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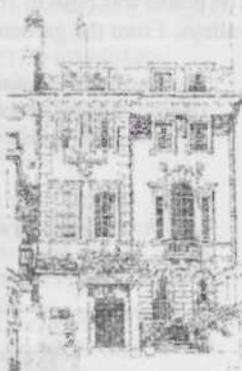
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 21 September 2005, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Clara Claiborne Park** on "Wiser and More Temperate: Lockwood Kipling and his Son".

Wednesday 16 November 2005, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Dr Tom Paulin** on "Ancient British Childhoods".

Wednesday 18 January 2006, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Bryan C. Diamond** will lead a discussion on "Plotlines in Kipling's Works".

Thursday 26 January 2006, please see facing page.

Wednesday 19 April 2006, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **David Alan Richards** on "Kipling and his School Magazine, the Problems of a Bibliographer".

September 2005

JANE KESKAR & JEFFERY LEWINS

A COMMEMORATION
AT BURWASH

26 JANUARY 2006

THE 70th ANNIVERSARY
OF KIPLING'S DEATH
(18 JANUARY 1936)

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Rowan Williams will give the address at the Service to commemorate the Life and Work of Rudyard Kipling in **St Bartholomew's**, the Parish Church in Burwash on **Thursday 26 January 2006** at 2 p.m. The Service will be followed by a reception.

Anyone wishing to attend but who feels that getting to Burwash would be a problem, **please contact the Secretary**. Depending on the response, the Council can then explore arranging transport from London.

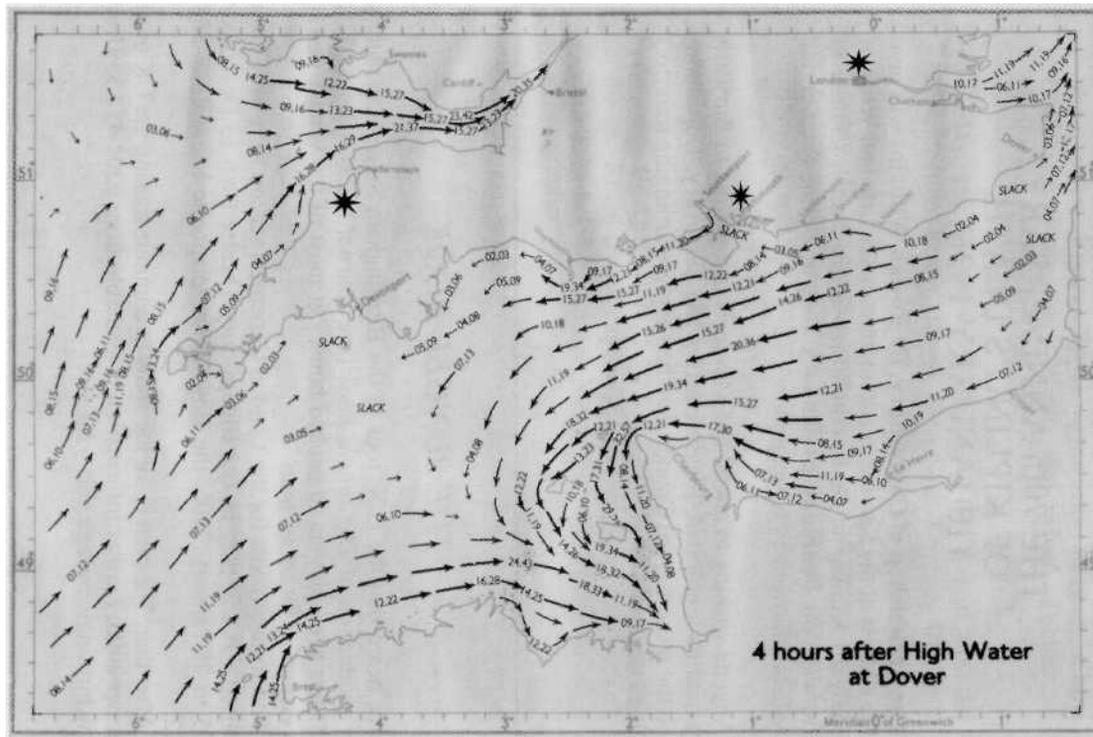
JANE KESKAR

THE JUNGLE BOOK

I have heard that the U.K. tour of the Birmingham Stage Company's new production of *The Jungle Book* (see *Journal* No.314, June 2005, p.28) has been playing to packed houses at most of the venues that it has visited so far on its tour.

The arrangements for the London Christmas season have now been finalised – it will play at The Bloomsbury Theatre from 13 December 2005 to 28 January 2006, the Box Office telephone being 0207 388 8822.

After that. The plan is for the show to continue touring the UK until summer 2006. Further information is available from 0207 437 3391 or www.birminghamstage.net. – *Ed.*



The directions of the streams are shown by the arrows, which have been graded in weight to indicate the approximate rate. The pairs of numbers such as 16.29 are the mean neap and spring rates in tenths of a knot – 1.6 knots at neap tides (new moon) and 2.9 at springs (full moon). The stars mark the places mentioned in the Editorial from west to east: Westward Ho, Southsea, and Villiers Street.

From THE TIDAL
STREAM ATLAS
for THE ENGLISH
AND BRISTOL
CHANNELS

CROWN
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THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL

TIDAL STREAMS

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken any way you please, is bad,
And strands them in forsaken guts and creeks
No decent soul would think of visiting. . .

This lead-in to "Kidnapped" was first published in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 21 March 1887, when Kipling was some 700 miles from the nearest tidal waters of the Arabian Sea. In "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" (*Macmillan's Magazine*, Dec. 1889) there is Mulvaney's happy description of the palanquins that "grated an' bumped like Queenstown potato-smacks in a runnin' tide." In *Atlantic Monthly* of September 1891 there appeared "The Disturber of Traffic", the whole plot of which revolves around the tides running up and down past the lighthouse, and its keeper. All were written before Kipling had received his first adult Naval exposure in South Africa in 1891 (see the Notes to "Judson and the Empire" in the NRG).

"The Crab that played with the Sea" (*Pearson's Magazine*, Aug. 1902) is the most tidal-specific story in which Kipling explains both spring and neap tides. In fact, Kipling's earliest use of the tide in his writing that I have been able to find is "A Legend of Devonshire", published in the *U.S.C. Chronicle* No.4, 30 June 1881 and reprinted by Andrew Rutherford in his *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling*.

The tide is rising, the shore spume flees,
The colts are stamping twixt sea and land,
The gulls are wailing o'er the seas,
And the forewheel drags in the drifting sand. . .

From whence came Kipling's early knowledge of, and apparent fascination with the tides? As has been seen, it predates all of his voyages, other than the first three between India and England aged almost 3, 6 and 17. I am convinced that those five-and-a-half years in Southsea are behind much of it, reinforced by the U.S.C. years on the shores of the Bristol Channel. An indication of the strengths of both the ebb and flood close to these places can be seen from the Tidal Stream Atlas printed in the frontispiece.

Southsea is effectively a suburb of Portsmouth, a couple of miles from the centre, on the northern shore of the eastern end of the Solent,

the body of water that lies between the Isle of Wight and the mainland. As Andrew Lycett has recorded, until he was almost 9 years old, from time to time Kipling used to walk with Captain Holloway along the seafront from Lorne Lodge to an office in the Portsmouth dockyards, hearing about the Battle of Navarino, about the training brigs off Southsea Castle, probably about his experiences as a Coastguard, and almost certainly of the effects of the tides in the Solent, whether the boy properly understood him at that age or not. This coastline of sand and mud is described with great exactitude in "Baa Baa, Black Sheep".

The tides in the Solent, and specifically in Southampton Water, have a distinct peculiarity – there are four high waters and two low waters in each 25 hours, rather than the more usual two of each. The Solent is also relatively shallow, and any wind blowing in the opposite direction to the tide kicks up a nasty chop very quickly. The entrance to Portsmouth harbour can also be unpleasant – Adlard Coles in *Creeks and Harbours of the Solent* (1973 reprint) advises yachtsmen 'not to attempt entry at the 3rd and 4th hours of the ebb at springs, particularly when strong S.E. winds against a fast ebb will cause big seas just outside the entrance.' Any seaman, particularly one familiar with coastal waters, would be bound to point out these phenomena to an interested small boy.

Whilst Kipling was living in Southsea he attended a 'terrible little Day-school' the identification of which is recorded in *Journal* No.147 for September 1963. It was Hope House, Somerset Place, Southsea, and advertised itself in the *Hampshire Telegraph and Sussex Chronicle* of 6 March 1875 as offering 'Naval, Military, and General Education. . . The Studies pursued at this long-established School, comprise everything necessary to impart a sound Classical, Mathematical, and General Education. In addition to the general course of instruction, pupils are specially prepared for the Examinations for entry into the Royal Navy – yet another influence to the appreciation of the effects of the tides.

At the age of 12, Kipling went to the United Services College on the south-eastern shore of the Bristol Channel with its well-described Pebble Ridge which Kipling mentions in three of the "Stalky" stories, and from which he and his friends went bathing on occasion. That he was still interested in matters maritime is shown by his early hopes of joining the Navy (see "Kipling and the *Chronicle*" by Richard Maidment (*Journal* No.313, p.10), and by a letter to Edith Macdonald [c. January 1881?] (Pinney, *Letters*, Vol.1, p.8.) where he writes 'Several ships have gone to pieces on Morte Rock and they say there are nearly thirty-five men missing.' The Bristol Channel also had an impact on Lionel Dunsterville, who, in his *Stalky's Reminiscences*, writes 'Mingled with my childish memories of the wild sea-waves is

always an unfading romantic affection for the old red sandstone cliffs of North Devon, . . . and the Atlantic rollers roaring at the foot.'

In 1888 Kipling visited Calcutta, the "City of Dreadful Night", and recorded his discussions with the pilot's in the Port Office on the "Banks of the Hughli", observing the result of a vessel running aground — 'She sank there, and the next tide made a scour-hole on one side of her. The returning tide knocked her into it. . . .' Then in 1889, after travelling two-thirds of the way round the globe, he fetched up in Villiers Street where 'before my windows, Father Thames under the Shot Tower walked up and down with his traffic.' "'Brugglesmith'" (*Harper's Weekly*, 1891) undoubtedly benefited from this as they drifted upstream with the tide on the last of the flood from below London Bridge in the *Breslau's* dinghy. Furthermore, Kipling had absorbed sufficient knowledge to pick up on the salient feature of a timber carrier - 'We bumped round another mooring-buoy and drifted on to the bows of a Norwegian timber-ship—I could see the great square holes on either side of the cut-water.' These holes were used for loading the ship through the bows.

Once one has been sensitised to Kipling's use of the tides, it becomes ever more noticeable in his works. A rough count in the prose shows at least 100 stories, chapters, and speeches in which the word occurs as a simile, word picture or a factual statement. Some of them are quite unexpected, and therefore have greater impact. For example, in *The Irish Guards in the Great War: The First Battalion* — 1917, 'The German retreat was as orderly as an ebb-tide.' In "The King's Ankus" [*The Second Jungle Book*] 'The floor of the vault was buried some five or six feet deep in coined gold and silver that had burst from the sacks it had been originally stored in, and, in the long years, the metal had packed and settled as sand packs at low tide.'

"Unprofessional" [*Limits and Renewals*] has the concept of tides as a basic plot element, but you can also find a tidal simile in

'I don't know how it is with you, sir,' Frost replied. 'It sometimes makes me feel as if I were seeing a sort of ripple strike up along the edges of 'em. Like broken water, with the sun tipping it. Like Portland Race in open-and-shut weather.'

One final example is from "The Spirit of the Latin" [*A Book of Words*], an Address given in Brazil in 1927: 'The wave of destruction that swamped it for so long is being followed by a new tide of creation which one already hears breaking on every shore. Mes confrères, I venture to think that this fresh tide will carry the galleons of Brazil very far.'

RUDYARD KIPLING

(1865–1936)

By JOHN JULIUS NORWICH

[John Julius, 2nd Viscount Norwich, gave this Address on 19 January 2005 to our London meeting. Lord Norwich is well-known for his broadcasting, his various histories, and in particular for his books on Art and Architecture. He is a former Chairman of the Venice in Peril Fund and of the Executive Committee of the National Trust. He is now Chairman of the World Monuments Fund in Britain. – Ed.]

"How far is St. Helena from a little child at play?"
What makes you want to wander there with all the world between?
Oh Mother, call your son again or else he'll run away.
(No one thinks of winter when the grass is green!)

"How far is St. Helena from a fight in Paris street?"
I haven't time to answer now—the men are falling fast.
The guns begin to thunder, and the drums begin to beat.
(If you take the first step, you will take the last!)

"How far is St. Helena from the field of Austerlitz?"
You couldn't hear me if I told—so loud the cannons roar.
But not so far for people who are living by their wits.
("Gay go up" means "Gay go down" the wide world o'er!)

"How far is St. Helena from an Emperor of France?"
I cannot see—I cannot tell—the Crowns they dazzle so.
The Kings sit down to dinner, and the Queens stand up to dance.
(After open weather you must look for snow!)

"How far is St. Helena from the Capes of Trafalgar?"
A longish way—a longish way—with ten year more to run.
It's South across the water underneath a falling star.
(What you cannot finish you must leave undone!)

"How far is St. Helena from the Beresina ice?"
An ill way—a chill way—the ice begins to crack.
But not so far for gentlemen who never took advice.
(When you can't go forward you must e'en come back!)

"How far is St. Helena from the field of Waterloo?"
A near way—a clear way—the ship will take you soon.
A pleasant place for gentlemen with little left to do.
(Morning never tries you till the afternoon!)

"How far from St. Helena to the Gate of Heaven's Grace?"
That no one knows—that no one knows—and no one ever will.
So fold your hands across your heart and cover up your face,
And after all your trapesings, child, lie still!

It was that poem, more than any other of his writings, that introduced me to Rudyard Kipling. My parents had read me the *Just So Stories* and, I think, at least one of the *Jungle Books*; but these had got confused in my infant mind with all the other animal stories that are part and parcel of an English childhood, and never really made the same sort of impression on me as Alice, or even Dr Doolittle. "A St. Helena Lullaby" was different. My father would recite it to himself while shaving in the morning, and occasionally again in the evening after dinner. I loved it from the first time I heard it, and it was the first poem of Kipling's that I ever learnt by heart. Field-Marshal Wavell, including it in his anthology *Other Men's Flowers*, expresses surprise that the poet got the chronological order wrong, Trafalgar having in fact been fought six weeks before Austerlitz; but Kipling, I suspect, knew this perfectly well. For him, the dramatic order was far more important than the chronological. The point was that Trafalgar was a defeat; he could hardly introduce it while he was still tracing the rise of Napoleon's career.

The poem is Kipling through and through. No other poet, in all English literary history, would have chosen so artificial a formula for each verse – question, answer, elaboration of answer, monitory aphorism – and brought it off so triumphantly. We can recognise that faultless ear, that ability to combine as no one else could the easy rhythms of everyday colloquial speech with the occasional shaft of pure poetry – like those opening words "How far is St. Helena"; that unflinching instinct for precisely the right word, as in "trapesings"; the strong moral undercurrent that is such a Kipling trademark; and just that little hint of patronising archness that is, so regrettably, another. Finally, am I alone in believing that I can trace, as in so many other poems by the same hand, a faint echo of the Victorian music hall? In Napoleon's day the music hall had not yet been invented; but if it had, and if the Lullaby had been set to a good, catchy tune, would audiences not have taken it to their hearts in the same way as they were later to do with similarly belittling songs about Kruger, or Kaiser Bill, or even in our own day, Adolf Hitler?

And yet, although the poem could in one sense have been written by no one other than Kipling, in another it is not at all typical of him. With his deeply implanted mistrust of democracy and his admiration for what he used to describe as "the strong man governing alone", we might have expected him to make Napoleon one of his heroes, just as

he idolised Mussolini – and would probably have idolised Hitler too if his lifelong hatred of Germany had not most fortunately prevented his doing so. In fact, his feelings about Napoleon were probably much the same as those which had impelled the furious Beethoven to strike out the dedication of the *Eroica Symphony*; disappointment and disillusion at the sight of a brilliant young general – who might have saved and restored prosperity to his country – returning it instead, his head turned by early success and his own monstrous ambition, to the demoralisation and disgrace from which he had rescued it only twenty years before. Napoleon was a genius, and a thoroughgoing professional – two qualities Kipling admired above all others; but he was also an adventurer who prostituted his immense talents for his own glory – and that was not to be forgiven.

But did not Kipling do the same? Did not he, too, sacrifice his prodigious natural gifts on the altar of vulgarity and violence, abandoning the lyricism of which he was so obviously capable – and which could have made him the successor to Tennyson – in favour of slangy doggerel, false heartiness, provincial journalese, the songs of the music hall and – worst of all, perhaps – the mangled and mutilated language in which he attempted to reproduce the dialect of the lower classes, with results (as George Orwell put it) as embarrassing as the humorous recitation at a church social? Many contemporary critics believed that he did – among them Max Beerbohm, who saw him as nothing more than "a Bank Holiday cornet virtuoso on the spree."

It wasn't often that Max missed the point; but this time he missed it totally – and perhaps that is not altogether surprising. Max was an aesthete, an exquisite, a Yellow Book man; his soul was as different from Kipling's as any man's soul could possibly be. His fastidious distaste for the brash rum-ti-tum of the *Barrack-Room Ballads* and the regimental crudities of *Soldiers Three* blinded him not only to the fact that this rather unpleasant young man had given the ordinary British soldier a voice – something that no writer had ever done before – but also to his extraordinary literary talents: to his unerring way with words, his boundless intellectual curiosity and powers of observation – powers so sensitive that it sometimes seems that not only his mind but every one of his senses possesses its own separate set of antennae, responding almost psychically to the world around him.

And many other people since Max have made the same mistake – that of judging this most varied and wide-ranging of writers on the strength of the more objectionable aspects of his work alone: if not the crudity and the brashness, then the right-wing prejudices, the suggestions of anti-semitism (though these are mild compared with those of his contemporaries Belloc and Chesterton), the shameless reflection of

what tends nowadays to be considered as British imperialism at its worst. In all these areas Kipling lays himself almost masochistically open to attack – as he does, too, in another, more surprising, characteristic of his: his simplicity. In virtually all his poetry and in all his short stories except a few in the last two collections – *Debits and Credits* and *Limits and Renewals* – he is immediately and transparently comprehensible. Usually, as T.S. Eliot pointed out in his celebrated introduction to his choice of Kipling's verse, we find ourselves defending contemporary writers against accusations of obscurity; with Kipling, on the other hand, the charge is more often that of excessive lucidity. People, Eliot goes on, may be exasperated by poetry that they can't understand; but they also tend to be contemptuous of poetry they understand too easily. Kipling's fault is not intellectual arrogance; what many of his critics, whether they admit it or not, find hardest to forgive is the way he appeals to the commonest collective emotions.

Now this may be true enough as far as it goes; unfortunately, it doesn't go anywhere near far enough. Kipling stands arraigned on several other charges too, a good deal more serious than that of simplicity or those which concern his political opinions. Politics are, after all, ephemeral: today's news is tomorrow's history. Besides, most intelligent people find their political views changing and developing as they grow older, and Kipling was no exception. The point is that he was never – thank God – a professional politician. He was – first, last and always – a writer, and it is as a writer that he must be judged.

Technically, there is no doubt, he was superb. Equally at ease with verse or prose, he had an instinct for the rhythms of English that might have been the envy of many writers even greater than he, together with a gift for the telling phrase unequalled by any writer since Shakespeare. George Orwell has listed several that have passed into the language: 'East is East and West is West'; 'The White Man's Burden'; 'What do they know of England who only England know?'; 'The Female of the Species is more deadly than the Male'; 'Somewhere East of Suez'; and 'Paying the Dane-Geld'. I would add 'The Law of the Jungle'; 'The Tumult and the Shouting dies'; 'The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady'; and even, perhaps, 'The Glory of the Garden'. And all this he combined with a fertility of imagination that sometimes takes one's breath away. How many writers would be capable, even if they wished to do so, of devoting a short story – and not in any sense a children's story either – to a detailed description of a polo match, seen exclusively from the point of view of the ponies? Kipling did it in 1895 with 'The Maltese Cat', bringing it off triumphantly and without a trace of archness; moreover his horses are real horses, and not just *Animal Farm-type* symbols for human beings. Three years later, in 'The Ship

that found Herself, he went further still and made the various parts of the ship the chief characters, while in ".007" he did the same thing with a railway engine; I shall be giving you an example a little later on.

His weaknesses – and they are many and grave – seem to me to be principally psychological; and to understand them properly we must go back to his formative years and to the several major traumas of his life, all of which left deep scars and from none of which he ever entirely recovered. The first was his and his sister's enforced return from India when he was six, and their farming out with the infamous Mr and Mrs Holloway in Southsea. It was not just the severity and lovelessness of this household, the ill-treatment inflicted on both the children (but more especially Rudyard) by the woman they were obliged to call "Aunt Rosa" and the cruel bullying of him by the Holloways' considerably older son that led him to refer to the place, on the rare occasions when he could be persuaded to talk about it at all, as 'the House of Desolation'; it was above all the feeling of betrayal. How could his parents, whom he had loved and whom he believed to love him, have abandoned their children so heartlessly, entrusting them without a second thought to a wicked step-mother straight out of a fairy-tale? The nightmare was to last a full five years – an eternity to a small child – until Alice Kipling returned to England to see them, went upstairs to kiss her son goodnight, and saw him instinctively raise his arm to ward off an expected blow. Then and only then was she to take them away; but the damage had been done.

Three times over Kipling tells us the story of those Southsea years: first in his short story "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" (written eleven years later, after his return to India, and one of the few occasions in his work, as Edmund Wilson has pointed out, where he sympathises with the victims rather than with the instigators of a severely repressive discipline), next – with a few minor alterations made necessary by the plot – in his early and extremely bad novel *The Light that Failed*, and finally, at the end of his life, in his posthumously-published autobiography *Something of Myself*. In the first two, at least, he was not on oath: did he exaggerate his miseries? The answer seems to be that he did not. His sister, Mrs John Fleming, told his first biographer Lord Birkenhead that she and her brother never discussed their time at Southsea: 'it hurt too much'; and forty-three years after their departure his wife recorded in her diary: 'Rud takes me to see Lorne Lodge . . . where he was so misused and forlorn and desperately unhappy as a child, and talks of it all with horror.'

That same desperate insecurity that had caused him instinctively to ward off his mother's kiss was to remain with him always, ineffectually hidden behind the interminable bluster and braggadocio. So too was his extraordinary secretiveness, his hatred of interviews and almost

pathological fear of journalists, despite having been such an inspired one himself. For those who are hunted or persecuted – and Kipling at Southsea was unquestionably both – self-revelation means destruction. Keep yourself to yourself: or, as he was later to put it:

Unless you come of the gypsy stock
That steals by night and day,
Lock your heart with a double lock
And throw the key away.

Anyone reading his so-called autobiography – which was, incidentally, suggested as a form of therapy by his doctor – will see how faithfully this precept was observed.

Kipling's next stage, the United Services College at Westward Ho!, was an immense improvement on Southsea; but if we are to judge from the picture he gives of it in *Stalky & Co.* – I say "if, because the originals of his two principal characters have published very different accounts of the place – it still seems to have embodied all that was worst in the English public school system of High Victorian days. I shall pass over it quickly, if only because I have always found the book almost unreadable in its persistent obsession with persecution, bullying and flogging, to say nothing of its muddled thinking. As in *Kim*, Kipling never seems quite sure which side he is on. First he enlists our sympathies for the boys' rebellion against their sadistic masters; then he explains that all the beatings and canings are necessary for one of his favourite processes, described all too frequently throughout his work as "licking the cubs into shape", to make them capable of governing the Empire. The final scene of the story entitled "A Little Prep.", in which the Headmaster undertakes personally to flog the whole school while the boys stand round him cheering, is little short of grotesque.

Did Kipling swallow the public school ethos? Up to a point, yes: the dreadful heartiness of *Stalky & Co.* tells its own story. Worse, his later epistolary style – in which, among countless other infelicities, he invariably refers to his meals as "grub" and seldom fails to replace the "th" in "them" with an apostrophe – shows that, unlike most men of his time, he never grew out of it. On the other hand he never swallowed it altogether. Though that inspired reference to 'the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goals' was still four years in the future, he made no secret of despising all games except polo – his extreme short-sightedness may have had something to do with it – and spent every spare moment of leisure reading and writing: some of his schoolboy verses are already quite astonishingly assured. Browning and Poe, Swinburne and Ruskin – in literature at least, he was a good

deal less Philistine than he pretended, and than his later critics believed. He read French fluently – he had fallen in love with the country after having been taken there by his father at the age of twelve to see the great Paris Exhibition of 1878 – and, so far as we can gather, Latin: he certainly had a passion for Horace, keeping an annotated copy of the Odes at his bedside. For all its shortcomings, the United Services College had done him proud; and by the age of seventeen he was ready to enter the next chapter of his life: his return to India and his seven years as a working journalist for the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore.

It was, one suspects, his happiest time:

We shall go back by the boltless doors,
To the life unaltered our childhood knew—
To the naked feet on the cool, dark floors,
And the high-ceiled rooms that the Trade blows through:

To the trumpet-flowers and the moon beyond,
And the tree-toad's chorus drowning all—
And the lisp of the split banana-frond
That talked us to sleep when we were small.

Already – thanks to his early childhood – speaking fluent Hindustani, unshackled by the discipline of the army or the Indian Civil Service, he could mix in every *milieu*, study every society, from the tea-table of the hopeful English girls – known locally as "the fishing fleet" – newly arrived in Delhi and Simla, to the earthiness of the barrack-room and the exoticism of the bazaar. Thus it was that by 1886 there suddenly appeared the first writer of real stature that British India had ever produced: an overworked young man of twenty-one, filling the vacant spaces of his newspaper with short stories and satirical verses that instantly made his name a household word the length and breadth of India — and, a year or two later, of England too. They impressed not only by their originality – no one had ever attempted anything of the kind before – and the brilliance of the writing, but also by their sheer quantity: by the time he left India in 1889 at the age of twenty-four, Kipling had produced – not counting the two books which he wrote with other members of his family – no less than nine volumes of poetry and prose. Two years later, by the end of 1891, the total had risen to sixteen.

So it was that when Kipling arrived in London, by way of America, in 1889, he was already a celebrity. Not all the *literati* shared Max Beerbohm's opinions. Vulgar and tasteless he might be; yet 'who else,' asked George Moore, 'except Whitman, has written with the whole language since the Elizabethans?' Edmund Gosse confessed to 'a peculiar

thrill'; Henry James described him, as only Henry James could, as 'a strangely clever youth who has stolen the formidable mask of maturity and rushes about making people jump with the deep sounds that issue from its painted lips.' True, there were to be disappointments: *The Light that Failed* was one of them; yet his star continued to rise, and only two years later James went further still: 'Kipling strikes me personally' he wrote, 'as the most complete man of genius . . . that I have ever known.' Kipling's vanity must have been flattered by the acclaim; but he showed little gratitude, or even appreciation. From the beginning he seems to have felt himself an outsider, and no wonder. This, after all, was *fin de siècle* London, the London of Moore and Meredith, of Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde; in the world of art, of his own uncles Sir Edward Poynter and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It might admire him as the curious, exotic phenomenon he was; but its values could never be his values. It could never take him to its heart. Nor did he wish it to. This strange, hypersophisticated society in which he suddenly found himself must have seemed languid, self-satisfied and more than a little decadent:

But I consort with long-haired things
In velvet collar-rolls,
Who talk about the Aims of Art,
And 'theories' and 'goals',
And moo and coo with womenfolk
About their blessed souls.

Such people were, he found, sublimely uninterested in the vast, many-faceted and infinitely more exciting world outside. He sensed their enmity and retreated, as he was so often to do in the future, into his shell. What had begun as suspicion turned first to dislike, and eventually to contempt. No wonder he didn't stay in London long.

In January 1892 he married his American fiancée Caroline Balestier, sister of a young publisher named Wolcott Balestier who had, in his own way, taken the literary world by storm at about the same time. More impressively, he had managed to penetrate Kipling's formidable defences as few others had done. Recent suggestions that their friendship had homosexual overtones strike me as wildly improbable to say the least. Kipling had certainly been prostrated with grief when Wolcott had died of typhoid in 1891, but this was always his reaction to the deaths of those he loved or admired – after the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom he had never met, Lord Birkenhead tells us that he could not write a line for three weeks – and his marriage can probably be attributed less to any wish of preserving the associa-

tion with his friend's family than to the determination of Carrie herself, who was effortlessly to dominate her husband, for all his transparent *machismo*, for the next forty-four years until his death.

A fortnight after their marriage they left London for America, Canada and Japan – they were always compulsive travellers – before settling in August on the Balestier property at Brattleboro, Vermont. At first they were happy enough: it was here that Kipling produced for his children the two *Jungle Books* and several of the enchanting *Just So Stories*, works which are alone enough to rank him second only to Lewis Carroll among the greatest children's writers in English. The *Just So Stories*, which were to be published only in 1902, are obviously intended for very young children and are straightforward enough: the *Jungle Books*, on the other hand, tell us as much about Kipling as anything he ever wrote.

Nowadays, the phrase "The Law of the Jungle" – one of those catch phrases of his that have passed into the language – has a very different connotation from that which he intended. We use it today to mean, roughly speaking, anarchy; for Kipling, it signified precisely the opposite. The *Jungle Books* are in fact shot through with his instinctive imperialism, his love of an imposed order, without which countries and peoples would, he believed, lapse into that very chaos which he dreaded more than anything else in the world. From the very first page we find Mowgli undergoing that favourite process of Kipling's that I have already mentioned, the process that he liked to describe as being "licked into shape". In this case the little Indian boy who has been adopted by the beasts is being *taught* the Law of the Jungle, that inflexible code of conduct which all the animals except the monkeys know by instinct, and which makes this primeval world the happy, curiously well-ordered place it is. Yet for Kipling, even this natural law is not enough; it is no coincidence that Mowgli – true to his origins, for he is after all a superior being – grows up to be a Forest Ranger and a servant of the Raj, providing a striking parallel with Kim, as we shall see.

Trouble came all too soon – when they ran foul of Carrie's mildly disreputable brother Beatty Balestier. The affair reached its climax at a legal hearing in May 1896 when, under cross-examination, Kipling contradicted himself again and again and made himself little less than a laughing-stock. It was the greatest humiliation of his life.

But the greatest American tragedy was still to come. Three years later the Kiplings sailed with their three young children for New York, and on their arrival were all five of them stricken with influenza. Kipling's turned almost at once to pneumonia, and for a week he hung between life and death; only after he was well on the road to recovery did his wife dare to break it to him that their six-year-old daughter

Josephine had died of the same virus a few days before. Here was another blow that he never fully overcame. After they returned to their English home at Rottingdean in Sussex he wrote to his mother that he saw her everywhere, every time a door was opened, in every green corner of the garden. Her name could not be mentioned in his presence: only in his poetry – and, it must be said, in some of his most embarrassing poetry – could he express something of what he felt:

Her brows are bound with bracken-fronds,
And golden elf-locks fly above;
Her eyes are bright as diamonds
And bluer than the skies above.

And so on –

There was to be only one further tragedy in Kipling's life: the death in the first World War of his son John, at the age of seventeen. Here his grief was almost certainly compounded by feelings of desperate guilt, knowing as he did that John, whose eyesight was as bad as his own, had been rejected for the army on medical grounds and had obtained his commission only after his father had made a personal appeal to his old friend, Field Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar. He dealt with it, as he had dealt with his grief for Josephine, by ruthlessly eliminating everything that could remind him of the child he had lost – a reaction with which many of us would, I think, find difficult to sympathise, and which demonstrates once again his strange inability to face up to personal adversity. Even so, he seems to have been less haunted by John than he was by Josephine; his magnificent later work for the Imperial War Graves Commission may well have provided comfort of a kind that he could never have known after the loss of his little daughter.

The beginning of the twentieth century found Kipling entering the middle period of his life. He was rich, he was famous. His recent illness had made the headlines everywhere; telegrams had poured in from all over the world. In 1900, too, he completed the book on which he had been working for the past two years and which was to prove his greatest prose masterpiece – the only really satisfactory full-length work, in fact, that he ever wrote: *Kim*. In the opinion of Mr Nirad C. Chaudhuri (one of the most intelligent men I have ever known) this is the best book on India ever written. Certainly no one else, British or Indian, before or since, has written of India in quite the same way, embracing in a single universal vision all its classes and castes and religions. Moreover, he writes with love – the love that he acquired from his Indian childhood and that he never lost. Neither is there, at this stage of

his development, any suggestion of racial superiority. To him, British culture was superior to Indian only because the British were the stronger, and happened to be better at the arts of administration and government. In *Kim*, as in nearly all his Indian stories, the natives are infinitely more sympathetic, and often a good deal wiser, than the British – while Christian missionaries come off worst of all.

Herein lies the value of *Kim*. The travellers and the unending commerce of the Grand Trunk Road live again in its pages; the characters – the horse-dealer Mahbub Ali, the rich old widow in her bullock-cart, the sinister jeweller Lurgan Sahib and of course the Lama himself, are as fully-rounded and as three-dimensional as those of Dickens – though, like Dickens again, one feels that Kipling sometimes had a little trouble breathing life into his hero: compared with his friends and associates on the Road, Kim himself tends to emerge as a surprisingly misty figure. No matter: with so exotic and colourful a pageant passing ceaselessly before our eyes, we hardly notice. For *Kim* is a panorama, set against the eternal backdrop of the Himalayas and the more transitory one of what, thanks once again to Kipling, we have come to call the Great Game.

But panoramas are not novels, and it is as a novel that the book ultimately fails. First of all, it is picaresque – more a collection of linked short stories than a novel in the true sense of the word. But there is more to the problem than that. Its real weakness was, I think, first identified by Edmund Wilson, who pointed out that the fundamental conflict from which the plot derives its interest, actually comes to nothing: the two forces – India and the Raj – never really engage. Throughout the book we are left in no doubt which of the two is closer to Kim's own heart: we admire – indeed, we are fascinated by – his ability to merge into the life of India, as he instantly does the moment the school holidays begin, and we naturally expect that, sooner or later, he will find himself torn between the two allegiances. But nothing of the kind occurs. At the end of the book, what happens? Just as Mowgli became a Forest Ranger, Kim finally emerges as the Sahib he is and gains promotion in the Secret Service. Thus, as in *Stalky*, sympathy for the weaker of the two forces (India) gives way to glorification of the stronger (the Raj). Despite a clear basic conflict, Kipling has once again – as he always did – avoided any direct confrontation between the two sides. But, I suspect, he would have explained that Kim could not have acted otherwise: he would have known, like any other sensible person, that British rule was the best thing – not necessarily for Britain, but for India; that India needed a firm hand; that the British were good rulers, the Indian Civil Service being on the whole kind, competent, selfless and incorruptible; and, finally, that if the British were ever to leave there would be bloodshed on a huge and hideous scale. How right he was.

And this brings us to one of the most fundamental tenets of Kipling's imperialist philosophy: the concept of the Empire as duty, based not on what can be got out of the subject peoples but on what can be contributed to their education and welfare. He illustrated it best in the appeal he addressed to the Americans, after the brief Spanish-American War of 1898 left them the somewhat embarrassed masters of Cuba and the Philippines:

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

And note, please, that marvellous word 'fluttered'. Could anyone but Kipling have used it? I don't think so.

The appearance of *Kim* coincided almost exactly with the outbreak of the Boer War. Kipling flung himself into the cause heart and soul. Not only were the Boers rebels; their attitude to the black Africans was precisely that which he most deplored. Besides, the war provided him with just the excitement and activity he needed after his family tragedy. He travelled ceaselessly backwards and forwards to South Africa, writing, lecturing, reporting and, incidentally, getting his first – and virtually his last – experience of battle. It was a small, inconclusive engagement to which he was taken by a native driver in a bullock cart – all his life he was terrified of horses – and it is unlikely that his life was ever very seriously at risk; but it thrilled him to the core and enabled him, he felt, to write still more graphically of the army in the field.

And so, in a way, he did; but he was no longer the Kipling of the early Indian stories. The first major war that his country had fought in his lifetime seems somehow to have desensitised him. His imperialism, imbued with a new ferocity, is no longer tempered with the same admiration, even the same sympathy and understanding, for the subject peoples. Gunga Din was no longer a better man than he was. He would never write another *Kim*. Henceforth he was a member of the Establishment. He would never hesitate to criticize the Government, the generals, above all the politicians – a race he professed to loathe – including even his own cousin Stanley Baldwin.

It comes even now as something of a surprise to read that Kipling's ideal of manliness as immortalised in "If—", probably the most famous

of all his poems, was based on the character of that most pig-headed of men Sir Leander Starr Jameson, leader of the Jameson Raid of December 1895 and one of those principally responsible for the outbreak of hostilities with the Boers less than four years later. Jameson had received no less than six messages to the effect that the British in Johannesburg would not rise in support of his projected armed raid into the Transvaal, but he went in regardless. The result of this ludicrous decision was sixty-five out of six hundred of his own men killed and wounded, the Boers losing just one. Jameson's final humiliation was to be sent back to London by President Kruger and to be sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment in Holloway prison. No wonder that a friend of mine used to keep, framed above his desk, an inscription reading "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you – could it be that you have incorrectly appraised the situation?"

It was just as well, when the war finally ended, that Kipling found a new interest – one which was to occupy his creative energies almost as obsessively as India had done twenty years before: this was England, which he liked to refer to as 'my favourite foreign country', and in particular English history. In 1902 he and Carrie left Rottingdean – long since made intolerable by autograph hunters – and settled at Bateman's, an old and extremely gloomy mill, protected by thirty-three acres of farmland, near Burwash in Sussex – now the property of the National Trust and open to the public. With his usual thoroughness, he spent days and weeks in the local Records Office, immersing himself in Sussex history and legend; and the result was two children's books, *Puck of Pook's Hill* – published in 1906 – and *Rewards and Fairies*, which appeared four years later.

I call them "children's books" only with some hesitation: Kipling himself described them somewhat differently, as stories intended to be read by children 'before people realised that they were meant for grown-ups', and several of the stories in *Rewards and Fairies* are so heavy with unstated implication and symbolism as to constitute something of a challenge to the maturest adult; essentially, however, children's books is what they are. Kipling, as we have seen, was no stranger to the genre. Now that his own children were growing up, they needed something more immediately relevant to their own lives than *Just So Stories* and *Jungle Books*. These new stories, however, were nothing like the textbooks that they might have used at school: they were designed not so much to teach their young readers English history as to impress upon them the two-thousand-year continuity of life on this island, the ability of its people to draw strength from the eternal land itself and thus to survive war and adversity.

This theme was to emerge as one of the principal *leitmotifs* of Kipling's later work, a theme which was to run through some of his prose and a good deal of his poetry for the rest of his life. But of course he remained an imperialist – which is why, time and time again, he reverts to one of his favourite themes: England under the Roman occupation. Let me give you one of many examples of the way he combines the two, in "The Roman Centurion's Song":

Legate, I heard the news last night—my cohort ordered home
By ship to Portus Itius and thence by road to Rome.
I've marched the companies aboard, the arms are stored below:
Now let another take my sword. Command me not to go!

I've served in Britain forty years, from Vectis to the Wall.
I have no other home than this, nor any life at all.
Last night I did not understand, but, now the hour draws near
That calls me to my native land, I feel that land is here.

Here where men say my name was made, here where my work was
done;

Here where my dearest dead are laid—my wife—my wife and son;
Here where time, custom, grief and toil, age, memory, service, love,
Have rooted me to British soil. Ah, how can I remove?

For me this land, that sea, these airs, those folk and fields suffice.
What purple southern pomp can match our changeful Northern
skies,

Dark with December snows unshed or pearly with August haze—
The clanging arch of steel-grey March, or June's long-lighted days?

You'll follow widening Rhodanus till vine and olive lean
Aslant before the sunny breeze that sweeps Nemausus clean
To Arelate's triple gate; but let me linger on,
Here where our stiff-necked British oaks confront Euroclydon!

You'll take the old Aurelian road through shore-descending pines
Where, blue as any peacock's neck, the Tyrrhene Ocean shines.
You'll go where laurel crowns are won, but—will you e'er forget
The scent of hawthorn in the sun, or bracken in the wet?

Let me work here for Britain's sake—at any task you will—
A marsh to drain, a road to make, or native troops to drill.
Some Western camp (I know the Pict) or granite border keep,
Mid seas of heather derelict, where our old messmates sleep.

Legate, I come to you in tears—My cohort ordered home!
 I've served in Britain forty years. What should I do in Rome?
 Here is my heart, my soul, my mind—the only life I know.
 I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not to go!

"Command" – that's the word: not "allow" or "permit". Here is a centurion whose long service has licked him thoroughly into shape. He is not demanding any rights or asking any favours. What he understands is obedience. Only a command will do. And this brings us to another secret of Kipling's strength: his ability to think himself into the mind, not just of a professional soldier, but of any working man. Work – the things a man does for a living, the objects that surround him, the tools he uses, even the technical language with which he describes all these things – never cease to fascinate him, and provide a theme for much of his later writing. Take these lines, for example, from his poem "McAndrew's Hymn":

The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-pump sobs an'
 heaves,
 An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves:
 Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
 Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glimmerin'
 through the guides.

His curiosity for technical terms and processes was insatiable. Seamen and engineers, architects and gold-miners, scientists and surgeons – no one was safe from his relentless questioning. On his many journeys to and from South Africa, we are told that the officers of the Union Castle Line dreaded him, and prayed not to find themselves on the same ship, since they were invariably buttonholed and then cross-examined about their work for hours at a time until they felt like squeezed lemons. (Though even this did not stop Kipling, on one occasion, from reporting the whole lot of them on arrival in England for flirting with the passengers.)

By now, too, he had found his length. After *Kim* he wrote no more novels; he stuck principally to the short poem and the short story. I have said comparatively little so far about Kipling's short stories. Many, I may as well confess, I find unreadable. I cannot bear the sham dialect of *Soldiers Three* and a good many others like it; for that reason alone, the beauty of " 'Love-o'-Women'", which no less a critic than Maurice Baring considered to be among his best, is lost on me. Nor can I willingly endure the slapstick of "My Sunday at Home" or " 'Brugglesmith' ", or the cruel practical jokery of such tales as "The Village that Voted the

Earth was Flat". There can be little doubt, on the other hand, that in the best of his short stories Kipling surpasses any other writer in English – and does so at every stage of his career. Some masterpieces, "The Man who would be King", date from as early as the 1880s; others, like 'They' – one of the most beautiful stories he ever wrote – date from the early 1900s; the dreadful but unforgettable "Mary Postgate" appeared in 1917; the most poignant of all, "The Gardener", as late as 1926.

Does Rudyard Kipling deserve his reputation? Before trying to answer that question, we have to establish just what his reputation is. Few writers in all literature are more loved or more loathed: as C.S. Lewis wrote, 'hardly any reader likes him a little.' On his second return from India, as we have seen, he had taken London by storm, and ten years later his fame had spread all over the world. In Russia, I am told, he is still the best-known of all English writers, Shakespeare not excepted. In his own country, however, though he remained a celebrity till the end of his life and his books continued to sell in huge numbers, his reputation began to decline soon after the Boer War; and it comes as something of a surprise to discover that already in Edwardian days the literary world had ceased to take him seriously, seeing him as facile, superficial and hopelessly outdated. In particular his award of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907 attracted a howl of protest, and has been roundly condemned on countless occasions since.

Yet he remains a giant: frequently vulgar and tasteless — as is the way of giants – and occasionally downright nauseating, but a giant none the less. What is more, he was his own giant. His subject matter, his viewpoint, his opinions, his style both in verse and prose – all were his and his alone. Few writers have owed less to their predecessors, just as few have given more to the language. His values may not be our values – though they are a good deal more likely to be today than they were 50 years ago – but however firmly we may reject them we cannot deny the brilliance with which they are expressed – a brilliance which has, in a very real sense, given them immortality.

Let me end, as I began, with a poem – which seems to me to summarise his philosophy better than most.

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and
dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has
died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or
two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair.
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all.

And only The Master shall praise us, and only The Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They are!

Perhaps he did deserve the Nobel Prize after all.

DRAWINGS BY JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING AT THE BRITISH LIBRARY

Bryan Diamond, whose article "John Lockwood Kipling material at the V&A Museum" appeared in *Journal* No.313, March 2005, pp.28-33, has now located a further 13 drawings in the British Library Oriental and India Office Print room. These were purchased by the British Museum in 1961 and have the references WD 1737 – 1749.

The drawings are all "pencil and wash" of craftsmen and villagers in Khangaum (nowadays spelt Khamgaon) in the Buldana district of Berar in Maharashtra where cotton is a major crop. They are dated February/March 1872, and each drawing has a descriptive label of two or three lines, signed "J.L. Kipling". The subjects are:

the *Deshmukh*, head of the village; the *Patel*, another village official; the *Kulkarni*, or village accountant; the *Joshi*, or village astrologer; the *Priest of Banumin*; the *Mahar*, or village messenger; the *Mahajan*, or moneylender; the *Garpagari*, a kind of priest; the *Dhobi*, or washerman; the *Hajam*, or barber; the *Sutar*, or carpenter; the *Lohar*, or blacksmith; the *Bania*, or merchant; the *Mhang*, or village musician.

Full descriptions were circulated by Bryan via the Mailbase – *Ed.*

HOW DID THE ELEPHANT GET ITS TRUNK? WHAT OR WHO INSPIRED THE SETTING FOR KIPLING'S "THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD"?

By MARK BERRY

[Mark Berry is South African, born and bred. He retired some two years ago and lives by the Limpopo on Mmabolela Estates. He has known the area for almost 50 years, and was very friendly with A.V. Lindbergh's grandson with whom he spent many happy holidays here as a child. While A.V. Lindbergh died in 1939 his wife, Gladys, lived until the ripe old age of 94 and died in 1979. He knew her well and she told him that Kipling got his "Just So" story from "the Limpopo" which was how she referred to Mmabolela.

Mr Berry has a general interest in this part of South Africa and its history, although the written record is poor. This section of the Limpopo is best known for the early hunter-adventurers who visited the area in the mid-1800s. Also for Rhodes's Pioneer Column which passed along the Limpopo in 1890 en route to what is today Harare.

On a geographical note, the source of the Limpopo is on the slopes of the northern suburbs of Johannesburg which run into the Jukskei river, and which in turn run into the Crocodile River. Historically, the Limpopo was the name of the river after the confluence of the Crocodile and Shashi Rivers. However, the Limpopo today starts at the confluence of the Crocodile and Marico rivers. – *Ed.*]

Then Kolokolo Bird said, with a mournful cry, 'Go to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, and find out.'

Like Kipling, Afrikaner naturalist Eugene Marais also immortalized the Limpopo in his famous 1930s poem "Mabalel" – a true story of a maiden who was taken by a huge crocodile while collecting water from the bank of the Limpopo. The Mabalel Hippo Pool, as it known today, is situated on a private nature reserve, Mmabolela Estates which co-incidentally, is also reputed to have been the inspiration for Kipling's "Just So" story. But can this be so?

Kipling first visited South Africa in 1891 where he spent two months at Cape Town.¹

His second trip was in 1898 when he met C.J. Rhodes who arranged a trip to Rhodesia. Kipling travelled by train from Kimberley to Bulawayo,² a journey lasting 6 days. He also returned to Kimberley by train: 'I travelled with two men on their way to Kimberley, and I enjoyed all the luxuries the train could offer'.³ That was Kipling's first and last recorded visit to Rhodesia.

The railway line from Kimberley to Bulawayo passed through Mafeking, Palape and Francistown, what is today southern Botswana (Khama's Country). At its closest point the railway line is some 60 km north of the Limpopo River and, certainly, well beyond view. It would thus seem

that Kipling never saw the Limpopo River in which case who, or what, inspired his famous, and indeed accurate, description of the Limpopo.

Fever trees (*Acacia xanthophloea*) occur naturally on the Limpopo only east of its confluence with the Motloutsie River. The nearest that the railway line comes to this point is Serule – some 200km to the northwest. However, the Zeederberg Coach, which also travelled weekly from Kimberley to Bulawayo via Pietersburg and Fort Tuli, did indeed cross the Limpopo east of the Motloutsie at Rhodes Drift where fever trees are common. This was a route regularly taken by Rhodes and Jameson.

Kipling was a close friend of both Rhodes and Jameson and one of Kipling's best known poems "If—" is said to have been based on the qualities of Jameson². It may well be that either Rhodes or Jameson gave Kipling the setting for his story. However, there is a third possibility.

In 1900 Kipling spent two weeks in Bloemfontein writing for *The Friend* newspaper which was published by the British Army. The paper was distributed to the British Troops and the person responsible for its distribution was A.V. Lindbergh.⁴ Lindbergh was the owner of Mmabolela Estates and while he only acquired the properties in 1913, he probably visited the area as early as the late 1890s. Anecdotal history suggests the Mabalel pool may indeed have been the inspiration for Kipling yet there remains one anomaly. There are no fever trees on that section of the Limpopo.

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2. *Cecil Rhodes and his time*, A.B. Davidson, Progress Publishers, 1984, p.325.
3. Handwritten letter by J.R. Kipling to Mr Campbell 1898., Brenthurst Library, Johannesburg. [Journey also described in a letter to James M. Conland, April 1898, *Letters*, Vol.2, ed. T. Pinney, pp.335-7. – Ed.]
4. A. V. Lindbergh – *A Man of his Times*, Madeleine Masson, Lindlife Publishers, 1997.



'Then he curled his trunk and knocked two of his brothers head over heels.'

AN ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK VER BECK FOR "THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD"
The Windsor Magazine, February 1902 [See also *Journal* No.232. — Ed.]

PROMOTING RUDYARD KIPLING

By ROY SLADE

[Roy Slade gave this talk to other members of the Society at a meeting in London on 17 November 2004.

After joining the army as a boy soldier, he was posted to Korea as an Education Instructor but ended up in Company Admin. After 15 years, he left the army to train as a Careers Officer. He has worked extensively with the younger generation in Careers Guidance, and after being commissioned in the T.A., was active for many years with the Army Cadet Force in several parts of the country. Now retired, his hobbies include Masonry and lecturing on Rudyard Kipling. It is to the latter enthusiasm that we owe this summary of his experiences and his desire to prod us all into going out into the wilderness and "Promoting Rudyard Kipling". I am sure that you will not be surprised to hear that Roy is now our Hon. Publicity Officer. — *Ed.*]

The premise for my talk, which I rashly agreed to give over a year ago, was that the changes in our education system, and in society generally, are such that unless we of the Kipling Society actively promote the works of Kipling, they will slowly disappear from use, and society in general will be all the poorer.

No doubt other societies perpetuating the works of Keats, Shelley and Longfellow will be saying much as we are, for the malaise of society is not restricted to one author but to many. However, because of Kipling's prominence, his sometimes outspoken comments, and his often misunderstood, and, as some allege, imperialist remarks, English teachers of today are not encouraged to talk about him, nor to quote him or use his works. Indeed, in general they tend to use the authors of the day, despite in many instances the general 'americanisation' of the language, poor grammar and even the use of poorly constructed text message shorthand!

The fiction that he was a Racist; Sexist; Imperialist and a Bigot, and the model for Alf Garnett pedalled by Craig Brown of the Daily Mail in the 50s alas has stuck ! WE know it was largely untrue, but there are many who do not, and on only a fleeting acquaintanceship with one or two poems and stories their prejudices are confirmed and re-enforced and the damage done; for they are too often transmitted from generation to generation without further investigation. Thus before reciting several of his poems and stories we are forced to explain that at the time they were written it was not wrong, or illegal to use the term 'nigger' or to make sexist remarks or comments. Even today in some circles, Kipling is largely remembered for no more than his *Jungle Books* which form the bedrock of the Cub and Scout movement, and his *Just So Stories* which I am pleased to say have recently been dramatised for the stage to useful, if not rave revues.

I was lucky enough to get a ticket for Sir Roger Moore's reading of some of Kipling's poems, and was glad to hear, whilst I was there, that it is the intention of Josephine Hart and the group who filmed the reading to produce a video and DVD of the performance to be made available to secondary schools on request (they are meeting this week to hammer out details of the scheme).

I have been making enquiries about the G.C.S.E. English and English Literature papers over the last 10 years, and have found very few references to Kipling's work. These were:

1. Compare & contrast the *Just So Stories* of Rudyard Kipling with the *Bloody Chambers and Other Stories* of Angela Carter.
2. Use Kipling's "How the Camel got its Hump" as a stimulus to creative writing (story or poem) on insects/animals. Have pupils write either a story or poem about a feature of another animal.
3. At Key Stage 3 and 4, pupils are expected to learn about the importance of the English literary heritage, exploring how and why texts have been influential and significant, along with the ways in which the text has had appeal and importance over time.
4. Rudyard Kipling's poem "IF—" has been widely taught and included in anthologies. It has been the springboard for a wide range of media campaigns (Centreparks, to name one), calling as it does on the virtues of patience and restraint. Make a list of points of comparison between Kipling's poem and the Lindsay Anderson film.

And at University level, SOLDIERS

Look again at "Drummer Hodge" by Hardy, which is about war, and either "The Destruction of Sennacherib" by Byron or "Tommy" by Kipling, which are also about war. From the way these poems are written, show how they are alike and how they are different and explain which of the two you prefer. In your answer you should consider

- What each poet has written about
- What you learn about the thoughts and feelings expressed in each poem
- Anything else you think relevant

The only other reference in University examination papers relates to the novel *Kim*, and the way that it portrays the India at the turn of the 19th Century.

During my research, however, I came across this advertisement:

"WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE." Disney's *The Jungle Book*
Key Stage 2!

After Disney's *The Jungle Book* Key Stage 1, Disney continues the interactive adventure with Disney's *Jungle Book* Key Stage 2. In the *Jungle Book* Key Stage 2 kids can go back to school and have fun while they learn with their favourite Disney characters including Baloo; Mowgli; Barnaby and Mr McAllister.

Through a series of Language, Maths & Science exercises children can search for clues in the jungle, which will enable them to save Barnaby from his mountain top prison.

(Please note . . . Disney's *Jungle Book* and Disney Characters Baloo; Mowgli *et al*).

Accepting the premise, and the awful consequences which I predict will ensue, the immediate reaction must be "**What can we do about it?**" Thus the second part of my mission today is to challenge you all. To enthuse you to become missionaries or disciples. To empower you in an attempt to overcome the deficiencies of the Education System and to preach 'Kipling' in your area; which is what I have done and continue to do. In dealing with this section, however, it has been suggested that I might also share with you some of my experiences, and perhaps help or guide you. My fear of course is that I am telling Granny how to suck eggs. If I am, I apologise in advance.

I must start by telling you that my talks are not the erudite expositions we hear at the Society. I neither could nor would pretend that they are. I have not even, over the four years I have studied Kipling seriously, read all of his work, although I am getting there! They are aimed at the common man, or woman; they are intended to light or re-light the "blue touch-paper" for people for whom Kipling was a remote school experience, or those who have perhaps heard a poem or two of his without even knowing it. I aim to excite and enthuse, to simplify not to confound, to re-enforce not to detract. I usually have Kipling Society membership forms with me, should they be required.

From my experiences I have gained much satisfaction, and more beside. Local people ring me up with snippets of information, send me books, phone me with questions thinking (foolish that they are) that I am the fount of all Kipling knowledge. I gain from this of course because I will and do research and find an answer to their question, if one exists, and in helping them, help myself. I am currently sitting in on a W.E.A. course studying some of Kipling's work, and hope to influence and excite the participants further.

My core of knowledge comes from a range of books about Kipling, starting with his autobiography, *Something of Myself* and Lord Birkenhead's official Biography. I also have read Lycett & Gilmour; Marghanita Laski's *From Palm to Pine*; Seymour-Smith's *Rudyard Kipling* and Hilton Brown's *Rudyard Kipling: A New Appreciation*. Lt-Gen MacMunn's *Rudyard Kipling, Craftsman*; T.S. Eliot's *A Choice of Kipling's Verse* as well as Judith Flanders' *A Circle of Sisters*. From these I have a skeleton talk, and it is then fleshed out with the type of quotes I think most appropriate to the group I am addressing. There are however certain standard works I read, usually the better known ones to begin with, although I do often start with "My Rival" with its slightly humorous and light-hearted ending. I also cut some poems down a little, thus the seven verses of "My Rival" are reduced to four. Shortening them enables me to quote more, and different poems. I nearly always include "Tommy" and "Mandalay" often shortening the latter to those verses sung as "The Road to Mandalay" and with "Gentlemen-Rankers" I use only the first verse and the chorus, for many still remember Bing Crosby's version of "The Whiffenpoof Song", and as a matter of course I nearly always finish with "If—".

I have four basic talks for appropriate groups.

The first, and for me the largest, are the Freemasons. I am myself a Mason, as was Kipling. He never let it take over his life (as some do!) although he was always appreciative of its tenets and teachings, and he certainly retained throughout his life a healthy regard for its usefulness. At the age of 21 he was made the secretary of his Lodge in India and several of his stories particularly those in *Debts and Credits* have a Masonic bias. I often quote from "The Man who would be King" which many will have seen as the film starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine; and *Kim*, for two of the three Papers Kim inherits are of Masonic origin — his father's Grand Lodge Certificate and his 'Clearance Certificate' as proof of his leaving "in good standing with the Lodge" as readers discover; and from "In the Interests of the Brethren", for Masons readily identify both with the story and the teller. As I spent several years in the Army, I am able to present it in a way they can relate to. For example, in this story there is a passage referring to Masonic ideas and ideals, which goes:

'I wonder, too,' said the Sergeant-Major slowly, 'but—on the whole—I'm inclined to agree with you. We could do much with Masonry.'

'As an aid—as an aid—not as a substitute for Religion,' the Clergyman snapped.

'Oh, Lord! Can't we give Religion a rest for a bit?' the Doctor muttered. It hasn't done so—I beg your pardon all round.'

The Clergyman was bristling. 'Kamerad!' the wise Sergeant-Major went on, both hands up. 'Certainly not as a substitute for a creed, but as an average plan of life.'

The Christian tenets are also stressed as are the Masonic ones when, earlier in the same story a wounded Canadian soldier comes into a tobacconist's shop.

'Say,' he began loudly, 'are you the right place?'

'Who sent you?' Mr. Burges demanded.

'A man from Messines. But *that* ain't the point! I've got no certificates, nor papers—nothin', you understand? I left my Lodge owin' 'em seventeen dollars back-dues. But this man at Messines told me it wouldn't make any odds with *you*.'

'It doesn't,' said Mr. Burges. 'We meet to-night at 7 p.m.'

The man's face fell a yard. 'Hell!' said he. 'But I'm in hospital—I can't get leaf.'

'*And* Tuesdays and Fridays at 3 p.m.,' Mr. Burges added promptly. 'You'll have to be proved, of course.'

'Guess I can get by *that* all right,' was the cheery reply. 'Toosday, then.' He limped off, beaming.

'Who might he be?' I asked.

'I don't know any more than you do—except he must be a Brother. London's full of Masons now.' . . . 'I'll take you on to Lodge afterwards.' . . . 'By the way, would you mind assisting at the examinations, if there are many Visiting Brothers to-night? You'll find some of 'em very rusty, but—it's the Spirit, not the Letter, that giveth life.'

I will also quote from poems with a Masonic bias, such as "The Mother-Lodge"; "My New-Cut Ashlar"; and "Banquet Night"; all of which have very strong Masonic connotations; as does "The Widow at Windsor", which has a special meaning for Masons as the toast at the end of every Lodge Night goes like this:

To all Poor and Distressed Masons, where-so-ere dispersed, over
the land; sea; or in the air,
Wishing them a speedy relief from their suffering and a safe return
to their native shore should they so desire it.

That toast is summed up in the first few lines of the last verse of "The Widow at Windsor" which says:

Then 'ere's to the Sons o' the Widow,
 Wherever, 'owever they roam.
 'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require
 A speedy return to their 'ome.

For reasons which would take a while to explain, Masons consider that they are all "Sons o' the Widow" although not the same widow as Kipling was writing about.

Masons too, often believe that Kipling wrote several poems which they occasionally use, however, research more often than not proves them wrong. "The Mother-Lodge" however is a strongly Masonic poem, both in its wording and its sentiments, thus we find not only some of the Masonic ranks mentioned, but in the chorus, the equality of man, regardless of rank, race, or religion. It is stressed again and again in the text, for example:

We 'adn't good regalia,
 An' our Lodge was old an' bare,
 But we knew the Ancient Landmarks,
 An' we kep' 'em to a hair;
 An' lookin' on it backwards
 It often strikes me thus,
 There ain't such things as infidels,
 Excep', per'aps, it's us.

For monthly, after Labour,
 We'd all sit down and smoke
 (We dursn't give no banquets,
 Lest a Brother's caste were broke),
 An' man on man got talkin'
 Religion an' the rest,
 An' every man comparin'
 Of the God 'e knew the best.

Outside—"Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!"

Inside—"Brother, " an' it doesn 't do no 'arm.

*We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,
 An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out there!*

So too is "Banquet Night", which can be found in *Debits and Credits*, which has several Masonically biased stories in it, and is the precursor to "In the Interests of the Brethren". You need to know that a Fellow-Craft is a Masonic rank. The poem goes:

"Once in so often," King Solomon said,
Watching his quarrymen drill the stone,
"We will club our garlic and wine and bread
And banquet together beneath my Throne.
And all the Brethren shall come to that Mess
As Fellow-Craftsmen—no more and no less.

"Send a swift shallop to Hiram of Tyre,
Felling and floating our beautiful trees,
Say that the Brethren and I desire
Talk with our Brethren who use the seas.
And we shall be happy to meet them at mess
As Fellow-Craftsmen—no more and no less.

"Carry this message to Hiram Abif—
Excellent master of forge and mine:—
I and the Brethren would like it if
He and the Brethren will come to dine
(Garments from Bozrah or morning-dress)
As Fellow-Craftsmen—no more and no less.

So it was ordered and so it was done,
And the hewers of wood and the Masons of Mark,
With foc'sle hands of the Sidon run
And Navy Lords from the *Royal Ark*,
Came and sat down and were merry at mess
As Fellow-Craftsmen—no more and no less.

*The Quarries are hotter than Hiram's forge,
No one is safe from the dog-whip's reach.
It's mostly snowing up Lebanon gorge,
And it's always blowing off Joppa beach;
But once in so often, the messenger brings
Solomon's mandate: "Forget these things!
Brother to Beggars and Fellow to Kings,
Companion of Princes—forget these things!
Fellow-Craftsman, forget these things!"*

This poem is significant since King Solomon's Temple was traditionally built with the aid of Hiram, King of Tyre, who provided trees and labour for the project, and Hiram Abif, who was responsible for enriching the edifice with decorations, and casting all of the metal-work including the two brass pillars each 18 cubits high, two brass chapters each 5 cubits high, and all the vessels. You can read of this great work in Chapters 6 and 7 of *The First Book of the Kings* in *The Bible*, but it forms an integral part of the Masonic story.

The second and quite large group is made up of Rotary; Round Table; Probus and other men's groups. As many of them have either retired, or spent some time in the Forces during National Service I use many of the general poems, the Old Soldier ones and others such as "The Absent-Minded Beggar" and I explain that the sale of words and music (by Sir Arthur Sullivan) made £250,000 for what was eventually to become the Soldiers, Sailors, and Air Force Association (S.S.A.F.A.). I am frequently asked about particular poems and stories, "The Ship that found Herself, "A Smuggler's Song" which so many learned yet have no idea who wrote it. "The Ladies" is another popular request not only from the men, I hasten to add, and "The Ballad of East and West".

The third, and at the moment the smallest group are the Ladies. For them "My Rival" is a must, and one many have never heard of, but enjoy; "Six Honest Serving-Men" is also very popular with them, and many remember "A Smuggler's Song" having learned 'Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!' in English lessons at school. As I have indicated, "The Ladies" is quite well known, and asked for on occasions, not by name but usually as "the poem about the Soldier's Lovers". "The Female of the Species" is another for which I get asked, and I sometimes read "The Song of the Women" – 'How shall she know the worship we would do her?'. I refer to Kipling's sympathetic portrayal of Kate Sheriff in *The Naulahka*, and to Maisie and Bess in *The Light that Failed*, as well, of course, as his marriage to Caroline Balestier.

The fourth group are the Scouts and Guides. These often know about Kipling's involvement with their Founder, Baden-Powell, but many will not know more than that. I start with the names of the leaders, Mowgli; Akela, Baloo, and others who of course are characters in *The Jungle Book*, then move on to *Kim*. Most of them will have played Kim's game at some stage and I explain where the game came from, and why it is valuable not just for Scouts and Cubs, Guides and Brownies, but for life, and instance a case of seeing an accident or a

robbery, and being able to give the Police vital evidence. I can then move on to other stories and poems, and again hope to excite interest in the books and their author.

Some months ago there was a quotation in the *Sunday Telegraph* crossword 'This is the . . . long foretold, slow to make head but sure to hold.' It was not a poem that I remembered, and I was plagued with people wanting to know the answer. I found it, of course, on page 824 of my book of Kipling Poems (I'd started on page one, naturally: It is of course "The Storm Cone" and I for one shan't forget it in a hurry! It is also necessary on odd occasions to disabuse people of long-held ideas and beliefs, a common one is that "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God" was written by Kipling. It is by J. Milton Hayes of course.

As well as quips about 'Delicious Cakes', One question I am perpetually asked is "How did you become interested in Rudyard Kipling?" My answer is threefold:

First, my home before and after the Second World War was Portsmouth, and I was obliged to learn about him at school, which was keen to foster a link with him.

Secondly, my father was a professional comedian, compere and showman. He held Kipling in high regard and, as I respected my father's judgement, I too studied him. One of the few items I inherited from my father was his very battered copy of 60 poems. It is my companion whenever I do a talk.

Thirdly, I had to learn "If—" for an elocution competition at school, and throughout my life, whether as a soldier, as a Careers Officer, or later as a local politician, that poem has always stood me in good stead.

I endeavour to make my talks topical, and perhaps because of my training as a teacher in the Army, I do ask questions of my audience. How many poems has he written? (over 600) Short Stories? (over 250) and books (five – *Kim*; '*Captains Courageous*'; *The Naulahka*; *Stalky & Co.*; and *The Light that Failed*; also his Autobiography, *Something of Myself*.)

I ask how many have seen the film of "The Man who would be King" and who were the stars? And who rose to stardom as a result of *Wee Willie Winkie* (Shirley Temple of course — but I only ask this of the older generation – the youngsters of today have never heard of *her* either!)

I talk about the stories that have been made into films – as well as *The Man who would be King* there was *Soldiers Three* ; *Kim* (with Sabu in the title role); Disney's version of *The Jungle Book*, and others

where the story was purchased and either not made in to a film, or made as a 'B' film. In that category there was *The Light that Failed*, *Gunga Din*, '*Captains Courageous*', and *Toomai of the Elephants*. I usually add that *Without Benefit of Clergy* (a story of the love of an Englishman for a Moslem girl) was made into a film, as was *The Gate of the Hundred Sorrow*, a racy saga of drug-taking and prostitution . . . which just goes to prove that there is nothing new in the world of entertainment!

I talk of Kipling's love of his Motor Cars, and his support for the Flying Corps, and of the many quotations common in our language that dripped off of his pen – East is East and West is West; The White Man's Burden; What do they know of England who only England know; The Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins; The female of the species is more deadly than the male; Somewhere East of Suez; Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie; Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by; and You're a better man than I am Gunga Din; and I quote Mark Twain, who said of him "He was the only person he knew, not the head of a Nation, whose voice was heard around the world the moment it dropped a remark."

It is my custom to close with "If—", saying that it is still to me the embodiment of all we should be saying to our children and our children's children today. In reciting it, my eyes go around the room, catching the eyes of those listening. An old teacher's trick, but it works and they feel it is said for them and to them, and them alone.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I trust I have not bored you, nor as I said, told Granny how to suck eggs.

I hope (if you agree with my early premise) you will perhaps consider undertaking an occasional talk in your area, and trust that you will get as much fun from the experience as I do.

Thank you for listening so patiently to my idle ramblings.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON 2005

The Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon 2005 was held on Wednesday 4 May at the Royal Over-Seas League, London. The Guest Speaker was Mr John Raisman, C.B.E. At his table were Mrs Anne Raisman, Lady Cynthia Barnes, Sir John Chapple, Lady Chapple, Lt Col R.C. Ayers (our Chairman), Mrs Lesley Ayers, and Mr John Radcliffe (Deputy Chairman).

Apologies were received from members who, unfortunately, were unable to attend: Our President, Sir George Engle, and Lady Engle, Sir Colin & Lady Imray, Sir Derek Oulton, Mr Derek Balls, Mrs Maxine Magan and Mr Geoffrey Siphthorp.

Once again the occasion was a great success and was attended by some 91 guests including:

Mr M. Aidin, Mrs H.A. Barton, The Revd. Jules Bergquist, Mr C. Bettington, Mr R. Bissolotti, Mrs Dianne Bonny, Major Keith Bonny, Professor D.H.V. Brogan, Captain J.C. Browning, Mrs J.D. Browning, Mr J.A. Burdon-Cooper, Mrs B. Casely Dickson, Professor P.W. Campbell, Mr D.A. Clare, Mrs A.S. Couchman, Mr M.H. Couchman, Mr Ian Cowan, Dr S.P.L. Davidson, Mr B.C. Diamond, Lt Col G.T.A. Douglas, Mrs Anne Douglas, Mr B.M.D. Elliott, M. Pierre Gauchet, Miss Marina Gratsos, Mr P.G.S. Hall, Miss A.G. Harcombe, Dr T.A. Heathcote, Mrs M.M. Heathcote, Miss J.C. Hett, Major Tonie Holt, Mrs Valmai Holt, M. Bernard Homery, Mrs Jane Keskar, Mr S.D.J. Keskar, Mrs C.A. Key, Mr W.H.B. Key, Mr J. King, Mrs J.M. Lewins, Dr J.D. Lewins, Miss E.B.W. Luke, Mr E.R. Macdonald, Mrs J. Mackay, Mr Edward Maggs, Mr C.R.W. Mitchell, Mrs Diana Newman, Mr F.E. Noah, Mrs R. Nwume, Mr David Page, Mr R.G. Pettigrew, Mr J.C.J. Pegler, Mr G.C.G. Philo, Mr G.F.C. Plowden, Mrs A. Plowden, The Revd. G. Platten, Mr J.P. Raisman, Mrs D. Raisman, Dr Nils Regan, Mrs D. Regan, Mr R.G. Renwick, Mr G.W.F. Robinson, Countess of Shannon, Lord Sandberg of Passfield, Mr John Slater, Mrs G. Sooke, Col G.T. Spate, Mrs P.J. Spate, Mrs Elizabeth Travis, Mr Harry Travis, Dr F.A. Underwood, Mr S.D. Wade, Mrs F.M. Wade, Mr G.L. Wallace, Mr John Walker, Dr L.J. Weaver, Mr G. Weekes, Mr T. Wilkinson, Mrs R. Wilkinson and Mr E. Wilson.

CHAIRMAN'S WELCOME

My Lord, ladies and gentlemen,

Welcome to the annual luncheon of the Kipling Society for 2005. It is good to see so many of you here.

Apologies from those who could not be present are displayed on the notice board but I must also announce with regret that our President, Sir

George Engle, and Lady Engle are unable to be with us. Sir George is unexpectedly indisposed, so our Deputy Chairman, John Radcliffe, will propose the vote of thanks to our speaker in his place and we all wish Sir George a speedy recovery.

Among those present, a special welcome to Lord Sandberg of Passfield and Field Marshall Sir John Chapple and Lady Chapple.

It is my sad duty to inform members of the death of our long serving former Secretary, Norman Entract, known to many of you for his delightful and welcoming personality. Sharad Keskar attended his funeral and took flowers on behalf of the Society, also attended by Jo Webb, her son and daughter, and Peter Merry.

Mention of Jo brings me to mention, once again, our indebtedness to George Webb, now sadly in need of full time nursing care. I said last year how much we owed to George for his long and brilliant editorship of the *Kipling Journal*, to which the Society's current success owes so much. This year I have to thank him for the most generous gift of his extensive collection of works and ephemera by and about Rudyard Kipling. This has greatly extended the Society's library in the City University where, with the provision of a new bookcase and some very hard work by Librarians John Slater and John Walker, the collection is now housed. Together with our thanks, we send our very best wishes to George, Jo and the family.

I have also to thank on behalf of the Society our outgoing Treasurer, Rudolph Bissolotti. Rudolph was persuaded, possibly hijacked, eight years ago by his old school-friend, Michael Smith, then Secretary, and since then he has kept a firm eye on the Society's finances. The Council has benefited enormously from his advice and occasional wagged finger and to a large extent the Society owes its current stable financial position to his professional guidance. We take official leave of Rudolph at the A.G.M. in July but I must take this opportunity to thank him publicly and wish him well.

My thanks must also go to our Secretary, Jane Keskar, not just for making all the arrangements which allow us to be here today but also for arranging something very special for the future. On the 26 January 2006, she has arranged that there will be a special service at St Bartholomew's Church, Burwash, as a 70th memorial of Rudyard Kipling's death on 18 January 1936. This really will be a special service, since Jane has managed to persuade Dr Rowan Williams, Archbishop of Canterbury, to make the address. We are hoping that the service can be followed by a small reception in Bateman's.

So, on that note of good things to come, I turn to Jane and ask her to say the Grace.

GRACE, BY JANE KESKAR

The Grace is from the "Prelude" to *Departmental Ditties* by Rudyard Kipling.

*I have eaten your bread and salt.
I have drunk your water and wine.
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives ye led were mine.*

*Was there aught that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease,—
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas?*

For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful.
Amen.

GUEST OF HONOUR

After the luncheon, the Chairman, Lt Col Roger Ayers said:

I now have great pleasure in introducing our speaker, John Raisman, C.B.E., who is currently Chairman of the Trustees of the British Empire and Commonwealth Museum, housed in the old Temple Meads Railway Station at Bristol, together with his wife, Anne.

John Raisman left Rugby directly after the war, going on to read Greats at Queen's College, Oxford. After doing his National Service in the King's Dragoon Guards in Germany he joined Royal Dutch Shell, serving in South and Central America, Europe and Japan, crowning his career as Chairman and Chief Executive of Shell UK.

My brief says that he retired in 1985, but goes on to prove that after that he was anything but retiring. Directorships followed in BT, Glaxo Holdings, Lloyds TSB, Vickers plc, & Candover, Chairmanships of British Biotech, the Council of Industry and Higher Education, Deputy Chairman of the National Commission on Education, and Chairman of the Trustees of the Royal Academy.

However, it is not this illustrious career which gives authority to his talk today – it is his life before going to Rugby which makes his talk so special, for he was born and largely brought up in India, where his father, Sir Jeremy Raisman, was Finance Member of the Viceroy's Council during the war and there can be few who can speak today on

Kipling and the Raj who themselves have taken part in the annual migration of the Government of India from the Plains to Simla. So it is with much pleasure and great anticipation that we look forward to hear from John on "Kipling and the Raj".



*Peterhof- Simla: Viceroy's House 1863 – 1887;
and summer home of our Speaker from 1939 – 1944.*

KIPLING AND THE RAJ

By JOHN RAISMAN, C.B.E.

It is a great privilege to be invited to address the Annual Lunch of the Kipling Society. I know what a difficult task it is to live up to the standard set by my predecessors. I am also very conscious of what a knowledgeable audience I am speaking to – though perhaps more so about Kipling than the Raj, so I hope that a fair amount of what I say may break new ground. I should add that I am indebted to a number of sources for valuable background material.

I must say to start with that I am far from being a Kipling specialist, though like so many children of my generation, I was brought up on *The Jungle Book* and the *Just So Stories* from a very early age and knew and loved "Gunga Din" by the time I was ten. I was also presented with a copy of *Stalky & Co.* at the age of twelve after acting the part of Bimbo Farington in Ian Hay's *The Housemaster* at the Gaiety

Theatre in Simla – "to give you an idea of what a Public School is really like", as the producer put it. Hardly, as I was soon to learn.

I suppose that my credentials for talking to you today are that my early background had much in common with Kipling's. We were both brought up with the smell of India in our nostrils, in houses full of loyal and affectionate servants, he in Bombay, I in Delhi and Simla. Moreover I was born in Lahore where he was based for most of his time as an adult in India, though he too spent many summers in Simla. We were both sent back to school in England at the age of six, but whereas he had to endure the miseries of the 'House of Desolation', I went to a friendly Junior House in a Sussex Prep. School and spent the holidays with loving grandparents. Moreover I was visited by one or both my parents twice during the next four years and then, having gone to India to join them for my summer holidays in 1939, was obliged by the outbreak of war to spend the next 5 years there – a stroke of good fortune, for which I shall always be grateful. I returned to England in 1944 to complete my schooling at Rugby and so had three years at an old and traditional Public School which I much enjoyed.

Kipling, on the other hand did not see either of his parents for 5 years until his mother rescued him from Lorne Lodge and in the following year sent him to the United Services College at Westward Ho!, a far from traditional Public School only 4 years old at the time. Here Kipling made many friends, most notably Dunsterville, aka Stalky and Beresford, aka M'Turk and was encouraged to develop his literary talents by a remarkable and sympathetic Headmaster, Cornell Price. The principal aim of U.S.C. was to prepare boys for the Army Examinations Board and if we are to believe *Stalky & Co.*, most of them ended up in India, in different fields – 'Pussy' Abanazar in the Political Service, Fat-Sow Duncan dying on the N.W. frontier keeping a band of Afghans at bay with his revolver. Stalky performing daring and unauthorised military exploits in the same area, M'Turk an engineer in the Telegraph Department, (in real life a photographer and author), Beetle i.e. Kipling himself as a sub-editor and reporter on the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore and later the *Pioneer* in Allahabad. Kipling obtained the first of these posts, at the age of 17, through the influence of his father, Lockwood, who had moved from Bombay to Lahore to become the Founder and First Curator of the Mayo ethnographical Museum to be immortalised as the 'Wonder House' in *Kim*.

In Lahore, although Kipling lived in his parents' house, he wrote that the centre of his world in India as a young man of 17 was in the Punjab Club 'where bachelors, for the most part, gathered to eat meals of no merit among men whose merits they knew well.' He quickly

imbibed their views and attitudes and shared their moral certitudes about the value and durability of British rule in India.

It was at the Punjab Club that he almost came to blows with a hot headed Irishman called Michael O'Dwyer who claimed that Kipling had insulted the I.C.S. This was the man who, as Lt-Governor of the Punjab 30 years later was to endorse the action of Brig Dyer at Amritsar when he ordered his Gurkhas to open fire on a large gathering of mainly Sikh protestors, killing over 300 of them and wounding many more. Despite receiving quite widespread support from the British in India at the time, Dyer was in due course relieved of his command and sent back to the U.K. where his action was condemned in a savage debate in the House of Commons, led by Winston Churchill. However, the House of Lords judged that he had been harshly treated and the *Morning Post* launched a fund to raise money for the "man who had saved India"! One of the contributors to the fund was Kipling. 21 years later, O'Dwyer was shot dead by a Sikh gunman at a meeting of the Royal Society for Asian Affairs in London – who it turned out had been wounded as a child in the Amritsar Massacre.

Let me now turn to the nature of the Raj in the mid-1880s, how it was governed and how it affected Kipling's life and work.

At the apex of it stood the Viceroy and Governor General, through whom sovereignty flowed from the Monarch to the people of India. He was usually a man of impeccable aristocratic lineage, often a politician of not quite first rank. Many of the early ones were unremarkable, even if well intentioned. Some were reactionary, others progressive in relation to the pace of Indian advancement, usually according to whether they were Liberal or Tory. Their great predecessors in the days of the East India Company, Robert Clive and Warren Hastings both foreswore imperial aggrandisement. Hastings described British dominion over all India as "an event which I may not describe without adding that it is what I never wish to see." Forty years later his namesake as Governor General, the Marquis of Hastings, wrote "A time not very remote will arrive when England will, on sound principles of policy, wish to relinquish the dominion which she has gradually and unintentionally assumed over this country." And Macaulay, fifteen years later, who was a great believer in the benefits to India of access to Western education, wrote "self knowledge will lead to self rule and that will be the proudest day in English history."

However by the second half of the 19th Century, imperialism was in full swing and hardly anyone in Britain or British society in India contested the legitimacy of British rule or foresaw a time when it would end. Even the Indian National Congress when it was set up in 1885 affirmed its unswerving loyalty to the Crown. When Curzon became

Viceroy 15 years later, he was to say that if Britain lost India, it would become a 3rd class power, a typical piece of Curzonian grandiloquence. I should add that Curzon was without doubt the greatest of the Viceroys. Most British and Indian historians today regard him as one of the principal architects of Modern India. After Nehru's death it was a cliché among his admirers to say (as Durga Das, the well known Indian writer and journalist tells us) "Lord Curzon was the first of the Viceroys of India, Nehru was the last of the glittering tribe."

Under the Viceroy the administration of India, either directly, or indirectly in the case of the Princely states, was carried out by the I.C.S., a remarkable body of men described by Motilal Nehru to his son Jawarhalal, as the greatest service in the world. Competition to join it was fierce and Jarwarhalal's Cambridge degree would probably not have been good enough for entry. I.C.S. officers were in general men of high intellect, high integrity and high ideals. Of course, this idealism did not always survive 25-30 years under the Indian sun, especially in the case of those who did not reach the upper rungs of the ladder. Some of them would have been described by Kipling in his verse "Who is the Public I write for? / Men 'neath an Indian sky, / Cynical, seedy and dry." At its peak there were never more than 1,300 of them and for most of the time there were fewer than 1,000 to administer a nation of 200 million at the beginning of the Raj and 400 million at its end. The first Indians joined the service in the mid-1850s but the early pace of Indianisation was slow and it wasn't until the outbreak of the 2nd World War that the numbers of Indian Officers reached parity with the British.

The I.C.S. was subdivided into the executive which administered the districts, the judiciary, the political and the secretariat which provided senior officials for both central and provincial government. Below these were the police, the forestry service, the medical service etc. However the archetypal image of the I.C.S. man and the one which Kipling most valued and romanticised was the man bearing the heat and burden of the day in a District either as a young man, in his twenties spending half his day in the saddle, dispensing justice to over a million people in an area half the size of Wales, alternatively a more senior man at the level of Deputy Commissioner with a deep and compassionate understanding of all the religions, ethnic groups and warring tribes in his District and how to win their respect and allegiance. Such a man was Yardley-Orde in the short story "Head of the District", whose last instructions as he lay dying, were to remit the taxes of four villages in the District. Another man of the same ilk was his deputy Tallantire, who could command the respect of the tribal chief, but was passed over by the Government in its wisdom in favour of Grish

Chunder De, M.A., the Bengali with an Oxford education but no power of leadership or moral fibre. This view of Bengalis which was frequently voiced by Kipling was shared by successive Governors of Bengal and the Marquis of Dufferin when he was Viceroy.

Whilst Kipling made heroes out of District Officers as well as those engaged in the Great Game, he was less respectful of the higher reaches of the I.C.S. and even of the Viceroy. They presented a ready target for his wit and satire. One of his favourite themes was the failure of those in high positions to understand the views and needs of ordinary Indians – men with whom Kipling rubbed shoulders in the bazaars of Simla and Lahore as did his favourite Anglo-Indian characters – Kim, of whom more later and Tod, the bright Hindustani-speaking six year old who told the Legal Member of the Viceroy's Council why he must amend his Bill for the Sub-Montane Tracts to take account of the views of Ditta Mull and Choga Lall and Amir Nath and *laks* of his friends. As Kipling put it, the Legal member 'did not know that no man can tell what natives think unless he mixes with them with the varnish off.' It was his ability to do that that made Kipling such a perceptive and well informed viewer of the Indian scene, unsurpassed as a writer in English on India in the view of most Indian critics.

The role of the I.C.S. as a pillar of the British Raj was complemented by that of the Army, both British and Indian which played a very important part in Anglo-Indian society as well as providing a rewarding career for both Britons and Indians and one which helped to form strong bonds between them. Kipling wrote in one of his letters

The officers of the many regiments are the only people who seem to have any leisure. . . They organise the races, dances, Balls, and picnics and seem to manage most of the flirtations in the country. Nothing can exceed the hospitality and kindness either of a Mess or any officer of one. . . In India they are one of the most prominent features of the social landscape.

Kipling's short stories about India varied considerably in sharpness and depth. In his bittersweet *Plain Tales from the Hills* he painted a memorable picture of the scandals and intrigues of British society in Simla. Although they were regarded by some as offensive, "reflecting the natural envy of a cad who had sought and been refused an entree to that society" as one social historian of the thirties put it, they were popular with the majority of Britons in India at the time and continue to fascinate us today.

Mrs Hauksbee was still a name to conjure with fifty odd years later in the Simla of my adolescence. And the social life in Simla at least in

1939, the last year before the 2nd World War, was not very different from that depicted by Kipling. Rides, walks, picnics, gymkhanas, balls, parties of all kinds were still the order of the day. Of course, life was probably a bit more serious since the business of Government had become more complicated and numbers of staff, both civil and military, had undoubtedly risen. After all, Simla was the summer capital of both the Government of India and the Government of the Punjab. But the pomp and pageantry which were the hallmark of the British Raj were much in evidence. I remember in particular a gallop past of the Viceroy's bodyguard in full dress uniform with lances extended at Annandale, the one flat space in Simla. It was one of the most exciting displays I have ever seen. The Black Hearts Ball given by the bachelors living at the United Services Club was still the event of the season. Traditionally, it was started by the Viceroy leading on to the floor the best looking unmarried young woman in the room. The last one to whom that honour fell should have been in this room today. Her name is Maxine Magan, (formerly Mitchell) but unfortunately she has had to drop out at the last moment to look after her husband who is not at all well.

Pomp, ceremonial and pageantry were already hallmarks of the Raj in Kipling's day though they probably reached their high-water mark in Curzon's great 1903 Durbar to celebrate the coronation of Edward VII and subsequently in the design and construction of New Delhi. As a means of reflecting the grandeur of the Indian Empire they were complemented by an Honours system designed exclusively for India. Three orders of chivalry were set up – the most Exalted Order of the Star of India, the most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire and the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, or Kaiser-i-Hind which was specifically for women. Middle to high ranking I.C.S. and army officers were awarded the C.I.E. as was Kipling's father Lockwood or the more senior C.S.I. More senior figures – high court judges, residents to the Princely States, members of the Viceroy's Council and the C-in-C were awarded the K.C.I.E. or the K.C.S.I. Governors of major provinces and important Princes might be given the G.C.I.E., the highest honour attainable by a member of the I.C.S. – G.C.S.I.s were reserved for the most senior Maharajahs and in some cases the Governors of Bombay, Bengal and Madras, as well of course, as the Viceroy himself, who was Grand Master of both orders. I was fortunate enough to be able to attend three of my father's investitures, one at Viceroy's House in Delhi, and two by successive monarchs at Buckingham Palace. The former yielded nothing in pomp and ceremony to the latter.

Kipling admired but was not averse to satirising the honours system as in his delightful verse which goes

Rustum Beg of Kolazai—slightly backward Native State—
Lusted for a C.S.I.—so began to sanitate.
Built a Gaol and Hospital—nearby built a City drain—
Till his faithful subjects all thought their ruler was insane.

Then the Birthday Honours came. Sad to state and sad to see,
Stood against the Rajah's name nothing more than *C.I.E.*!

Kipling's adult years in India coincided with the rule of two Viceroy's, Lord Ripon, a Liberal peer of whose progressive views on Indian advancement Kipling was scornful and the Marquis of Dufferin. The latter, incidentally was the first Viceroy to move out of Peterhof, the house in which my family later lived when in Simla, and into the new Viceregal Lodge built on a neighbouring hill, in the best Scottish baronial style. It is now the Indian Institute for Advanced Study. Peterhof, sadly is no more having been burnt down in a fire in the in the mid-seventies. Ripon's period of office was blighted and ultimately curtailed by the storm created by the Ilbert Bill. Ilbert was the law member of the Viceroy's Council and his Bill, inspired by Ripon, was designed to let Indian judges try Europeans in courts outside the Presidency towns of Bombay, Madras and Calcutta where they already had that right. This perfectly logical proposal was greeted with such fury and outrage by most of the non-official British population in India that Government House was boycotted and there was even a plan to kidnap the Viceroy. The *Civil and Military Gazette*, of which Kipling was sub-editor initially gave full vent to the popular indignation but later was forced to retreat from its extreme position in view of its close dependence on Government sources of information. As a result, Kipling was hissed in the Punjab Club and later wrote 'It is not pleasant to sit still when one is twenty while all your universe hisses you.' The demonstration tailed off, as he put it, when it was pointed out that Kipling had no responsibility for his paper's policies, but Kipling never forgot the experience. 'I had seen a great light,' he wrote. 'I was a hireling, paid to do what I was paid to do, and—I did not relish the idea.'

Eventually the offending bill was withdrawn and when Ripon left India not long after, Kipling penned the following lines as an imaginary verse from Ripon to his successor, Lord Dufferin.

I shall leave it in a little—leave it ere my term has run.
Of the millions that I govern, who will wish me back? Not one.
Curse the land and all within it. As of old, the papers scoff—
Dreary columns of invective, read by stealth at Peterhoff.

Yes! I see you old and soured (as you will be in a year),
Playing skittles, just as I did, with the rights men hold most dear.

Incidentally the effectiveness of the European protest in bringing pressure on the Government of India was not lost on future generations of Indian nationalists.

Kipling's work in India was copious and varied embracing all sectors of society, British and Indian, Civil and Military, high and low, male and female, heroes and villains and figures of tragedy, comedy and ridicule. He wrote verses, short stories, reports and articles but as yet, no novels. His writing was imbued with an understanding of the mores, attitudes and foibles of Anglo-Indian Society, many of which he shared. As one might expect of a young man, it reflected his admiration for the district officers, the subalterns and the engineers who faced the rigours and dangers of life in the field. But it also reflected his respect and compassion for many categories of Indians, from sweepers and watercarriers to warriors and courtesans. Throughout it all can be seen his consciousness of the gulf that was so difficult to bridge between Britons and Indians, except where there was equality of class and status – as for example, in the case of the Colonel's son and the son of the Chief of the border raiders in "The Ballad of East and West", who 'looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault.' Nevertheless equality of class and status would have occurred more rarely in Kipling's day than in my parents' generation by which time Indians had advanced to much more senior positions. I well remember the wide circle of Indian friends of my parents with many of whom they kept in regular contact long after they had retired from India. I also remember a reception I hosted in Bombay some 20 years ago, to celebrate a partnership which BT had just established with an Indian software company, which was headed by a man called Gaekwad. I said I was very pleased about the deal between our two companies and told him the only Gaekwad I had previously heard of was the great Gaekwad of Baroda, one of India's most senior princes. "He was my father," he said "and what is more important for me than the commercial relationship between our companies is that your father and mine were friends."

Kipling left India in 1889, never to return, but his fascination with the country continued for the rest of his life. In 1896, in Vermont, he claimed that "there had been no civilising experiment in the world's history at all comparable to British rule in India". Kipling is sometimes compared with E.M. Forster as a writer on India to his disadvantage because of his identification with Anglo-Indian attitudes. But let me quote a passage from an introduction by George Orwell, the

arch anti-imperialist, to an edition of Kipling's poems. 'The Anglo Indians . . . were at least people who did things. It may be that all that they did was evil, but they changed the face of the earth (it is instructive to look at a map of Asia and compare the railway system of India with that of surrounding countries), whereas they could have achieved nothing, could not have maintained themselves in power for a single week, if the normal Anglo-Indian outlook had been that of, say, E.M. Forster.' Of course Kipling's greatest books about India, *The Jungle Book* and *Kim* were written some years after his departure.

It is with *Kim* that I want to finish, both because it was his most successful novel and because it epitomises so much of what he felt about the relationship between Indians and British in India. In 1900, Kipling wrote to a friend, "I have done a long leisured Asiatic yarn in which there are hardly any Englishmen. It has been a labour of great love and I think it is a bit more temperate than much of my stuff." What is remarkable about *Kim* is the breadth of its appeal to both British and Indian readers. This is due in very large measure to the skill and sympathy with which he depicted his large and varied cast of characters. Kim, the 'little friend of all the world', able to speak with and be accepted by all classes and ethnic groups but never allowed to forget he is a Sahib, the Lama ever seeking redemption, spiritual, magnanimous and sweet tempered, Mahbub Ali the roguish Pathan horse dealer, Hurree Chunder Mukerjee the brave, loyal and surprisingly effective Bengali babu, Colonel Creighton, presiding over the Great Game, the embodiment of the ideal Anglo-Indian official believing that you cannot govern India unless you know India and how it operates and viewing the people of India with affection but detachment. Through the heart of the story flows the Great Trunk Road like a river where, as the old soldier puts it, 'all castes and kinds of men move here. Look! Brahmins and chumars, bankers and tinkers, barbers and bunnias, pilgrims and potters—'

Kipling may have been an imperialist, but no one could accuse the author of *Kim* of being a racial bigot. *Kim* was Kipling's tribute both to the richness and diversity of India and to the strength of the Raj. It was strong because of the quality of the men who ran it and because – at that time at least – it was broadly acceptable to the people of India. As late as 1915 Gandhi believed that it was to India's advantage to be part of the British Empire, though that belief was based on the expectation that Dominion Status within the Empire would be granted after the War. How different the history of the Indian subcontinent and indeed of the British Empire and Commonwealth might have been if that expectation had been fulfilled! As it was, by the time of the second World War, opposition to British rule in India was mounting not only

in India but also, increasingly in the U.S.A. and to a degree in Britain. Notwithstanding India's great contribution to the Allied cause including raising an army of 2½ million men, the largest volunteer army in history, which fought gallantly in several theatres of war, the legitimacy of the Raj was slowly crumbling and, once the war was over, the time had come to depart. Had Kipling lived to see that day he would undoubtedly have been sad and disappointed whereas Macaulay would have been proud.

In retrospect, if not perhaps at the time, surely pride is the more appropriate emotion for a Briton to feel. After all, the legacy of the Raj lives on in innumerable forms – in buildings, institutions, systems of communication, law and government, in civil and military traditions, in education, culture and sport, in patterns of thought and speech, above all in the English language. And just as the legacy of the Raj lives on, so does that of Kipling. His stories and verses about India continue to intrigue and delight us today.

So I have great pleasure in inviting you to be upstanding and to drink to

The unfading genius of Rudyard Kipling.

**VOTE OF THANKS BY THE SOCIETY'S DEPUTY CHAIRMAN
JOHN RADCLIFFE**

As John Raisman was speaking so interestingly about British rule in India, I recalled Philip Mason once saying that the greatest years of his life were when he was a District Officer in Garwhal aged 28, responsible for a vast area, about the size of Wales, and spending many months of the year out camping with his wife out in the wilds while touring his district, hearing legal cases and settling land disputes.

I felt that Kipling would have strongly approved of John Raisman, as a man of affairs rather than a writer or academic, as an old India hand, and as an active member of the Delhi Hunt. He has given us a fascinating picture of the days of the Raj, which clearly to him – as to Kipling – was to do with service, rather than domination. Very many thanks!

"DENSTONIAN"

By G. PETER GASS

[This pastiche of "If—" was composed by Peter Gass in a letter written to his mother in 1946. It reflects life at Denstone College at that time, and I thought that it might generate some reminders of other members' schooldays. The Coll., close to the Staffordshire/Derbyshire border, is located on the top of what feels like a completely isolated hill where the only access route after a cross-country run seems to be at an angle of 45°. "Sinkers" were large doughy, bread buns, doled out at mid-morning break.

I am very grateful to Peter Gass, and also to Brian W. Evans, Editor of the *Old Denstonian Chronicle*, where it appeared in 2005, for their kind permission to reprint it.
— Ed.]

If you can stick the weather up at Denstone,
 The pouring rain and wind that hurts your eyes,
 The dreariness of Corps when you are marching;
 When it is hot, the myriads of flies.
 If you can walk the bleak and cheerless cloisters,
 And stony stairways that you have to tread;
 If you can still eat bully beef and sinkers,
 If you can slumber in a lumpy bed;
 If you can rise at seven every morning,
 As soon as you are woken by the bell;
 If you can suffer lines without complaining,
 And even yet endure this earthy hill.
 If you can keep your head in those Exams,
 When everyone is getting in a stew,
 If you can keep awake and quite cool-headed,
 Then you are he, the chosen of the few.

If you can wait for parcels not arriving,
 And suffer punishment without a moan,
 With expectation that at the end of term,
 You'll be returning to that blessed home.
 If you can fill each unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds worth of good hard work,
 Yours is the stuff that makes a Denstone prefect,
 And what is more, there's nothing you need shirk.

(With apologies to Kipling)

G.P.G.

OBITUARIES

NORMAN LESLIE ENTRACT

(1918-2005)

By MICHAEL SMITH

With the passing of Norman Entract we have lost not only a charming and gentle friend, but also one of the two men who did most to raise the standing of the Society in the last decades of the twentieth century. With Norman as Honorary Secretary and George Webb as Editor of the *Kipling Journal* there entered a new era in which the office administration was transformed from a rather easy-going concern to one much more structured, and the *Journal* took on an extra, most welcome, dimension, both in substance and in literary merit. Norman, a gifted administrator with meticulous attention to detail, was able keep a firm oversight of the vagaries of a diffuse membership. His courteousness soon became byword. He was ever willing to undertake the most mundane of tasks. He represented the Society at literary events, memorably in Geneva and in his beloved Venice with fellow members of Council. His exceptionally warm welcome to new members extended to his continuing interest and concern for their welfare and that of their families. He never forgot a face or some item of interest about each.

Norman left Hornsey County School with a devouring love of the heritage of English literature, with a particular affinity for Victorian and Irish authors. His war service saw him translated from practical motor transport to office duties, in which, clearly, he absorbed the management skills from which the Society benefited later. Four of his war years were spent in the India, mostly in Poona. On demobilisation he became an independent stamp dealer, but then worked for the philatelic and postal history firm of Argyll Etkin for some 40 years. He and his wife Marjorie were married in 1961 and lived in Chiddingfold, but sadly he was to be devastated by her untimely death after only eleven years.

The familiar beard came as a result of an awful accident when a loose horse thought it was facing a difficult fence. The damaged car and broken windscreen left him with a broken jaw. Ever immaculately dressed he radiated a bonhomie which was most appealing, and he appreciated the finer things of life. A devoted fan of grand opera, and specifically of Maria Callas, he was frequently at Glyndebourne, but he also supported enthusiastically rarer works performed by the Chelsea Opera Group at Queen Elizabeth Hall. His membership of clubs, espe-

cially the Travellers' Club in Pall Mall was treasured for the opportunity of meeting old and new friends and revelling both in sparkling conversation and excellent food and well-bodied red wine. His life in Haslemere was full and varied among a host of good friends. We are all saddened by his loss on 11 April, and recognize how indebted we are to him for so many pleasurable activities in the Society which was truly his own. Thank you Norman and farewell!

TREVOR L.A. DAINTITH

(1923-2005)

By JANE KESKAR & BRENDAN DAINTITH

Trevor Daintith was born in London on 23 November 1923, the son of a policeman. He went to Westminster City School but left prematurely, in 1939, intending to join the army, but was turned down. Like his hero Kipling, he suffered with poor eyesight and never saw active service, which he regretted. However, while working in hospital administration, which he continued to do in various hospitals until his retirement in 1980 or thereabouts, he spent a lot of time with the Home Guard throughout the war years. He also took up night work in casualty departments during air raids.

Trevor Daintith never resumed his education but read voraciously and indiscriminately. He became particularly knowledgeable on popular fiction from the late nineteenth to the early twentieth century. This, of course, included Rudyard Kipling, whose works he knew intimately. He loved Kipling above all writers and joined the Kipling Society in July 1959 where he became an enthusiastic and active member, living to see Kipling emerge from critical disdain and gradually regain favour. From 1964, Trevor served on the Society's Council and was Chairman from 1967 to 1969. Later he was Meetings Secretary from 1970 to 1974. As Meetings Secretary, he encouraged and chaired the popular discussion meetings, which he recorded in the *Journals* of the late 60s and 70s. He also designed a challenging quiz for members. In addition to writing for the *Journal* Trevor Daintith was a great letter writer and in retirement wrote and privately published a story *The Colonel and the Dragon*.

He died peacefully on 30 April, in hospital in Leicester, after a long and debilitating illness.

THE NEW READERS' GUIDE: ANOTHER GLOSSOGRAPHER REPORTS

By JOHN H. MCGIVERING

Annotating is interesting, occasionally complicated and always intensely addictive – one reads the story with new eyes, wonders what needs to be explained and what does not. Having decided that, the next question may well be "Does the explanation need clarification – is it more obscure than the original? Is the cure worse than the disease?" There is probably a book in every story and, as in so many pursuits, some difficulty in knowing where to stop. For instance, Regimental Colours occasionally appear and are explained in as few words as possible, but interesting information emerged from one source – the last time Colours were carried into action was at Laing's Nek in the Boer War of 1881 where the Northamptonshires were engaged. Now is that really helpful, or just an entertaining gloss that the reader can do without? Does it assist the reader to understand the story, or is it just an ego-trip on the part of the annotator who is showing off his newly-acquired knowledge? The Shade of Uncle Joseph* is always lurking in the background! [* The funny old fellow in Stevenson's *The Wrong Box* who was addicted to collecting miscellaneous information and giving gratuitous lectures. Kipling quotes him in "The Vortex".]

Likewise I am surrounded by contradictory advice – Stevenson said "write it and let it go" while Kipling's advice was to lay it aside for a year or so and shorten it now and again. He occasionally overdid it – "Mrs. Bathurst" comes instantly to mind – to the annoyance of many of his readers, including this one. Evelyn Waugh,* however, said he had no problem with that story as he had never read it! Johnson merely looked for any "fine writing" in order to strike it out! [* *The Essays, Articles and Reviews of Evelyn Waugh* ed. Donat Gallagher, Methuen, 1983]

Simla presents another dilemma – at the time Kipling was there, every grand piano, every section of billiard-table and every bottle of wine had been carried up by bullock-cart or on men's backs; likewise the materials for Viceregal Lodge and other enormous buildings – how much does the reader need to know about that ?

As a middle-class child of the 1920s I grew up with the shibboleths and taboos that were in force then much as they were in Kipling's time; it is interesting to see how, since 1939, many of them have, very rightly, disappeared but there has been a deterioration in manners and dress since then which is much to be regretted. Browsing in a *Journal* of the 1930s I came across the announcement of a meeting of the Society where a Quiz or some such entertainment was promised, the Secretary

indicating that it would be in order for members who had not been introduced to talk to each other.

My system is to number the lines in fives (usually 33 lines to a page in the Pocket Editions) reading as I go then looking what ORG has to say and attempting to improve it where I can.

The physical act of writing has become easier since I was working on ORG – I can draft what I want to say on the computer and come back to amend it without crossings out, arrows and balloons – whether the result is an improvement on my composition of the 1960s is open to question – the computer enables me to rearrange the work whereas typing from a draft and trying to improve it as I went along was usually a problem, as changes meant re-typing the whole page, unlike H.G. Wells who apparently had the happy knack of sitting down at his typewriter and producing a fair copy the first time. I was living in Surrey and working in London in those days so had a couple of half-hours on the train to think things over and the splendid Guildhall Library was just over the road from the office. Our local Library was equally helpful both for ORG and my *Kipling Dictionary*.

Now the Internet will often produce the answer to a question instantly and email has put me in touch with many pleasant people who have provided much valuable information. This is also an opportunity to give something back to this Society which has, for many years, provided me with many good friends and much entertainment – addressing a room-full of people listening carefully to what I think is a magic experience; whether the audience find it likewise is open to doubt. Being invited to appear on our website is even better and a great compliment which I very much appreciate.

BACK-NUMBERS OF THE *JOURNAL*

By The EDITOR

I am very happy to report that the scanning of the back-numbers of the *Journal* was completed in May. John Radcliffe, our On Line Editor, proposed that this should be done in late 2003, and worked with me to agree on the objectives that the process should meet. The live scanning started in March 2004 and since February 2005 Stephen Piper has helped me with this, whilst John Radcliffe's expertise has made the results available on the members page of the Society's web-site. He has also installed a search engine for the back-numbers. If you don't already have access but want it, please contact John at johnradcliffe@blueyonder.co.uk.

The scanned *Journals* have been saved as two file types – plain text files without any formatting or illustrations which have been put on the web, and fully-formatted Adobe Acrobat ".pdf" files with all illustrations. These latter are very much bigger than the text files, and at present are only serving as an archive because, if we distribute them, on CD-ROM for example, there are potential copyright problems with the illustrations.

All but the latest eight issues can be found on the members page of the web-site (www.kipling.org.uk), since Council have decided that we should not make everything available in case it deters people from renewing their subscriptions. As each issue of the *Journal* is published, another back-number will be added to the web-site.

The best way to make use of these new facilities is first to consult John and Marian Morgan's on-line index. This will help you to identify major articles in which you are interested, by giving you the *Journal* number and start page on which an article appears. The *Journal* can then be opened on the web-site and the article read. The search engine can be used as a supplementary tool for references to a topic, author, or whatever else interests you, by entering words entirely in lower case. As an example, TOMPKINS will only find TOMPKINS, Tompkins will only find Tompkins, but tompkins will find TOMPKINS, Tompkins and tompkins. If you want to search for a specific phrase, then it is best to enter it inside double quotes: "light that failed" rather than light that failed because the latter version picks up occurrences of each word in the phrase.

In the scanning process, I have corrected the few obvious typographical errors that I have come across, but have deliberately left the spelling of names and foreign words as they are printed rather than attempting to standardise on what would probably have turned out to be an erroneous version. For example, Theebaw's Queen appears as Soopaya-Lat, Supaya-lat and Soopaya-lat, so you will have to use your imagination to find all the variants of these words.

One final point – in scanning 12,000 or so pages of material and converting it into machine-readable form, there are bound to have been some transcription errors that have escaped into the wild. Please will everyone who finds anything strange in spelling or punctuation please contact me as suggested at the bottom of the last page of the *Journal*, quoting the *Journal* number, the page number and the peculiarity.

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

NEW MEMBERS

Prof R.W. Beachey (*Milford-on-Sea, Hampshire*)
Miss Sam Burns (*Canton, Cardiff, South Wales*)
Mr Daniele Donini (*Bertinoro, Italy*)
Mr Paul Gearen (*Jacksonville, Florida, U.S.A.*)
Mr John A. Karel (*St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.*)
Ms Paula M. Krebs (*Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.*)
Mr P.J. Latham (*Boughton, Faversham, Kent*)
Mr Jim Leary (*Mitcham, Surrey*)
Mr John Mackenzie (*St Johnsbury, Vermont, U.S.A.*)
Mr Patrick McMillan (*Ely, Cambridgeshire*)
Mr Harry Morgan (*Goxhill, Barrow-upon-Humber, N. Lincs.*)
Mr Brion Purdey (*Hastings, East Sussex*)
Mr Christopher Russell (*Irene, Gauteng, Republic of South Africa*)
Filippo Sava, Esq (*Catania, Sicilia, Italy*)
Mr Andy Smith (*Ashted, Surrey*)
Mrs Sally S. Spangler (*Lorton, Virginia, U.S.A.*)
Lt Col D.J. Willoughby (*Milborne Wick, Sherborne, Dorset*)
Mr Emanuel Wolf (*Carlsbad, California, U.S.A.*)

SUBSCRIPTION – INCREASE IN US DOLLAR RATES

It is regretted that the US dollar subscription rates for both surface and airmail delivery of the *Kipling Journal* had to be increased on 1 July 2005 to compensate for the change in the dollar/pound exchange rate, which was \$1.6 to £1 when we last set the rate in 1998 and was over \$1.9 to £1 at the time of making the decision (March 2005).

We held to the old rate for as long as possible but have been forced to increase the subscriptions to US\$ 44 for surface mail delivery and \$54 for airmail delivery. These increases are shown on the Subscription Reminder, which appears on the back of the *Journal* address label of this issue for those US members who are due to renew between 1 October and 31 December. They will apply to subsequent subscriptions for existing and new US members, but will be reviewed annually. Subscriptions paid before 1 July at the old rates are being honoured until the next subscription falls due.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"BACON AND EGGS: KIPLING'S CALLING"

From: Dr Janet Montefiore, School of English, University of Kent, Rutherford College, Canterbury, Kent CT2 7NX

Dear Sir,

I enjoyed Professor Dillingham's piece on "His Gift" [No.313, March 2005, pp.34-46], but am not 100 % sure about the allegorising. I would be sorry to let the nice light dampers properly cooked, 'puffed and perfect' – and the bacon and eggs, come to that – disappear entirely into tropes and figures of speech. I don't doubt that he's right about William representing Kipling's young self and Marsh the cook being a figure for Kipling the older writer, (especially as Marsh seems like Kipling to have lost his only son, presumably in the Great War); but pleasure in things and in craftsmanship is part of Kipling's writing, and the 'thinginess' is part of the story. Like that other bereaved father the tobacconist Brother Burges and his beautifully polished Masonic emblems in the 'Faith and Works' stories of roughly the same date in *Debits and Credits* (1926): yes, the jewels do represent Kipling's own polished stories, but they aren't *only* that. And Kipling wrote so well about food, not just in "His Gift" but elsewhere – in *Kim* of course, and in the *Just So Stories* too: the Parsee-Man's great Cake that the Rhinoceros steals, and the wonderful gourmet dinner that the Woman serves up when she's civilising the Cave-Man: 'wild sheep roasted on the hot stones, and flavoured with wild garlic and wild pepper; and wild duck stuffed with wild rice and wild fenugreek and wild coriander; and marrow-bones of wild oxen, and wild cherries and wild grenadillas' .

Yours faithfully,
JANET MONTEFIORE

1881 CENSUS – WESTWARD HO!

From: Mr R.A. Maidment, 81 Richmond Road, Montpelier, Bristol BS6 5EP.

Dear Sir,

Seated idly one day at the keyboard, I noticed that the Westward Ho! census of 1881, usefully (if sometimes erratically) transcribed by the Mormons into an electronic format, gives an interesting snapshot of Kipling's schooldays. On the premises of the United Services College we find the headmaster, Cornell Price, and his sister Frances as well as his housekeeper, Mrs Hopper, and her seventeen year-old daughter Sarah (known to the boys as "La Pricienne") whom he later married. In residence were nine assistant masters, including some familiar characters from *Stalky & Co.*- W.C. Crofts ("King"), Willes ("The Padre"),

Pugh ("Prout") and Evans ("Hartopp"). The school sergeant, George Schofield ("Foxy"), was living in the college with his wife Eliza (described as "Sergeant Drill Wife"!) and their three young daughters; the seventeen domestic staff included a steward and two matrons as well as three people mentioned by name in *Stalky*- the common-room butler William Oke (21, of Bradworthy), dining room servant Henry Gumbley and his 21 year-old wife Helena ("fair Lena of the laundry").

Most revealing of all are the origins of the boys: of 130 "boarder scholars", 65 had been born abroad, 53 of them in India (including fifteen year-old Joseph R. "Kitsling" of Bombay); 49 of the remainder had been born in England, seven in Ireland and four each in Scotland and Wales, but a scan of the O.U.S.C. Index in the Kipling Society library shows that many of these were also sons of Indian Army officers. The remaining boys hailed from all over the world – two each from Cape Colony, New Zealand, Aden, Jamaica, Italy (a favourite stopping point on the route from India), one from St Helena and one from Lausanne (this was Kipling's friend Lionel Dunsterville, whose parents had been spending their leave from India in Switzerland). Perhaps the most international of all was 12 year-old James Prendergast who was born in 1868 on board the troopship *Annelea* while travelling from India to China! Whatever else can be said against the U.S.C, it certainly wasn't parochial.

The census shows that Kipling was educated in a school where there must have been strong international – especially Indian – influences, more from the boys than from the staff. Like him, many of the collegers were orphans of Empire, separated from their parents for years at a time, as Dunsterville (the original of "Stalky" and the son of an Indian Army general) recalled in a vivid vignette in his memoirs: "When I was about twelve years old my father came home on leave from India, and came down to visit the school and to have a look at his son and heir. I was a little awed by this large gentleman, whom I at once put into the same category as the masters. He was then about forty-nine years of age, and all I can remember of his visit is his rage when I offered to help him over a stile. He was a very active man and a noted shikari, but I thought a person of his age was probably infirm. As he had to return to India before our holidays began, we had no opportunity of learning more about each other." No wonder that Kipling described Cornell Price as "father-confessor to us all".

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD MAIDMENT

P.S. An apology: eagle-eyed readers of the footnotes of my article "Kipling and the Chronicle" (*Journal* No.313, Mar 2005, p.19) may have wondered why his mother was writing about his unhappiness at

school two years before he actually got there (note 18) and why he was writing home from India a year before he left school (note 14). Note 14 should read 1883, not 1881, and note 18 should read 1878, not 1876. These errors were caused by underperforming software – most of it in my skull!

"IN THE PRESENCE"

[The letter from Professor Bindseil in *Journal* No.313, March 2005, pp.62-3 drew two responses via the Kipling Mailbase. Members might also like to refer to an article in *Journal* No.290 of June 1999, pp.25-31, which discusses Kipling and Dunlop Smith. – Ed.]

From: Mr E.J. Thompson, 120 Melrose Avenue, London NW2 4JX

Dear Sir,

Further to the letter from Erling Bindseil in the March 2005 *Journal*, the archivist at Holkham Hall tells me that Lady Mabel Coke, who was a daughter of the second Earl of Leicester of Holkham by his late second marriage, was born on 9 September, 1878. This would make her 38 when Sir James sent her the copy of *A Diversity of Creatures* in March 1917, and not "quite young" as Erling Bindseil surmised.

Yours faithfully

E.J. THOMPSON

From: Lt Col R.C. Ayers, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury SP1 3SB

Dear Sir,

Lady Mabel Coke was actually 38 at the time that Dunlop-Smith wrote the note. She was born in September 1878 at Holkham Hall, Norfolk and appears in the 1881 census at the age of two. While her father, the 2nd Earl of Leicester was 58 years old, her mother, Georgiana, was 29 and had 4 children under 5 at the time of the census. Her father died in 1909. Mabel married James Little Luddington at St George's, Hanover Square, on 8 August 1929, when she was 50 and died in Eastbourne on the 29 January 1967 at the age of 88.

I asked a long retired doctor about measles at such a late age and he said that it was not unusual at the time. This was due to the fact that, before about 1950, in British households that had adequate facilities, children with such illnesses were quarantined and kept away from all other children. As a result, particularly amongst the middle and upper classes, many children had no opportunity to catch what would normally be considered to be childhood diseases and were vulnerable to them in later life.

Yours faithfully

ROGER AYERS

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

From: Cdr A.J.W. Wilson RN, Jolyon, Salthill Road, Fishbourne, Chichester PO19 3PY

I have received two emails from Alastair Wilson in response to items in the June 2005 *Journal*.

PHOTOGRAPH OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, (p.6, 8)

A slip of the pen, I am sure – but that ain't a hansom cab in the picture of All Souls – it's a "four-wheeler", frequently called a "growler", and sometimes a "Clarence". The name "Clarence" was given to a four-wheeled two-horse carriage introduced in 1842, from which the London cab, with a single horse, was derived.

[Unfortunately it wasn't a slip of the Editorial pen, but a display of Editorial ignorance. I now see that the hansom has only two wheels as opposed to the four of the Clarence – *Ed.*]

"... TO THE TUNE OF FOUR POINT SEVEN", (p.57)

In response to the item from John McGivering, Alastair wrote:

1. The guns which were sent up to Ladysmith comprised four point seven inch guns, as well as the 12-pounders. (This, obviously, is relevant in the context of "to the tune of four point seven".) The 12-pounder, a gun with a calibre of about three inches was a comparative light-weight: but the 4.7 was a much bigger and heavier gun, firing a projectile weighing 50 lbs to a greater range.
2. That then is the source of the reference to the lines about trundling their way to heaven . . .
3. I'm afraid I don't know the source, but I would suggest that it might have been found in the columns of *The Friend*, the paper which Kipling helped to produce when he was up in Bloemfontein.

[I have found two songs about the 4.7 gun in the British Library, but neither has anything that quite agrees with the quotation. "The Four, point seven gun" by Arthur H.E. Wood was published in 1900. "The man with the 'four point seven' !" by Gaston de Breville was published in 1912 and does have two lines with a similar metre to that of the quotation – "He's fighting his way to heaven, / . . . / is the man with the 'four point seven.'" – *Ed.*]

ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). It is one of the most active and enduring literary societies in Britain and, as the only one which focuses on Kipling and his place in English Literature, attracts a world-wide membership. (Details from the Society's web-site and membership forms from the **Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wilts SP1 3SB**. The forms quote the minimum annual subscription rates. Some members contribute a little more.)

The Society is a Registered Charity and a voluntary, non-profit-making organisation. Its activities, which are controlled by a Council and run by the Secretary and honorary officials, include:

- maintaining a specialised Library in City University, London,
- answering enquiries from the public (schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request,
- arranging a regular programme of lectures, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker,
- running the web-site at www.kipling.org.uk for members of the Society and anyone else around the world with an interest in the life and work of Rudyard Kipling,
- and publishing the *Kipling Journal*, every quarter.

The *Journal* of the Society aims to entertain and inform. It is sent to subscribing paying members all over the world free of charge. This includes libraries, English Faculties, and 'Journal – only' members. Since 1927, the *Journal* has published important items by Kipling, not readily found elsewhere, valuable historical information, and literary comment by authorities in their field. By not being wholly academic, the *Journal* is representative of Kipling, whose own diverse interests and versatile talent covered a wide range of literary writing – letters, travel, prose and verse. For the serious scholar of Kipling, who cannot afford to overlook the *Journal*, a comprehensive index of the entire run since 1927 is available online to members or in our Library. Apply to: **The Librarian, Kipling Society, 13 Canonbury Road, London N1 2DF, England.**

The Editor of the *Kipling Journal* publishes membership news, Society events, and the texts of talks given by invited speakers. In addition, he is happy to receive letters and articles from readers. These may be edited and publication is not guaranteed. Letters of crisp comment, under 1000 words, and articles between 1000 – 4000 are especially welcome. Write to: **The Editor, Kipling Journal, 32 Merton Road, Harrow HA2 OAB, England or email to davpag@yahoo.co.uk**

