. The Guest Speaker will be **Field Marshal Sir John Chapple, G.C.B., C.B.E.** Admission by ticket: members in the U.K. will receive application forms with this issue of the *Journal*.

Please note dates of subsequent meetings: **9 July** (our AGM), **17 September** and **12 November** – all on Wednesdays at the Royal Overseas League. More details in our next issue. Meanwhile, would members who pay their annual subscriptions by cheque please reduce the need for me to send reminders, by seeing that their current payments are up to date.



A SELF-CARICATURE BY KIPLING

*See further on page 8.*

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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#### ANOTHER SELF-CARICATURE

See also page 6. These two drawings by Kipling appear in the new book, *Kipling's Writings on Writing*, edited by Sandra Kemp and Lisa Lewis and reviewed in the Editorial of this issue. They were reproduced by courtesy of the Berg Collection, New York Public Library.

## EDITORIAL

This is issue No 280 of the *Kipling Journal*. Divide that number by 4 (since we are a quarterly magazine), and you can see that we have been published without a break for 70 years: in fact the Kipling Society was launched in February 1927, and our first issue appeared in March 1927. Without making too much of a meal of the Society's 70th birthday, the Council feel that it is a matter of some pride, and that members will be glad to take due heed of it. Accordingly our next issue, of March 1997, will contain a note from the Secretary with a proposal for marking appropriately our confident entry into our eighth decade.

In this present issue, if you turn to page 48, and the facing advertisement on page 49, you will see that with effect from mid-1997 the Society is to have a different venue for its regular London meetings. This is the Royal Over-Seas League, where we have been successfully holding our Annual Luncheon in recent years. We look forward to continuing our happy relationship with that pleasant and welcoming club.

We were sorry to withdraw from Brown's Hotel, but its proprietors were asking an impossibly high price for our hire of the Kipling Room – which we used to have free of charge. This setback has been noted by the press, e.g. *The Times* of 12 November in its "Diary" feature, where we were reported as having in consequence "moved to the Travellers' Club". That is a half-truth: we have indeed negotiated an interim foothold at the Travellers', and much appreciate it; but we look in the longer term to the Royal Over-Seas League.

At page 1 will be found another new advertisement, for an 'AudioBook' – in fact two tapes on which are recorded some 90 minutes of Kipling's poetry, beautifully and intelligently recited by a talented team of readers including Boris Karloff and Sir Anthony Quayle. I have listened to the whole recital with great pleasure, and am glad to recommend it, as it is very good entertainment and does justice to the vigour, variety, consistent cleverness and meticulous precision of Kipling's versification.

I am also glad to recommend an important new book, Kipling's *Writings on Writing*, expertly edited by two of our members, Sandra Kemp and

Lisa Lewis (Cambridge University Press, 1996, xxviii + 213 pages; hardback, £32). This highly imaginative compilation is an anthology of what Kipling wrote about the art of writing, the nature of inspiration, the verisimilitude of fiction, the value of literature, the function of the tribal bard, the integrity of the writer and the role of the critic.

It is not exhaustive, but it is a beautifully produced selection, ranging in scale from brief snippets to entire letters, speeches and poems – the whole being a judicious distillation of what an intensely thoughtful writer of the first rank thought about the practice of his craft. There are some familiar items but many that are less familiar, indeed almost inaccessible to the common reader; two stories are included (and one delightful autobiographical piece, "Home") that are not in the standard editions; and there is a substantial proportion of unpublished material – not least, the unique 'working notes' on which Kipling based the composition of his late story, "Teem". The 9-page Introduction sets the theme of the book in perspective with admirable clarity; and the 40 pages of scholarly annotation are a model.

The Kipling collector will be well advised to buy this book; and the serious student of Kipling's life and style (interconnected as they are: in de Buffon's words, *le style est l'homme même*) will find it most valuable.

Two other excellent new books have come my way; but for reasons of space I am deferring fuller comment on them till our next issue. One is Peter Hopkirk's *Quest for Kim: In search of Kipling's Great Game* (John Murray, 1996, £15.99): it has had very favourable reviews in the press, and is an altogether absorbing account. The other is the splendid third volume of the beautifully produced Pléiade/Gallimard edition of Kipling's works, translated into French by Professor Pierre Coustillas and his team. With over 1500 pages, covering *Kim*, *Traffics and Discoveries*, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Actions and Reactions* and *Rewards and Fairies*, it costs 450 French francs.

In my last Editorial I just touched on David C. McAveaney's *Kipling in Gloucester: The Writing of 'Captains Courageous'* (ISBN 09625660-4-7; Curious Traveller Press, 32 Blackburn Center, Gloucester, Massachusetts 01930, U.S.A.; \$14.95). Having now had time to read it, I recommend it as an excellent volume of local history that sheds much interesting light on the Gloucester of Kipling's day, and on the pains he took to obtain information from which to create his novel of the fishing fleet. It is an attractively produced 100-page paperback of large format, lavishly illustrated with period photographs, drawings and maps; the

many insights it provides definitely add to one's appreciation of *Captains Courageous*.

The *Kipling Journal* comes in for a good deal of praise – for the quality and variety of its contents, for its general readability and for its importance as a source and reference point in Kipling studies. As its editor, I can afford to say this without immodesty, since its high standard is the direct result of the excellence of the contributions from our members, without which it would immediately collapse. However, one area where readers' demand falls short of our capacity to supply, is our back issues – of which we hold substantial stocks, for sale at very reasonable prices. These stocks are currently being re-sorted and re-located at Rottingdean by our Secretary, Michael Smith, who will be making an announcement in March 1997 about what is available. Anyone who would like some back issues, and who wants to beat the rush, should write to the Secretary without delay.

I am sorry to announce the death in November of John Shearman, who was Secretary of the Kipling Society from 1977 to 1985, and was elected a Vice-President when he retired. He was a widower, and our condolence goes to his daughter.

Though in recent years he was largely immobilised by ill health, he had previously led an active life. After Westminster School, his career began in railways, as a Traffic Apprentice with the old L.M.S., from which he moved into what was then an experimental field of documentary film-making – notably in the world of transport and engineering. During commissioned wartime service with the R.A.F. he produced documentary films at home and abroad: he later became a seriously regarded authority on the cinema. After the war he worked for oil companies in the Middle East, travelled extensively in that region, and wrote a concise history of Persia – pirated copies of which I remember finding on sale years later in the bazaar in Shiraz.

A cultivated man of wide reading, his extensive knowledge of Kipling served him well as our Secretary – a post that he occupied with distinction during a period of notable expansion on the part of the Society. Nothing was too much trouble for him, and he earned the affection and respect of our members, for the humour, helpfulness and intellectual acumen that he brought to the job. I became the editor of the *Journal* during his term of office, and have particular cause to be grateful to him for his unfailing understanding and support, and for the keen interest he continued to show, virtually up to the time of his death.

## STICKS AND STONES

### KIPLING AND THE MARCONI SCANDAL

by AUSTIN ASCHE

[The Hon. Austin Asche, A.C., Q.C., one of our Australian members, has attained high distinction in a long and varied career – at the Bar and the Bench, and in social studies and educational administration, and now in government. He last contributed to the *Kipling Journal* in our issue of March 1992 with an article entitled " 'Vengeance is Mine', saith the Writer". At that time he was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Northern Territory of Australia – the post he was still occupying when I met him in Darwin later that year, and asked him to keep us in mind if ever he felt inclined to write more about Kipling.

Not long afterwards he was appointed Administrator of the Northern Territory. Though thinly populated, it is an enormous region which, as he has reminded me in a letter, "could comfortably contain the whole of the United Kingdom, France and Germany, with about half of Italy thrown in as well". The post of Administrator resembles that of Governor of one of the Australian States except in the constitutional sense that until the Territory achieves full Statehood, its incumbent is appointed not directly by the Queen but by the Governor-General in Canberra.

The article which follows is closely derived from a talk that he delivered in Melbourne in 1995 to the Victorian Branch of the Law and Literature Society, at Monash University. It relates to Kipling's scathing poem, "Gehazi", which as a piece of exceptionally ferocious invective certainly deserves study. One of Lloyd George's biographers (Frank Owen, in *Tempestuous Journey*, Hutchinson, 1954) justly called it "the cruellest political diatribe since the 'Letters of Junius'" — that anonymous series of bitter attacks on the Duke of Grafton, Lord Mansfield and George III, which caused a sensation in London in 1769-72. Austin Asche here sets "Gehazi" very clearly and usefully in the perspective of October 1913. In Frank Owen's words, "It was not printed then," [it was not officially published before its appearance in *The Years Between*, 1919] "but the words ran from mouth to mouth and did their deadly worst." –*Ed.*]

The "Marconi Scandal", as it has always been called since a scurrilous English newspaper first coined the phrase, has a great number of points of interest for students of political history. More importantly for this audience of a Law and Literature Society, it has connections with both law and literature.

On the outskirts are the names of Marconi himself, the famous inventor and pioneer of radio, who had the misfortune to have his name given to the whole affair although he was totally innocent of any

wrongdoing; Cecil Chesterton, who fired the first shot in his newspaper the *Eye Witness*, and who was stoutly supported by his brother G.K. Chesterton and by Hilaire Belloc; H.H. Asquith, then Prime Minister of Great Britain and later Earl Oxford and Asquith; Lord Northcliffe, the great press baron and owner of *The Times*; Sir Edward Carson, K. C, later Lord Carson; F.E. Smith, K. C, later Lord Birkenhead; and Winston Churchill.

Directly involved were Lloyd George, later Prime Minister; and the central figure Rufus Isaacs, K.C., later Lord Reading, Lord Chief Justice and subsequently Viceroy of India.

The circumstances gave rise to a parliamentary committee of inquiry; to one suit for criminal libel and another for civil libel; to some unjust criticism of Carson and Smith for upholding the traditions of the Bar; to some skilful whitewashing by *The Times* newspaper; to the drafting by Asquith personally of a code of conduct for politicians; and to a grave error of judgment by Rufus Isaacs which nearly wrecked his parliamentary career and that of Lloyd George. Finally, it inspired Rudyard Kipling to write the most vitriolic poem in the English language.

\*

In an age of great advocates, Rufus Isaacs was undoubtedly one of the greatest. Yet it was more by accident than design that he entered the law, after a business failure.

He was the fourth child of a family of nine, born into a reasonably well-off, though not rich, Jewish family. He did not go to one of the great public schools; and he had a rather desultory education in which he seems to have distinguished himself both for high spirits and precocity. He began work in his father's firm at the age of fourteen. By the age of sixteen he was bored, and managed to persuade his father to let him go to sea as a ship's boy at the munificent wage of ten shillings per month.

Here he had his first success as an advocate by persuading the Captain, on behalf of the crew, that the ship's biscuits, which were full of weevils, should at least be baked to kill the little beasties. At Rio he jumped ship, but was recaptured, and was set to shovelling coal as a punishment. On the way home he fell foul of the Bosun; but fought him and knocked him out, to the great delight of the crew. No doubt the Bosun had not been informed that Rufus came from a family which had included the great Mendoza, a celebrated prize fighter. Indeed Isaacs's love of boxing was such that it is reported that "he broke the nose of every one of his younger brothers, while his boxing master broke his."<sup>1</sup>

Returning to London, he became, within four years, a stock-jobber and a member of the Stock Exchange; but youthful optimism and inexperi-

ence caused his insolvency, and he was 'hammered' on the Exchange. However, it is indicative of the character of the man that the debts, totalling £8000 – a very large sum for those days – were all repaid by him in his later years.

He was still young enough to change careers without much difficulty; and at the age of twenty-four he began reading for the Bar. Three years later he was called, and he very quickly attained an extensive practice. No doubt his earlier experiences made him more worldly-wise than other young barristers from a more sheltered upbringing. But added to that was a superb analytical mind, and that factor which has always been necessary for success at the Bar – a capacity to work long hours and concentrate on a great variety of circumstances. Even then, there were some specialists at the Bar; but most were expected to be 'all-rounders'. Isaacs appeared continually, and with great success, in the newly-formed Commercial Court, where his experience as a stock-jobber stood him in good stead; but he did not neglect other aspects of the law – particularly those which attracted immense publicity, such as crime or defamation.

Those with a bent for industrial law will remember the case of *Allen v Flood* (1898) AC 1, and *The Taff Vale Railway Case* (1901) AC 426, in both of which Isaacs appeared, and which, both in England and Australia, gave rise to legislation governing the legal liability of Trade Unions. *Allen v Flood* in fact commenced with an opinion by Isaacs as a junior (for which he charged one guinea)<sup>2</sup> and ended in the House of Lords.<sup>3</sup>

Defamation was a flourishing field very popular with those who could afford it; and Isaacs appeared in many cases. One of these was the action *Lever Brothers v The Daily Mail*. This was the case in which, as a rising young junior, F.E. Smith gave his celebrated opinion, "There is no answer to this action for libel, and the damages must be enormous." Isaacs, who appeared for the defendants, obviously thought the same; and the large audience in court was fascinated by hearing counsel conducting, in audible whispers, what seemed to be an auction sale. Isaacs started the bidding at £10,000, and gradually increased it to £50,000, when it was finally accepted. It was, as F.E. Smith had predicted, an enormous sum – probably equivalent to several million dollars these days – but Lord Northcliffe, proprietor of the *Daily Mail* and *The Times*, obviously thought it was worth it, and became a firm friend to Isaacs. This was a friendship which was to be very important to Isaacs later.

But the great public entertainment of the day lay in criminal trials; and Isaacs figured in many, either for defence or prosecution. Two examples out of many will suffice. By presenting to the jury a number of labyrinthine company transactions in a manner which allowed them to

understand fully what had been done, he secured the conviction of Whitaker Wright for fraud. Whitaker Wright's story is one which seems to have to be repeated for each generation. In essence it is always the same: an extraordinarily successful company promoter flourishing in good times, spending lavishly, finally overreaching and attempting to conceal losses by what is sometimes called 'imaginative accounting'. Where have we heard all this before? Whitaker Wright, however, added to the drama by committing suicide just before he was to be sentenced.

Then there was the case of Seddon the poisoner who, contrary to his counsel's advice, took advantage of the newly-passed Criminal Evidence Act which, for the first time, allowed the accused to give evidence on his own behalf. He thus exposed himself to a penetrating cross-examination by Isaacs which almost certainly led to his conviction. According to Sir Travers Humphreys who was junior counsel in the case, it was "a model cross-examination. All the more deadly because it was perfectly fair."<sup>4</sup>

Just ten years after his admission to the Bar, Isaacs took silk; and he continued with a busy and highly remunerative practice. In 1904 he entered Parliament as the Liberal member for Reading. In 1908, with the Liberal government in power, he became Solicitor-General. In 1910 he became Attorney-General. That gave him a knighthood, and the expectation of high judicial office whenever he cared to take it.

I present therefore in 1910 the Honourable Sir Rufus Isaacs, K.c., Attorney-General; eminently successful; ever busy but always courteous; highly respected; impeccable in his private and public conduct; destined for even greater things; of good health and vigorous intellect; honoured in his generation, and – so far as one can judge these things by the observations of biographers, his friends and his family – a happy man.

Although it would be fairer to refer to the events which I am about to relate as 'the Marconi Affair', it seems useless at this stage to abandon the name popularly given to it at the time and adopted by later historians as 'the Marconi Scandal'. It was under that name that Frances Donaldson in 1962 published a book which very fairly sets out the circumstances in far greater detail than I propose to enter. I commend the book to those who wish to learn more. I propose merely to set out the facts as briefly and, I hope, as objectively as possible, so that you may understand, though not necessarily condone, the fury which they inspired in Kipling. Indeed I will leave it to you, as the jury, to determine, after hearing the facts and the poem, whether "Gehazi" was fair comment. But whatever your answer to that question is, I will ask you to



consider the broader question whether the poetry of invective, however splendid it may be as poetry, can influence events.

Guglielmo Marconi was the giant of wireless telegraphy. He also had the energy and the foresight to attend to the tedious details of developing and selling his invention. The Italian Government showed little interest, and in 1897 he formed a company in England. In 1909 he proposed to link the British Empire by a network of wireless stations. But the initial capital had been spent on development, and the shares were at a low price. The company needed further capital.

Marconi turned to Godfrey Isaacs, a brother of Rufus Isaacs, to find it. Godfrey became Managing Director, and energetically set about finding the money. In 1912 a tender was signed between the British Post Office and the company for the erection of the first six stations. There were complicated transactions thereafter between the company and the British Government, which basically turned on whether the company should have a monopoly, and whether the terms of the proposed contracts would be too generous to the company. The price of the shares started to fluctuate widely.

Meanwhile the public was hearing of the successes of wireless telegraphy; and it was becoming clear that an invention of worldwide importance had emerged. In 1909 two ships came into collision; their distress was broadcast, and "for the first time in history ships were turned in their course to rescue the crews."<sup>5</sup> In 1910 the public were fascinated by the manner of the arrest of Dr Crippen, who had murdered his wife, adopted a false name, and taken ship to America with his mistress. His presence on board was detected, and reported by wireless; and as the ship berthed in New York the police were waiting for him. Then in 1912 the sinking of the *Titanic* gave rise to speculation as to how many lives could have been saved if the nearest ship had kept proper radio watch for distress signals.

These events, and the news that the Government was negotiating for contracts with the Marconi Company, caused the shares to rise. But there were also rumours that some Government Ministers were profiting from inside knowledge of the negotiations, and buying shares themselves. These rumours were false; but much was made of the relationship between Godfrey and Rufus Isaacs.

There was a separate company in America, the American Marconi Company. The English company had shares in it. Godfrey Isaacs went to America and arranged for further share issues. He took a packet of shares in his own name. On returning to England he persuaded his brothers Rufus and Harry to take some of these shares. Rufus first wanted to be assured that the American company had no shares in the English company. He was so assured; and this was true. But he was also told of

the English company's ownership of shares in the American company. He sought and was given an assurance that the American company received no advantage, direct or indirect, from the contract with the British Government.

At this time he was Attorney-General in Asquith's Liberal government, while Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a friend. Isaacs suggested to Lloyd George that it would be a profitable investment; and Lloyd George took up some of the shares. I will not go into all the details of the subsequent fluctuation of the shares. In fact both Isaacs and Lloyd George ultimately lost money on the venture: but that, of course, is not the point.

The *Eye Witness* was a paper first founded and edited by Hilaire Belloc. It was now edited by Cecil Chesterton. It published an article headed "The Marconi Scandal", directly accusing Isaacs and a fellow-Minister, Samuel, of a "swindle" in the shares. The article was strongly anti-semitic in tone, and accused Isaacs and Samuel of manipulating the shares to their own advantage with the benefit of secret arrangements with Godfrey Isaacs: a sort of Jewish conspiracy. It was plainly defamatory, but Isaacs and Samuel did not take action. There were some understandable reasons for this but, with the benefit of hindsight, they probably should have taken action. Their reasons would not be unfamiliar today. The *Eye Witness* had a small circulation; it was generally regarded as scurrilous; and a libel action would have increased the publicity value of the accusations even if they were proved false. Politicians these days often have to weigh up similar situations.

\*

The rumours and accusations were raised in Parliament, and it was here that Isaacs – the careful, thinking, honourable man – made the greatest mistake of his life.

Referring to "the Marconi Company", and clearly there referring to the English company, he denied that he had had any part in the government negotiations with it. This was perfectly true: he had not been involved in the negotiations.

He then referred to the charge that he had been speculating in the shares of the company; and he said, "I desire to say frankly on behalf of myself that that is absolutely untrue. Never from the beginning, when the shares were 14 shillings or 9 pounds, have I had one single transaction with the shares of that company."<sup>6</sup> Now, it was perfectly clear from the context that Isaacs was referring to the English company; and in that context it was a correct statement. But he did not mention that he had shares in the American company.

It has been suggested – and I think correctly – that Isaacs was here thinking as a lawyer, not as a politician;<sup>7</sup> and as a lawyer trained over many years in the art of pleading. It is a golden rule in pleading, that you plead only relevant facts; and, in answering a pleading, you confine yourself strictly to answering only the allegations pleaded. If for instance a plaintiff mistakenly alleges in a Statement of Claim that the defendant is the registered proprietor of a certain property, it is not incumbent on the defendant to put in his Defence something like this:

"As to paragraph 1, the defendant is not the registered proprietor of the property mentioned. The registered proprietor is in fact a person of the same name, who is the defendant's 98-year-old father; and the defendant will be the sole beneficiary on his death. The plaintiff's mistake is understandable, since the defendant has occupied the property for twenty years, and everyone thinks he owns it."

Such a statement, while no doubt courteous and chivalrous, would be a bad pleading. The only proper answer is, "The defendant denies paragraph 1."

So Isaacs gave a lawyer's answer. It was perfectly truthful.<sup>8</sup> But he was not settling pleadings. He was making a statement in the House of Commons; and Parliament was about to appoint a Select Committee, not specifically to inquire into the truth or otherwise of his statement, but on the broader issue of the whole management of the Marconi negotiations. If the Inquiry ranged widely enough there was every likelihood that his transactions with the American company shares would come out.

Isaacs must have soon realised he had made a blunder; but to go back to the House at this stage, and say that he had omitted to mention his American shares, would have been a political disaster. Two Liberal members of the Committee were secretly briefed on the situation; and they took it as their task to try to prevent any damaging disclosures.<sup>9</sup>

Nevertheless it appeared inevitable that the ownership of the American shares would come out. Isaacs now found an ingenious way of bringing the matter out into the open. A French newspaper, *Le Matin*, reported on allegations that Isaacs and others had in fact bought shares in the English company, and resold them at a profit, using inside knowledge of the negotiations with the Government.

All this was false and plainly defamatory, and the paper immediately apoloigised. But Isaacs and Samuel (who was also libelled) sued, and their solicitors briefed two eminent counsel: F.E. Smith, K.C., for Samuel, and Sir Edward Carson, K.C., for Isaacs.

Now this was very clever. There was, of course, every reason why the most eminent counsel in the land should be employed on a matter of such

importance, and Smith and Carson were undoubtedly two of the greatest advocates of the time – equalled only by Isaacs himself and Marshall Hall, K.C. But Smith and Carson were both sitting Members of Parliament on the Conservative side. If any attack were subsequently to be made on Isaacs in Parliament, these would have been two of the most deadly antagonists. By accepting the briefs they became honour bound to remain silent; and in subsequent parliamentary debates they did just that.

Both Smith and Carson were criticised by some members of their party for accepting the briefs. This was a misconception. In fact they acted in the finest traditions of the Bar, which bind a barrister to accept any brief in the area in which he practises, unless otherwise engaged.<sup>10</sup> I suspect, however, that they were secretly relieved at what had happened. There has always been a strong camaraderie at the Bar, and this was particularly so at the English Bar of those days. Both Smith and Carson had appeared with or against Isaacs in many cases; they liked and respected him; and it would surely have been distasteful to them if they had felt bound, because of party loyalties, to attack him in the House.

In the course of opening the case against *Le Matin*, Carson put that the Attorney-General and Lloyd George had had transactions in the American company shares, although they had proved a loss. The tone of Carson's remarks was that this was a matter of no great importance, and only mentioned because Isaacs wished "to state everything and keep nothing back." Nevertheless this caused some hostile comments in newspapers on the Conservative side, with the conspicuous exception of *The Times*, which did no more than regard it as "a lack of judgment... a very different thing from the monstrous offences that have been imputed to them".

In this way Lord Northcliffe acknowledged his friendship with Isaacs, which had commenced with the *Lever* case. He had been forewarned of the statement Carson was to make by Winston Churchill, then a Liberal, who had seen him for the express purpose of getting him on side.

Cecil Chesterton then overplayed his hand. In the *Eye Witness* he accused Godfrey Isaacs of dishonesty and swindling, not only in the Marconi case but in other companies in which he had been involved; and he accused Rufus Isaacs, as Attorney-General, of failing to prosecute because Godfrey was his brother. He called Godfrey "a conspirator, a corrupt man, a thief and a knave". These were very grave charges, and with no foundation. The result was an action for criminal libel by Godfrey Isaacs against Chesterton, in which the jury found Chesterton guilty. He was given a lenient sentence in the circumstances, being fined £100; and he and his supporters, who included G.K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc, chose to regard it as some sort of vindication.<sup>12</sup>

The Select Committee moved slowly, and many eminent witnesses were called. Among them, of course, was Rufus Isaacs, who defended himself with great vigour. In fact the Committee was not particularly well conducted, and Isaacs seems to have overawed most of his questioners.<sup>13</sup> Since the Committee had been selected on party lines, with a majority for the Government, it was probably inevitable that Isaacs and the other Ministers should be cleared of any impropriety other than some errors of judgment. There was naturally a fierce debate in the House; but the final resolution, having "accepted their expressions of regret that such purchases [of American Marconi Company shares] were made and that they were not mentioned in the debate of 11 October last, acquits them of acting otherwise than in good faith, and reprobates the charges of corruption... which have been proved to be wholly false."<sup>14</sup> F.E. Smith and Carson abstained from voting.

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That, in very short terms, is an account of the Marconi Affair. It left Rufus Isaacs severely wounded both publicly and in his own self-esteem. By all accounts he was an honourable and decent man, and suffered great agony of mind.<sup>15</sup> Undoubtedly, however, he was guilty of a grave error of judgment, and undoubtedly he compounded the error by attempts to suppress the true circumstances. His offence was not criminal; he was not a conspirator; and he was not corrupt. But he should not have touched the American shares, and he put himself into grave peril. He was fortunate to survive in public life. It was a "near-run thing".<sup>16</sup>

Winston Churchill subsequently rejoined the Conservative Party. He considered that, properly handled, the Marconi Affair could have brought down the Government. His comment about the behaviour of the Conservative Opposition of the time is interesting. "Some of them", he said, "were too stupid and, frankly, some of them were too nice."<sup>17</sup>

Asquith, the Prime Minister, loyally supported Isaacs and Lloyd George, although he privately disapproved.<sup>18</sup> The affair led him to make the first recorded attempt to draw up a code of conduct for Ministers. Lloyd George owed him a great debt of gratitude; but politics being politics, it did not prevent him from plotting against Asquith and usurping his position some years later.

There were, however, those who never forgave Isaacs, and who considered him a liar and a hypocrite. Their fury was intense when in 1913 Isaacs became Lord Chief Justice of England. The most furious of these was Rudyard Kipling.

There is a pleasant anecdote to the effect that a group of Oxford undergraduates, hearing that Kipling was paid ten shillings per word, sent him ten shillings and asked for one of his very best words. He cabled back, "Thanks".<sup>19</sup>

While he may not have been paid quite that much, he was certainly paid well; and to the journals and newspapers who published him he was worth it: he was immensely popular. He was probably the last of the public poets. By that I mean that he was read widely and quoted widely, in a manner which is just not possible today because the printed word is now only one of our sources of information. That is not to decry the present age of radio, television, films and Internet; but merely to emphasise how much more ephemeral these agencies are, and how we tend to be swamped by them.

The ordinary reader in the nineteenth century had only books, newspapers and magazines; and even then, some could only afford a few of these. They tended to be read, and re-read, and discussed, and put aside for further discussion. If less was written, more was absorbed; and that included poetry, which was written as a sort of commentary on events, and as entertainment for the common reader. Kipling was not the first but was probably the last of the public poets. Byron, Wordsworth and Tennyson had preceded him, and had all achieved the same result: to be quoted and referred to and recited by ordinary people all over the English-speaking world.

Kipling continues to be quoted. While this is my personal observation, I find some corroboration in comparing the *Penguin Dictionary of Quotations*, 1960 edition, with the *New Penguin Dictionary of Quotations*, 1992 edition. Somewhat to my surprise, I find that the Kipling entries have increased by 20, while those of, for instance, Tennyson and Shelley have remained the same.<sup>20</sup>

As a public or popular (perhaps one should say populist) poet,<sup>21</sup> Kipling has not fared well in Academia, although he has had his champions – conspicuously T.S. Eliot.<sup>22</sup> This is not surprising, for he is guilty of the seven deadly sins against 'Eng. Lit.'. Let me enumerate them: (1) He wrote poetry that scanned and rhymed; (2) and that could be understood; (3) and that could be quoted and enjoyed. (4) He was a conservative (with a small V); (5) not only that, but he mocked what he called "the Immoderate Left".<sup>23</sup> (6) He worshipped strange Gods called Work and Duty. (7) He believed that individuals could not and should not escape responsibility for their own actions.

Some would say he had even greater faults. He was certainly an imperialist, though not in the pejorative way in which the term is normally used; that is, he believed that the Britain of his day had certain attributes, in the form of the common law and an incorrupt and efficient

administration, which it was its duty to impart to the countries it governed. He was not a racist – no one who reads *Kim* could accuse him of being anti-Indian – but he did have two prejudices. They were prejudices against Jews and Germans; and he was far more prejudiced against the latter than the former.

His anti-Jewish views were the sort of casual prejudice possessed by many English people of the time: unpleasant, but far from the rabid anti-semitism of Cecil Chesterton which Frances Donaldson has described as "open and vicious".<sup>24</sup> As to the Germans, one must remember that Kipling's only son was killed in the Great War.

This is not the place to discuss Kipling's poetry, and I content myself with acknowledging extreme personal prejudice in favour both of his poetry and his short stories. If this makes me a pariah in some literary circles, I will do my best to live with it. I – and many others – find Kipling almost always entertaining, and often exciting and memorable.

I will quote from just one poem, "The Gods of the Copybook Headings", which shows something of his philosophy, and which will help us understand his reaction to the Marconi Affair (or Scandal, as he would undoubtedly call it). He was referring to the simple truths and proverbs which young children, learning to write, were asked to copy out. His theme is that when a nation forgets or neglects these things, retribution inevitably follows.<sup>25</sup>

As it will be in the future, it was at the birth of Man –  
There are only four things certain since Social Progress began:-  
That the Dog returns to his Vomit and the Sow returns to her Mire,  
And the burnt Fool's bandaged finger goes wabbling back to the Fire;

And that after this is accomplished, and the brave new world begins  
When all men are paid for existing and no man must pay for his sins,  
As surely as Water will wet us, as surely as Fire will burn,  
The Gods of the Copybook Headings with terror and slaughter  
return!

It was this sort of stern morality which governed Kipling's view of politicians. Those who deviated from the creed of honour and service to serve their own ends were anathema. Thus his view of Rufus Isaacs, translated into Kipling's basically conservative and Puritan outlook, led him to believe that Isaacs had, to use the sort of expression which Kipling's military heroes such as Stalky would use, "let the side down". And when Kipling heard that this man whom he considered a liar and a hypocrite had become the Lord Chief Justice of England, his fury was extreme. To use a teenage expression with a vivid imagery, he "went off

the planet".

Kipling was a good hater. Let me give you just one example of his potential for deep-felt loathings. When a report (which subsequently proved false) was circulated in 1918 that the German Kaiser had cancer of the jaw, Kipling's poem on the subject, "A Death-Bed", exhibits what can only be called a fanatic glee in the agony which he supposes the Kaiser is undergoing. It is not a very nice poem.

With that sort of capacity to hate, it is not surprising that "Gehazi" came to be written. It celebrates – though that is hardly the word – the accession of Sir Rufus Isaacs, K.C., eminent lawyer and statesman, or in Kipling's eyes, eminent deceiver, pharisee and humbug, to the highest judicial office in the land.<sup>25</sup>

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Kipling did not feel he had to explain the title of the poem. He was writing in an age when most of his readers had been brought up on the King James Bible and knew what he was talking about. With apologies to those who would still, these days, know the reference<sup>27</sup> perfectly well, I think some explanation is necessary to account for the ferocity of the poem.

Gehazi was the servant of Elisha, the prophet of Israel. Naaman was the great Syrian general who had been smitten with leprosy. He heard that Elisha could cure him. Accompanied by many servants and much treasure, as befitted his high office, Naaman visited Elisha. Elisha told him to go and bathe in the waters of the Jordan. Naaman was wroth: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" He felt that Elisha had affronted his dignity.<sup>28</sup>

However, Naaman's servants prevailed on him to try it: he bathed in the waters of Jordan, and was cured. He came back to Elisha, wishing to reward him lavishly for this great service. But Elisha would take nothing: it was sufficient for him that he had demonstrated the power of the Lord. So Naaman departed.

Gehazi was disappointed. He felt he could have done with some of that treasure; so he acted for himself. He followed after Naaman and said, in effect, that Elisha had changed his mind and would take some reward. Naaman willingly gave him some rich gifts and money. When Gehazi returned, Elisha greeted him with the words, "Whence comest thou, Gehazi?"

Gehazi replied that he had not gone anywhere; but Elisha knew he was lying, and told him that the leprosy of Naaman was now upon Gehazi and his seed for ever. The Bible account concludes with these words about Gehazi: "And he went out from his presence a leper as white as



snow." Those old prophets were formidable and terrible to anyone who deceived.

The analogy of the poem is plain enough. Israel is England; and Elisha is the ideal of those who serve honestly, incorruptibly and for the greater glory of their God and their country. Gehazi is the servant who betrays these ideals, secretly seeks riches for himself, abuses his position as a trusted servant to do so, and lies about it.

Now I should say one thing in fairness to Kipling, before putting the poem to you. Although, as I have pointed out, Kipling was quite capable of being anti-semitic, this is not an anti-semitic poem. Certainly the fact that Rufus Isaacs was a Jew gave a special relevance to a poem taken from an Old Testament story. But the relevance is the very fact that Isaacs, a Jew, has betrayed the great and noble traditions of his own people. Indeed the speaker of the poem is Elisha himself, the honourable, incorruptible Jewish prophet. But of course the poem is broader than that: it is an outburst of indignation against any who dishonour themselves and their country for gain. In that sense the Biblical reference is used by Kipling because it would be understood by any reasonably well educated English man or woman of the time.

I now give you the poem, and I hope I say it with the scorn and contempt which Kipling would expect to be used:

Whence comest thou, Gehazi,  
 So reverend to behold,  
 In scarlet and in ermines  
 And chain of England's gold?  
 "From following after Naaman  
 To tell him all is well,  
 Whereby my zeal hath made me  
 A Judge in Israel."

Well done, well done, Gehazi!  
 Stretch forth thy ready hand.  
 Thou barely 'scaped from judgment,  
 Take oath to judge the land  
 Unswayed by gift of money  
 Or privy bribe, more base,  
 Or knowledge which is profit  
 In any market-place.

Search out and probe, Gehazi,  
 As thou of all canst try,  
 The truthful, well-weighed answer

That tells the blacker lie –  
 The loud, uneasy virtue,  
 The anger feigned at will,  
 To overbear a witness  
 And make the Court keep still.

Take order now, Gehazi,  
 That no man talk aside  
 In secret with his judges  
 The while his case is tried.  
 Lest he should show them – reason  
 To keep a matter hid,  
 And subtly lead the questions  
 Away from what he did.

Thou mirror of uprightness,  
 What ails thee at thy vows?  
 What means the risen whiteness  
 Of the skin between thy brows?  
 The boils that shine and burrow,  
 The sores that slough and bleed –  
 The leprosy of Naaman  
 On thee and all thy seed?  
 Stand up, stand up, Gehazi,  
 Draw close thy robe and go,  
 Gehazi, Judge in Israel,  
 A leper white as snow!

I think you will agree that this is pretty powerful stuff. T.S. Eliot described it as "passionate invective rising to real eloquence".<sup>29</sup> This is not mere dislike: it is detestation.

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Isaacs was appointed Lord Chief Justice in 1913, and Kipling wrote the poem at that time; but he did not publish it, though he let it be circulated. Obviously he must have been concerned about the laws of defamation, because if ever a publication was plainly defamatory this was. But if so, wasn't he being rather underhand himself? It was hardly compatible with his own creed of standing up boldly for one's own beliefs, and taking responsibility for one's own actions. He seems to have been, in Pope's phrase, "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike".

However, the poem was finally published in 1919; and Isaacs, by then

Lord Reading, took no action. Probably he was wise. A Great War of enormous suffering and tragedy had intervened. Compared with it, the Marconi Scandal would have seemed some insignificant party squabble now dead and buried. What good was there in resurrecting it? Isaacs may well have been hurt and distressed by the poem; but it had not the slightest effect on his career.

Although he remained Lord Chief Justice from 1913 to 1921, he spent much of that time on various other duties, in which he served with distinction. During the Great War he was asked to lead a mission to America, seeking credits for war supplies; he spent much time over these negotiations, which were vital for Britain. Subsequently he became Ambassador to the United States; and then Viceroy of India. In 1931 he became, briefly, Foreign Secretary in the Ramsay MacDonald government. He became President of ICI; served on various companies; was made Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; and was promoted from Baron to Marquess. In the traditional phase, in 1935 he died "full of honours".

"Gehazi" is a great 'hate poem'. It makes excellent declamatory reading, and should survive as one of the best – I would say *the* best – of its genre. Dryden certainly stings in "Absalom and Achitophel" (1681), but is he quite as convincingly venomous? Pope was a master of invective; but in the "Dunciad" (1728/29) one has to reflect that he was hardly boxing his own weight; the minor poets he so savagely attacked would have sunk into oblivion anyway, and ironically it is only the "Dunciad" which now preserves their memory. Byron took on someone a bit more significant in "The Vision of Judgement" (1822), but he was still plainly a better poet than his victim, Southey.

Byron also had a swing at poor old mad George III, but let him slip into heaven. Shelley, too, took a shot at "An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying King" (1819); and he and Byron fulminated against the Tories, and Castlereagh in particular. Byron's lines on Castlereagh are succinct: "Posterity will ne'er survey / A nobler grave than this. / Here lie the bones of Castlereagh. / Stop, traveller, and piss." Shelley also gets in a blow: "I met Murder on the way- / He had a mask like Castlereagh." But although Castlereagh ultimately committed suicide, it would be difficult to suggest that he did so because of these attacks; or that until then his successful career was at all impeded by them. Browning seems to have done no damage to Wordsworth's popularity by "The Lost Leader". G.K. Chesterton may have punctured F.E. Smith's rhetoric with the poem "Antichrist", but this does not really classify as a 'hate poem': it is far too good-humoured.

In "Gehazi", Kipling was attacking a very prominent and influential man, and the detestation is extraordinarily well conveyed. That is why it should take its place as the best of the poetry of invective. But I fear we

must conclude that poets are not as powerful as they think they are – at least in personal attacks. No doubt they give comfort to the converted, but it seems they do little else in the political sphere. Probably the answer lies in the politician's creed, that any publicity is good publicity: "Speak of me what you will, but speak."

Kipling and Isaacs are both long since dead; and the political squabbles of two powerful Englishmen in 1913 seem pretty remote from Australia at the end of the twentieth century. But it would be a shame to forget a great 'hate poem' – fair or unfair, I leave it to you – and to appreciate it you should know the background. If you comment – as the judge did, in an old legal story – "I have heard all you have to say, and am no wiser," I can only reply, as the banister did, "No wiser, my Lord, but certainly better informed."

#### REFERENCES AND NOTES

1. *The Marconi Scandal* by Frances Donaldson (Rupert Hart-Davis, 1962), p 47.
2. *Lord Reading* by H. Montgomery Hyde (Heinemann, 1967), p 29.
3. It is of some interest that the House of Lords took the unusual course of seeking the opinion of the High Court judges; so that Isaacs, when he addressed the Bench, was addressing an array of eight High Court judges and nine Law Lords. When the High Court judges, by a 6/2 majority, gave their opinion, their Lordships, by a 6/3 majority, went the other way.
4. *Lord Reading*, p 101.
5. *The Marconi Scandal*, p 13.
6. *Ibid.*, p 36.
7. In *Lord Reading*, at p 136, there is recorded a comment by Thomas Jones, later Secretary to the Cabinet. "The legal training of the men involved [Isaacs and Lloyd George] probably served them ill at this juncture. The bare accusation alone was refuted. But it was not legal guilt which needed to be disproved; it was [a matter of] the confidence of the House in their integrity. To the plain man 'Marconis' were 'Marconis', whether British or American."
8. Hence, in "Gehazi": "The truthful, well-weighed answer / That tells the blacker lie."
9. *Lord Reading*, p 37. And hence, in "Gehazi": "Take order now, Gehazi, / That no man talk aside / In secret with his judges / The while his case is tried."
10. The same tradition applies in Australia. Sir Robert Menzies, while on the Conservative side in politics, was several times briefed by Trade Unions.

11. *The Marconi Scandal*, p 96; *Lord Reading*, p 144. The latter book states that the original *Times* leader was re-written by Lord Northcliffe himself.
12. *The Marconi Scandal*, p 186.
13. Hence, in "Gehazi": "The loud, uneasy virtue, / The anger feigned at will".
14. *Lord Reading*, p 159. 15. *Ibid.*, p 161.
16. Hence, in "Gehazi": "Thou barely 'scaped from judgment".
17. *Lord Reading*, p 161.
18. He told George V he thought their conduct "lamentable" and "so difficult to defend". See *George V* by Harold Nicolson (Constable, 1952). p 120.
19. This anecdote appears in *Live Wires* (Angus & Robertson, 1982), p 30.
20. Keats decreased by one.
21. We have our own local hero in Australia. Wherever I go, I find people of all ages who know only one poet, and that is Banjo Paterson. I — and thousands of other Australians — enjoy him immensely; and I will at any opportunity recite him *ad infinitum* (though, not, I hope, *ad nauseam*). I confess he has not the craftsmanship or depth of Judith Wright, R.D. Fitzgerald or Douglas Stewart; but, excellent as these are, they will not replace 'the Banjo' in the heart and mind of the average Australian.
22. See Eliot's essay in *A Choice of Kipling's Verse* (Faber & Faber, 1941).
23. This phrase appears in the short story "My Son's Wife" (*A Diversity of Creatures*). See also "The Mother Hive" (*Actions and Reactions*).
24. *The Marconi Scandal*, p 70.
25. The same theme appears very strongly in "Recessional" (1897) — a warning against the sin of pride. The message would surprise those who regard Kipling as a rabid imperialist.
26. Some would say that the Lord Chancellor's is the highest judicial office. But that is, strictly, a political appointment, the holder of the office being a member of the Cabinet.
27. The *Second Book of Kings*, chapter 5.
28. Kipling takes up this theme in a poem called "Naaman's Song".
29. Eliot's essay in *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*.

## KIPLING IN HOLLYWOOD

by ALAN D. WOLFE

[Alan Wolfe is one of our American members – or, to be more accurate, is the husband of one. After many years of distinguished diplomatic service around the world as a foreign service officer with the State Department, he has retired and lives in Maryland. However, he is a regular visitor to Britain (London was one of his former foreign postings), and he has attended our last two Annual Luncheons.

Among his many interests are the theatre and the cinema – on which he speaks with some authority; and when he told me he was considering writing a piece on the American films derived from Kipling's works I warmly encouraged the idea. Here is the very readable, entertaining and informative result. – *Ed.*]

For over half a century the American motion picture industry has found Kipling's works ample grist for its mill. All of the films produced were popular, and for the most part critical successes, having employed outstanding talent both on the screen and behind it.

Their continued popularity is best evidenced by the ready availability on video cassette of all but one: if my neighbourhood rental outlet is to be believed, they continue to find a welcome audience among young viewers and the nostalgic elderly alike. That they are not always faithful to Kipling's texts is beyond dispute. Few literary works translate with total fidelity to the silver screen, given the essential differences between the two media, and their respective audiences. Besides, how do you turn a two-page "Barrack-Room Ballad" or a short story into a feature-length film without some imaginative invention? In this respect Kipling fared no worse than many other authors, and better than some.

I am unable to identify any Kipling-based American films made while he was alive; nor does it seem likely that he would have surrendered executive control of his material to the extent film studios then demanded. The first two films, *Wee Willie Winkie* and *Captains Courageous*, were produced in 1937 (the year following his death) either with or without his widow's consent or because legal or ethical

constraints were deemed no longer to apply. Both films were structured as star vehicles for two widely popular child actors, respectively Shirley Temple and the London-born Freddie Bartholomew.

*Wee Willie Winkie*, a 20th Century Fox film directed by John Ford, employed the greatest single departure from the original in "re-gendering" Percival Will'am Will'ams, the Colonel's son, into Miss Priscilla Williams, his American granddaughter who comes to live with him on the North-West Frontier, accompanied by his recently widowed American daughter-in-law. Poor Miss Allardyce is quickly relegated to second-fiddle as Coppy (Michael Whalen) falls in love with the charming newcomer (June Lang). Authenticity is lent to the film by the presence of two stalwarts of what film critic Sheridan Morley<sup>1</sup> aptly dubs "the Hollywood Raj" – Victor McLaglen, and C. Aubrey Smith as the crusty commandant whose regimental stiffness is soon softened by the adorable and talented Miss Temple. To pad out Kipling's brief story, a handsome Pathan warlord is added (Cesar Romero): he is alternately arrested, befriended by Winkie, broken out of jail by his tribesmen, and in the end brought to the peace table by the blond moppet's intervention.

Far the better of the two films, MGM's *Captains Courageous*, also takes substantial liberties with the original. A full 20 to 30 minutes of new material is introduced at the beginning of the film, more fully to establish young Harvey Cheyne's arrogant, spoiled-brat *persona*, before dumping him unceremoniously into the Outer Banks waters – to be rescued by the Gloucesterman, Manuel (Spencer Tracy, in the first of two back-to-back Academy Award-winning performances).

To enlarge Tracy's role, Harvey's tutoring aboard the fishing schooner is shifted from Dan (Mickey Rooney), son of Captain Disko Troop (the veteran actor Lionel Barrymore), to Manuel, whose calm, gruff affection eventually wins the boy over. Added also is a race back to port between Disko and a long-time rival, through a violent storm. It ends tragically as Disko's boat is demasted, Manuel is swept overboard and his legs are severed by a fouled shroud. Rather than be pulled back aboard in his mutilated condition, he elects to die in the sea he so loves, watched by a tearful and now remorseful Harvey. (Believe me, not a dry eye in the house!)

However, despite the liberties taken, Marc Connelley's script remains true to the nut of Kipling's "American novel" – the redemption of a spoiled boy through his encounter with decent, hard-working fishermen. The film was among those nominated for the Academy Award that year, but lost out to *The Life of Emile Zola*, starring Paul Muni.



Shirley Temple and C. Aubrey Smith in *Wee Willie Winkie*.



1939 was a banner year in the history of American motion pictures, producing *Gone with the Wind*; *The Wizard of Oz*; *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*; Greta Garbo in *Ninotchka*; Bette Davis in *Dark Victory*; John Ford's classic western, *Stagecoach*; and *Wuthering Heights* with Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon. Overshadowed by these blockbusters was a Kipling-based adventure film which has since developed a devoted following, and which the eminent *New Yorker* essayist Calvin Trillin unashamedly describes as one of the best movies ever made – RKO's *Gunga Din*.

Produced by Pandro Berman and directed by George Stevens, the film starred Douglas Fairbanks Jr, Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen as the brawling, bickering Sergeants Ballantyne, Cutter and MacChesney; with the suitably walnut-stained character-actor Sam Jaffe in the title role. The screenplay was by two of Hollywood's most prestigious scriptwriters, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Set in the late nineteenth century on the North-West Frontier, the plot revolves around a resurgence of the Kali-worshipping murder-cult of Thuggee. Exterminated decades earlier by Colonel William Sleeman<sup>2</sup>, it has been revived by an evil guru (Eduardo Cianelli) and his "toad-faced" son (Abner Biberman<sup>3</sup>) who seek to rid India of the British.

Needless to say, the good guys win; but not before the three sergeants and the *bhisti*-cum-would-be-bugler fall into the guru's hands. Trapped on a temple roof, they watch helplessly as the Highland regiment marches headlong towards the concealed Thug ambush – at which moment the brave *bhisti* climbs to the temple pinnacle and bugles the warning call that scatters the unsuspecting column into battle formation. Lancers skewer the guru's son; the Thugs are vanquished; and the *bhisti* falls to the temple roof, mortally wounded.

The film ends with an emotionally charged scene – the torchlight burial of the dead, accompanied by skirling pipes and the superimposed image of a smiling Gunga Din, now promoted Bugler and wearing the Queen's uniform, while the Colonel's voice-over delivers the poem's final lines:

Though I've belted you and flayed you,  
By the living God that made you,  
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

Some may be able to watch that without a lump in their throat: I cannot.

If *Gunga Din* was ignored that year in favour of other, grander films, Paramount's version of *The Light that Failed* seems to have fared even worse. It starred the distinguished English actor Ronald Colman, and is the only Kipling film not reissued on video cassette, for reasons I cannot



Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew and Lionel Barrymore in *Captains Courageous*.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Sam Jaffe and Victor McLaglen in *Gunga Din*.

explain.<sup>4</sup> I have only a dim childhood memory of the film, which I vaguely recall as more of a romance than an adventure film, and thus of limited appeal to an eleven-year-old viewer. Older members may recall it more favourably.

\*

In 1942 the first of the *Jungle Book* films arrived on the screen, starring the young, Mysore-born Sabu Dastagir. It is reasonably true to portions of the *Second Jungle Book* — those dealing with Mowgli's unhappy encounter with life outside the jungle — possibly because it was produced for United Artists by Sir Alexander Korda, and directed by his brother, Vincent. Not regarded as a critical success, it nevertheless continues to entertain the young; and was often asked for at the rental counter before the newer Disney version arrived.

Of that, and of the earlier Disney animated version, possibly the less said the better. In fairness to Disney, the animated version, aimed clearly at an age-group devoted to television cartoons, does not present itself as "Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book*" (as does the current live version) but as "Walt Disney's *Jungle Book*" — and, in fine print below, "adapted from the Mowgli tales of Rudyard Kipling". Small consolation to purists, perhaps; but for better or worse all three continue to fascinate children, including my three granddaughters, who own them and watch them with astonishing frequency.

\*

In addition to being the only Kipling film actually shot in India<sup>5</sup> — largely in and around Jaipur — MGM's 1950 production of *Kim* hews more closely to Kipling's text than any of the other films discussed here. In the title role it starred the fourteen-year-old Dean Stockwell — who is still active in films and television — with Errol Flynn as the Afghan horse-trader Mahbub Ali, and the veteran Hungarian actor Paul Lukas as the wandering Tibetan lama to whom Kimball O'Hara attaches himself. Helen Deutsch's script lifts whole passages of dialogue from the original, and, other than omitting a few marginal characters, makes only one change in the main story line. To expand Mr Flynn's role, the 'pundit' Hurree Chunder (Cecil Kellaway) is conveniently killed off half way through the film, affording Mahbub Ali a major part in despatching the two Russian agents whose maps and documents Kim has stolen in furtherance of the 'Great Game' to which Colonel Creighton has recruited him.

For understandable reasons, *Kim* does not age on film as he does in the



Paul Lukas and Dean Stockwell in *Kim*.

book. On balance, the film has a rather more coherent structure than Kipling's meandering, anecdotal novel; and is a thorough delight to watch.

\*

After *Kim*, Hollywood abandoned Kipling for fully twenty-five years. Post-war audience tastes had changed; the British Empire was busy collapsing; the swashbucklers of the two previous decades had given way to a new generation of *angst*-ridden younger actors, more comfortable astride a motorcycle than a horse. It was not until 1975 that the combined box-office appeal of Sean Connery and Michael Caine – with an able assist from Christopher Plummer – brought John Huston's adaptation of "The Man Who Would Be King" to the screen.

The Allied Artists/Columbia Pictures film, directed and partially written by Huston, is, to coin a phrase, an absolute hoot. Connery and Caine give *bravura*, over-the-top performances as Daniel Dravot and Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan; and, despite a few improvisations, the film manages to remain basically true to both the spirit and the letter of Kipling's great short story.

Never mind that the Kafir villagers all run around shouting at each other in western Arabic: it was filmed in Morocco.<sup>6</sup> Never mind that Caine managed to cast his wife Shakira as the Kafir bride who is the instrument of Dravot's undoing: she is lovely to look at, and the scene plays just as Kipling wrote it. Never mind that the Bashkal priest, dubbed 'Billy Fish' in the story, emerges on film as a discharged Gurkha soldier: the Indian actor Saeed Jafri's performance is superb – alternately comic and then heroic as he wades into the mob of angry Kafirs, after Dravot's mortality has been exposed, brandishing his *kukri* and shouting his war-cry, "Ayo Gurkhali!" (Which seems to be the only Nepali he knows, since his instructions and imprecations to his Kafir trainees are in Hindustani vulgar enough to send one Pakistani *begum* I know rushing from the theatre, covering her young daughter's ears!)

And never mind that Christopher Plummer, as the journalist-narrator who first witnesses Dravot's and Carnehan's contract of sobriety and abstinence as they set forth to become Kings of Kafiristan, is made up to bear a strong likeness to photographs of Kipling, but at twice the age he was when working in India. It is the most rousing of all the Kipling films made; and it ends as the story does, with half-mad Carnehan describing to 'Kipling' Dravot's mortal fall from the rope bridge,<sup>7</sup> and his own crucifixion; before presenting him with his late comrade's withered head, still adorned with its narrow crown of gold.

\*

Save for the Disney films mentioned above, Hollywood has again abandoned Kipling these past twenty years. Whether it will turn again to his stories as a source for new films seems uncertain. Warts and all, the films described here have been, and will continue to be, seen by far greater numbers than have ever read – or are likely to read – the works from which they derive. To the extent that they continue to entertain, and to acquaint new generations with Kipling's stories, I believe a useful purpose has been served.

### NOTES

1. Morley's book, *Tales from the Hollywood Raj* (Viking Press, New York, 1983) is a delightful and informative commentary on the British expatriate community in Hollywood during the 1930s and 1940s.
2. To anyone interested in this fascinating episode in British Indian history, I commend Sir Francis Tucker's *The Yellow Scarf* (London, J.M. Dent, 1961), an excellent account of Thuggee, and of Sleeman's life in the Bengal Army and the Indian Political Service. (Cf. also Sleeman's two-volume autobiography, *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*, originally published in 1841 but available in later editions.)
3. Later to earn dubious renown as one of the "Hollywood Ten" – actors blackballed by the industry for alleged communist sympathies.
4. While it seems to be true that *The Light that Failed* is not to be found on video cassette, I am reliably told that it is now and then shown on cable television's American Movie Classics (AMC) channel – which attests to continuing audience interest.
5. Earlier 'eastern westerns', in a by-past era of sane film budgets, exploited the close similarity of the American south-west to the northern Punjab and the North-West Frontier. Good location sites were rarely more than a few hours drive from Los Angeles.
6. Having more than a nodding acquaintance with Afghan Nuristan and the Kalash Kafir valleys of western Chitral, this writer can testify to the logistical nightmare that sending even a second-unit team into those remote areas would have posed. Morocco was easier; and besides, how many movie-goers would recognise a Kafir dialect if they heard it?
7. In the film, Connery marches stoically on to the bridge and impending death, singing the hymn that Kipling uses in the story – "The Son of Man goes forth to war," etc – but sung to a tune that I know as Thomas Moore's "The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone ...". I cannot speak to the correctness of that.

## OUR WEEKEND AT BATEMAN'S

A VISIT ON 12-15 DECEMBER 1931

described by BEATRICE DUNHAM

[The Bateman's Visitors' Book has an entry for 12-15 December 1931: "Beatrice & Josephine Dunham". These were American nieces of Mrs Kipling – her sister Josephine Balestier had married Dr Theodore Dunham. When over in England (as they had been, with their family, since September, as appears from Mrs Kipling's diary), they would be natural and welcome visitors to Bateman's. In retrospect, what has lifted a very unremarkable family occasion out of the ordinary, and lent it enchantment, is the fact that one of the two guests, Beatrice, wrote shortly afterwards a careful but unselfconscious account of the visit. That account, possibly never completed and certainly never previously published, is presented below. It provides an attractive and at the same time a useful picture of the Kiplings at home, with many interesting details illuminated by the writer's keen attention to her surroundings and obvious affection for her hosts.

For the privilege of publishing it we are indebted to two persons. First, to the author herself, Miss Beatrice Dunham, living in New York and now in her ninety-first year. Second, to her nephew, Mr Wolcott B. Dunham, Jr, who is a recently joined member of the Kipling Society, and who contributed an article to our issue of March 1996, entitled "Not Roosevelt but Dunham". He has kindly served as the intermediary between his aunt and myself. – *Ed.*]

Uncle Rud greeted Josephine and me very affectionately; and almost as soon as we arrived we went out for a walk with him and the two Scotch terriers, Michael and James. He had said, at the time he invited us, that we would have "the inestimable joy of meeting Michael"; and as soon as the door was opened we did! He is very frisky because he is young and full of the joy of life: James is much more sedate.

We walked along the road that runs by Bateman's; and whenever far off in the distance Uncle Rud would hear a car coming (he has wonderful ears), he would call in a stentorian voice, "Hedge!", or "Ditch!"; and the dogs and we would go to the side of the road.

Somehow we got to talking about dreams; and Uncle Rud told us about the "box dreams" he sometimes has – dreams inside dreams. He can tell, when he is asleep, that it is only a dream he is having – just as Josephine and I sometimes can.

He also told us of a very remarkable prophetic dream he once had. I cannot describe it well, but it was very weird. He was at a great public

function – men standing in black clothes – a great stone pavement in front with cracks in it. He couldn't see beyond the man to his left, because he had a big tummy and cut off the view. Then someone came up, slipped his arm through his, and said, "Old man, I want a word with you."

Three months later, Uncle Rud went to a ceremony at Westminster Abbey on behalf of the Imperial War Graves Commission. The Prince of Wales and other dignitaries were standing all along; but he could not see beyond the large figure of the High Commissioner for South Africa beside him. He saw the cracks of the Abbey pavement. Just as the ceremony was over, a man came up to him, and slipped his arm through his, and said, "Kipling, I want to have a word with you." Then his dream came to him, and he was almost stunned. The man didn't put his hand on his arm in front, the way men usually do; but put his arm in his; just so had the man in the dream done!<sup>1</sup>

Of course we all three agreed that it was prophecy and not just coincidence; some dreams are coincidence, but this had so much detail it could not have been. We spoke about how sometimes one has a very wonderful and beautiful dream, that sinks into commonplace when one wakes – or else one cannot remember it. "The glory and the freshness of a dream" fades into "the light of common day".<sup>2</sup>

He sometimes has glorious dreams in which he says brilliant things; and when he wakes he cannot remember them. Several days later I thought of his poem, "To the True Romance":

Enough for me in dreams to see  
And touch Thy garments' hem ...

I said I didn't have that kind; mine were about some marvellous time I had been having.

Josephine asked Uncle Rud if he ever made up poetry in his sleep; and he said that he had once dreamed four lines:

Sun, moon and stars were hid  
And God had left His throne,  
When Helen came to me, yes she did,  
Helen all alone.

"I made a set of verses out of that," he said.<sup>3</sup>

I wish I could describe the wonderful way he recites poetry. It is usually quite deep and solemn, his tone; and it rises and falls like ocean swells; it is always impressive. Even when he says a humorous poem



(like his about the dog, that he told us another day) he recites it very much the same, which makes it much funnier; but then his humorous poems are often pathetic too. He has a way of accenting the next-to-last syllable, and then dying away on the last, which gives a wonderful effect, almost like music.

At lunch, Uncle Rud talked about the wonderful excavations at Ur: the Kiplings know the explorers, a man and his wife, and have it direct from them.<sup>4</sup> They found golden crowns and sceptres and chariots, showing a highly developed civilisation in the dawn of time. We are always pushing back the civilisation of man to more and more remote periods. Below these treasures, I think, the excavators came upon mud deposits of such a kind as to prove the existence of the Great Flood – *the Flood!*

Then he spoke of how people had found ancient amber – Aunt Carrie has some, I think – way up in Lhasa, in Tibet: it came from Russia ages ago by a forgotten trade-route that led from the White Sea to Tibet. Civilisations rose in various parts of the world; and then fell because the people used up their natural resources. Secrets of science and art perished because there were no real means of communication. But now if the civilisation of one country fell, its fruits of experience would be known to the rest of the world.

After lunch that first Sunday, Uncle Rud, Aunt Carrie, Josephine and I went for a walk, cross-lots over Bateman's. It was a dull December day, the sky overcast as it was throughout our visit, and the fields marshy and wet. But what a good time we had! Uncle Rud took us to see the old gunway. This is almost incredible, and I find it very hard to believe that time and weather and usage would not have obliterated all traces of it; but he says it is true. The gunway used to be a trench about six feet deep and wide enough for a sleigh; along it they hauled the guns that fought the Armada. It was used for the last time in about 1730; now it is just a faintly discernible track through the fields, and it is sometimes hard to follow.

See you the dimpled track that runs,  
All hollow through the wheat?  
O that was where they hauled the guns  
That smote King Philip's fleet!<sup>5</sup>

At the end of the gunway (or at least of what I saw of it) is a gate, which marks the Kipling boundary. Uncle Rud said, "This is the end of our land. Beyond that the fairies begin."

I marvelled that such good records could have been kept about the gunway, so that now the exact course of it could be followed; but Uncle Rud said it wasn't records, it was *people*. Those who had lived on the

land had kept alive the tradition.

We saw holly hedges and holly trees looking just like Christmas, with their glistening green leaves and bright red berries. (Of course the Kiplings always used to make their own wreaths; and so does everyone who lives in the country and has access to live holly.) Uncle Rud says there are four kinds of tree no English workman will cut down: guelder, elder, holly and yew. They will trim and lop them, but cut them down – never! He does not know how this superstition arose, but it is apparently as ancient as England. The Druids considered the holly a sacred tree.

Apropos of the wet fields and the mists in the air, Uncle Rud said England was just a soap-dish set down in the sea; so I said it was a very nice soap-dish. When we got back to the house our feet were covered with thick layers of mud. The ceremony that is performed is to first scrape your feet on a metal scraper set up on the lawn near the house, then brush them against a brush, then take off your shoes at the door and put them to dry in front of a small stove in the hall; then go up in your stockinged feet, and change your shoes and stockings. The Kiplings do all this as a matter of course. In the stone steps just inside the side door are two big nicks; Uncle Rud said these were for the squires of old to kick off their shoes on. Elsie and John, as children, always used to use the squire's holes to kick off their shoes, and then go up barefooted.

At dinner something was said about Domesday Book; and Uncle Rud said he had it. "You have it? Where?" we gasped. "Upstairs," he said. After dinner, when we all four were sitting round the fire in the parlour, Uncle vanished (a way he has), and soon reappeared with a large book. He sat down on the sofa between Josephine and me, and showed us Domesday Book!

In the front was a facsimile of the original medieval Latin, all in queer script, with red lines running through certain words, and with many words abbreviated: Uncle, having read it before, can make out this awful Latin quite easily. The next part of the book contains the text in "civilised Latin" as I said; and the last part is a translation into modern English.

He looked up Burwash in it, or what he thinks is Burwash – called Berurice in the Conqueror's time. It told the number of shillings the manor used to pay; then the amount of geld as fixed by William; the number of cattle, pigs, serfs, etc. A frequent entry was something like this: "In Edward's time, paid ten shillings; afterwards paid no geld." Then it would give the present tax. Uncle Rud explained that "afterwards" means during the interregnum of Harold, who was considered a usurper because Edward the Confessor had promised the throne to William. In all of Domesday Book there is not one mention of Harold.

We asked if we could take Domesday Book up to our room when we

went to bed, and copy out the entry about Burwash; and he said, "Why, certainly!" But alas, we forgot when the time came; perhaps some time when I am at the New York Public Library I can copy it. I think he also showed us the passage about the Bateman's mill –

See you our little mill that clacks  
So busy by the brook?  
She has ground her corn and paid her tax  
Ever since Domesday Book.<sup>6</sup>

He taught us a good deal about English history. We talked about manor courts, and he told us the kind of things they could decide. "I wish I were the lord of a manor," he said wistfully. There actually still exists in rural England a modified form of the old manor courts.

I told him I had learned in American Government that the English Common Law prevailed in every American State but one, except where superseded by Constitution or statute. He said that in America we still used in our courts some very ancient phrases and usages that had died out in England. He also told us an interesting thing about English Law. When the Romans left England and the country was overrun by barbarians, Roman Law died out and Anglo-Saxon custom gradually took its place; but when the Normans conquered England the old Roman Law returned in modified form, because the law of the Normans was that of Rome. The impression I got was that modern English Law is a product of the Anglo-Saxons and the Romans by way of the Normans.

At other times during the visit he told us more about English history: much of it I had read and half-forgotten, but how marvellously he tells it! He has a great admiration for William the Conqueror – perhaps even more than for Alfred the Great, because when he was comparing the two he said, "But I pin my faith on William." William had to make England out of nothing, all over again; and he did his job well.

Another time we spoke of tournaments. The knights fought with wooden lances, on opposite sides of a barrier. The weapons were not dangerous, yet a tournament was no safe and easy thing; the object was to unhorse your opponent.

Speaking of the Crusades, and the heavy mail and armour of the Christians, and the light clothing of the Saracens, I said I did not see how the Mohammedans held their own against the Crusaders. Uncle Rud said, "It's all in *The Talisman*." Later I looked it up and found the answer on about page 5. The Saracens kept at a distance from their Christian foes, rode rapidly around them on horseback seeking vulnerable spots, and hurled long-distance weapons at them. They relied largely on their marvellous horsemanship.<sup>7</sup>

On Monday morning, Aunt Carrie took Josephine and me on a long expedition in the car to see Bodiam Castle, Battle Abbey (including a view in the distance of the field of Senlac) and the little Burwash Church.

The castle is very impressive, a fine old feudal castle with turreted battlements and surrounded by a moat. Inside was a large grassy courtyard, where once tilts and tournaments were held. There was a real portcullis, and many holes above the entrance passage, through which molten lead could be poured on the enemy. The man who built the castle was a knight who had fought at Crecy in the Hundred Years War.

When we got back to Bateman's Uncle Rud said, "Did Mummy make you shut your eyes before you came to it?" I had to say no; we had seen the castle as soon as the automobile stopped. He told us how thrilled an Australian had been whom they took to see it: when he opened his eyes and saw that great castle suddenly before him, he cried "My God!"

The River Rother, of which the Dudwell is a tributary, flows in front of Bodiam Castle, at quite a distance. The knights who lived in the castle used to make all the boats that passed their stronghold pay tolls. We saw in the distance, in the valley, the region where the Battle of Hastings – which the Kiplings know as Senlac – was fought. Battle Abbey was built by William the Conqueror in thanksgiving for his victory. The interior is all ruined and almost entirely vanished: some of the materials have been used to build a girls' school right on the grounds, which I think Uncle Rud thinks is a pity. A fire recently helped to destroy the Abbey; we saw piles of charred oak beams in the old courtyard. Uncle Rud says oak is stronger than iron, and much better for building purposes because iron twists in the Heat when a house catches fire, but oak only becomes charred, and remains sound inside.

That same Monday morning, Aunt Carrie took Josephine and me to see Burwash Church. Some of it is very old; it has a Saxon tower, and I think the pillars inside are almost equally old. The interior is very quiet and simple. Aunt Carrie showed us the tablet which she and Uncle Rud put up to the memory of John. It reads about like this: *To the Memory of John Kipling of Bateman's, Burwash, only son of Rudyard and Caroline Kipling. Killed at the Battle of Loos, September 27, 1915, at the age of eighteen years and six weeks. Qui ante diem perit.*

In the vestibule of the church, John's name is there among many other humbler ones, on the Roll of Honour. There is a memorial monument on the road outside the church: he was the only soldier from Burwash of higher rank than private; and the names are carved there also. Uncle Rud pays for a light which burns from the top of the memorial on the night of the anniversary of each battle in which Burwash men were killed — a beautiful idea, I think.

Uncle Rud always speaks to our family of John in the most natural

way, and I think he loves to recall his boyish pranks and bright sayings; he was little more than a child in years when he died. I think he must have been very charming and lovable. He was very fond of the French people, and they of him; and when he went to France, Aunt Carrie told us, he was made a billeting officer – that is, he made arrangements about quartering English soldiers in French homes. There is a photograph of him in Aunt Carrie's study, showing him in uniform; he wears a moustache, and has a very manly look.

I might as well tell now of the most beautiful time of the whole visit – the time before dinner on Sunday when Uncle Rud took us into his library and read us some of his own stories. He went off after tea, and Josephine said, "Do you have to go to work, Uncle Rud?" Perhaps this was what made him say, "I'll read you a story later on, if that would amuse you." So, until the time agreed, Aunt Carrie showed us various treasures of the house, including a beautiful illuminated Koran, and the historic paper-bound copy of *Kim* which saved the life of the French soldier who carried it in his breast-pocket. (The bullet-hole is there, piercing the book.)

When the time came, Aunt Carrie took us up to Uncle Rud's study, and left us there. It is a large, cheerful room, and I like it the best of any room at Bateman's. One side is lined with books up to the ceiling; opposite the door are windows, with bright curtains drawn that evening; and on another side is a big fireplace, where a fire was burning. The room looks particularly well at night: in the winter day-time it is not especially cheerful, because it has no lights on and is rather dark. A long table, covered with manuscripts and proofs, was near the centre of the room; and several large globes stood on the floor. It has a workmanlike look, and is very simply furnished.

Uncle went over to the long table, and began looking over some papers in a portfolio – trying to decide what to read us, perhaps. He wanted something to make us laugh. Then he said he would read us a story called "Beauty Spots"<sup>8</sup> that was "very English" and supposed to be humorous. After getting us to sit down on a couch covered with rugs by the fire, he settled himself in an armchair beside us, and began to read. It was in the form of galley-proofs, which he said were in "a gaudy mess".

How well he did read! I have never heard such expressive reading, yet without exaggeration, as his, when he is reading or reciting his own work. Often while he was reading, he would look at us, perhaps to see how we were taking it; and frequently he would say, "Follow?" or "Savvy?" Before he began he had said, "Stop me if there is anything you don't understand."

The next day, at tea, something was said about a pig of theirs; and Josephine said she wasn't as bad as Angelique (the pig in "Beauty

Spots"); and Uncle Rud said, "They liked Angelique; it made them laugh." The Kiplings once had a pig called Angelique: I find more and more how much of Uncle Rud's works are based on his personal experiences.

He seemed pleased that we laughed so much over Angelique – some of it really was very funny, especially when hearing him read it. "You laughed right up to the end," he said afterwards. But the end was sad – about the bad major's downfall, and the "last dry sob in the bushes that was drowned by the laughter in the lane".<sup>9</sup> "I feel sorry for the Major," I said. "So do I," said Uncle Rud sadly.

I ought to say that before he started to read, he prefaced it by saying, "I am getting out a new book of a dozen tales." We asked what the title was to be, and he said, "Limits and Renewals".<sup>10</sup> After "Beauty Spots" (which he always just calls "Angelique"), Josephine asked him, "Are you writing any poetry?" and he said yes, he was writing poems "to sandwich between the stories". He read us one that was typewritten, probably not yet sent to the publishers. It was called "Dinah in Heaven", about a dog which had reformed a man who had gradually gone to pieces through drink; the dog, Dinah, had given her master a new interest in life, and something to care for. This was all by way of explanation: the poem itself is about how, after she had died, Dinah waited by the Gate of Heaven until her master should enter in; and how, finally, Saint Peter admitted them both.<sup>11</sup>

When he had finished, I asked him whether he believed animals have souls. "I don't know," he said simply, in that slow and thoughtful way he has when you ask him such a question.

He next read us a wonderful story out of a magazine, about the King's illness, with an Indian background.<sup>12</sup> I think he did not tell us the title; because I could not have forgotten that. Like so many of Uncle Rud's works, it is based on a personal experience.

#### EDITOR'S NOTES

1. This incident is recounted in very similar terms in chapter VIII of *Something of My self*.
- 2.. Quotations from Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality".
3. With slight modifications, these became the last four lines of the first verse of "Helen All Alone", accompanying the story "In the Same Boat" (*A Diversity of Creatures*).
4. A reference to Sir Leonard Woolley's excavations, which continued from 1922 to 1934. They revealed spectacularly rich royal burials of circa 2500 B.C.; and also

seemed to provide evidence for Noah's Flood.

5. From "Puck's Song" (*Puck of Pook's Hill*).
  6. *Ibid.*
  7. Chapter I of Sir Walter Scott's *The Talisman* describes, in terms to which Kipling seems to be referring, an inconclusive mounted encounter near the Dead Sea, between the Christian Knight of the Couchant Leopard and a Saracen Emir.
  8. Published in the *Strand* magazine in January 1932; collected in *Limits and Renewals*.
  9. The collapse of Major Kniveat's credibility is described as follows in the final passage of the story. "The generation that tolerates but does not pity went away. They did not even turn round when they heard the first dry sob of one from whom all hope of office, influence and authority was stripped for ever – drowned by the laughter in the lane."
  10. Kipling checked the proofs of *Limits and Renewals* in January 1932; it was published in April.
  11. "Dinah in Heaven" precedes the story "The Woman in His Life" (*Limits and Renewals*).
  12. This must have been "The Debt". The story was collected in *Limits and Renewals* in 1932, but had appeared in magazines in Britain and the U.S.A. in 1930, following King George V's grave illness in 1928-29.
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## 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 University Library. 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.

## "SI TUA MENS CONSTANS"

### "IF YOU CAN KEEP YOUR HEAD" ETC TRANSLATED INTO LATIN VERSE

by GEOFFREY PLOWDEN

[In his autobiography, Kipling wryly remarked that "If-", having somehow "escaped from the book" for which it had been written (*Rewards and Fairies*), achieved an identity of its own and "ran about the world". It was "printed as cards to hang up in offices and bedrooms; illuminated text-wise and anthologised to weariness"; and was translated into 27 languages.

These may have included Latin; but I do not recall it, though I have no doubt about the suitability of so condensed a language for conveying the terseness of expression which characterises that eminently succinct poem. Anyway, one of our members, Mr Geoffrey Plowden, lately on the Society's Council, has now rendered "If-" for us in Latin verse. In a covering letter, he refers to the correspondence about Kipling and Horace in our issues of December 1995 to June 1996. "Your recent reprinting of Latin versions of 'Horace, Odes V, 3' led me to try my hand at translating 'If-'; and I now submit the result. It is far from capturing all the shades of the poem, let alone its felicities; but I hope it is passable."

This, I think, is unduly modest: Mr Plowden, himself no mean Latinist, has also consulted two distinguished classical scholars, Professors W.S. Watt and R.G.M. Nisbet, whose help he acknowledges, "in pointing out flaws in a first draft, and suggesting some remedies". However, "responsibility for the remaining shortcomings" is, he says, his alone.

In an allusion to Aristides (who was nicknamed 'the Just') and to the philosopher Plato, he adds that "if the intrusion of two ancient Greeks is found puzzling, it should be recalled that one was [to use Kipling's phrase] 'too good', and one 'too wise'." —*Ed.*

SI tua mens constans, ubi deest Constantia cunctis,  
 et "gravis haec" clamant undique "culpa tua est!";  
 si tibi confidis, tibi vult ubi fidere nemo,  
 nec, quod non fidunt, causa doloris erit;  
 spes tua si longa est, nec spes te longa fatigat;  
 si, patiens odii spicula, nulla iacis;  
 si non fis, aliena ferens mendacia, mendax,  
 sed neque Aristides nec cupis esse Plato;

anne sapis? si non studium sapientia solum est;  
 votane habes? si non te tua vota regunt;



cum tibi pernicies, tibi contingitque triumphus,  
 vana ambo pariter si simulacra putas;  
 si stat pax animi, cum sint verissima, dictis  
 lingua mala ut stultos fallit abusa tuis;  
 cum, cui te dederas, ad humum cecidisse videbis,  
 iam lassis manibus si reparabis opus;

quas fors auxit opes, in acervum colligere unum,  
 forsan ut una omnes alea iacta ferat,  
 si potes, atque, ubi perdideris, si damna recusans  
 tanta queri, priscum scis repetisse locum;  
 cogere si nervos et robora corque valebis  
 tum servire, ubi iam deperiere, tibi;  
 tum quoque si perfers, cum vis te sustinet intus  
 nulla, nisi illa intus quae tibi "perfer!" ait;

colloquio populi si non cum labe frueris,  
 nec populi spretor, regibus usus, eris;  
 si neque dant hostes, neque amici vulnera cari;  
 si tibi nemo aequo plusve minusve placet;  
 si tribuis, poscit quod inexorabilis hora,  
 pars minima ut iusto nulla labore vacet;  
 sic orbis dabitur, toto et tibi quidquid in orbe est,  
 quodque, puer, plus est, vir mini verus eris!

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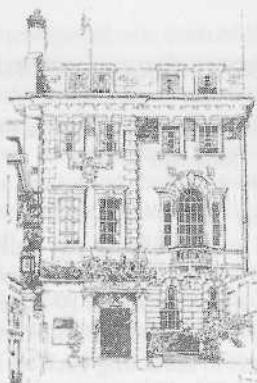
#### THE ROYAL OVER-SEAS LEAGUE

The advertisement opposite is to be a regular feature of the *Kipling Journal*. It marks an impending change of venue for our London meetings. At present, though we hold our Annual Luncheon at the Royal Over-Seas League, our other meetings are at Brown's Hotel or elsewhere. It is now agreed that after the next Annual Luncheon (on 30 April 1997, at the League as usual) our other meetings will also be held there. Moreover, the League's Director-General, Mr Robert Newell, has kindly authorised me to say he is offering a special group corporate membership scheme to Kipling Society members, whereby they will be entitled to full benefits of League membership at a reduced annual subscription. – *Ed.*

# THE CLUB WITH A COMMONWEALTH DIMENSION

*Special Rates for Commonwealth  
Organisations, Society of Authors & others*

**T**he Royal Over-Seas League has a long history of welcoming members from around the world to its London clubhouse which is renowned for its restaurants, private garden, good food - at clubhouse prices - and friendly atmosphere. The club organises a busy cultural and social programme, has 73 quality bedrooms and seven conference and private dining rooms. The League also has reciprocal arrangements with over 50 other clubs around the world (17 in India) which members can use when they are travelling.



**T**he League holds annual competitions for Commonwealth Artists and musicians and supports joint community projects in Commonwealth countries. The League has branches or honorary representatives in over 70 countries.

The annual subscription rates for 1997 range from £68.00 - £175.00. For those aged under 25 it is £52.50. Membership is open to citizens of Commonwealth countries and citizens of countries which have had constitutional links with the UK since 1910 such as Bahrain, Egypt and Jordan. For further details please contact the Membership Secretary.



## Royal Over-Seas League

Over-Seas House, Park Place, St James's Street,  
London SW1A 1LR

Tel: 0171 408 0214. Fax: 0171 499 6738.

## 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.*]

### ABOUT BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

*From Mr John Whitehead, The Coach House, Munslow, near Craven Arms,  
Shropshire SY7 9ET*

Dear Sir,

I would like to pay this public tribute to readers of the Centenary Edition of *Barrack-Room Ballads* [Hearthstone Publications, 1995; reviewed in March 1995], many of them Kipling Society members, who have written to me with their comments. Kipling must be unique among poets in attracting such an informed readership.

To yourself, I am grateful for pointing out several slips – such as the month of Kipling's birth, the spelling of Wolseley (*passim*), and the dates of Majuba and of Roberts' taking command in the Boer War. It has been said that such gremlins are necessary, to save an editor from hubris, and so avert nemesis. You have also convinced me that, of the alternative readings "slippery" and "slippy" in "Gunga Din", the latter is the one Kipling finally settled for.

Mr B.E. Smythies pointed out to me that in my notes I gave the superseded Latin name for the brain-fever-bird; and Dr T.A. Cope of Kew Gardens helped me to identify "that rummy silver-grass a-wavin' in the wind" (in "Route Marchin"). The Royal Marines Museum archivist, Mr M.G. Little, has given me the correct derivation of their nickname, "the Jollies"; and Mr Richard Warner spotted that the ending of "The Widow at Windsor" is a shortened version of the Masonic toast to distressed brethren overseas.

Dr J.D. Lewins of Magdalene College, Cambridge, among other valuable comments elucidated the reference to Aden being "like a

barrick-stove" ("For to Admire"); and also suggested alternative derivations of the billycock hat (" 'Back to the Army Again' "). With his letter to the Editor of the *Journal* [December 1994, and subsequent responses], Sir George Engle did much to resolve the controversy concerning "Mandalay"; and when writing to me to point out another 'typo' – Lottie, not Lettie, Collins ("Cholera Camp") – he recalled from his boyhood a song about her:

Lottie Collins lost her drawers.  
Will you kindly lend her yours?  
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

Above all, though, I am indebted to two correspondents, both of them experts on British military history and army lore, who went to considerable trouble in checking the authenticity of a number of references in the ballads. Mr Robert A. Johnston of Berkeley, California, has provided a wealth of information about the regiments who have worn rifle-green; besides researching the historical background to "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" and running to earth old manuals of rifle-drill in order to check the accuracy of terms Kipling used.

Lt-Colonel Roger Ayers, recently retired after serving for thirty-four years in the Royal Artillery, has thrown a flood of light on such ballads as "Danny Deever" [e.g. see Letter to the Editor, September 1996, page 62], "Screw-Guns", "Snarleyow" and "The Jacket". He has also clarified Kipling's use of such terms as the goose-step, the carry, conductor-sergeant, open order (in both senses) and sash; and has noted that when the narrator in "Tommy" says "nor we aren't no blackguards too", he had in mind the Duke of Wellington's description of his soldiers as "blackguards commanded by gentlemen".

These are just a handful of the problems to which Mr Johnston and Colonel Ayers devoted their expert attention.

As the editor of the edition I have myself had a few afterthoughts. For example, I now believe that, alone among the ballads, "Sappers" is narrated by an officer, not an 'other rank'. And it seems to me that, when composing "Ford o' Kabul River" (my own favourite), Kipling may have had at the back of his mind Bunyan's account of the passing of Mr Standfast... But there is no end to such speculations.

Stocks of the first printing of the Centenary Edition are now running low; and I hope one day to be able to bring out a revised edition incorporating all the suggestions put forward by my correspondents – to whom I here extend warm felicitations.

Yours faithfully  
JOHN WHITEHEAD

## DRIFTERS AND TRAWLERS

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

Dear Sir,

My interest was aroused by Michael Smith's letter (September 1996, page 59) concerning an apparent error made in "Their Lawful Occasions" (collected in *Traffics and Discoveries*, 1904). Thanks to the Society's Librarian, Mrs Schreiber, I have been able to compare the two texts of the story; and it appears to me that Kipling made no significant correction to the *Windsor Magazine* text when it was collected.

From Kipling's letter (September 1996, pages 60-61), it is evident that Mr Brown had suggested that the *Agatha* should have been described as a drifter, whereas Kipling has clearly described her as a trawler.

The fact that he made no changes to the relevant portions of the tale suggests – in the absence of the other half of their correspondence – that Mr Brown recanted, or that Kipling checked his facts elsewhere and kept to his original description. It wouldn't have made any difference to the action had he changed the *Agatha* to a drifter; but it would have involved quite a substantial re-write of about a column and a half (some 500 words) of the *Windsor* text. After 267's collision with the *Agatha*, there is a fair amount of circumstantial detail (of which of course Kipling was a master) which would have had to be altered.

For example, a drifter would not have had the bowsprit, which "surged over our starboard bow" out of the fog, nor the bobstay which went with it. A drifter, when her gear is out (as opposed to a trawler, which has her gear "down" –cf. Mr Pycroft's cry a few lines further on), lies head to wind, having no way on – i.e. stopped in the water – with a mile or more of nets in a straight line in front of her, upwind. She recovers her nets over her bow; so a bowsprit and its rigging would be a considerable hindrance. Nor, as I have just explained, would a drifter, in the act of fishing, have been making her way through the water, as the *Agatha* was.

Further on still, Kipling talks of "the jar of her trawl beam". This refers to bringing the beam on deck, or up to the head of the 'gallows' from which the trawl was towed. A trawler tows its net, a large bag-shaped affair, behind it, with (in those days) its mouth held open by a beam.

My own imperfect memory (based on 15 months in the Fishery Protection Squadron in the English Channel, some 40 years ago) is that Brixham smacks and later steam fishing vessels were nearly all trawlers. Drifters fish (or I should say fished) mainly for herring, which are not

bottom feeders. The herring used to make a yearly migration round the coasts of Great Britain, starting off the Western Isles in early spring, rounding the North of Scotland in early summer, and ending off the Norfolk and Suffolk coast in early autumn. The drifter fleet (and, incidentally, the fisher-girls) followed the shoals round. But not many herring found their way into the Channel, though the Cornish pilchard fishery used drifters. So Brixham men used trawlers to fish for those types of fish, particularly flat fish, which feed on the bottom. A final clincher, having regard to the story, is that the annual manoeuvres took place in August, at which time the herring were likely to be in the middle of the North Sea, not off Torbay.

Kipling knew what he was talking about. His description of the *Agatha* is convincing: quite possibly he had been to Brixham, during the family's sojourn at Torquay, to speak to fishermen there. And he talks of "Livermead Beach", which lies between Torquay and Paignton: the detail is utterly convincing.

Yours sincerely  
ALASTAIR WILSON

## KIPLING AND JEWS

### I

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

Dear Sir,

Morton Cohen, in his book *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard* (Hutchinson, 1965), cited by Mr Rowntree [June 1996, page 42] also at page 137 quotes a later (1925) anti-semitic private remark by Kipling in a letter referring to *Exodus*, chapter 33: "What perfect *swine* were the Israelites when they started in Bolshevizing the relatively honest Hivites and Jebusites and Hittites; and how wholly unaltered is their racial type..."

His friend Haggard likewise wrote in his diary in February 1919, ten months before recording Kipling's own "machinations of the Jews" opinions [cited by Mr Rowntree], that "Jews seem to be at the bottom of much of this Bolshevism and labour trouble." This is quoted at page 226 of Tom Pocock's biography, *Rider Haggard and the Lost Empire* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1993).

Looking again at Kipling's story, "Jews in Shushan" [1887, collected in *Life's Handicap*], in view of your editorial comment [September

1996, page 56], I suppose it is not absolutely clear that the choice of the ["Ten Little Nigger Boys"] song as the dirge for the dying out of the Jewish community is intended to end the story "on a disparaging racial note" as Cheyette writes; but this seems to me a reasonable deduction.

Incidentally I see a puzzle in the story. Ephraim says, "There be eight of us in Shushan, and we are waiting till there are ten. Then we shall apply for a synagogue..." But the eight include two women and two little children who could not be counted in the quorum (*minyan*) needed for public worship. Ephraim knew the laws of *kashrut* and ritual slaughter, and surely should have known who could be counted for a *minyan*; it seems that Kipling had not mixed with Jews enough to learn this.

In a recent major survey, *A History of the Jews in the English-Speaking World: Great Britain* by Professor W.D. Rubinstein (Macmillan, 1996), the author says the British had a sense of hostility mixed with admiration for the Jews. He includes at pages 146-8 a discussion of the seeming anti-semitism of Kipling, "who had an outspoken dislike of Jews, especially post-1918 when hostility to Jews perhaps grew widely". His celebrated attack on Chief Justice Rufus Isaacs in the 1913 poem "Gehazi" was called by Lord Blake "one of the greatest of hate poems"; but Rubinstein quotes from Martin Seymour-Smith's book, *Rudyard Kipling* (Macdonald, 1989), that Kipling was not then implying guilt of all the Jewish people but merely summing up public feeling about Isaacs.

Rubinstein concludes that although the anti-semitism of that period was equivocal and ambiguous, "to many Jews of the time and to later historians the anti-semitism of a [*sic*] Kipling seems self-evident" – a phrase with which I feel uncomfortable.

It would be interesting now for someone to summarise the discussion by Lionel Trilling and T.S. Eliot in the New York journal *Nation* in 1943-44 – referred to in the footnote at page 110 of Cohen's book.

Yours sincerely  
BRYAN DIAMOND

[See a major article by Austin Asche in this issue, about "Gehazi". Among other letters received is one from Mrs John Bowlby, in London, drawing attention to the fact that "Kipling was a fervent Freemason and expressed enthusiasm for the inter-faith membership, which included Jews". (The best-known reference is to "Saul the Aden Jew" and a heterogeneous assortment of representatives of other religions, in his poem "The Mother-Lodge".)]

Another member, referring to talk in the early days of the Russian Revolution of Jewish complicity in Bolshevism, wonders to what extent it was prompted by the fact that Kari Marx had been a Jew, and that Lenin was of part-Jewish extraction. He asks whether Haggard was also partly Jewish (to which the answer is yes). – *Ed.*

## II

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

Dear Sir,

In your notes following the three letters on "Kipling and Jews" (September 1996, page 56), I was fascinated by the piece of uncollected verse quoted by Professor Stewart. Any of our members who have played rugby will probably remember a bawdy song entitled "The Harlot of Jerusalem", which likewise has 16 stanzas or more (and no, I cannot remember all of them!). The point is that the song and Kipling's verse share the same format and metre – with, I suspect, the latter being taken from the former, rather than the other way about.

My guess is that the song probably had its roots in the British army in Palestine during the First World War. I do not think there is any significance in the subject-matter (i.e. there is no hidden reference to the Roman Catholic Church, which was sometimes referred to in similar unflattering terms – only the city was Rome).

But the tune to which the song was sung (and which Kipling's verse fits most admirably) is possibly older; and may have another Kipling connection. In "The Maltese Cat" (1895, collected in *The Day's Work*), the Archangels' band plays "reproachfully to the losing team, 'Ooh, Kafoozalum! Kafoozalum! Kafoozalum!'" Now, the chorus of the bawdy song goes:

Hi! Hi! Kafoozalum! Kafoozalum! Kafoozalum!  
Hi! Hi! Kafoozalum! The harlot of Jerusalem!

I'm not sure if this is proper matter for a respectable learned and literary society; but I am pretty sure in my own mind that the connection between Kipling and this particular bit of bawdy is not accidental.

Yours sincerely  
ALASTAIR WILSON

### CRIMINAL CONVICTIONS

*From Mr Paul Beale, 131 Byron Street, Loughborough, Leics L11 5JN*

Dear Sir,

I recently bought from the 'PostScript' remaindered books mail order firm a book which has so impressed me that I would like to share my find



with fellow-members.

It is *Criminal Convictions* by Nicholas Freeling (published by Peter Owen in 1994 at £17.95), hardback, 155 pages; remaindered at £6.99; described as having "chapters on Dickens, Conrad, Conan Doyle, Kipling, Chandler, Sayers and Simenon"; and from the angle of Mr Freeling's 30 years of professional experience as a crime writer himself, these essays are particularly valuable.

He treats in depth, and with great lucidity, three of Kipling's tales: "Love o' Women" (*Many Inventions*), "Mrs. Bathurst" (*Traffics and Discoveries*) and "Friendly Brook" (*A Diversity of Creatures*). He brings to each his mature consideration, respect and clarification. He has produced the most convincing explanation of "Mrs. Bathurst" that I have yet seen.

PostScript's address, by the way, is 24 Langroyd Road, London SW17 7PL; and the book's reference number is 03684 in their Catalogue 59 of October 1996.

Yours sincerely

PAUL BEALE

## KIPLING AND EDGAR WALLACE

*From Dr Peter Jackson, 49 West Drive, Caldecote Highfields, Cambridgeshire CB3 7NY*

Dear Sir,

May I add a little to the article "Edgar Wallace" by Robin Brown (September 1996, pages 41-46)? I am also a member of the Edgar Wallace Society, and as such wrote on Edgar Wallace and Rudyard Kipling in their magazine, the *Crimson Circle* (November 1993, No 100, page 15).

There can be little doubt about Wallace's admiration for Kipling, a man ten years his senior who nevertheless outlived him by four years. When still only a plasterer's assistant in Clacton (in 1892-3), Wallace – as Dick Freeman – was reading *The Naulahka*, "an up to date Hindoo-Yankee tale", and busily writing in a penny notebook.

He continued writing verse as a soldier in South Africa; and my suggestion that "he came more naturally to the Cockney style than the older man who had borrowed and pioneered it" accords with Robin Brown's suggestion that while "Kipling prided himself... on having 'the common touch', Wallace actually had it."

Margaret Lane [in *Edgar Wallace*, Heinemann, 1938] records Wallace's meeting with Rudyard and Lockwood Kipling in Cape Town with an illustration of Wallace's diary entry: Kipling had scribbled out a

verse of "The Song of the Banjo", headed 'For Edgar Wallace'.

Later Wallace became known as the 'South African Kipling'; lectured on Kipling, and wrote a less than brilliant pamphlet-ballad with the Kiplingesque title of "The Mission That Failed". He met Kipling again during a January 1902 visit.

I surmise that the influence of Kipling upon Wallace was much greater than the reverse; but Kipling certainly read Wallace, and possessed copies of his novels. When a friend of the Kiplings went down to Bognor in spring 1929 to recuperate after pneumonia, Kipling prescribed for him a course of light reading, and sent a parcel of his own copies of Edgar Wallace novels. These were carefully marked 'R.K.' by the patient, to ensure return. The patient, as Charles Carrington records (*Rudyard Kipling*, Macmillan, 1978, page 569), was King George V.

Yours sincerely  
PETER JACKSON

[In a subsequent telephone call, Peter Jackson informed me that the Editor of the *Crimson Circle* was interested in reprinting our article in whole or in part; and I accordingly arranged, with the approval of Robin Brown, for this to be authorised, subject to the usual acknowledgments. – *Ed.*]

## INTELLIGENCE OF ELEPHANTS

*From Mr Charles Webb, St Thomas Walk, Singapore*

Dear Sir,

I was interested to read recent correspondence in the *Journal* [see March 1996, page 57] concerning the intelligence of elephants.

I have always been suitably sceptical of the degree of tactical understanding of polo displayed by the polo ponies in Kipling's "The Maltese Cat" [*The Day's Work*]. However, in the World Elephant Polo Championships in Nepal in December 1994, in which I took part, there was no question that some of the elephants applied a significant intellect to the game. Though, irritatingly, they never grasped the off-side rule, some of them played extensive 'football' with the ball – a tactic indulged in by the Skidars in their match against the Archangels in Kipling's story – and did so too frequently and effectively for it to be dismissed as one's imagination.

Playing for a severely outclassed team, I was grateful to my elephant for a rather unsportsmanlike tactic whereby, when the sound of repeated swings of my stick, and my corrosive vocabulary, indicated to him that I was having difficulty in hitting the ball, he would stamp it into the earth,

to render it unplayable by the approaching opponent.

Apparently, some years earlier, elephant polo had been played using a football, as an object easier to hit from the saddle. However, one elephant had discovered by happy chance the immensely satisfying sound made by a bursting football: subsequently, the elephants had seized every opportunity to stamp on the footballs – which made an already costly sport too expensive. So it is now played with conventional polo balls.

Yours etc  
CHARLES WEBB

## POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

### *METTA IN KIM*

*From Mrs L.A.F. Lewis, Cappaslade Cottage, Brightwell-cum-Sotwell, Wallingford, Oxon OX10 0RQ*

Mrs Lewis enclosed cuttings from the *Sunday Times* of 16 June 1996, about Kipling's *Kim*, and in particular the impact of the book, over many years, on the Burmese dissident leader Aung San Suu Kyi.

In Suu Kyi's words, "When I first read *Kim*, I enjoyed it simply as an adventure story... When I read it again, in the deep quiet of a Himalayan valley, the main characters ... came alive for me. *Kim* was no longer just a book but a person, and when our second child was born we named him Kim . . . The third stage of my relationship with *Kim* came when I read it out aloud to my two sons, and realised the talent and affection with which Kipling had painted the Indian scene . . . The fourth stage came when I read *Kim* again during my years under house arrest; then I understood that it was, above all, a love story . . . There was a recurring preoccupation with what Buddhists would term *metta* (loving kindness)."

Her experiences under six years of detention had given her "an enhanced appreciation of *metta*"; and she said that "it was not surprising that my perceptions of Kipling in general, and *Kim* in particular, took on a dimension in keeping with my new discoveries about the human spirit."

Suu Kyi continued, that although the affectionate relationship between the lama and his *chela* was central, "running through *Kim*'s relations with many of the other characters... is a silken thread of *metta*."

She cited Mahbub Ali and "the cackling old Rani" and "the withered old soldier reliving the days of his glory"; and "the host of chance acquaintances who make up the wonderful world of India's highways and byways". All had found a "warmer, deeper emotion creeping into the amused indulgence with which they initially regarded the enterprising boy with his Irish charm and native wit".

\*

In a related article in the same issue, headed "Burmese heroine credits Kipling for her courage", Olga Craig referred to a conversation with Terry Waite: she had contacted him in this connection because she had heard he had recently been the Kipling Society's guest speaker at its Annual Luncheon [fully reported in our issue of September 1996].

That Suu Kyi had been inspired by *Kim* was, she said, "no surprise to Terry Waite, who was held captive for five years by the Hezbollah in Beirut. He, too, read it while imprisoned. 'I can empathise with Suu Kyi when she talks of her heightened sensitivity, and of how *Kim* encapsulated her yearning for release,' Waite had said. '*Kim* spoke to me because it portrays in graphic story form the inner journey one might follow during a period of solitude. I was attracted to *Kim* because while a captive you are very vulnerable, forever putting on a brave face, but at the same time facing your private fears.'"

## NAMED AFTER STATIONS

*From Mr T.J. Connell, 32 Southwood Gardens, Hinckley Wood, Esher, Surrey KT10 ODE*

Mr Connell, reading Dickens's *Bleak House*, notes in chapter 27 that the Bagnets, a military family, have three children, called Quebec, Malta and Woolwich. These were "not supposed to have been actually christened by the names applied to them, though always so called in the family, from the places of their birth in barracks".

This reminded him of the description of Sergeant McKenna's family in "The Daughter of the Regiment" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*). The little McKennas were christened, in Mulvaney's words, "after the names av the stations they was borrun in. So there was Colaba McKenna, an' Muttra McKenna, an' a whole Presidency av other McKennas, an' little Jhansi, dancin' over yonder."

Mr Connell wonders, as I do, whether this was common form in the nineteenth-century British Army.

## "THE LEARNED LIPSIUS"

*From Mrs M.N.H. Short, 10 Sabrina Terrace, Worcester WR1 3JD*

Mrs Short writes to ask about the source of a quotation that appears in *Stalky & Co.* in the story about the dead cat, "An Unsavoury Interlude". That story contains several references to "the learned Lipsius", who was an eminent sixteenth-century scholar whom King was evidently much inclined to cite. On one occasion [page 88 in the Macmillan Pocket Edition], when Beetle, in conversation outside the classroom, has mentioned "the learned Lipsius", M'Turk at once asks, " 'Who at the age of four' – *that chap?*"

Mrs Short, on the assumption that those six words are a quotation, perhaps from a poem, possibly by Browning, wonders if any of our readers can identify it. The *Readers' Guide*, by the way, is unhelpful on this point, leaving it open whether the quotation is from a genuine external source, or whether the originator is supposed to be Mr King.

## LORNE LODGE

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

Mr Philo says he has recently seen Lorne Lodge in Campbell Road, Southsea – Kipling's 'House of Desolation'; and he was surprised to find it both larger and less forbidding than he had expected from Kipling's account of it. He also noted that Lorne Road, Campbell Road, Outram Road and Havelock Road form a square; and wondered whether the conjunction of three famous names from the Indian Mutiny of 1857 might have attracted Anglo-Indians of Kipling's day to the area, and even might have influenced the anxious Kipling parents looking for a suitable home for young Rudyard.

Shortly afterwards, I happened to receive *Chowkidar* for autumn 1996, the journal of the British Association for Cemeteries in South Asia. In it there is a reference to how common the name Havelock was, thanks to the Mutiny, among British street names of the day; it occurs twelve times in London alone, and there is a statue of Havelock in Trafalgar Square. Indeed, the account continues, the famous painting by Thomas Jones Barker of "the meeting between the three Generals, Havelock, Outram and Campbell at the Relief of Lucknow, is one of the abiding images of Victorian England." This does not detract from Mr Philo's query, though it sets it in perspective. – *Ed.*

## KIPLING AND THE MAGIC CIRCLE

*From Dr Peter Jackson, 49 West Drive, Caldecote Highfields, Cambridgeshire CB3 7NY*

Peter Jackson writes about the letter from Norman Entract (September 1996, page 63), on Kipling's membership of the Magic Circle. He says this had been mentioned in an article in the *Stage* newspaper of March 1995; and he had promptly written to the author of the article, Elizabeth Warlock, requesting further details. She had replied as follows:-

"You asked about Rudyard Kipling. He didn't just visit the Magic Circle, he was a full member. He joined on 4 December 1934, but played no active part. As you know, he died in 1936. The *Magic Circular* (Volume 30, page 62) carried an obituary."

## RULES FOR GUESTS AT BATEMAN'S

*From Mr N. Entract, 24 Cedar Court, Lower Street, Haslemere, Surrey GU27 2BA*

Mr Entract has sent us a notice of a prospective sale (dating from 1994) from Sotheby's of London. One of the items listed for sale on 13 December 1994, at a probable price of £800 to £1200, but evidently not sold on that occasion, was the document, of quarto size, undated, signed by Kipling and his wife and daughter, which we reproduce at page 62. It was presumably displayed at Bateman's, and is described by Sotheby's as "devised specifically" for Kipling's cousin, the Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, "who was a prodigious walker". In Sotheby's opinion, the "clear, rounded hand" may well be Kipling's.

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## MEMBERSHIP NEWS

We welcome the following new members, listed in early November 1996:-

Mr R. Backhouse (*Tyne and Wear*); Mr R.K Burton (*Oxfordshire*); Miss R. Cottle (*Surrey*); Mr D.R. Evans (*Birmingham*); Mr G.D. Fleming (*Ontario, Canada*); Professor Peter Hennessy (*London*); Mr D.C. Hill (*Sussex*); Miss K. Holzer (*Switzerland*); Mr J.D.S. Ivison (*Quebec, Canada*); Miss H. Macaulay (*London*); Mrs S.A. McGurk (*Dorset*); Mr P.J. Marlborough (*Hertfordshire*); Mr R.J. Pearson (*Sussex*); Mrs F.K. Scacco (*London*); Mrs M.A.O.S.J. Scrivener (*London*); Mr R.S. Scrivener (*London*); Miss M.D. Stenning (*Sussex*).

## BATEMANS

### Rules for Guests:

1. No guest to walk more than five (5) miles an hour.
2. No guest to walk more than two (2) hours at a time.
3. Guests are strictly forbidden to coerce or cajole the natives to accompany them in said walks, as the proprietors cannot be responsible for the consequences.

(SIGNED)

Rudjan Kipling  
Caroline Kipling  
Elsie Kipling  
(natives).

# 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.

