THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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VOLUME 73 MARCH 1999 No 289

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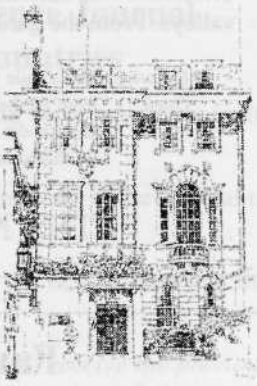

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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS: SEE ALSO THE 'SOCIETY NOTICES' ON PAGES 30-34

Wednesday 14 April 1999 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, Park Place, off St James's Street, London SW1, **Toni and Valmai Holt** on *"My Boy Jack?"* (See the book review at page 40 of our last issue – December 1998.).

Wednesday 5 May at 12.30 for 1 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's **Annual Luncheon.** The Guest of Honour will be **David Alan Richards,** of New York. Admission by ticket. (See note on page 30.)

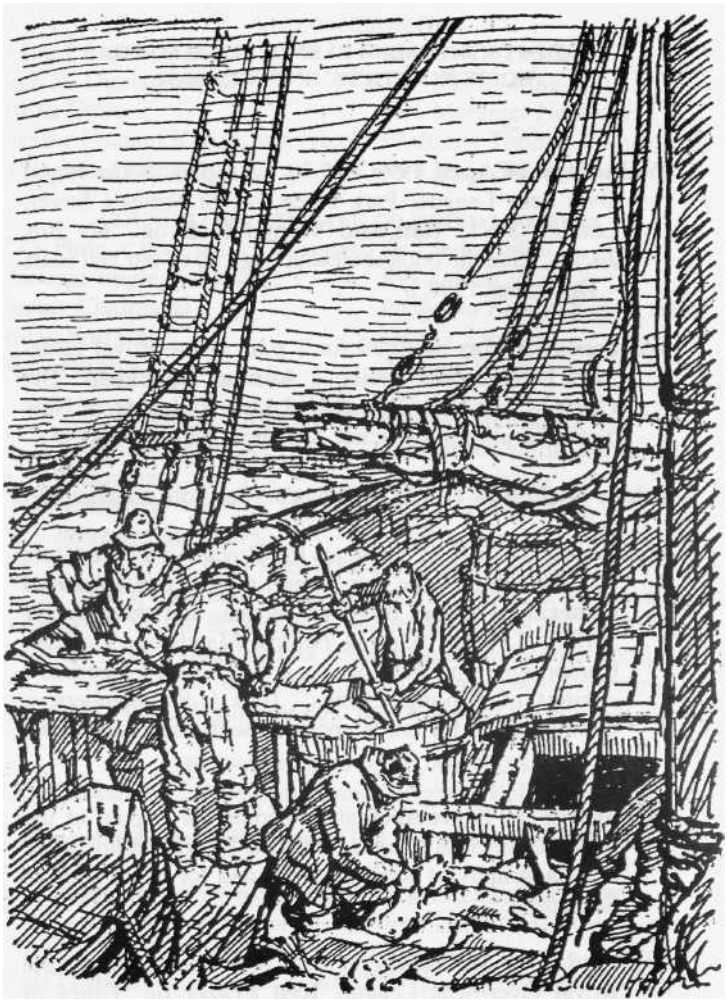
Friday 18 June, a visit to Bateman's. (See note on page 32.)

Wednesday 14 July at 4 p.m. at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly (note this venue) the Society's **Annual General Meeting,** followed by tea, and then by **Dr Jeffery Lewins** (Kipling Fellow, Magdalene College, Cambridge) on "Just So . . . Sir Edward German's settings of Kipling's songs". (For U.K. members, a booking form for tea is enclosed with this issue of the *Journal.)*

Wednesday 15 September at 5.30 p.m. for 6 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, **Andrew Lycett** on his major new biography of Kipling, scheduled for publication in September.

Wednesday 17 November at 5.30 p.m. for 6 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, **Ken Frazer** on "Cities of Dreadful Night".

March 1999 MICHAEL SMITH & PETER MERRY



DRESSING-DOWN THE COD
[see page 8]

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A NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATION AT PAGE 6

This drawing by an (unnamed) artist is from a French translation of Kipling's *Captains Courageous* by Louis Fabulet and Charles Fountaine-Walker *(Capitaines Courageux,* Paris, Librairie Hachette, 1921). It shows the crew of the *We're Here* – in the French version, the *Sommes Ici* – including Harvey Cheyne, engaged in the labour-intensive process of dressing-down the day's catch, in other words gutting, filleting, cleaning and counting the fish and stowing them in salt. Kipling described this process in great detail in his Chapter II, and made clear that the hard work it involved played a part in the redemption of Harvey.

> At the end of an hour Harvey would have given the world to rest. . . But he felt for the first time in his life that he was one of a working gang of men, took pride in the thought, and held on sullenly. . .
>
> Au bout d'une heure, Harvey aurait donné le monde pour se reposer . . . Mais il sentait pour la première fois de sa vie qu'il faisait partie d'une équipe d'hommes au travail, en tirait de l'orgueil, et tenait bon d'un air sombre . . .

EDITORIAL

THE LATE PHILIP MASON

One of our most eminent members, Philip Mason, C.I.E., O.B.E., who had had a distinguished career as an administrator and writer, died on 25 January, aged 92. His entry in *Who's Who* gave his 'recreation' in one word, "Living". Now he is dead, and we feel the loss. Our deep sympathy goes to his widow, and his family. At his funeral in Cambridge, the Kipling Society – of which Mason was a Vice-President – was represented by Sir Derek Oulton.

Mason joined the old Indian Civil Service in 1928, and served with distinction in various capacities until Independence in 1947. These were highly formative years, which inspired several of his books, ranging from fiction to serious history. The latter included *The Men who Ruled India*, which first appeared in two volumes in 1953 and 1954 as *The Founders* and *The Guardians* under the pseudonym 'Philip Woodruff; and a history of the former Indian Army, *A Matter of Honour* (1974).

After leaving India, Mason became deeply involved in the thorny problems of race relations: among the many public activities that he undertook in this period, he became the first Director of the Institute of Race Relations. He also served on the Commission of Inquiry examining problems of minorities in Nigeria before independence. For such tasks he was extremely well qualified. His obituarist in *The Times* (1 February 1999) said that "he combined idealism with practicality, administrative competence with a crusading spirit, and his humane, liberal attitude. . .had a beneficent effect."

Meanwhile he continued to write, prolifically but always stylishly. To quote *The Times* again, Mason's *Kipling: the Glass, the Shadow and the Fire* (1975) was "of all his books. . .the most directly literary one, a brilliantly intuitive study of a baffling genius whose mysteries have never been solved."

He was the Kipling Society's guest of honour at the Annual Luncheon in 1988; and his excellent address was published in the *Journal* of June 1988. Otherwise he was an occasional, but always valued, contributor to the *Journal*, and an outstandingly generous subscriber to our recent financial appeal. *The Times* rightly said that Mason was widely respected for "his probity, intellect, friendliness and charm"; but I am leaving an account of his personal characteristics to another member, Mrs Josephine Leeper, who has submitted a worthy obituary tribute, to be found at page 43.

A NEW BIOGRAPHY, REVIEWED

I strongly recommend *The Unforgiving Minute: a Life of Rudyard Kipling* by Harry Ricketts (London: Chatto & Windus, January 1999), xii + 434 pages, many illustrations, £25 (but see page 30 of this issue for a discounted price).

Charles Carrington, whose biography of Kipling, first published in 1955, set standards for subsequent scholars to match, once said to me, half seriously, that Kipling's *life* had not in fact been very interesting. I think I know what he meant – that although Kipling was a writer of genius, and lived observantly through a period of great events and enormous change, he was a spinner of words, not a doer of deeds.

But I could not agree with Carrington that the subject lacked interest – which his own book on Kipling also disproved. I have always felt, at least since reading Hilton Brown's slim but valuable biography in 1945, that Kipling's writing career, spanning fifty years, attracting phenomenal early adulation, followed by cruel critical neglect, but producing some forty volumes of utterly original prose and verse, was an enthralling story, and well worth telling.

Kipling's was a restless life, marked by an exceptional amount of travel around the world; marked too by triumph and disaster. Admittedly, he was an extremely complex and elusive personality, and biographers may well wonder if they possess the sensitivity of insight needed to meet the challenge posed by Edmund Gosse, that a biography should be "the faithful portrait of a soul in its adventure through life". Yet if Kipling's 'soul' is an enigma, it is not for want of evidence. There is now a mass of helpful source material to draw on – vastly more than was available to Hilton Brown in 1945, or even Carrington in 1955. A Kipling biographer today has ready access to a daunting array of recent criticism, plus the accretion, volume by volume, of Tom Pinney's revealing selection of Kipling's *Letters*. For all that, one may well feel, on a superficial reckoning, that the field has become too crowded for comfort; that there is a limit to the number of biographies that can usefully focus on one writer's life and works; and that with Kipling we have reached that limit.

Also, since the salient features of Kipling's life are now familiar, a further risk is incurred. This was well expressed by C. Northcote Parkinson (of Parkinson's Law) in his *Horatio Hornblower* (1970), a spoof biography of C.S. Forester's fictional naval hero: "one of the chief difficulties in writing history or biography is to prevent one's narrative being coloured too much by a knowledge of subsequent events." Hindsight can be a disadvantage, for readers as well as writers.

So it was with some misgiving that I learnt of the publication of *The Unforgiving Minute* in January. Was it not likely that the ground was

being over-worked? I knew that another biography of Kipling was at an advanced stage of preparation by Andrew Lycett; while Meryl Macdonald Bendle had drafted yet another, and there was talk of an impending major study by David Gilmour, of Kipling's politics and imperialism.

As far as *The Unforgiving Minute* is concerned, I need not have worried. Harry Ricketts has produced an admirable book, well written, well informed, well balanced. I found it so readable that I have already read it twice. It has had deservedly favourable press reviews – notably in the *Times Literary Supplement* of 19 February, by Elizabeth Lowry (a member of our Society, as is Harry Ricketts). She saw his "strengths as a biographer" as, "firstly that he is sympathetic towards his subject; and secondly, that he is both alert to, and unsurprised by, human peculiarities".

It is almost a truism, that a biographer's sympathy for his or her subject enhances the readability of the book, and need not impair the writer's objectivity. There is a parallel in the art of portrait painting: that 19th-century portraitist, George Richmond, known for the exactitude of his style, was emphatic that a portrait should present the truth – "but the truth lovingly told."

As for Ricketts's handling of Kipling's psychological peculiarities, he is frank in his assessment of the prejudice and paranoia that Kipling sometimes displayed. His attribution of some of it to Kipling's devastating childhood years in the 'House of Desolation' is sound. The trauma of those experiences, which Ricketts examines dispassionately, damaged Kipling, but brought him "considerable imaginative gains" as a writer, helping him to explore the emotion of hatred "with insight and an honesty few others have matched". Ricketts is outspoken about the notorious and astonishing "Mary Postgate" *(A Diversity of Creatures)*, seeing it as "arguably the finest short story inspired by the Great War."

He offers some crisp and persuasive literary appraisals of Kipling's prose and verse. For example, he explains the "baffling" qualities of "Mrs. Bathurst" *(Traffics and Discoveries)* by describing that story as "in effect, the first modernist text in English. Deliberate obliqueness, formal fragmentation, absence of a privileged authorial point of view, intense literary self-consciousness, lack of closure – all the defining qualities of modernism were present and correct."

The Unforgiving Minute is a well rounded biography, and though written (to its advantage) by someone with sensitive literary antennae, it gives full weight to the unliterary facts of an eventful life. Many of those facts are well known, but each of the half dozen biographers to date has added new interpretations, and Ricketts is no exception. As Shafiz Ullah Khan said in "One View of the Question" *(Many Inventions):* "From the same clay two men will never fashion platters alike, nor from the same facts draw equal conclusions."

KIPLING AND ICE HOCKEY

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

edited by C. GORDON-CRAIG

[Dr Gordon-Craig is Associate Professor of English at the University of Alberta, in Edmonton. A professional bibliographer, he is a past chairman of the Alberta Library Board, and he has recently taken on the co-editorship of the *Victorian Review*. He has also given a number of papers on aspects of Kipling. A previous article by him, "A Manuscript of 'If-'", appeared in the *Kipling Journal* of June 1976, at pages 6-8.

He possesses two manuscript letters written by Kipling in 1911 from Engelberg in Switzerland, to a friend, Dr Taylor, in London. One of them in particular displays a close and partisan interest in ice hockey, and Kipling's enthusiasm for the game comes across in it vividly. It is mentioned again in the second letter, though the text of that is mainly of more general interest, and includes an account of John Kipling's illness (which according to his mother's diary was measles).

I am most grateful to Dr Gordon-Craig for making both letters available to the *Kipling Journal*. I should add that he sought, and obtained, clearance to do so from the copyright holders, and we acknowledge with thanks the permission of A.P. Watt Limited, given on behalf of The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty.

He has sent me photocopied manuscripts of both letters, amounting in all to ten pages of Kipling's handwriting, and has also helpfully supplied typewritten transcripts of the texts. For reasons of space, I am passing the photocopied manuscripts to the Society's Library, only reproducing a couple of typical pages here in the *Journal*, but I am quoting the typewritten versions in full. The letters are so striking that they deserve this. – *Ed.*]

DR GORDON-CRAIG'S COMMENTARY

The Kipling family's annual winter holidays in Switzerland prior to the First World War are well known. It was while in Engelberg in January 1911 that Kipling wrote two very interesting letters to Dr Charles Henry Shinglewood Taylor, then House Physician at St George's Hospital, London. Dr Taylor later became Senior House Physician and House Surgeon of St George's Throat and Nose Department; and the last entry for him in *The Medical Directory, 1931* adds that he was also a reserve officer in the R.A.F.

That Dr C.H.S. Taylor is in fact the "Dear Taylor" to whom the letters are written can be established by the fortunate survival of one hotel envelope accompanying them, stamped and postmarked from Engelberg on 14 January 1911, and addressed in Kipling's distinctive handwriting, "C.H.S. Taylor, Esq. / St Georges Hospital / London W. / Angleterre."

The first letter, of 14 January 1911, gives a spirited account of an ice hockey match. Ice hockey had been growing as a sport in England since the 1890s and had attracted royal attention and patronage. The English Ice Hockey League was founded in 1903-04, and in 1910 England won the first European Championship in Switzerland.[1]

In the exciting narrative of the struggle on the ice with its tremendous climax, we can appreciate Kipling's remarkable powers of observation, description and humour. The colourful treatment of the contest itself as an epic battle, a tournament in miniature, is a sparkling word-picture; while his manifest enthusiasm demonstrates his fascination with the world of physical action. The various obliterations and corrections show that it was an unpolished first draft, a remarkable example of Kipling's ability to make his imagination flow directly on to the paper.

One might note the tribute to Kipling's standing in the local community, in that he was asked to present the trophies; and it is to be hoped that some of the silver hockey sticks awarded to the victors on that occasion may have survived.

The date of the second letter, 25 January 1911, is especially significant because Kipling's father, John Lockwood Kipling, died suddenly on 26 January 1911. Curiously, Carrington tells us that ". . . Rudyard was recalled from his family holiday in Switzerland by bad news of his father. The old man had been taken ill. . . and. . . died of a heart attack before Rudyard's arrival."[2] This letter shows that Kipling was still in Switzerland the day before, and it gives no indication of anxiety over his father, or of preparations for a fast departure. Whatever the circumstances, the letter may well be the last cheerful piece before that fond link with his childhood was broken.

Both letters are holograph, in Kipling's typically black ink, on hotel stationery. The longer letter, of 14 January 1911, is neatly written, while the other, of 25 January 1911, is in a more casual and difficult scrawl. Together with the single envelope, they were sold at Sotheby's on 16 July 1974, and were later purchased by the writer from Francis Edwards Ltd. in 1976.

To produce a more easily readable text, a strictly diplomatic edition has not been attempted. Instead, the guidelines set out in Professor Pinney's edition of Kipling's letters[3] have been largely adopted, with some slight modifications. Kipling's idiosyncrasies in punctuation have

been silently, but sparingly, regularised. Unimportant obliterations and corrections have been ignored.

Grateful acknowledgment for assistance is due to Professor Thomas Pinney of Pomona College, Claremont, California, for advising me of the date of the sale of the letters at Sotheby's; to Mrs Susan Gove and Ms Debbie Lock of St George's Library, St George's Hospital Medical School, London; and especially to Ms Rachel Davies, Assistant Librarian, The Wellcome Institute for the History of Medicine, London; for their help in establishing details on Dr C H. S. Taylor.

REFERENCES

1. Phil Drackett, *Flashing Blades: The Story of British Ice Hockey* (Ramsbury, Wiltshire, Crowood Press, 1987).

Charles Carrington, *Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work,* (London, Macmillan, 3rd edn., 1978), p 467. [However, from Carrington's unpublished synopsis of Mrs Kipling's diary it seems that "News that the Pater is ill" was received on 23 January, and the entry for 27 January reads, "News of the Pater's death. Rud leaves for England." – *Ed.]*

Thomas Pinney, ed., *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling: 1872-1910,* 3 vols. (London, Macmillan, and Iowa City, University of Iowa Press, from 1990).

KIPLING'S FIRST LETTER

[written on headed and decorated paper, inscribed 'Hotels Cattani /Engelberg /Hotel Tiflis / Grand Hotel / & Kuranstalt']

Sat: Jan. 14.1911

Dear Taylor:

Our honour has been saved! I sit down to give you a more or less full account of this year's match against our hockey-playing little friends from Zurich. It was played at 11 a.m. this morning on the old curling rink, the ground marked off with 9-inch boards. (I don't think that this arrangement makes for safety, by the way.) The ice was in perfect shape –hardasgre inch deep on all the trees. But, at any rate, this made the light uniform and did away with all dazzle and glare. For some reason or other the match excited no end of interest. I expect the people who saw it last year had told the newcomers what the 1910 game was like and everyone felt that the honour of Engelberg was involved.

Burr captained Zurich same as last year: and he brought with him:
Amman (spelling not guaranteed) goal.
Fiske – a long lathy young American – a Harvard boy training to be a chemist: reported to possess an analytic mind who certainly understood combinations and permutations.
Tait – a young Englishman small and neat.
Taylor – ditto – a charming chap and a most finished player.
Sergeant – [? Another American . . .(some words deleted)]
De Coulant – a Frenchman.
We turned out with:
Ames (goal) fairhaired chap with good eyes.
Hood: solid and severe, a lover of the game.
Aitken:
Bedford (in a yellow jersey and a good man).
Hardinge – an American (Harvard) I think.
Bonner.
and
the ever redoubtable Hingston with l ½ sq. inches of pink sticking plaster above one eye which decoration he had picked up yesterday playing Bellevue v. Cattani's (and they wiped the ice with us).

There was no coyness exhibited on either side. Unluckily for us, just as Hood was pulling on his skates one of 'em broke. (This proves that a man ought always to have two pair skates *and* boots ready). Hood dashed off to Beerli's, using I suppose gentle words; found no one in there at first, was at last told that the thing couldn't be repaired in less than a couple of hours.

So, being an American sat down and tinkered the thing to rights himself. This put him out of the game for the first half and his place was taken by a substitute – one Strekler I believe. Between you and me *I* think that if we had had Hood from the first we'd have won clean out as I am dead sure we'd have won if you'd been here – and won handsomely.

I didn't see the beginning of the game. When I came on the ground De Coulant the Frenchman had made one goal for Zurich; Burr had made two and Hardinge for us had made one. So the score was three to one and I rather groaned, expecting we'd catch it worse than last year. [Oh I forgot to say that Waddy, with a large nickel-plated whistle between his teeth, and a pink rosette on his manly bosom was referee. He swears he didn't know much about the rules they were playing under (I think they called 'em Canadian for a change, this time) but there were surprisingly few cases of offside and there was never any sort of dissent. I don't think I'd like to be umpire at a hockey match. You ought to have seen old W. wheeling and pirouetting outside the

scrum or gracefully hopping over the boards as a bunch of inter-twined players, sticks and skates came slithering at him.]

The key of the Z. position was first-class combination work between Burr and the analytical chemist Fiske. You would have rejoiced to have seen their play. As far as I could make out – but I don't pretend to know the game – our men *weren't* as quick at passing and working together - anyhow at first though Hingston as usual, was a marvel. Some of his lifting yesterday at the Bellevue match was worth walking to Engelberg to see.

Well, when the whistle went at half time at 3 to 1 for Zurich, as I tell you, I'd rather resigned myself to defeat. Waddy gave me a bundle of silver hockey sticks to present to the winners and I felt Zurich 'ud get 'em for sure.

Second Half

Hardinge – our other American – had made our one goal. He played for all he was worth but the boards got him once or twice. (Seems to me dam dangerous). Then play began again. Then Burr made his fourth goal. Zurich's backing up, up to this point, was perfect, and I would have sold our chances for 7.50 fr. But, as so often happens, our chaps got together – I guess Hingston had told 'em a few things – and we began to press Zurich. Still, Fiske and Burr played together beautifully - the little man Tait ranged around like a flame and the others in their degree backed up. Hood had come into the game at half time but his skates didn't seem easy and he dropped about a lot – once slam across the boards so that I thought he'd have the graining of 'em neatly stamped on his alnes,[1] if that's the right word. But I observed that Zurich was falling about a little more than we were and by the look of the goal-keeper's legs (you know that goal-keepers express emotion, like grass-hoppers, with their hind legs) there seemed to be some uneasiness on the enemy's side. Then the scrums got tighter, the flat hockey-skates rasped and ripped, Hingston smashed a stick, swooped to the side and got a fresh one as quick as I can write it, the men began to grunt and even genteel Engelberg, on whom good hockey is wasted, faintly applauded as we worked Z. back and back. I was moderately agitated at this point and couldn't give any collected account of anything except that Hood like a battleship and Bedford (in a yellow jersey) like a cruiser rolled back and forth and Bedford I think got a goal. Then Hardinge got another (3 to 4) and only a few moments to play. Then Hingston got in – so far as I could see – but it might have been Hardinge – with a fourth, and there we were 4 all – and three goals made in the last five minutes of play! It was glorious. Plain, straight, hammer and

Sat: Jun. 14. 1911

Dear Taylor.

Our honour has been saved! I sit down to give you a more or less full account of this years match against our hockey-players little friends from Zurich. It was played at 11. a.m this morning: on the old curling rink the ground marked off with 9-in boards. (I don't think that this arrangement makes for safety, by the way) The ice was in perfect shape - hard as grey steel but the weather was a raw frost-fog with rime an inch deep on all the trees. But, at any rate, this made the light uniform and did away with all dazzle and glare. For some reason or other the match excited no end of interest. I expect the people who saw it last year had told the newcomers what the 1910 game was like and every one felt that the honour of Engelberg was involved.

Letter to Taylor, 14 January 1911 : first page

tongs, hell for leather hockey and all men played clean out to their last ounce.

After a pause for rest and consultation they decided to play another ten minutes. This made me unhappy because one knew that it all depended on condition. There wasn't a 5c. stamp to choose between either team in point of play now that the Burr-Fiske combine had been dropped onto; and I only hoped that the late dinner given to Zurich the night before would bear good solid fruit. So they went at it again livelier than before, but after less than three minutes play Tait and Bun- running side by side seemed to turn inwards towards each other. Result – one hefty bump on Tait's right forehead and a cut above Burr's left eyebrow which bled copious. I think he had had his hands mashed up a bit too for they were also bloody. Game stopped for 2 min. while some one tied Burr up in a handkerchief. I couldn't rejoice over so good a man being wounded: tho' I felt it wouldn't do *us* any harm. (By the way there were two stitches underneath Hingston's innocent looking pink sticking-plaster.)

I had never realized that men could cut each other's heads about with their own skulls. There had been heaps of two and three man falls where one might have expected bloodshed but Burr's was the only gore that flowed. It seemed to make him livelier if anything and the last 7 minutes was a sort of tumultuous Catherine Wheel of a game.

No one had time even to gasp "Off Side." Waddy flickered about like a withered leaf in a cyclone – men fell by ones and twos – glad of the instant's rest even if they had to take it sliding. At the very last we had Zurich fairly penned. Hingston tried a shot which all but got the goal; I saw one despairing wave of his stick more eloquent than a multitude of "damns" and then the whistle blew. Mafeesh![2] Finish. 4 all. Any more play would have been rank cruelty to animals and Waddy told me to give the silver hockey sticks to the visiting team. Which I done. Burr was the colour of mottled soap, with caked blood on his face and the rest were about equally beautiful in their different styles. I didn't waste their time with words. What I ought to have said was that the hockey- sticks were not signs of victory but souvenirs of bloody war. The teams cheered each other and as I went through the skate room I heard Hingston confiding to Waddy his life long regret, rage and disgust over his lost shot. I gathered that poor H. would never be happy again. He said:- "If I had only stopped to think for one fifth of a second I ought to have got the goal. But I missed by yards!" I ain't Hingston but, as a mere matter of curiosity, I should like to know where in hell or hockey that 1/5 of a second could have come from. There wasn't time to wink

an eyelash when Hingston hit: and he only missed by inches.

Half an hour later I found 'em all, clothed and in their right minds, putting away Basle beer in the bay-window of the Billiard room and fighting their battles afresh. All agreed that there hadn't ever been a better game and I only wish, as indeed we all wished, that you had been there. *Then* we should have got one if not two extras. Perhaps next year the matter can be arranged.

Meantime our little schoolboy friends from Zurich have conceived a great respect for us.

In haste for the post.

Ever sincerely yours
Rudyard Kipling.

NOTES

1. *alnes:* possibly Kipling means *ulnas,* hoping his medical correspondent will recognise it.

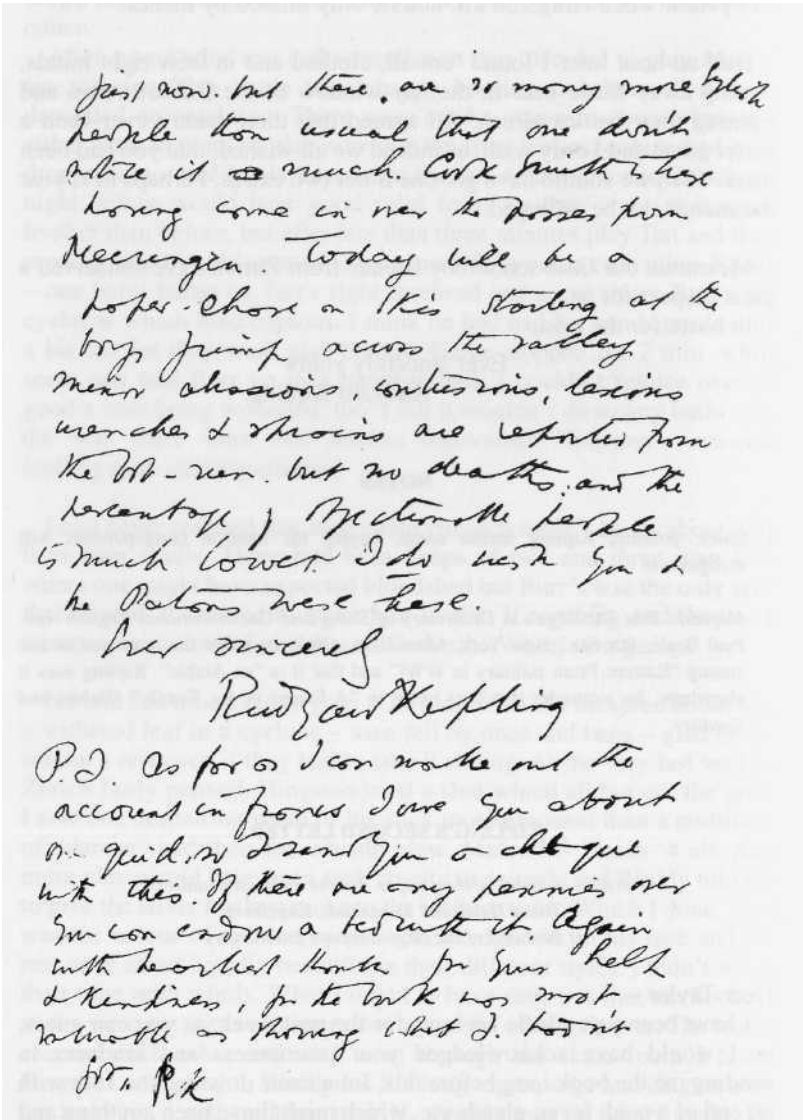
2. *Mafeesh!* Enc Partridge's *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* (ed. Paul Beale, 8th edn., New York, Macmillan, 1984) says that the term was in use among "Eastern Front military in WW1" and that it is "ex Arabic". Kipling uses it elsewhere; for example, it occurs twice in "A Friend of the Family" *(Debits and Credits).*

KIPLING'S SECOND LETTER

[written on hotel writing paper, but the embossed address 'Grand Hotel and Kuranstalt, Engelberg' at the head of the page does not photocopy]

Dear Taylor –

I have been just a little bit busy for the past week, as you can guess, or I would have acknowledged your promptness and kindness in sending me the book long before this. John came down on the 15th with no end of a cold, fever, glands etc. which might have been anything and under the festering care of the local fool (Muller) probably would have been. He sailed up to the verge of 104° and gave us rather a hectic time but he came down again and is now hungry, rude and in great need of amusement.



just now. But there are so many more Irish people than usual that one doesn't notice it so much. Cork Smith's there having come in over the passes from Meerenger. Today will be a paper-chase on skis starting at the top, jump across the valley. Mean observations, curtsies, leaning wenches & shocks are reported from the W-men. But no deaths: and the temperature & Mr Churchill's people is much lower. I do wish you & the Patons were here.

Ever sincerely
Rud[yard] Kipling

P.S. As for as I can make out the account in Times I owe you about £[illegible]. I send you a cheque with this. If there are any pennies over you can endow a research with them. Again with heartiest thanks for your help & kindness, for the work was most valuable as showing what I had to

Yrs ever RK

Letter to Taylor, 25 January 1911 : last page

When I chuck up writing I am going to be a sick-nurse. I have great gifts that way – when the wife is near by to support me.

We've had two days of valley fog after a long stretch of fine weather and today it looks as if it might snow. There isn't quite enough snow for the ski-ers and the monastery slopes are about as hard as road-pavement. Still, beginners go out there and wonder why ski-ing is such hard work and why falling never gets softer.

Waddy told me last night that a hockey-team from Lucerne had challenged us. He says that he understands that they have never handled a hockey-stick more than three times and so we shall win. It strikes me I heard the same yarn before Zurich took us on. Stocker is still in his own house nursing the dozen or so ribs that he has smashed and moaning that he can't come over.

The feature of this year is the huge number of foreigners just now, but there are so many more English people than usual that one don't notice it much. Cook Smith is here having come in over the passes from Meiringen. Today will be a paper-chase on skis starting at the boys' jump across the valley. Minor abrasions, contusions, lesions, wrenches and sprains are reported from the bob-run, but no deaths: and the percentage of objectionable people is much lower. I *do* wish you and the Patons were here.

Ever sincerely
Rudyard Kipling

P.S. As far as I can make out the account in francs I owe you about one quid: so I send you a cheque with this. If there are any pennies over you can endow a bed with it. Again with heartiest thanks for your help and kindness, for the book was most valuable as showing what J. hadn't got.

RK

KIPLING'S REVISIONS OF *CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS*

by LEONEE ORMOND

[Professor Leonée Ormond, Professor of Victorian Studies in the Department of English Language and Literature at King's College, London, and author of studies of J.M. Barrie (1987) and Tennyson (1993), edited Kipling's *Captains Courageous* (1995) for the Oxford University Press in their excellent World's Classics series. In September 1996 she kindly gave a most interesting talk about the text of that novel to an appreciative Kipling Society audience at Brown's Hotel, London.

Here, as subsequently converted into an article for the *Journal*, is a transcript of her talk. I should mention on her behalf that the page numbers in the text refer to her Oxford World's Classics edition, also that we are grateful to the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, for granting her access to the manuscript of *Captains Courageous. – Ed.]*

In early 1896, while he was living in Vermont, Kipling started on his 'Story of the Grand Banks', *Captains Courageous.* He completed it before leaving the United States for England on 1 September. In November the book began serialisation in the American *McClure's Magazine,* and a month later it began to come out in the British *Pearson's Magazine.* Macmillans then issued a one-volume edition, with illustrations by I.W. Taber, which was published in London and New York in 1897.

Kipling gave the manuscript of *Harvey Cheyne – Banker,* which later became *Captains Courageous,* to his doctor and friend in Brattleboro, James Conland, his chief adviser on details of the Grand Banks fishing fleet. This manuscript, sent to Conland from England in 1896, the last part in October, is now in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. With the manuscript, magazine and book versions, there are therefore three surviving texts of the story. They do not differ in essentials: between the three, Kipling retained the main outline of his plot. He did, however, make a number of changes; and some of these reveal his developing ideas about the book's meaning and direction.

The germ of the story of *Captains Courageous* concerns Harvey Cheyne, a spoilt rich boy, who falls into the Atlantic from a liner, and is rescued by a fishing-boat, the *We're Here* of Gloucester, Massachusetts. During an enforced season on the Grand Banks off Newfoundland, Harvey learns to be part of a team and to work for his living. In a broader sense, he is 'redeemed'. Eventually the boy is

reunited with his parents, and he is last seen as a university student, about to take control of his father's fleet of freighters. The narrative is, appropriately, a quintessentially American one, drawing upon the classic themes of old and new, east and west.

It appears that the Pierpont Morgan manuscript is the one on which Kipling began work. There are a number of minor emendations, and a few deleted passages of a paragraph or two. Kipling wrote instructions on the manuscript for the typist; and a part of the typescript is included with the Pierpont Morgan manuscript. Some at least of the changes were evidently made on the typescript; and others may possibly have been entered on to the proofs of the serial text.

Among the brief deleted passages is a conversation between Harvey and Dan Troop, the son of the *We 're Here's* captain, Disko Troop, about earning your living. Harvey says he has never thought about it, and Dan replies:

> 'Shucks, Harve, you can't bum around all your days, jest 'cause your Dad hez a private car. Tain't well seen, you've got to make your own pile.'

Kipling's reasons for dropping this are a matter for speculation. Even more intriguing is his omission of a passage at the end of Chapter V, where Kipling originally gave Harvey the chance to return home on a cargo steamer, an offer which he rejects with 'I belong to the *We're Here.'*

At the end of the Pierpont Morgan manuscript are two narrative episodes, written out in full. Both were subsequently inserted into the magazine version. In one, Harvey attempts to make a contribution to a 'concert' on the *We're Here* by reciting John Greenleaf Whittier's poem, 'Skipper Ireson's Ride'. The poem tells of Captain Benjamin Ireson's disgrace when he failed to rescue the crew of a boat wrecked at sea. Disko Troop, himself the captain of the *We're Here,* is outraged by Harvey's choice of poem. He insists that Whittier's version of the story was entirely mistaken: 'All dead wrong from start to finish.' [page 55]

The passage tells us something about Disko's character, that he sympathises with the role of the captain, and is personally dedicated to the pursuit of justice. Kipling, who must have heard local gossip about the inaccuracy of the poem, is also commenting here on the problems of a writer's responsibility in reporting historical events. He decided to place this passage into Chapter IV of *Captains Courageous* and to return to the subject of 'Skipper Ireson's Ride' in Chapter X, where Harvey tips off a famous actress not to give a performance of the poem

at the Gloucester Memorial service. This second reference to 'Skipper Ireson's Ride' appears in the manuscript, an indication that Kipling had already decided to add Harvey's failed recitation to Chapter IV *before* he finished writing the later chapters of his book. His instruction to the typist to insert the passage is to be seen in the left-hand margin.

The second additional passage from the end of the manuscript proved rather less successful. Eventually placed in Chapter V, this is Uncle Salters's account of Sim'on Peter Ca'houn and of his response to a tale told by his fellow-sailors, that his sister has married Lorin' Jerauld, a man (according to Ca'houn) half sensible and half a fool. Kipling presumably places this here to point up the mistaken belief of the *We 're Here's* crew that Harvey (who is in the habit of telling them stories of upper-class life) is not in his right mind. However, Kipling's use of a somewhat opaque dialect, his reference to characters not known to the reader, and the complex play on truth and illusion, all tend to overload this episode and to leave the reader nearly as confused as Harvey himself.

There are a number of more subtle changes of emphasis between the manuscript and the serial version, and this process of emendation was continued in revisions for the book edition. The two magazines in which *Captains Courageous* appeared were intended for a general readership, but Kipling apparently anticipated that the book's main audience would be made up of boys, attracted by the young hero and the tale of adventure. Some of the changes which he made at this stage have the effect of rendering *Captains Courageous* more appropriate for such a public.

One of the themes of *Captains Courageous* is that Harvey's maturity comes about through putting the world of women behind him, and becoming a man among men. In the manuscript, Kipling underlines this by markedly feminising the 'unredeemed' Harvey. The first description of him tells us: '. . . but you felt that if he had any sisters they would probably be very handsome girls.' On the next page we hear that 'Harvey drummed on the table with his rather dirty fingers ornamented with three rings.' The rings and the imaginary sister disappeared in print. So did a passage in Chapter II of the manuscript, where:

> Harvey . . . took off his rings which Dan said were only fit for girls to wear, and tried to impress Dan with sheer value. But the boy knew nothing of diamonds, Mexican opals or cheap emerald sparks. He was more interested in private cars and privately owned forests on the Pacific slopes where roses grew all the year round.

The tone of the dialogue between the sailors also changes between

manuscript and printed text. Kipling's first idea was to give the seamen's conversation a slightly more racy air. Probably with a young audience in mind, he moderated this, cutting down heavily on his account of the by-play and pleasantry between the *We're Here* crew and others whom they encounter. At the end of the book, Kipling deleted a passage between Harvey, Dan and the clerk of the scales in Gloucester. In the original version, Dan tips fish down the clerk's neck. In the manuscript, the narrator explains that Disko avoids ports where his son might hear bad language; but even this was subsequently removed.

When, in Chapter VIII of the manuscript, the *We 're Here* arrives at the Virgin Rock, the central point of the cod-fishing, the former naval man, Tom Platt, greets an old friend, O'Brien, with a mixture of racial and mildly sexual jokes. Predictably, this was later excised:

> 'Ye that hev a daughter', carolled Tom Platt, driving his boat through the chaos. 'Hello, O'Brien! I heerd you'd shipped on a lime-juicer. You ain't grown any more pretty-lookin' since we left—
>
> Yer one to woo and wed
> Give her to a husband
>
> Hey you Dago! Haul aft – Archy Denty! Mucho Malo! . . .'
> He swung the nose of a dory round and crowded forward.
>
> 'With snow upon his head
> Give her to an old man.
>
> Shove her along, Penn. I'll come aboard an' make cheese o' some of you fore I'm done.We ain't lee-bowin' anyone. Le's get to leeward:
>
> Though little joy it be
> Before the best young sailor
> That sails upon the sea.'

The original Disko Troop speaks and acts with decisive vindictiveness when necessary, but here again Kipling felt it necessary to make a change. In Chapter V, when the *We're Here* is making her way to the fishing-grounds, the original version describes a moment in the fog when a younger captain comes leeward of Troop, hoping to follow him closely and to profit from the older man's talent for finding the shoals of fish:

> Once and only once – it was almost calm and the *We 're Here* was lapping over her cable in an absent minded fashion as they were hand lining from the deck, a young and temerarious Gloucester skipper surged out of the smoke and insolently anchored, right on

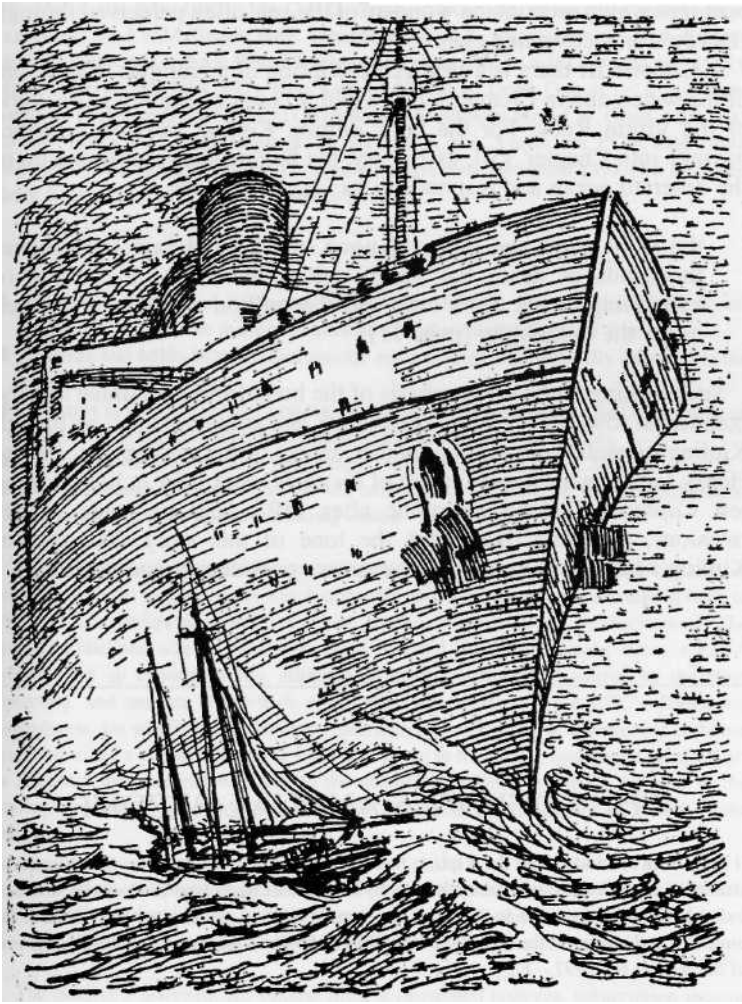
> top of their lines a few yards to leeward. 'Can't git away from me, Disko' he hailed, 'Where the karkiss is, there will the eagles be gathered together. Thick weather and stray under, ain't it?'
> Disko did not open his mouth till he had whipped up the anchor and the *We're Here* moved delicately just in front of her rival's nose. Then said he, over his shoulder at the wheel:- 'Dunno abaout them eagles, seems to me more's if I was a rooster that hadn't found its pin-feathers.' Cr-ack! The *We're Here'?,* main boom in its crutch, just touched the other boat's jib-boom, snapped it crisply on the cap, and faded out. They heard some small amount of language behind them. 'Thet ain't nothing' said Disko. 'Twon't more'n jest teach him not to lee-bow over thet wuz on the banks fore he wuz borne. Gloucester manners is considered good in general: an' we're bound to keep 'em up to 'sample'.

This account of bad temper and violent movement disappeared in print, perhaps as a gesture to the dictates of a 'family magazine', but probably because Kipling's morality in the story demanded that Disko be a less flawed role model for Harvey. It is one thing for Disko to knock the overweening Harvey down, but quite another to engage in warfare with a fellow captain.

In each of these deleted passages, Kipling was probably taking out stories, expressions and dialogue based upon what he had actually heard in New England's fishing ports or in Conland's reminiscences. Each omission was a departure from realism. For all his love of numbers, Kipling even reduced precise reference to pay and the shares which the individual sailors took in the enterprise, further reducing the sense that this was an *ouvrier* novel in the manner of Zola.

What we are left with is decidedly more domestic and cosy. The boat, for all its masculinity, is a homely place, with the sewing of sails, the warmth of the stove, the singing of songs. Dan's dory is 'specklessly clean', and the narrator makes a point of the gentleness with which Pennsylvania Pratt (the former Moravian minister, Jacob Boiler,who has lost his family and his memory in the Johnstown flood) pushes the exhausted Harvey into his bunk. The squabbles between Penn and his rescuer, Uncle Salters, were also cut down between versions; and, for all the joking, the severely shocked Penn is protected by the rest of the crew.

These changes from manuscript to printed text, however, do not render the world of *Captains Courageous* an unfailingly cosy or safe one. Loneliness is a word often used of the sea, usually in association with Harvey. Like the novel's readers, he is never allowed to forget the ever-present threat of death by drowning. Some of the finest writing



A CLOSE THING

Another drawing (see pages 6 & 8) from *Capitaines Courageux.* It illustrates the hazardous moment in Chapter VII when a liner, moving fast in fog, nearly rams the *We 're Here,* before driving on, a minute later, to sink the *Jennie Cushman.*

in *Captains Courageous* was added by Kipling for the magazine publication, or even, a stage later, for the one-volume edition. These are passages which recount the wonders of the sea, often perceived through Harvey's unaccustomed eyes.

In Chapter III there is a strange description of a grampus leaping out of the water, and in Chapter VIII a vivid account of Harvey's first view of the Virgin Rock. For the book edition Kipling inserted a further passage into Chapter VIII, as Harvey, the fishing done, looks out on to the deserted ocean and responds to its varying moods:

> the salty glare and blaze of noon, the kiss of rain falling over thousands of dead, flat square miles; the chilly blackening of everything at the day's end, and the million wrinkles of the sea under the moonlight, [page 111]

Such writing shifts the emphasis of the book from the human and the communal towards the more meditative and contemplative, as though Kipling himself were seeing another aspect of his conception. Unlike Henry James, who revised much of his early work later in life, Kipling left *Captains Courageous* alone after 1897. Had he made further revisions, it seems likely that the tone of this story, like that of Kipling's later fiction, would have grown ever deeper and darker.

THE SOCIETY'S ANNUAL REPORT

[I have been reminded that the Kipling Society is obliged by its status as an educational charity to publish a formal Annual Report by its Trustees (members of Council), and that I should have made space in 1998 for the Report relating to the year 1997. I note the omission and will print the report for 1998 during 1999. In the meantime, here is the text of the Report for 1997.- *Ed.]*

The Kipling Society, whose postal address is 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton, East Sussex BN2 6LB, England, is registered with the Charity Commissioners (No 278885) and constituted under Rules approved in October 1979.

As stated in the Rules, the object of the Society is "the advancement of public education by promotion of the study and appreciation of the life and works of Rudyard Kipling".

The Society is administered by a Council comprising Honorary Executive Officers and elected Ordinary Members. Those serving in the year under review were: **Chairman:** Mr P.F. Merry (to July 1997); Mr G.C.G. Philo, C.M.G., M.C. (from July 1997). **Hon. Secretary:** Mr J.W.M. Smith. **Hon. Treasurer**: Mr R.A. Bissolotti, F.C.A. **Hon. Editor:** Mr G.H. Webb, C.M.G., O.B.E. **Hon. Meetings Secretary**: Mrs L.A.F. Lewis (to July 1997), Mr P.F. Merry (from July 1997). **Hon. Legal Adviser**: Sir Derek Oulton, G.C.B., Q.C. **Hon. Auditor:** Professor G.M. Selim, F.I.I.A. **Ordinary Members**: Mr R.J.W. Craig, O.B.E., M.C (to July 1997), Sir George Engle, K.C.B., Q.C., Mr K.M.L. Frazer, Mr P.G.S. Hall (from July 1997), Mrs Monica Furlong, Dr Sandra Kemp (from September 1997); Mr A. Lycett (from September 1997), Mrs E. Stamers-Smith.

In furtherance of its object, and on an on-going basis, the Society:

- publishes a substantial magazine entitled *The Kipling Journal,* distributed to all members, dealing with matters of interest to readers and students of Kipling,
- promotes and holds lectures, discussions and meetings, and generally encourages the study of Kipling's works,
- maintains in City University, London, an extensive library of books and other material related to Kipling and his times, available to scholars and researchers,
- maintains a Kipling Room in the Grange Museum in Rottingdean, Sussex,
- gives assistance and advice on the life and works of Kipling to schools, publishers, writers and the print and broadcasting media.

Specifically, in 1997 the Society published four issues of its Journal, a cumulative index from 1980 to the present was distributed, and work continued to extend it back to 1927. Five meetings were held, at which lectures were followed by discussions. The Annual Luncheon was addressed by Field Marshal Sir John Chapple, G.C.B., C.B.E. A website, set up experimentally, attracted numerous enquiries, answered by the Hon. Secretary, and another world-wide web outlet was created by the BBC's *Bookworm* programme, for which the Society provided material on Kipling as a writer for children. Assistance and a plaque of Kipling were also given to the Sir J.J. Institute of Applied Art in Bombay; and material was sent to the university at Perm in Russia. Officers of the Society provided information and assistance to authors and the media, as well as to the public.

The Society continued to have over 500 individual members. In addition, there is a substantial membership in North America, at present co-ordinated from Rockford College, Illinois, and an active branch in Melbourne, Australia.

The Society's activities are funded from accumulated reserves, subscription income and donations. The accounts for 1997 show a £63 surplus of income over expenditure. However, there was a loss on the North American membership, and printing costs of the *Journal* cannot be held down in the future. Some administrative economies were made, and a reorganisation of the American membership was begun, but a rise in the subscription rate appears inevitable.

[This Report on the year 1997 was signed on behalf of the Trustees by the Chairman of Council, the Honorary Secretary, and the Honorary Treasurer.]

SOCIETY NOTICES

FROM THE SECRETARY

[See also the Announcements on page 5]

THE SOCIETY'S ANNUAL LUNCHEON: 5 MAY 1999

Some members will have noticed that the duplicate booking form for the Luncheon, which is usually placed in the March issue, has been omitted this year. The reason was to save the not inconsiderable cost of printing and distribution, anyone who still wishes to make a booking, but has mislaid the original form, is asked to telephone me (Michael Smith) on (01273) 303719, and I will supply a replacement form.

THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE

The editorial of this present issue includes a review of a new biography of Kipling, *The Unforgiving Minute*, produced by one of our members, Harry Ricketts. I am pleased to report that the publishers, Chatto & Windus (The Hogarth Press, Random House, 20 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London SW1V 2SA), are prepared to offer the book for £22, packing and postage free, as against the published price of £25. To take advantage of this, please telephone (01206) 255800, quoting *'Kipling Journal* / Ricketts Offer'.

JOINT SUBSCRIPTIONS

At a recent meeting of the Society's Council, a new category of membership was approved. This is for two people living at the same address, who would both like to be members of the Society. At present there are a number of cases where two partners are each paying individual membership dues, and each receiving a copy of the *Kipling Journal.* I invite those in this category to consult Lt-Colonel Roger Ayers, the Membership Secretary, if they wish to take advantage of the change. Equally, Council hopes that some partners of existing members might like to avail themselves of the privileges of full membership,

including voting rights in the Society's affairs, without having to pay double subscriptions. We hope that these adjustments will add to our numbers and augment our subscription income while providing the satisfaction of full membership rather than simply 'guest' status. While the individual subscription rate is £20, the joint rate will be £30, and just a single copy of the *Journal* will be sent to each address. Again, Colonel Ayers will be glad to make the necessary arrangements. His address is 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wilts SP1 3SB.

REVISION OF THE SOCIETY'S CONSTITUTION

The Kipling Society exists and functions under the terms of a formal Constitution, and is answerable to the Charity Commissioners – and indeed to its members – for strict adherence to it. Revision of the Constitution is only rarely necessary, but a persuasive case has recently been made in Council for a general review, so as to re-draft, clarify and update some of its detailed provisions. The upshot, thanks to the labours of a small sub-committee chaired by Sir George Engle, K.C.B., Q.C., is a definitely improved document, which we hope to print in the June 1999 issue of the *Kipling Journal*, so that members will be able to read it before the Society's Annual General Meeting in July, when we hope to get the revised Constitution promulgated.

THE INDEX OF THE *KIPLING JOURNAL*

I am delighted to be able to report that the Index is now complete. As members are aware, the compilers – John and Marian Morgan – have been working their way backwards in time, starting with the latest numbers and moving towards the earliest. They have now finally produced Volume 1, the initial volume chronologically, covering 1927 to 1949. That their overall compilation in three volumes should have been completed in only eighteen months is a remarkable achievement for which we are greatly indebted to the Morgans. Their concentrated effort has resulted in a most valuable resource for us all. Copies of any or all of the three volumes may be obtained from me by members at £5 per volume, plus postage and packing. (The price to non-members will have to be rather higher.)

A VISIT TO BATEMAN'S: 18 JUNE 1999

As members may have noticed on page 5, a visit to Bateman's (which some of us regard as the Society's 'spiritual home') has been arranged for Friday 18 June. Bateman's is closed to the general public on Fridays, so we shall have the house, garden and mill to ourselves. Jan Wallwork-Wright, the recently installed Property Manager, has kindly agreed to provide a lunch at 12.30 p.m. for those who would like it. A salad course, followed by dessert and coffee, will be available for about £10. Will members and their guests who intend to take this lunch please notify me by letter, telephone or fax. (See page 4.) Payment for the meal can be made on the day itself.

The afternoon's programme will begin at about 2 p.m.; if it is fine we should assemble near the sun-dial by that time. I envisage some post-prandial entertainment, including the recall of prose and verse associated with the lovely local Wealden landscape of the Dudwell valley. There will anyway be a chance to meet some of the volunteers who serve the National Trust as custodians of Bateman's.

If you wish to come by train, the nearest station is Etchingham (3 miles); bookings for a taxi service from there can be made by calling (01580) 880007 or, mobile, (0411) 370530. When phoning please mention that it is for the Society's specially arranged visit. For those coming by car, Bateman's is on the A285, half a mile south of Burwash, and has a very large car park.

W. CUSHING LORING'S PORTRAIT, SUPPOSEDLY OF KIPLING

The Librarian of the Athenaeum (one of Kipling's London clubs) has raised a query over a dubious portrait of Kipling in the Club's possession, with regard to the forthcoming publication of a revised catalogue of *The Athenaeum Collection.* The topic has been ventilated in the *Kipling Journal* before. In December 1988, at pages 38-39, we reproduced the picture and in an accompanying note we stated that though supposedly a portrait of Kipling – a 'pencil sketch from life' – it did not much resemble him. It was signed 'W. Cushing Loring, Jan 6th 1901, Boston, U.S.A.' – a date when Kipling was actually in South Africa.

We invited comment from members, and in due course heard from Professor Tom Pinney (see our issue of June 1989, page 40). He was emphatic, that the subject was not Kipling; and he suggested that there was a closer resemblance to Edmund Gosse. (Gosse, however, was not

in Boston on 6 January 1901, and the mystery remains). Can anyone help with information on Cushing Loring, and a considered view of the sitter's identity?

RUDYARD KIPLING IN VERMONT BY STUART MURRAY

Members may recall that the Editor favourably reviewed this book in the *Kipling Journal* (December 1997, page 9). As it was published by an American firm (Images from the Past, Inc., Bennington, Vermont), I wrote to them expressing the hope that it might be made available through retailers in Britain. Images from the Past have now found an English firm to handle sales, so enclosed with this issue is a 'flyer' which offers the book, and other Kipling items, at a discount.

THE SOCIETY'S NEW WEB-SITE

Our web-site had been revised, enlarged and improved; and will offer a greatly enhanced service to all members who have the capacity to use it. It can be accessed on the World Wide Web at **www.kipling.org.uk** from anywhere in the world. It can also be readily located through the main Internet search engines by searching on **Kipling.** Your Council decided that with the rapid growth in the use of the web – particularly in the educational field at all levels from Primary School to University – it was timely for us to expand our presence on it.

The site is divided between a Public Area, accessible to all, and a Members' Area, which can be seen only by Kipling Society members, including our University / Library subscribers. Until we can set up 'passwords' this area too will be open to all. To ensure that, in future, any member of the Society can have access to the site as a member, John Radcliffe, our Electronic Editor, needs the following details from members and corporate subscribers who are 'on-line':-

name and postal address:	e-mail address:
proposed user-name (6-8 characters)	proposed password (6-8 characters)

This information can be sent (by mail) to **John Radcliffe, 106 Richmond Avenue, London Nl 0LS,** or (by e-mail) to **kipling@fastmedia.demon.co.uk**

The Public Area gives a great deal of information about Rudyard Kipling's life and work; and will, we are sure, be particularly valuable for pupils in school and students in higher education. Some of the material included had already been prepared for the Society's 'fact-file' which we originally intended to publish in a different form. We hope and expect that by reaching a world-wide audience recruitment of members will be encouraged.

The Members' Area is complementary to that provided by the *Kipling Journal*, which will continue to be the main, on-going voice of the Society. As members will discover, it will provide an opportunity to join a discussion forum about Kipling's work; it will have a 'notice board' to inform them of developments between issues of the *Journal*, and it will contain some selected recent articles from the *Journal* which would not have been seen by newly-joined members. There will also be a Collectors' Corner for those with a particular interest in Kipling bibliography. It might also include the now completed Index for the *Journal*. A Library section will link up with our collection at City University; and to our mutual benefit there will be information relating to the National Trust's stewardship of Bateman's.

Since the web-site, like the Society, belongs to its members, John Radcliffe is very keen for members to use it, and to let him have comments and suggestions for its development. His address is given in the text above. The Council, which has already seen examples of what is on offer, was greatly impressed by the quality, presentation and range of material which John has included to date. It would like to express its thanks to him, and its admiration for what he has so quickly achieved.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following, listed by Colonel Ayers in mid-February:

Mr P.E.G. Bates *(Wimbledon, London);* Dr K.StJ. Damstra *(Baerums Verk, Norway);* Dr William B. Dillingham *(Decatur, Georgia, U.S.A.);* Dr K. Doney *(Birmingham);* Mr R.W. Horrell *(Weybridge, Surrey);* Mr C.B. Jackson *(London);* Mrs C.L. Newton *(Stratfield Mortimer, Berkshire);* Mrs S.E. Pennefather *(Tisbury, Wiltshire);* Mr F.R.G.J. Rapsey *(Haughley Green, Suffolk);* Mr D. Rattray *(Rorke's Drift, Natal, South Africa);* M. Max Rives *(Villeneuve les Avignon, France);* Mr W. P. Ross *(Bushmills, Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland);* Herr Martin Setzke *(Berlin, Germany);* Dr P.C Skinner *(Bishopston, Bristol);* Mr C. Swinson *(Pinner, Middlesex).*

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.]*

KIPLING AND HOUSMAN

From Mr F.A. Underwood, The Coplow, 44 Station Road, Winterbourne Down, Bristol BS36 1EN

Dear Sir,

The letter about Kipling and the Housmans in the June 1998 *Journal* [page 46] reminded me that I had looked for links between Kipling and A.E. Housman (1859-1936) many years ago, and found very few. They were both poets more popular with the public than with the critics, and both had the distinction, surely uncommon, of having refused the Order of Merit; but otherwise their careers were very different. The notes following may be of interest to some readers, and perhaps will provoke some additions.

I suppose that the two may have met at Cambridge late in their lives, when Kipling was an Honorary Fellow of Magdalene College and Housman was a Fellow of Trinity, although I traced no actual encounter except at Thomas Hardy's funeral at Westminster Abbey in January 1928. They were pall-bearers, together with politicians, academics and other writers; Housman, of course, belonged to both of the last two categories. There is no record of any conversation between them, and in fact the occasion is best known as the only time that Kipling and Bernard Shaw met. Edmund Gosse pulled Housman and Shaw apart, to introduce the latter to Kipling. According to Grant Richards's report from Shaw, Kipling "fled like a startled rabbit" when introduced, although Carrington merely states that they found nothing to say to one another.

Early critics detected the influence of Kipling in some of the verses in *A Shropshire Lad,* and after Housman's death Cyril Connolly was one of the first to belittle his poetry, as part of the customary reaction when an author dies. Among the examples of "mistakes" in poems, which were therefore "bad", he quoted two:

> Because 'tis fifty years to-night
> That God has saved the Queen.

And

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover,
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad ...

Both of these "suggested Kipling", which was evidently enough to condemn them in Connolly's mind.

Miss Joan Thomson, the daughter of Sir J.J. Thomson, Master of Trinity, wrote of Housman, "His taste was comprehensive, for he admired Macaulay and Kipling, yet thought that probably Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale' was the most beautiful poem in our language."

The only mention of Housman by Kipling that I have noticed was in an article by Louis Gillet, a French scholar who had discussed verses written on the 1914-18 war with Kipling, and concluded that "Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries" was the best.

In 1933 Housman, very reluctantly, delivered the Leslie Stephen Lecture at Cambridge – "The Name and Nature of Poetry', which was subsequently published, arousing some controversy. He stated, "Poetry indeed seems to me more physical than intellectual," and after describing some symptoms by which he recognised it, he went on, ". . . and there is a third which I can only describe by borrowing a phrase from one of Keats's last letters where he says, speaking of Fanny Brawne, 'everything that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear.' The seat of this sensation is the pit of the stomach."

In a letter to his brother, Laurence Housman, he wrote, "I hear that Kipling says I am 'dead right' about the pit of the stomach." How did he hear this, one wonders – perhaps from a don at Magdalene?

The references in my notes were principally:- Grant Richards, *Housman 1897-1936* (O.U.P, 1941); and Laurence Housman, *A.E.H.* (Cape, 1937). "The Name and Nature of Poetry" is included in John Carter (ed.), *A.E. Housman: Selected Prose.* (C.U.P, 1961).

Yours faithfully
FA. UNDERWOOD

KIPLING AND CARLETON

From Sir George Engle, K.C.B., QC, 32 Wood Lane. Highgate, London N6 5UB

Dear Sir,

In my talk at last year's Annual Luncheon (September 1998, pages 14-22) I suggested that some lines from Will Carleton's poem, "The

Editor's Guests", were a precursor of Kipling's "If- ", citing the very discrepancies between Carleton's published lines and Kipling's version of them in a letter dated 8 May 1888 as proof that he knew them by heart.

Confirmation that he did indeed know them by heart is provided by a letter (a copy of which, though not included in his edition of *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling,* Professor Thomas Pinney has kindly sent me) written from The Elms, Rottingdean, on 29 September 1897, to an unknown correspondent, in which Kipling again writes out Carleton's lines, this time making rather more of a hash of them. The letter, omitting the "immortal lines", reads:

> Dear Sir
>
> Yours of Sept 21 has just come in and I can't think of any autograph stanzas just this minute, except, since you're a sub-editor, and I've been one too, Will Carleton's immortal lines – I've forgotten the precise order of them.
>
> *[Kipling's quotation from Carleton here]*
>
> Will that do?
>
> Very sincerely yours
> Rudyard Kipling.

Professor Pinney says of this, in a letter to me:

> Kipling evidently knew the poem well. He was very attentive to American literature, so it's not surprising that he knew Carleton's work. It seems clear that he saw some of the leading American magazines – *Harper's,* the *Atlantic* and no doubt others – if not as a schoolboy then certainly as a young journalist in India, and Carleton would have showed up in that.

In fairness I must add that although Professor Pinney concedes that Carleton's poem "has a suggestive relation" to "If—", he says that he is no enthusiast for arguments about sources, since he thinks that "we know little and can demonstrate less about them", and he has no time for "the fallacious principle that there must be some direct link between a 'source' and its fictional counterpart" – a sentiment with which 1 wholeheartedly agree.

Yours sincerely
GEORGE ENGLE

HOBSON-JOBSON

From Mr T. Hastie, 6 Penllwyn Park, Carmarthen, Wales SA31 3BU

Dear Sir,

The first endnote to Evelyne Hanquart-Turner's interesting and enjoyable article, "Kipling's 'Memsahibs' in the Short Stories" (December 1998, pages 63-74) refers to *Hobson-Jobson: a Glossary of Anglo-Indian colloquial words and phrases*, in the Routledge & Kegan Paul edition of 1968.

There is, however, a much cheaper paperback edition of *Hobson-Jobson* (ISBN 1-85326-363), published in 1996 in the Wordsworth Reference Series, at £2.50. I find my copy indispensable.

Yours sincerely
TOM HASTIE

ARCHAISMS

From Mr K.M.L. Frazer, 3 Roseacres, Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire

Dear Sir,

With reference to Mr Johnston-Jones's query (December 1998, page 75), it appears that Kipling uses *be* and *ye*, and much more frequently *thee* and *thou*, to indicate that a foreign language is being used, either by an Englishman to an Indian, or by one Indian to another, and later between an Indian, Mowgli, and animals. Animals do not use *thee* and *thou* to each other when no humans are involved.

None of the few stories from *Plain Tales from the Hills* that deal with Indians employs this odd convention, nor I think any written for the *Civil & Military Gazette* in Lahore. The first such stories that I have found were published in the *Weekly News* (of the *Pioneer* in Allahabad) in April 1888 (collected in *Soldiers Three & Other Stories).*

Perhaps his first major story in which the habit has become fixed is "The Head of the District" *(Life's Handicap).* Here the general rule is proved by the exception of Grish Chunder Dé. He speaks and is addressed in modern English, as he is "a graduate of an Oxford college" – a fact Kipling has to emphasise as an important factor in the story. This was many years before Kipling wrote of the 'merry Clerks at Oxenford', or dined in Balliol; and when Oxford English was still a

characteristic of the university after which it was named. A later story in *Life's Handicap,* "Through the Fire", avoids these archaisms, but that was originally published in the *Civil & Military Gazette.*

Kipling began this quaint habit in 1888. In 1886 Rider Haggard, who later became a great friend, published *King Solomon's Mines,* in which he liberally and inconsistently spattered direct speech by Alan Quatermain in Zulu, and speeches by the Zulus or Kukuanas, with *thou* and *thee* and *ye* – a practice he continued in more than ample measure in *Alan Quatermain* and *Nada the Lily.*

By 1888 Kipling was editing, and contributing a flow of fiction to, the *Week's News.* This paper had a good circulation outside India (Angus Wilson, *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling,* chapter 1). I suspect that at some time Kipling felt he had to make clear to readers abroad that his Indian speakers were not actually speaking English, whereas the Anglo-Indian readers of the *Civil & Military Gazette* knew this. Although in February 1888 the Indian miners of "At Twenty-two" *(In Black and White,* collected with *Soldiers Three,* first published in the *Week's News)* are speaking normal English, by April 1888 the Haggard convention has been adopted.

Yours faithfully
KEN FRAZER

VISITING KIPLING COUNTRY?

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POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

MORE ON 'HOOLIGANISM'

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

Mrs Leeper writes to say she has enjoyed the lines quoted from Kipling's poem, "Et dona ferentes" in the editorial of December 1998; and although she feels that they do appear to condone a readiness to resort to hooliganism, in that regard they are no more than consistent with Kipling's customary tendency to "go over the top when writing of schoolboyish rough-housing – compare the disgusting, and I hope imaginary, account of Beetle wrecking King's study."

Mrs Leeper indeed has a point. The reference is to the episode called "Slaves of the Lamp, Part 1" in *Stalky & Co.*, where Stalky cunningly provokes the local carrier, a person of low intelligence nicknamed 'Rabbits-Eggs', into throwing stones at Mr King's study window, whereupon Beetle, who is in that study, seizes the opportunity to augment the resultant damage to King's property with liberal applications of blood, gum and ink.

MRS HAUKSBEE

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

Mr Whitehead, who recently edited and published *Mrs Hauksbee & Co.*, and whose Introduction to that book has been printed in the *Journal* (September 1998, pages 23-33, and December 1998, pages 12-20), has written to say that with valuable help from some of our readers he has already accumulated some useful data towards the amendment and enlargement of the book's notes in a second edition.

He will be grateful to receive more such information as soon as possible, with a view to further improving the 'critical apparatus' of the book; all contributions that can be used will of course be duly acknowledged in that forthcoming edition.

THE MARKET FOR KIPLING

From Mr Crispin Jackson, 43-45 St Mary's Road, Ealing, London W5 5RQ

I am grateful to Mr Crispin Jackson – a member of the Kipling Society and Editor of the *Book and Magazine Collector* – for sending me a copy of the February 1999 issue (No 179) of that magazine, which contains an interesting and attractively illustrated article by him at pages 4-14, regarding the collectors' market for "The Novels and Stories of Rudyard Kipling". (I am also grateful to Dr Peter Jackson and Mr Tom Hastie, who kindly told me about the appearance of that article.) I am passing the magazine to the Society's Library; the rather specialised slant of the article is well worth having on record.

The opening paragraph reads: "In 1936, the distinguished American book dealer and bibliographer, David A. Randall, wrote an essay on Rudyard Kipling which began with the statement: 'Kipling was the earliest writer whose first editions were systematically and enthusiastically collected by his contemporaries.' He went on: 'No writer in all book collecting history has ever had, during his lifetime, such devoted followers as his have proved themselves to be. Practically all the problems inherent in the collecting of 'moderns' were first faced by Kipling collectors, and their researches guided later enthusiasts when they in turn pursued other game.'"

The article continues with references to the enormous and complex bibliography of Kipling, "which includes piracies, the plethora of magazine items and offprints, and the sheer vastness of his output", and effectively rules out any chance of a complete collection being formed; and it cites the sensational prices attained by certain rare items (e.g. the £9,200 paid at Sotheby's in November 1998 for an inscribed edition of the two *Jungle Books),* but it nevertheless assures the ordinary general collector of a great range of worthwhile Kipling material which can be found, reasonably priced, without much difficulty.

Mr Jackson is informative about prices, and first editions and rarities; but clearly feels that the buoyancy of the Kipling market stems from the sheer quality of the writing of "one of our greatest authors". Though Kipling's verse, in general, "is unlikely to regain the popularity which it enjoyed during his lifetime", he sees *Kim,* the *Jungle Books* and the best of the short stories as "immortal works which will always be read and revered"; and quotes appreciatively from that strange story, "The Disturber of Traffic" *(Many Inventions),* with its evocative description of Dowse, the mad lighthouse keeper, who "used to sit for to watch the tigers come out of the forests to hunt for crabs and such like around about the lighthouse at low tide." Mr Jackson comments that "we have

David Attenborough to point out these things to us: the Victorians had Kipling." Kipling's stature as a writer ensures his durability among book-collectors; and this is confirmed by the proliferation, especially since 1986, of new editions of his works, and by the continuing appearance of fresh biographies of the man.

Mr Jackson's message is a welcome one: Kipling is of course out of fashion with literary critics on account of his imperialism and to some extent for various other dated or 'politically incorrect' standpoints, but the allure of his writing ensures him a wide and popular readership and, coupled with the challenge of a complex bibliography, makes him attractive to collectors. (This last point, incidentally, is likely to be the subject of our Guest of Honour's speech on the occasion of the Society's Annual Luncheon on 5 May.)

CHICHESTER MISERICORDS

From Mrs M. M. Bendle, 89 Sea Mills Lane, Stoke Bishop, Bristol BS9 1DN

Meryl Macdonald Bendle has written to supply the information that was omitted in Note 1 to her recent article (December 1998, pages 42-45) about "The Knights of the Joyous Venture". She says that *Misericords in Chichester Cathedral* was published in 1961, as No 22 of the Chichester Papers, a series of 40 published by Chichester City Council. Many of these, including No 22, were written by Francis W. Steer.

TICCA, NOT BUCCA: CORRIGENDUM

From Sir George Engle, K.C.B., Q.C., 32 Wood Lane, Highgate, London N6 5UB

Sir George writes regarding one word in the text of Kipling's letter of 27 November 1921 to John Fraser *(Journal* of December 1998, page 82. As readers may recall, it was at Sir George's suggestion that Dr Catharine Hollman, Fraser's granddaughter, had kindly sent us that letter, and when he saw the term 'bucca-gharri' in our printed version he wondered if it was due to a misreading of Kipling's manuscript. Having now seen a photocopy of the letter, Sir George is certain (and Dr Hollman evidently agrees) that what Kipling wrote was 'ticca-gharri' (hired carriage); and he rightly suggests a *corrigendum* note, "to prevent others puzzling as I did".

PHILIP MASON REMEMBERED

by JOSEPHINE LEEPER

[An obituary note on Philip Mason is included in my Editorial, at page 9, but it is very usefully supplemented by this more personal tribute, written by one of our members, Mrs Leeper, who for years corresponded with Philip Mason, about Kipling and eventually about other topics. She greatly valued the many letters he sent her. Here she quotes from some of them, though the quotations in the last third of this item are not from his letters but from his book, *Since 1 Last Wrote* (Michael Russell, 1996). – *Ed.]*

My first letter from Philip Mason was about Kipling's story, "Friendly Brook" *(A Diversity of Creatures).* I had written to tell him how much I had enjoyed his book, *Kipling: the Glass, the Shadow and the Fire,* but I said I thought he had missed the point that Jim Wickenden had murdered "Mary's Lunnon father". Instead of dismissing my suggestion, he said: "I answer at once because I am excited by what you say about 'Friendly Brook'. I was so much impressed by the country quality of the story that I didn't go hunting for clues . . . but shall read it again with this in mind." Could any enquiring reader get a more charming reply from a famous author?

After this we exchanged one or two letters on various puzzling stories, and when I had the pleasure of meeting him at a Kipling Society Lunch I reminded him of this first letter. This subsequently gave rise to his article, "Two Kipling Puzzles", in the *Journal* of December 1988; and we finally agreed that if the case against Jim Wickenden were brought to court the verdict would be 'Not Proven'.

I had immensely enjoyed his Address at the Society's Luncheon in May 1988 *(Journal,* June 1988, emphasising Kipling's desire to belong to a circle of men who *did* things, and, at the same time, his tenderness for failures and misfits; and also his deeply religious beliefs which grew stronger with his own losses and defeats. From this time on, we wrote to each other once or twice a year, mostly about further Kipling puzzles – "Mrs. Bathurst" *(Traffics and Discoveries);* "The Dog Hervey" *(A Diversity of Creatures);* '"Wireless"' *(Traffics and Discoveries);* "The House Surgeon" *(Actions and Reactions);* and "In the Same Boat" (A *Diversity of Creatures)* – and we agreed that it was great fun to indulge in literary detection. When I think that at this time his eyes were beginning to give him trouble, and that he was also dictating a lot of important work – book reviews, and articles for the *Dictionary of National Biography* – I realise how privileged I was.

We found that we thought alike about many things; that Kipling, though never a homosexual (as was asserted in a book by Martin

Seymour-Smith which Philip reviewed for the *Journal* in December 1989) had a strong streak of admiration for gallant young subalterns like 'the Brushwood Boy' *(The Day's Work);* that he was not good at drawing young women, but wonderful with older ones like Mary Postgate (A *Diversity of Creatures);* and that we both detested his would-be humorous stories of revenge – "I do so agree with you about Beetle's behaviour in King's study." ["Slaves of the Lamp", Part 1, in *Stalky & Co.]* "I find that, as you do, quite horrible."

In 1992 we discovered that we were both Catholics, and Philip started sending me drafts of articles which he had written for the *Tablet,* which both widened and deepened the subjects of our correspondence, and made it more personal; and from then on we exchanged letters at least once a month. We discussed the possibilities of life after death, and referring to the problems of dead babies, he said: "There must be nurseries in Heaven, but the idea of a sort of glorified creche is rather absurd, and so is the idea of a glorified Christmas party, which is some people's idea of Heaven."

His sight was now failing badly, and he said: "Why do we hear so little of R.K.'s early blindness? It must have affected his view of the world. It does mine." Several letters refer to Kipling's eyesight – "The effect of even partial blindness is to make one feel very isolated" – but he never complained of his own, though he found it hampered his reviewing and made it impossible to look up references. His letters were typed for him, and he started listening to 'talking books', his preference being for Victorian novels. He 're-read' and enjoyed Trollope, George Eliot and Stevenson; and less well known writers such as Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins; and often wrote about them.

In the spring of 1994 he and his wife moved to Cambridge, to live near their daughter and doctor-son-in-law, and I found it possible to visit him occasionally. It was wonderful to be with him, and to listen to his opinions and the experiences of a lifetime, which he could still relate with crystal clearness. But what struck me most was the atmosphere of serenity and happiness. He was quite content, now old and blind, to sit in a sunny room, and think and talk and listen, with the gentle, unobtrusive care of his wife, as long as she was able to give it – his only anxiety, that she should not exert herself too much – and as they both failed in health, he accepted nursing care with patience and gratitude.

He could not now be bothered with current affairs, and as his still brilliant mind dwelt on matters from the past he greatly enjoyed having Kipling's stories read to him, especially the later ones such as "The Wish House" *(Debits and Credits)* with its theme of the acceptance of another person's pain as an act of love; and the stories of *Puck ofPook's*

Hill and *Rewards and Fairies.* He was particularly struck by the phrase, "What else could I have done?" which ran as a theme through all the stories in *Rewards and Fairies;* and this gave rise to the article "Cold Iron", published in the *Journal* of December 1994, in which he interpreted the phrase as "the compulsion of a man's own integrity", and Cold Iron as "the law of his own being".

I have always felt that it was also the essence of Philip's own life. Given his character and upbringing, what else could he have done than give all his strength and ability to serve the British Empire and help the people of India; and then, after they had said that they had no more need of him, to turn to the peoples of Africa, to try to understand their differences and to reconcile them with one another? The fact that he and his colleagues have been largely unsuccessful makes no difference to the compulsion of his own integrity that forced him to work for others.

In a later letter he said: "I jibbed slightly when you said that, having granted democracy, we left Nigeria with confidence. It was with great foreboding that all members of our Commission regarded the future. But we were unanimous in thinking that the consequences of 'digging in our toes' and withholding independence would have been worse. It was in this spirit that I personally agreed with the move to independence in India, and also in the various African states of which I had any knowledge."

It gave him immense pleasure that his essays from the *Tablet* were collected and published on his ninetieth birthday in a little volume called *Since I Last Wrote;* and in these essays I think that I have discovered much of the essence of his personality. The whole book is overflowing with joy in life, and gratitude to its Creator, without a word of complaint at his own disabilities – "but I do sometimes chafe at being useless. Musing on my uselessness, I remembered the upland meadows in the Himalayas, where the flowers burst out in sheets of colour when the snows melt in June."

And later: "We must say yes to life. To worry about being useless in old age is wrong, because it is to try to keep accounts with God. It is to think that what you do can be measured against the infinite."

He could sit in his darkness and remember with joy a Himalayan blue poppy "like a fragment of the noonday sky dropped to earth"; or a fox trotting up a grass track in the summer dusk; or a picnic by the sunny wall of an old Breton church, with the gulls swooping overhead, and the waves breaking white at the cliff foot; and of his beloved Himalayas themselves – "You turn a corner of the winding track, and there above you hangs this immense and glittering presence." And of the stars – "I cannot see the stars now, but I remember them and am filled with awe." And then of a dewdrop, and all the microscopic

creatures in that drop – "stars, mountains and molecules came together – and even humans. I was conscious of the unity of all creation."

He was not interested in points of Catholic doctrine, nor in my occasional criticisms of the Church's attitude to modern problems; but he did sometimes worry about the injustice of life between men, and as to why God should ever have created Man at all. He went, perplexed, into the Breton church: "A shaft of sunshine fell on the crucifix above the altar... and while the sunlight dwelt on that figure, I did not understand, or need to understand I simply saw and believed."

He mused about life after death. "I am confident of some continuance of particularity, of some continuance of separate existence." "Joy in life on earth – that must be savoured to the last. He made the earth to be lived in. And since we do not know what death will bring, surely we can prepare for it best by living our earthly life to the full, in the consciousness that death will come; and by opening ourselves as much as we can to those moments of enhanced being that are sometimes granted."

This was how Philip lived, and he died as he would have wished, his mind crystal clear, his body just fading away. My life is richer for having known him, and for the letters I received from him over the years.

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 ECIV OHB, 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.

Recent acquisitions include *The Unforgiving Minute*, the new biography of Kipling by Harry Ricketts (reviewed in the Editorial of this issue). A different sort of acquisition, greatly appreciated, is the services of a London member, Mr John Slater, who has kindly undertaken to assist Mrs Schreiber in her important job as Honorary Librarian.

THE *KIPLING JOURNAL*

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The *Kipling Journal*, house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all our currently subscribing 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. (The entire run since 1927 has now been comprehensively indexed.) Scores of libraries and English Faculties, in a dozen countries, receive the *Journal* as corporate members of the Society.

However, though scholarly in general tendency, it is not an austerely 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. There is a large membership in North America; and 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 Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wilts SP1 3SB, England. (The Society's Internet web specification is: http://www.kipling.org.uk)

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.

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