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Notes

KIPLING AND FRANCE.

IT was evident from the title and our knowledge of the speaker's convictions that Mr. Bazley's address to the Society on "Kipling and France" would repel the international busy-bodies who are campaigning on behalf of our ex-enemies and their woes. "Poor, dear Germany"—m'yes, perhaps—but of these two attributes the first is of her own procuring, and the second is notoriously developing heavily at our expense. The lecturer wisely avoided any picture, however tempting, of present events in the stewpot of Europe, with the Balkans inflamed, the Asiatic communities seething into insurrection, the western powers baffled, and "Holy" Russia bubbling as the scum on top.

R.K.'s PERSONAL SYMPATHIES.

Mr. Bazley also avoided politics, economics, and racialities alike for the sake of dealing with the human side of things. He traced Kipling's personal sympathies with France, his summer romps all over Paris as a lad in the Exhibition year of '78, his completed conquest through Germany's savage antagonism and all that resulted, and the remarkable tributes he received from France before he died, ranging from the highest honours of the Sorbonne to the plaudits of her people and her reading class most of all.

TRANSLATION TESTS.

It is a casual jaunt to cast a quick survey over Kipling's works in the light of his French and other proclivities, but quite another to go through them with a guide like Mr. Bazley to show the way. Book after book was taken in hand, and each story quoted where the French motif was pervasive or paramount. Then came the poems and speeches and

letters, and finally appreciations from great critics like M. Chevrillon, to say nothing of the faithful and admirable translations of the late M. Davray and others. How some of these managed to bridge the gulfs of idiom when it came to rendering the dialect raciness of Mr. Thomas Atkins, outstrips conjecture, especially with those who have tried the task for themselves.

HELPING HOLY WRIT.

The reprinting of "Proofs of Holy Writ" in the Strand Magazine revives the sensation it made when it first appeared there in 1934. Strictly speaking, being devoid of action, it is not so much a story as a fine example of Kipling's intuition in Elizabethan divinity, exalted to a rapture almost exceeding the fancies of the Mermaid or the playhouse. True, the late John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir) voted it "the best story Kipling ever wrote," but here there were reasons at work of no common order. Buchan was an ardent son of the manse, and nothing in his busy life—not travel, affairs, authorship, nor his great responsibilities as Governor-General of Canada—ever disturbed his spiritual sense of what he himself in the finest of his verses called "the steeps of immortality." Besides, according to that unimpeachable authority, Captain Martindell, and my good friend the late John Dafoe, of the "Winnipeg Free Press," it was Buchan himself whose talk with Kipling helped to inspire this attempt. It is doubtful indeed if he ever tackled a higher one, and it is worth recalling the circumstances as related in our columns years ago.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

The author conceives Shakespeare in life hob-nobbing with Ben Jonson over their cups, and Will disclosing

that a reverend Oxford friend, one Miles Smith, was enlisting his help in a truly royal commission ordained by King James—nothing less than rounding-up the best English versions of the Bible into an official translation—the Authorised Version of 1611. There and then the playwrights are prompted to render a passage worthy of their powers—the five loftiest verses in the glorious sixtieth chapter of Isaiah. Though they are without the "clutch of Bibles" over which Oxford dons and divines are poring all the time, they have all the needful parallels set forth on broad immaculate proof-sheets to tempt any scholar's pen. Needless to say, the challenge brings out the mettle of the pair—Ben with Bardolph's alternate joviality and grumps, and Will with his air of Prospero at the desk. No wonder that in Shakespeare's case it comes naturally to him to run the well-worn phrases over his tongue until they inspire him to some of the lovely cadences we know of old.

CRUCIBLE GOLD.

The narrative makes difficult reading, perhaps, for it jumbles fragments of Wyclif, Coverdale and other translators with the sonorous diction of St. Jerome's Latin version, composed especially for liturgical recital by the monks in choir ever since. One word in the dialogue causes Ben to cavil in a way which illustrates their problem, and this is "condescend"—a new bit of mintage which, curiously enough, occurs twice in the plays, and never again. This double occurrence is in the first part of "King Henry VI," v. 3, both of them in the literal vein, with none of those metaphoric meanings the word developed later on. This part of the play, by the way, was produced before 1592, and was added to the other parts in 1600: yet the Oxford Dictionary speaks of the word "condescend" being in use as early as 1528. Why the term so appealed to Shakespeare is another story, as Kipling would have said; but why he should have taken up Buchan's cue and toyed with Bible translation in his day, seems the most

natural thing in the world. There are endless developments to discuss in the collocation, and I for one hope to see it bristle into comments from enlightened and discerning readers wherever *The Journal* goes. To which may be added the semi-Dickensian tag—"I can't say no farther than that."

MANY OPINIONS.

Apropos of short stories and perfection, there can be nothing but welcome and approval for Mr. Harbord's suggestion to be found in the "Letter Bag" on another page. Was there ever yet a Kipling reader worthy of the name, who failed to toy with the fascinating pastime of choosing the best among his stories, where all is so varied and so tempting? The fact that some twenty years ago our readers were beguiled into a contest of the kind is no deterrent, but rather a challenge due to our old friend Time. Indeed, I shall be surprised for one, if we do not find a wider divergence than ever, in the pursuit of the universal favourite—or if not a single one, then a group.

COLLECTANEA.

An old and valued correspondent, Mr. Gerard E. Fox, of Clifton, Bristol,—whose name must be familiar to many a reader—has sent the Editor a sheaf of interesting matter consisting of Kipling letters, in elucidation of problems put, and cuttings of rare Kipling material from the papers in which they appeared. As early as 1918 he drew an answer disposing of certain doubts, and most of these replies have appeared in our columns. But there was no doubt about the indignation he expressed in the first of his Kipling lectures, at the stuff he found in a half-forgotten book by the late Richard le Gallienne. Later it occurred to Mr. Fox that as the late W. S. Caine, M.P., a Radical oracle of pre-war days, had toured India and written a book about it, he might have been the original of Pagett, M.P., but the poet wrote and assured him otherwise.

J. P. COLLINS

Kipling and the World's Religions

By Lt.-General Sir GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

A LITTLE while ago, I read in a book of essays on well-known writers, a statement to the effect that Kipling had no religion. That statement was a very great impertinence, for a man's religion is his own affair; but you cannot read Kipling's works, especially his verse, without realising that he was a very sincere Christian. A man does not write *The Gardener* or *Cold Iron*, with his tongue in his cheek:—

"He took the wine and blessed it,
He blessed and brake the Bread;

With His own Hands He served
Them, and presently He said:—

"See these Hands they pierced with
nails, outside my City wall."

Such lines were not written by any unbeliever, and much is redolent of the twice-grandson of the Manse. Or again, the story of Eddi's service when his Saxons were keeping Christmas, and only the Ox and the Ass came sheltering from the weather into his church:—

"And he told the Ox of a Manger
And a Stall in Bethlehem,
And he spoke to the Ass of a Rider,
That rode to Jerusalem.

So much for Edmund Wilson. But it is not to treat of Kipling and the Christian religion, though his verses teem with its spirit, that I am writing. It is of Kipling's understanding of the World's religions—of Islam and the Submission, of the beautiful philosophy of Buddhism, of the Hindu faith—that this is written.

CHRISTIANITY.

We must, however, dwell for a moment on Christianity to read Kipling's reference to the Church of Rome—"The Ould Church"—from the mouth of Mulvaney that "was a corporal wanst." It comes in *Life's Handicap* in the story of "On Greenhow Hill" in the Afghan war, as Mulvaney says it to Learoyd and Ortheris waits for a sniper. Learoyd has told of the inimical father, a primitive Methodist, of his sweetheart who died and Mulvaney says:—

"And furthermore, I misdoubt you were built for the Primitive Methodians. They're a new corps anyways. I hold by the Ould Church, for she is the mother of them all—aye an' the father too. I like her bekaze she's most remarkable regimental in her fittings. I may die in Honolulu, Novo Zambra, or Cape Cayenne, but wherever I die, bein' fwat I am, an' a priest handy, I go under the same orders and the same words an' the same unction as tho' the Pope himself come down from the roof av St. Peter's to see me off. There's neither high nor low, nor broad nor deep, nor betwixt nor between wid her, and that's what I like. But mark you, she's no manner av Church for a wake man, bekaze she takes the body an' sowl av him, unless he has his proper work to do. I remember when my father died, that was three months comin' to his grave; begad he'd ha' sold the shebeen above our heads for ten minutes quittance av purgathory. An he did all he could. That's why I say ut takes a strong man to deal with the Ould Church, an' for that reason you'll find so many women go there. An' that same's a conundrum."

An appreciative, if slightly critical description of the power and might of the great Church of Rome.

THE TEACHING OF GAUTAMA.

Of Buddhism, the teaching of Gautama, the Buddha or Enlightener,—that Philosophy which tries so hard to be a religion and isn't quite—we have the charming character of the Red Lama in *Kim*. It is a character for whom the term Christlike is not inappropriate and the teaching of that Lama, the teaching of The Way and the Trinitaka, clearly shows Kipling's understanding and sympathy. Thus the Lama: "Friend of all the World, I am an old man—pleased with shows as are children. To those who follow the Way, there is neither black nor white, Hind nor Bhotiyal—we be all souls seeking escape."

The *Buddha at Kamakura* sings of the great figure of the 'Enlightener'

in Japan, and reveals again the author's understanding :—

"To him the Way, the Law, apart,
Whom Maya held beneath her heart,
Ananda's Lord, the Bodhisat,
The Buddha of Kamakura."

"And whoso will, from Pride released,
Condemning neither creed nor priest,
May feel the Soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura."

The strange story is that 'The Buddha' was an Indian Rajput Prince of warrior race, yet his teaching calmed all India, took 500 years to rise, 500 years to flourish and

500 years to wane and pass away over the hills to Tibet, to China and to Japan, remaining in Ceylon and Burma, but passed from India entirely, as Brahminism, driven under ground, slowly, very slowly, re-arose. This, as Mulvaney has just said "is a conundrum." Curiously enough the Jains, the followers of the Jinna or 'Conqueror', who taught about the same time as the 'Enlightener' and on much the same lines, survive to this day, a pious, aloof, largely business people, with an over-riding respect for life of man or beast or insect.

(To be continued)

Lord Baldwin

ON January 14th, 1948, a memorial service to the late Earl Baldwin of Bewdley was held in Westminster Abbey. The King was represented by the Duke of Gloucester, and the Prime Minister and many distinguished figures in public life attended.

Prayers for responsible citizenship "to gain for every man his due reward and from every man his due service." and for the breaking down of tyranny and oppression, led on

to the singing of the *Recessional*, which Lord Baldwin's cousin, Rudyard Kipling, gave the Empire as a recall to humility. Its sterner message gave way to the note of serenity in John Donne's prayer for an awakening in the house of heaven—where there shall be "no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession; no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity."

Lord Baldwin had long been a member of the Kipling Society.

A Gift of Books

A MEMBER of the Kipling Society, Mr. Barfoot-Mott, of Islip, Oxon, whose recent death we record

with regret, has left us a gift of books for the Library, which we gratefully appreciate.

New Members

THE following new members of the Kipling Society have recently been enrolled :—

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Mr. N. D. Mallary, Jr.
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Professor John F. Barker.
Mr. John Gilbert.
Mr. Charles J. Paterson.
Mr. M. Lincoln Schuster.
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Mr. J. Barclay-Milne.
Mr. F. Goodman Dell.
Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey.
Mr. J. R. Hamilton.

"Some Impressions of India"

EXTRACTS FROM A NOTABLE BROADCAST

By SIR CYRIL RADCLIFFE, K.B.E., K.C.

[Recently Sir Cyril Radcliffe, on his return to London, broadcast a talk entitled "Some Impressions of India." The following extracts from the script, in which reference to Rudyard Kipling is made, are published here by courtesy of the B.B.C. and of Sir Cyril Radcliffe].

I FIND it something of a mystery that the life and doings of the British in India should have made so slight an impress upon the imagination of their countrymen at home. After all, they were not an alien race, nor were they, at any rate in the beginning, a class apart. Mr. Price, the Collector; General Wood; Ensign Patterson of the Bengal Artillery. It's names of this kind that I see on the tombs—your great, great grandfather or mine. There are plenty of letters, diaries and journals from the days of Mr. William Hickey onwards, to give us the background of the life the British led in India

"GENERATION AFTER GENERATION"

But where's the foreground? They were doing an almost unbelievable thing—rightly or wrongly, well or ill, let's forget that question for the moment. A small section of the people of these islands for one hundred and fifty years exercised, in our name, a direct sovereignty over larger and larger parts of this huge sub-continent. In the end it became almost an hereditary connection. "Certain families," said Kipling, "serve India generation after generation as dolphins follow in line across the open sea." Yet, somehow, the imagination of our people which is reflected in its art and literature, remained untouched.

Painting? Well, you may still find in a few favoured country houses a set of delicate aquatints of Indian scenes. Was the artist's name Martin? And there was Mr. Zoffany, who, alone among famous British artists, seems actually to have wished to paint in India. You may see some of his work there today. Here a portrait of an Indian ruler of the

period, with rich dress, jewelled turban and sad, quizzical eyes; there a conversation piece of some eupeptic English general and his staff, subtly refined by the influence of the Indian scene, so that the feet point and the heads taper with much more than English eloquence. Mr. Zoffany, of course, got into trouble, as pioneers do. He was commissioned to paint a picture for the new English church at Calcutta, St. Andrew's. He chose as his subject, the Last Supper, and as his models the leading British citizens of the local community. Unfortunately, he selected a well-known auctioneer for the part of Judas Iscariot; and Mr. Zoffany disappeared from Calcutta in a haze of vituperative libel actions.

KIPLING'S INDIAN BOOKS.

The record of our major literature isn't much better. In the nineteenth century Mrs. Flora Annie Steel had—and deserved—her public. In the twentieth we have a sensitive study of the Indian scene from Mr. E. M. Forster and steady work by the Edwardian novelists, Mr. Seton Merriman and Mr. Mason. Probably there are others that I ought to think of. But, by and large, we come back to the fact that the British and India stand or fall by Mr. Kipling. I hope they stand. Of course, Kipling's out of favour today with a public which is—may I say—inclined to be a little prim and self-conscious about our past. He's identified with a worship of power and a pride of empire that we have, we believe, left behind in our history. But that's deeply to misunderstand his work. Half-artist, half-journalist, and supreme as either, he saw and was fascinated by the vast and obscure machine of British government in India. It was fascinating. But he saw and delighted in other things, too—the life of India, itself rich, mysterious and diverse; the mingling of the races; the pride of strong men in bearing responsibility for the welfare of others. All this and much more is in his Indian books.

Perhaps his poem *Recessional* is worth a second—or even a third reading. The man who wrote "all valiant dust that builds on dust and guarding calls not Thee to guard," was no blind worshipper of material power. He used the phrase "lesser breeds without the law." Indeed, he did. Here's the verse:—

"If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee
in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law.
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

We've all lived a little in history in recent years. Have we not seen in truth "lesser breeds without the law?" And is there in the life of any people a greater thing than the possession of the law—that inner, instinctive sense of purpose and responsibility that neither social sanction nor Act of Parliament has power either to loose or to bind?
A *SYSTEM OF JUSTICE*.

I feel sorry that we at home don't know more vividly what our own people did in India. It's easy to turn the page now that the change has come and rightly come, and forget the story of what they did in remembering what they failed to do. It must have called for great qualities exercised not only in crises, but day by day—courage, endurance, initiative, fortitude, responsibility. The gifts we brought were Roman—peace, order, justice and the fruits that those things bring. Men are apt to prize them the less the longer they enjoy them. Like the Romans, we built our roads, bridges and canals, and we've marked the land as engineers if we've not

improved it as architects. Like the Romans, we brought and maintained a system of justice that we tried to make even-handed, and a system of administration that we hoped was impartial.

THE OLD RAJ IN INDIA.

Those who lately heard Sir Cyril Radcliffe's estimate of Rudyard Kipling and his writings on the radio, will appreciate the extracts we are allowed to give from an earlier talk by favour of the B.B.C. and will recognise the same sparkle and point of observation.

Of course, such gifts are not everything. They're the structure, but not the brain or the heart or the life of a people. It may be that somewhere on our course we mistook the means for the end, and, absorbed in our practical tasks, we failed to penetrate to the heart or soul of India. It may be that the government of one people by another can never be the best government in the long run, since benevolence and fairness are no substitute for national inspiration. It may be that social democracy itself will prove no more finally satisfactory as a solution to the problem of human relations than the old imperial system. I don't know and I'm not trying to suggest answers to these great questions. But, all the same, I suspect that the new status of India has not absolved us from the necessity of asking them, and that they remain questions of vital importance to this country if it is to remain the fruitful centre of that complicated network of associations and responsibilities that we call our Commonwealth and Empire.

In the Library of Congress

THIRTY-FIVE new pieces have been added to the Kipling collection of William Montelle Carpenter in the Library of Congress, reports *Imprimatur*, the "Literary Quarterly for Bibliophiles," published by Mr. Lloyd Emerson Siberell, P.O. Box 51, Evanston Station, Cincinnati, 7, Ohio, U.S.A. "Mrs. Carpenter presented her first gift to the Library in 1940 with one of the hundred copy editions of "Kipling's College." The next year she gave

about a hundred pieces of Kipling's works, in manuscript and fine editions, and also autograph letters and sketches done by the author. Among the items recently acquired, there are singular pieces like the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette* with references to Kipling when he served as its sub-editor. Also, the new collection contains numerous Kipling photographs, as well as caricatures and reproductions of portraits."

My Brother Rudyard Kipling

By ALICE MACDONALD FLEMING.

[This is the second part of Mrs. Fleming's broadcast of August 19th, 1947, the first part of which appeared in our last issue. The talk is reproduced by courtesy of the B.B.C. and by permission of Mrs. Fleming].

R UDDY'S success in India was doled out drop by drop; people said, "Clever young pup!" and talked about his awful side. But in London success came as a flood. It amazed him; he couldn't understand it. He never got a swelled head in the least, even when he received letters—extraordinary letters—from quite cultivated women who wanted to marry him, on or without sight. He came in for a fearfully foggy winter in London and he didn't like it one little bit. When I came 'home' I went to see him in Embankment Chambers, now called 'Kipling House'—and he was very *piano* and longing for the parents again. It was then that he sent a telegram to father in India; it just said "Genesis 45; nine." But that verse reads—and do please remember that Ruddy's first name was 'Joseph'—"Haste ye and go up to my father and say unto him, Thus sayeth thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt; come down unto me, tarry not . . ." The parents *did* come down to Egypt and for a while we had a charming house in Earl's Court Road. That was the time when Ruddy was writing *The Flag of England* and he was stuck at the very first line, and he said to mother, "What am I trying to say?" and mother said, quick as a flash, "What do they know of England who only England know?" . . . I think it's characteristic of Ruddy that two of his best-known lines were written by his mother; the other one is "East is east and west is west and never the twain shall meet."

ALWAYS OBSERVING.

He loved going about and seeing things; he was always observing; he had a camera in his brain. He liked going to the docks—Limehouse

and so on—and he had the golden gift of making everybody talk to him. He, didn't care for games and he didn't go out much. He had strong dislikes; he couldn't stand goody-goods, for instance. But it is not true that he detested cats, though two months after his death a well-known Sunday paper announced with what Shelley calls "the natural glee of a wolf that has smelt out a dead child," that "Kipling had always hated cats to the verge of cruelty and beyond it." If anyone can prove to me that my brother hated or was deliberately cruel to any animal, I will kill that animal with my own hands and eat it raw! He was devoted to all nature and never owned a gun.

VERY CAUTIOUS.

Ruddy always had an idea—it strengthened, I'm afraid, in later days—that people were trying to pick his brains; he became therefore very cautious. People were always wanting introductions and their stupid little stories written for them and so on. He very much enjoyed theatres and people said he should have gone on the stage; he was a curiously good character actor. He used to get the most extraordinary mail in London from quite well-known names; one very distinguished writer and critic wrote—on exquisite deckle-edged parchment—to thank "one so young and yet a Master" for "feeding him the True Bread and Wine of the Word." Ruddy's scribbled footnote was, "The old jossler means *Soldiers Three*."

HIS FORM OF NOTE-TAKING.

About his writing he always said to the last, "I shall write something worth reading one day." I don't think he was specially pleased with anything that he had done. He liked *Kim* and *The Jungle Books*, but the silliest little limerick he wrote would delight him—for the moment—as much as the most serious poem. Luckily the mere physical act of writing was a pleasure to him; he loved it. He was never a note-taker;

he drew hieroglyphics—doodles and little funny pictures were his form of note-taking.

SELDOM THE TWAIN SHOULD MEET.

I am afraid you will say that I have been telling you too much about my brother's youth, but as I said at the beginning, that is the part of him I find myself going back to. I married in 1889 and *he* married three years later, and after that, our paths in the world divided. He went west and I went east, and the personal devil

seemed to arrange that seldom the twain should meet; at any rate, our leaves in England very rarely coincided. But we wrote to each other a lot and we never lost our pleasure in exchanging the apt quotation. If he could hear me now—and, you know, I believe he *is* hearing me—I think he would appreciate this couplet from George Eliot:—

'But could another childhood be
my share

I would be born a little sister
there.'

A Kipling Story

[By permission of "The Times," we reproduce below the light leader which recently appeared in that newspaper, entitled "A Kipling Story," to which we referred on page 2 of the December, 1947 "Kipling Journal" No. 84].

"THAT son av sin av a haybag av an elephant sez that he wants to see a friend, an' he'll not lift hand or fut till he finds him." Thus Mulvaney in his story of how he induced his old friend Malachi not to block the Tangi pass against an army corps with his hinder end. And now there comes from Patiala another story of the friendships of the elephant folk, which has the true Kipling flavour. It seems that the Maharaja had among his mahouts twenty Muslims who joined in the headlong flight of 100,000 other Muslims to camps of refuge. The elephants, who had been their peculiar care, were broken-hearted; they at once went on hunger strike, would not touch the most tempting viands, refused even water, and after five days were fast fading away. So there issued from the palace the most peremptory orders that all camps were to be searched and the fugitives at all hazards brought back. All the men came of generations of mahouts, even as did Little Toomai, the son of Big Toomai, who was the son of Black Toomai and the grandson of Toomai of the Elephants. They were found, they heard the call of hereditary duty, they came back under military escort. High officers of state, perhaps trembling for their offices,

welcomed them with effusion and so did the elephants, though their voices were rather weak from fasting, with trumpeting of delight.

From the moment of that joyous fanfare all went well. The elephants gradually recovered their appetites and their interest in life; soon they were being taken out for the short walks of convalescence by their restored friends. It is a truly touching record of a devotion to which few of us can pretend. "To each his peculiar fear," said Hathi, the wild elephant, to Baloo, and one of our most haunting fears to-day is that they or, more probably, she who ministers to us should suddenly and outrageously walk out. But if she does we do not refuse our food; we only try, perhaps with pathetic futility, to cook it ourselves. Even the traditionally faithful hound will scarce decline his dinner plate from an alien hand. The story would be utterly heart-breaking if it were not for its happy ending. It is pleasant to know that the mahouts were received on their return with marked favour and all was forgiven and forgotten. As for the poor, dear elephants, nothing can be too good, no reparation too rich and splendid for them. It may be hoped that they will enjoy the lot which Little Toomai prophesied for Kala Nag in his days at court: "Thou wilt have nothing to do but carry gold earrings in thy ears, and a gold howdah on thy back, and a red cloth covered with gold on thy sides and walk at the head of the processions of the King."

Some Psychological Observations

ON KIPLING'S WRITINGS.—II

By H. CRICHTON-MILLER, F.R.C.P.

[This is the second part of a paper read at a meeting of members of the Kipling Society in London in October, 1947. The first part appeared in our last issue.]

REALISM AND COURAGE.

KIPLING'S courage made for him many enemies. For one who had been brought up at a public school and who had admittedly benefited from the public school system it cannot have come easily to write of

"the flannelled fools at the wicket
or the muddied oafs at the
goals."

Or could there be a more cruel and yet valid string of epithets than this

"Arid, aloof, incurious, unthinking, unthanking, gelt."

Nor can he have hoped to escape the criticisms of the sentimentalists when he referred in the *Recessional* to

"Lesser breeds without the law."

Anyone who has listened to the accounts of repatriated prisoners after 3½ years working on the Malay-Burma railway will I am sure agree with me that the description is entirely applicable to the Japanese.

Courage is one of Kipling's major themes,

"It is Fear, not Death, that slays."
That reminds one of Francis Thompson's 'Learn from fears to vanquish fears.'

And it is only great and fearless leaders like Garibaldi and Churchill that can afford to offer,

"The unadorned yoke that brings
Stark toil and sternest care."

Then there is Kipling's constant theme of
RESPONSIBILITY.

You remember, I am sure, *The Sons of Martha.*

"It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock.

It is their care that the gear engages;
it is their care that the switches
lock.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts work loose.

They do not teach that His Pity allows them to drop their job when they dam'-well choose.

Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven
not as a witness to any creed,
But simple service simply given
to his own kind in their common
need."

And then the governmental aspects of the same compelling responsibility,

"Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward;
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard."

Social and national responsibility for administering the affairs of backward peoples depends upon the individual sense of stewardship that every man contributes or withholds according to his capacity. And the reverse of stewardship is—

ESCAPISM.

I have already referred to the escape by means of drink and other anodynes. Here is a very topical allusion to irresponsible escapism:

"In the Carboniferous Epoch we were
promised abundance for all,

By robbing selected Peter to pay
for collective Paul;

But, though we had plenty of
money, there was nothing our
money could buy,

And the Gods of the Copybook
Headings said: 'If you don't
work you die.'"

And that prophecy written twenty-eight years ago is being literally fulfilled today.

And then there is the intellectual escape as represented in Tomlinson,

"And . . . the God that you took
from a printed book be with
you, Tomlinson!"

All inefficiency, wangling and scamped work Kipling condemned with bitter satire and sometimes passionate invective.

You all know Pagett, M.P.,

" And I smiled as I drove from the station but the smile died out on my lips

As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write of their Eastern trips, And the sneers of the travelled idiots who duly misgovern the land,

And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one into my hand."

We have a Pagett, M.P., today. In a war-time speech he said " Kipling and all he stood for is dead." I am told he has recanted but that has not kept him from Eastern trips nor from risking the description of the 'travelled idiot.'

And could there be any more damning protest against wangling in high places than Uriah ?

" And when the last great bugle call A down the Hurnai throbs, When the last grim joke is entered In the big black book of jobs, And Quetta graveyards give again their victims to the air, I shouldn't like to be the man who sent Jack Barrett there !"

THE ILLUMINATOR OF HISTORY.

Now let us turn for a moment to Kipling as *the illuminator of history*. What would those of my generation not have given to have had our history lessons vitalised by his many writings of this nature ? Take three examples. First *The Land*.

" 'Hob, what about that River-bit ?' I turn to him again, With Fabricius and Ogier and William of Warenne.

' Hev it jest as you've a mind to, but'—and here he takes command.

For whoever pays the taxes old Mus' Hobden owns the land."

And here we are down on a profound principle of social structure, for it is generally agreed that the maximum of personal contentment and social stability is attained when the greatest proportion of the voting population is rooted in the soil. Doctrinaire socialists would doubtless condemn Hobden's status as a deplorable feudal residue. They prefer their Dagenhams, and satellite cities and collective farms but sooner or later these lead to the disaster of 'Displaced Persons' and migrant and rootless agricultural labour. The

Hobdens are becoming ominously few in this unstable world.

Then I would remind you of *The Roman Centurion's Song*. Who but a Shakespeare could invest the withdrawal of the Roman occupying force with such romance and poignancy ?

" 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 !"

(Here *The Looking Glass* was admirably read by Mrs. Crichton-Miller).

Now I know that volumes have been written on the enigma of Queen Elizabeth but I am quite sure that no one has packed into such small compass the very core of the riddle. Three forces are represented—Mary, Leicester, King Henry. Now Elizabeth was what is described in modern psychological jargon as an android woman suffering from an Electra complex. It is a common situation ; you all know cases of this combination. In the biological life of every human being there are two contrasted principles—the male and the female, aggression and surrender, power and tenderness, virility and subjection. In the course of social evolution it has been found that the 100% He-man is too much of a bad thing while the 100% she-woman is too much of a good thing. So our present cultural pattern tends to give value to something like 75% types—a man with 25% tenderness and a woman with 25% of aggression. When we get the 50-50 type we are in the sphere of psycho-pathology. And Queen Bess was in that group. In other words her instinctive equipment classed her as android. Then her emotional development reinforced her biological bias, for the emotional setting of her early life resulted in a fixation of her love-life on her father. Had she been endowed with a greater factor of femininity this fixation would no doubt have given way to normal acceptance of a husband. But Leicester never had a chance. And the masculine quotient of aggression was represented by her power-urge which found its morbid

satisfaction in her treatment of Mary. But the looking-glass of self-knowledge was too repugnant, and, in spite of Mary's plaints and Leicester's protests, she ends up as the cruel spinster queen, identified with her father and definitely satisfied with that role.

And now for a moment I would have you consider Kipling as

THE PHILOSOPHER.

First of all he is, in my obscure opinion, entitled to that description on the merit of one single sentence. The fundamental quest of all philosophy is the solution of the unsolved problem of the mind-body relationship. Here is the sentence. "Man is an imperfectly denatured animal intermittently subject to the unpredictable reactions of an unlocated spiritual area." (See Lecture "Surgeons and the Soul"—to the Royal College of Surgeons, Feb., 1923, in *The Book of Words*). I do not propose to analyse that profound pronouncement but I commend it to your reflective consideration.

Kipling was too realistic a philosopher to discount any form of inspiration, religious or otherwise, that resulted in progressive conduct. Take for example his treatment of Mithras:

"Mithras, God of the midnight,
here where the great bull dies,
Look on thy children in darkness,
Oh take our sacrifice.
Many roads thou hast fashioned—
all of them lead to the Light—
Mithras, also a soldier, teach us
to die aright."

In fact Kipling's philosophy was too realistic to accept dogma at face value or to despise a pragmatic justification of any particular creed.

I conclude with a final reference to Kipling's attitude to posterity. All social evolution depends in the ultimate issue on the individual's attitude to posterity. Unless each generation excels in some measure the preceding generation no social progress is possible, and unless the parents are prepared to make sacrifices for the children life becomes static. Poor old Sir Anthony Gloster was, as we have seen, frustrated in his hopes of posterity.

"And a quarter-million to credit,
and I saved it all for you!"
and again

"So there isn't even a grandchild,
an' the Gloster family's done."
And you may recall these couplets from a *Song of the English*,

"On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern-scrub we lay,

That our sons might follow after
by the bones on the way."
and again,

"Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage
He shall ask them treble-tale!"

If "Kipling and all he stood for is dead" then indeed we can exclaim "Ichabod", for then will the glory have departed from Britain and her Empire. Let us at least hope and pray that the spirit of R. K. is suffering an eclipse that is merely transitional, and that it will blossom again in a newly inspired generation of 'selected Peters' and 'collective Pauls.'

"Rudyard Kipling and His Old School"

WE hope to publish in the earliest available number of the *Journal* a summary of the lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, delivered by Colonel H. A. Tapp, some time ago, to members of the Kipling Society in London. Its title was "Rudyard Kipling and his old School." The address covered the history of the old School from its earliest days at Westward Ho until the year 1912, when its name was

changed to the Imperial Service College. (During the recent war, the I.S.C. left Windsor and linked up with Haileybury).

In common with other interesting material, publication of Colonel Tapp's address in the *Journal* has been unavoidably delayed, owing to the restricted number of pages at our disposal. He is himself an old United Services College boy, and a valued member of the Kipling Society.

Kipling and France

By BASIL M. BAZLEY.

[The following is a report of the first part of a talk by Mr. Bazley to members of the Kipling Society in London. It will be continued in the next and succeeding numbers].

IT must come as something of a shock to the high-brows of perverted intellect and their pale pink disciples—people who, from the beginnings of his fame, have always held Kipling up to scorn because of his Imperialist views and love of England—it must considerably surprise these folk to learn that these views on the Empire and his own country (wicked though they may be held in 'left' circles) have not prevented him from extending his affection to France and the French. Perhaps the most interesting feature in his affection for our Gallic neighbours is the fact that it was absolutely spontaneous; its roots are not set in any political occurrence like the *Entente Cordiale* of 1904, or the alliance against Germany in 1914. And his affection survived many political disagreements; the Fashoda incident of 1898 is an instance. Kipling was evidently a believer in the saying: "Tout homme intelligent a deux pays, le sien et la France" (Every man of sense has two countries—his own and France).

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

It is an axiom that impressions gained in our early years sink deeper and last longer than those of adolescence and early manhood. We see the effect produced on Kipling's mind from his sojourn in Paris in 1878, when he was quite young. Here we may let him speak for himself from his *Autobiography*: "I was given a holiday when my father came home, and with him went to the Paris Exhibition of '78, where he was in charge of Indian exhibits. He allowed me, at twelve years old, the full freedom of that spacious and friendly city, and the run of the Exhibition grounds and buildings. It was an education in itself; and set my lifelong love for France. Also, he saw

to it that I should learn to read French at least for my own amusement, and gave me Jules Verne to begin with." Further recollections of that first visit appear in *Souvenirs of France*, where we learn that the crossing of the Straits of Dover was performed by that curious piece of marine architecture, the twin-ship *Calais-Douvres*; and that the Parisian *pied-a-terre* was a boarding-house, full of English, behind the Parc Monceau. "In the morning, when I had waked to the divine smell of roasting coffee and the bell-like call of the *marchand-d'habits*, my father said in effect, "I shall be busy every day for some time. Here is—. "I think it was two francs." "There are lots of restaurants, all called Duval, where you can eat. I will get you a free pass for the Exhibition and you can go where you please."

LA VRAIE FRANCE.

Then follows a perfectly delightful and intimate sketch of life in the French Capital; here we can glean many of those details that go to make up real life in *la vraie France*. We are told of wild paper-chases in company with two lads—contemporaries in the costume of Christ's Hospital—in the Bois de Boulogne, and the astonishment of the *gendarmes* at the 'bizarre' Blue Coat uniform. Then there is the delicious and entirely Kipling touch, of slang expressions picked up from the Exhibition workmen and fired back at the Paris *cocher*: "Primitive? Possibly—but Love is founded on a variety of experiences." The ordinary exploration of the city—"Thus I came to know the Bridges and the men who clipped the poodles on the little quays below them"—naturally-etched permanent pictures on a mind so able to absorb the inner quality of any subject. An example of this appears thus: "The *concierge* and his wife at the boarding-house also told me tales of that war (1870-71) of which I comprehended—and forgot—nothing."

THE FUTURE IMPERIALIST.

The father's help and advice are given from time to time, in that happy detached, suggestive manner that always arouses the best response from Youth to Age; by this means the significance and size of the French Colonial Empire (they have not yet called it a Commonwealth!) dawned on the future imperialist. This was to bear fruit many years later, when, apropos of the same subject, he quotes: "Ye-es! You might do worse than look at the educational show-case. The French have some sound notions about their Colonies." . . . "My dear *confrere*, we must act so as to assimilate and to civilise those races according to the measure of their capacities. *Not* ours! Is it not so? He there—that boy of yours—may see it perhaps, but not we." But it is the little humorous things of every day life that are entrancing in these glimpses of France. One day, climbing up inside the head of Bartholdi's gigantic statue of Liberty that was one of the exhibits of 1878 prior to its gracing the harbour of New York, he was told by an old Frenchman that he had looked through the eyes of Liberty Himself. The boy, ever receptive, makes this comment: "He spoke less than the truth. It was through the eyes of France that I began to see." So this first visit concludes with "I returned to England and my school with a knowledge that there existed a land across the water, where one walked among marvels, and all food tasted extremely well. Therefore, I thought well of that place."

Every now and then we get suggestions from Kipling that France is one of the two countries of the intelligent man; in *Stalky & Co.*, he bears his share of the study work by precepting in English and French. A short time afterwards, when work in India was beginning, and he was still living at his father's house, he 'collected' any passing Frenchman or traveller who knew France and, as the Lama says, acquired knowledge. There were, in the years preceding 1904, little *émeutes* every now and then between our two countries, but it is not easy to find any reflection of this in his writings. I suppose

The Bonds of Discipline, a Pycroft tale that appeared in August, 1903, is the most severe example of anything even remotely anti-French, yet here one feels rather that it is the individual who is held up to ridicule—solely as an individual; his nationality might equally well have been Dutch or American. In the earlier periods Kipling tells us that he "answered some of their criticisms by what I then conceived to be parodies of Victor Hugo's more extravagant prose." Examples of this occur in several of his contributions to the *Pioneer*; one of these is called *The History of a Crime* and is still, I believe, uncollected—purely topical stuff, merely meant for the amusement of the times but clever and funny burlesque, funny without being at all malicious. In another style is *An Exercise in Administration* (according to Onandoff), an amusing skit on the Bombay Government of the period in the manner of M. Ollendorf, whose foreign language text books have frequently lent themselves to humorous treatment.

ANOTHER VISIT TO PARIS.

Paris was again visited in 1889, another Exhibition year, and this also yielded items in lighter vein:—"My city was much as I had left it, except for an edifice called the Eiffel Tower, but it was still ignorant of wireless and automobiles. I used to establish myself at a small hotel in the Batignolles, dominated by a fat elderly landlady who brought me unequalled *café au lait* in big bowls. I must have made other friendships also—else how did I come to assist at that moonlight *pas de quatre* in front of the Sorbonne? A glance into the future would have shown me that I was to be a Doctor of that learned Institute, but I needed all my eyes at the time to watch a *gendarme* who desired to attach himself to our company merely because we sang to him that Love was an infant of Bohemia ignorant of the Code Napoleon."

AFFECTION FOR FRANCE.

In this way was founded an affection and friendship for France and the French that was to endure as long as life itself. However, before going

further with personal reminiscences and experiences, it might be as well to glance at the French as they appear in Kipling's works. Taking them roughly in date order, the first personality we meet is Madame Binat in *The Light That Failed*; some of our more virtuous friends may not admire the lady's reputation, but there is no denying her kindness to Dick Helder when he is blind and alone at Port Said. After he has told her that he will pay her well, she says indignantly:—"Not to me. Thou hast paid for everything." Under her breath, "Mon Dieu, to be blind and so young! What horror!" In the end, all is arranged for the journey up to the Front and a good-bye with real love in it. There

is a short but agreeable sketch of some French Miquelon fishermen in *Captains Courageous*, all very cheerful and hearty, as will be seen from the dialogue:—"But Tom Platt waved his arms and got along swimmingly. The captain gave him a drink of unspeakable gin, and the operacomique crew with their hairy throats, red caps, and long knives, greeted him as a brother . . . It looked like a piratical division of loot; but Tom Platt came out of it roped with black pigtail and stuffed with cakes of chewing and smoking tobacco. Then those jovial mariners swung off into the mist, and the last Harvey heard of it was a gay chorus."

(To be continued).



"The British Barmaid"

IN the November, 1947 issue of *A Monthly Bulletin*, appears an interesting article entitled "The British Barmaid," from which the following reference to Kipling is extracted:—

"It would be difficult, and perhaps inadvisable, to improve the best type of British barmaid: she is the Britannia of the Beer Engine. Perhaps the serious drinker may prefer the male bar-tender. Not so the Londoner, who places her somewhere between a kindly sister-in-law and a platonic sweetheart—not a siren—who will remember his 'particular wanity,' listen to his troubles, and laugh at his jokes.

The barmaid is a respectable character. When, as sometimes happens, she marries the landlord, she becomes a pillar of society and a competent business manager. Single or married, she has a breadth of toleration almost masculine but without male bluntness, which makes her the refuge of sisters in distress and brethren in disgrace. It is strange that she has not been more widely sung than in

the music-halls. Tennyson, who knew something of the steadier sort of pubs, has a line in *The Vision of Sin*—'bitter barmaid, waning fast'—which does her less than justice. Kipling has testified to her reliability: it was 'an elderly but upright barmaid' who tempered the loneliness of his earlier London days in Villiers Street, Strand, and accompanied him to shows, mostly of a patriotic character. Mr. John Masefield, in *The Everlasting Mercy*, depicts a barmaid of the baser bucolic sort; but W. S. Gilbert and G. K. Chesterton, who might have drawn her portrait, seem to have neglected her. In Kipling's story, *Mrs. Bathurst*, there is an exceptional specimen. Kipling was the first to use, through the mouth of one of his characters, the word 'It' (now outmoded) to describe sex-appeal. This barmaid adorned a bar in Christchurch, New Zealand, where she dispensed a beer which Kipling, with one of his rare mistakes, spelt 'Slits.' The name of it is 'Schlitz,' a co-product of Pabst, the beer that made Milwaukee famous."

Kipling and Socialism

By SIR STEPHEN ALLEN, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.
(The second part of an address to the Auckland, N.Z.
Branch of the Kipling Society).

I MUST turn now to Kipling's own writings, to show what his beliefs were, and what was his opinion of modern opinions and theories; and I want to show how he held views which are quite irreconcilable with those of socialism and its teaching. I have mentioned his satirical references to it, and I want to discuss examples. In *Actions and Reactions*, I first refer to *The Mother Hive*, that ironical parable of the socialist state. In *The Day's Work*, there is "the Walking Delegate," that amusing account of the militant kind of professional agitator among the horses. Unfortunately the latter tale loses much from being written in dialect, and in American dialect too, which is possibly worse than Scotch. *Actions and Reactions* also contains the most delicately sarcastic tale of all, "Little Foxes." You will remember the outline of the last story, how the Governor of a Soudan province imported hounds from England, and instituted a fox hunt on the banks of the Nile. For a time they hunted in peace. The Governor's word was law, and the hunt popular among his people. Most ingenious was the idea of leaving unstopped a fox earth on any land of a debatable title, so that by the punishment for leaving it being awarded to the owner of the land, the title to the land was decided.

MODERN PROGRESS.

To this peaceful spot came at length modern progress, and one of those new eras which seem periodically to burst upon us without noticeable result except to aggravate the tasks of conscientious men. The *deus ex machina*, who is to free this dark spot in Ethiopia from the tyranny of the Governor, appears in Mr. Groombride, who, as his interpreter Abdul explains, is driven by Demah-Kerazi, which is a devil inhabiting crowds and assemblies. Fortunately the Governor has some forewarning, and eventually Mr. Groombride is discomfited. He turns and beats his interpreter with his umbrella.

This story, with its contrast between the benevolent autocracy of the Governor, and the absurdity and hideousness of the representative of democracy, is just the sort to ruffle the susceptibility of the Socialist. Is it any wonder that Professor Joad will not allow the claim that Kipling was a great writer?

I am going to come back to *The Mother Hive* and *The Walking Delegate* in a moment, but before I do so I want to refer to a few others of the short stories, where we have positive teaching, and to leave these with what I may term their negative teaching till later—that is to say, to take first what Kipling does advocate, and then what he fights against. That sequence will be easiest and most natural.

Kipling teaches first, honour, loyalty, patriotism, devotion to duty, and all those qualities which we were brought up to believe to be virtues. He teaches in the second place, order, good government and regularity; obedience to higher authority on the one hand, with humility and discretion on behalf of the governor on the other hand. If the first set of virtues are outmoded, as there are those who would have us believe, the second set are anathema to them. Consider if you will, the stories contained in *Puck of Pook's Hill*. This is a book written for children primarily, with the object of teaching them history by means of stories, at a time when their characters are most impressionable. The story *Young Men at the Manor* concerning events following immediately on the Norman Conquest, is written not just to show the state of England at that time, and certainly not as a piece of actual historical record, but to illustrate the best aspects and phases of fine characters as illustrated by the Norman De Aquila, and the Saxons Hugh and his sister Ælueva. The gradual blending of the two nations is portrayed, and one purpose of the story is to point out the need for forbearance.

tolerance and peace ; but the **moral** underlying the story is loyalty and patriotism. In *Old Men at Pevensey* perhaps the moral is rather discretion and humility.

THE LESSON OF LOYALTY.

The later stories in the book—*The Centurion*, *On the Great Wall* and *The Winged Hats* are in praise of courage, honour and above all loyalty. Look particularly at *The Winged Hats*. Not even Amal could persuade Parnesius and Pertinax, even after Maximus was dead, to give up the **Wall**, and when the wall has at last been relieved by a new army under Ambrosius, they will not serve a new master but choose to go home. The same lesson of loyalty, in a different guise, comes in *Hal o' the Draft*. We could go on through *Rewards and Fairies*, and all the short stories, and find similar lessons. Consider also such stories as *A Deal in Cotton* or *The Tomb of his Ancestors*. The lesson of these stories is that it is the fittest who should govern, and not only this, but that fitness for government comes from training, tradition and superiority of race. Also, that good government does not come necessarily from the votes of majorities, but from the qualities of those who exercise its prerogatives and functions. Then take *The Puzzler*, that story of the Colonial statesman come to England, in the days when colonies were not much esteemed and before they were regarded as Dominions. The object of the story, with the catchword of "ties of common funk," is to show the need for union and co-operation between England and her dependencies. Incidentally, though it is foreign to my subject tonight, I suggest that the little poem—also called *The Puzzler*—is worth reading again in the light of recent columns in the papers. I have already re-

ferred to *Little Foxes*, a story that comes in the same category as *A Deal in Cotton*, but with a blow added against the professional politician.

THE POSITIVE TEACHING OF KIPLING.

I mention these stories as typical of the positive teaching of Kipling, and in view of the lessons they contain, it is no wonder that a socialist should refuse to honour him. The virtues which Kipling inculcates, which are in fact inherent in all his writings, are so diametrically opposed to socialistic doctrines of class hatred, disloyalty, exploitation, legislation for a class rather than for the community, arrogance, disorder and all its concomitants.

I turn now to what Kipling fights against, in *The Walking Delegate* and *The Mother Hive*, though I shall not spend much time over the former. *The Walking Delegate* is a parody of Trades Unionism in its worst and most blatant form. The yellow horse appears as the Walking Delegate, an emissary sent to stir up the peaceful horses in the field to what is now called direct action. His words, when translated from the dialect in which they are unfortunately written, have a familiar ring about them. "Did you never stop to consider the degrading servitude of it all," said the yellow horse. "Can it be possible that with your experience, and at your time of life, you do not believe that all horses are free and equal." "I rely on my simple rights—the unalienable rights of my unfettered horshood." "I uphold the principles of the cause wherever I am pastured." Unfortunately the fate that befell the yellow horse is not usual to the agitators of the present day, who instead of the punishment they deserve, as a rule receive the more lenient one of a seat in the Legislative Council.

Headquarters Activities

THE following meetings, at which papers were read, have or are being held by the Kipling Society in London.

Thursday, 11th December—Mr. B. M. Bazley, on "Kipling and the French." Tuesday, 20th January—Colonel J. K. Stanford, on "Kipling

in the Further East." Friday, 20th February—"Twenty Questions." "The members asking all the questions and Mr. Bazley knowing all the answers." Tuesday, 16th March—Sir George MacMunn, on "The Kipling Vision."

£(*Enemies to One Another*

(FROM "DEBITS AND CREDITS")

By EDITH M. BUCHANAN.

WHEN Kipling prefaced this story with apologies to Mirza Mirkhond he was challenging a Persian historian of the fifteenth century whose works, in spite of a flowery and bombastic style, are regarded as one of the marvels of literature. We are not surprised to find Kipling's creative imagination inspired by emulation flowering exuberantly. The creation of man, the supreme mysteries of life and death are described with tenderness and reverence and profound pity in passages of extreme beauty.

THE LIFE FORCE.

The form adopted is that of a chapter of the Koran, which would be Mirkhond's spiritual guide : released thus from the limitations of his own orthodoxy ! Kipling's creations become alive, and dramatise the paradoxical relations between Adam and Eve through the ages, evolving a code of civilised life together in spite of opposing forces inherent in the physical and spiritual natures of both : which forces compel them to differ, but by differing, create thus energy or the life force. Enemies to each other is the condition imposed upon them after the Fall : inducing that relation which Kipling sums up in a paradox of desperation " this most detestable woman whom I love."

From a literary point of view this story is a departure from Kipling's style except perhaps in one of the *Just So* stories, "The Butterfly that stamped." In Kipling's early years of fame in England, the Symbolist school, Baudelaire's school has long given France its greatest modern poets, chief of all Paul Valery, a contemporary of Kipling, who have had widespread influence in England as well as in France and Germany. This school it seems to me is here reflected in an elaborate and joyous drama.

THE MIRROR-SYMBOL.

The mirror-symbol is here used directly and extensively as a means

of explaining Adam's descent to Narcissism, self worship : hubris, the Greeks called it : Hitler was a victim of it. Again, Eblis and Peacock each reflecting the other's faithlessness, treachery and use of flattery, openly and by insinuation, lead Adam gradually to assume the attributes of the Almighty. Eve is persuaded to rival him. Then he sees Eve's fantastic posturings as in a mirror, he sees his own folly reflected from that mirror, by which means comes enlightenment.

The mirror-symbol is used in this drama in other more complex ways : directly as above : in antitheses : and by inversion : interwoven intricately in the manner of the French symbolists. The Archangel Gabriel, the Faithful and Excellent, is the antithesis of Peacock the disloyal and base. When Gabriel assumes Peacock's garb his spiritual grace is radiated through Peacock's outward and visible beauty and *semblance* of Power and he prevails thus over Adam, enabling him to distinguish reality from illusion.

Peacock and Eblis, reflecting each other, feed Adam with flattery and adoration and sly insinuations, also with the luxuries of food and raiment, and all earthly possessions, the material semblances of the pomps and vanities of this world.

Eblis is the inversion of Gabriel : his dread shadow : the loathsome serpent, the stoned one is his physical manifestation. He influences Adam (and Eve) by impure magic, Gabriel by the Light of Truth. And the interchange of Eblis and serpent throughout the drama gives a dazzling illusion of reflections.

Azrael the angel of Death is borrowed from the Koran. This Azrael however dwells in Kipling's creative imagination : his own personification of Death as the friend of man. The delineation of this character is amplified in the story *On the Gate* and in *Uncovenanted Mercies* as the friend and confidential adviser of St. Peter.

THE FACULTY OF LAUGHTER.

The word magic is used constantly in *Just So Stories*. The magic of words is here. The unusual attributes used by Kipling to convey the divine origin of man and his chivalrous devotion and love for Eve, the mother of the human race, are varied so often and with such delicate and subtle significance that the dignity of man is thus laboriously built up

into a temple (of words) in which he dwells.

Laughter with Kipling is a sign of grace. In this story the faculty of laughter returns to Adam after enlightenment.

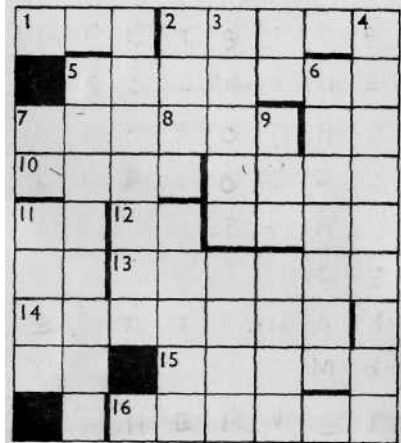
Kipling writes this story with evident enjoyment: he must have been captivated by Mirkhond's *Stories of the Caliphs and Prophets*.

Kipling's Dogs

A "MISSING DOG" PUZZLE

THE accompanying Puzzle has been devised and set by Mr. R. E. Harbord, who offers prizes of Ten Shillings each, for the first correct solution received from members of the Kipling Society in each country, by 30th June, 1948.

As competitors *will* discover, all the answers are names of dogs mentioned by Rudyard Kipling in his prose works. Four dogs' names marked "*" are reversed. In nearly every case the clues are the names of the owners of the dogs.



ACROSS

1. The Colonel's Wife (3)
2. Learoyd (5)
5. Old Iggulden (7)
7. Lieut. Brandis (4)
8. The Author's Chief (3)
10. The Author (Pet Name) ... (4)
12. Take these two together
18. The Author (2.6)
14. Mr. Attley
15. Mr. Austell or Toby (5)
16. Miss Sicheliffe

DOWN

2. Punch & Judy Man (4)
3. Own God called Master (5)*
4. Gihon Hunt (6.3)
5. Own God called Miss (8)
6. The Author (see 14 across) (7)*
9. See Play-Hunt (3)
11. Same as (2) down (4)

Entries should be addressed to The Editor, "Kipling Journal," 98, Gower Street, London, W.C.1., and the envelopes marked "Kipling Dog Puzzle."

Letter Bag

Correspondents are asked to keep letters for publication as short as possible.

QUERIES.

COULD any reader of the *Kipling Journal* tell me who or what were:—Jemmy Fawn and Facey Romford, mentioned in Parts I and II of "The Army of a Dream" in *Traffics and Discoveries*?

Also when was the fight at Sanna's Post?—H., c/o The Kipling Society, London.

"HERVEY" AND "HARVEY."

The October, 1947, *Kipling Journal* arrived yesterday and I have, as always, read and enjoyed every word in it, for it is full of delightful reading. Being an old Victorian, I was particularly pleased to read the Martindell Prize Kipling Essay by Rowland Anthony of Victoria College, Jersey, which is surely a fine piece of work.

Am I right in the belief that there is a small inaccuracy on page 7 in the reference to 'Dr. Johnson's tribute to Lord Hervey' (end of col. 2). Surely it was not Lord Hervey but his brother Henry who was Johnson's friend and of whom the great man said, "He was a vicious man but very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." Henry Hervey's eldest brother was the celebrated Lord Hervey, Pope's *Sporus*. I can find no evidence that Johnson ever met him, though he referred to him in none too complimentary a manner in his "London," as one might expect, as Lord Hervey was a "vile Whig!" In fact, the sneer in "London" at "Clodio's jest," stood, in the first edition, "H—y's jest" and, as Croker points out, "was no doubt aimed at Lord Hervey who was a favourite theme of satire with the opposition writers of the day."

I don't seem able to remember "The Dog Harvey" (sic). Did Kipling spell it with an "a"? Because it's pronounced that way?

I have quite a lot of volumes of his poetry, the most complete being the 1885-1932 Inclusive Edition, but I cannot find it anywhere. Maybe other readers could help. Or, on second thought, is it prose?

How endless is the interest arising

from Kipling's writing and what a broad and deep fund of learning and knowledge he had. There is none like him, none.—N. LAWSON LEWIS, 3028, Prospect Avenue, Cleveland 15, Ohio, U.S.A.

(Mr. Lawson Lewis is right about Henry Hervey who was one of the branch of the noble family of that name. He had been quartered at Lichfield as an officer of the army, and also had a house in London where Johnson was entertained. Boswell notes that Henry Hervey was the third son of the 1st Earl of Bristol, and that he took orders. As regards "The Dog Hervey" (title so spelt) which appears in "A Diversity of Creatures" (published by Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London, 1917), in the text, the spelling Harvey is used until the last few lines, which read as follows:—

"There's been enough lying about that dog," said Mrs. Godfrey to me. "If he wasn't born in lies, he was baptized in 'em. D'you know why she called him Harvey? It only occurred to me in those dreadful days when I was ill, and one can't keep from thinking, and thinks everything. D'you know your Boswell? What did Johnson say about Hervey—with an e?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" I cried incautiously. "That was why I ought to have verified my quotations. The spelling defeated me. Wait a moment, and it will come back. Johnson said: 'He was a vicious man,'" I began.

"But very kind to me," Mrs. Godfrey prompted. Then, both together, "If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him."

"So you were mixed up in it. At any rate, you had your suspicions from the first? Tell me," she said.

"Ella," I said, "I don't know anything rational or reasonable about any of it. It was all—all woman-work, and it scared me horribly."

"Why?" she asked.

That was six years ago. I have written this tale to let her know—wherever she may be." ED.)

FAVOURITE STORIES.

About twenty years ago the Editor of the *Kipling Journal* asked members to submit lists of favourite prose stories by Kipling. This resulted in about twenty lists being sent in covering nearly 100 stories, although most of the lists were limited to twelve stories only.

Ten or eleven people included two or three of the stories and some stories were in one list only.

After these lists were received, Kipling published two more volumes of stories: *Debits and Credits*, *Limits and Renewals*. Many of these stories are favourites of mine and other members. Is this a favourable time to ask for up-to-date lists from all members? There are many new members who have never sent in lists.

I would not suggest publication of the lists as before but it would be interesting to have a summary of the lists printed in the *Journal*. I should be happy to prepare this.—R. E. HARBORD, Spring Grange, Wood End, Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts. R. K.'s REFERENCE BOOKS.

It is interesting to note that while R. K. is giving place to other writers of his era, as a target for cockshies from the Tony Lumpkins of modern criticism, there is no decline in his vogue among serious readers who choose their authors for intellectual gain and enjoyment. One of the best signs worth noting is that his reference books are as much in demand as ever. Thus the second edition of Captain Martindell's "Bibliography," fetched at a sale recently the price at which it was issued years ago—namely twenty-five shillings. This may be a small item in the book world, but it is a reassuring symptom at any rate; and while it shows the collectors are more intent on their purposes than ever, the reading public, to say nothing of the best writers, keep a steady eye on things. So there is more likelihood than some folk think, of a Kipling revival in the offing. As Shelley or somebody said—If Whatsisname is here, can Thingumbob be far behind?—J. P. COLLINS, London.

FROM NEW ZEALAND.

This year we have been inspired by the very fine articles that have

appeared in the *Kipling Journal* and now that we have become inured to the hardships of peace, we can enjoy Mr. Victor Bonney's original and emotional attitude to the part that Kipling has played in his life, reviving memories of our own in a New Zealand setting.

Sir Stephen Allen, President of this Branch, is the only member here who has responded effectively to Mr. Victor Bonney's request to join him in compiling a "Members' guide to Kipling." Sir Stephen Allen chose "The Church that was at Antioch" and gave us a clear, detailed explanation of all that Kipling had compressed into that famous story.

Our Chairman, Mr. D. W. Faigan, who has given much time to this Branch for many years, gave an address on the life-long service of our late President, Major-General Dunster-ville, to the British Empire.

Mr. Leonard, a foundation member of the Central Society, recalled the earliest days of the Kipling Society with Kipling Journal II as his guide, in which the President, Stalky, included in his address, "The Aims of the Kipling Society," many interesting suggestions which we have seen put into practice in the course of twenty years. We have entertained two distinguished novelists (Mr. Alan Mulgan and Miss Rosemary Rees) famous for their stories and poems of New Zealand Life, both lovers of Kipling whose poems and stories are interwoven with their early memories of New Zealand.

Mr. Maitland, Librarian of the Kipling Society, has presented us with "Ten Kipling Stories" and some interesting Kiplingiana which have been much appreciated by our members. The members would like to express their gratitude to Lieutenant Lynch-Robinson for his vivid account of the battle which ended so disastrously for our Ship H.M.S. Kipling.

Our members unite in Christmas and New Year Greetings to the President Lord Wavell, to the Members of the Council and Executive and to all members at home and abroad.—EDITH M. BUCHANAN, Hon. Secretary, New Zealand Branch.

(We thank Mrs. Buchanan for her

letter and good wishes, which are most heartily reciprocated by our members in Britain.—Ed.)

FOR DISPOSAL.

I have the following magazines for disposal, and am ready to part with them for the highest bid received within one month of the appearance of the *Journal*, for the benefit of the Kipling Society.

The magazines are:—

Cassell's Magazine for 1901, containing "Kim" (bound).

Strand Magazine for Jan., 1926, containing "The Propagation of Knowledge."

Strand Magazine for Feb., 1926, containing "Fairy Kist."

Strand Magazine for May, 1926, containing "The Gardener."

Strand Magazine for Sept., 1926, containing "The Eve of Allah."

Also "The Cat that walked by Himself," from the *Windsor Magazine* of December 1901.—B. S. BROWNE (COL.), Bournstream. Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

KIPLING AND SOCIALISM.

On page 9 of the *Kipling Journal* No. 84, (December, 1947) an article appeared based on an address in New Zealand by Sir Stephen Allen, entitled "Kipling and Socialism."

This most excellent article is not in any way spoiled by a mistake in the opening paragraph.

At the Brains Trust of the B.B.C. in question *two* members placed Kipling first and one member put Shaw in that place—not one each.

Sir Stephen shows clear reasons why Kipling is almost certain to be remembered down the ages.—HERON.

Souvenirs de Kipling

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following extract from *France* dated 16th January, 1948, under the above heading:—

"Nul plus anglais que Kipling à la racine. Et pas un qui ait fini par mieux sentir et comprendre la France. Pourquoi? il n'est pas insulaire; il est l'Anglais du monde; par là il touche au Français qui, lui aussi, est l'homme de la planète, étant essentiellement humain. Les Espagnols n'ont pu être que catholiques: par où ils se sont perdus.

Kipling est le voyageur qui a deux

ports d'attache: Paris et Londres, tantôt l'un, tantôt l'autre, selon qu'il est plus à terre ou plus en mer. Il a un sens admirable du sol et du paysan français. On n'est vraiment de France que par ce sens-là: en France, il faut être de Paris et paysan, de son petelin ou de sa province. Les routes de Kipling en France sont pavées d'amitié non moins que d'intelligence. Stevenson est aimable à l'excès; mais il reste à la surface. Il voyage en péniche, sur la rivière et le canal. L'âme de Kipling laboure. Ame active, s'il en fut."

Members of the Kipling Society who possess press cuttings, photographs or sketches associated with Rudyard Kipling and his works, which they think might be suitable for publication in the Journal, are invited to send particulars to the Hon. Editor, The Kipling Journal, Lincoln House, London Road, Harrow-on-the-Hill. In the case of cuttings from overseas publications, senders are asked to obtain formal permission to reprint from the Editors of the journals concerned, for which due acknowledgment will be made in "The Kipling Journal."

The Kipling Society

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