

THE
KIPLING JOURNAL



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE KIPLING SOCIETY, LONDON

VOLUME 58

SEPTEMBER 1984

No 231

ISSN 0023-1738



When in London
on innumerable visits between 1892 and 1936
RUDYARD KIPLING stayed at BROWN'S HOTEL.
The traditional English style and impeccable service
that made BROWN'S famous is still maintained
at the same premises, Albemarle Street, Mayfair.
The KIPLING Room, intimately associated with him,
can be reserved
for Luncheons, Dinners, Receptions, Conferences



Brown's Hotel

Dover Street/Albemarle Street, London W1A 4SW
telephone 01 493 6020



WIMPOLE HALL

The home of Elsie Bambridge, Kipling's daughter.

The most spectacular mansion in Cambridgeshire, with rooms both intimate and formal by Gibbs and Soane; the park landscaped by Bridgeman, Brown and Repton. The home farm by Soane has been restored, and contains rare breeds of livestock of great interest to children.

Location: 8 miles south-west of Cambridge, on the A603.

Open: from April till the end of October, in the afternoons, every day except Friday, 2-6 p.m.

THE NATIONAL TRUST

Tom Driver Agencies

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

A short list of books for sale from our

KIPLING COLLECTION

is issued each month: please write to join our mailing list

THE OLD STABLE BOOKSHOP, 2 TARRANT SQUARE, ARUNDEL, WEST SUSSEX BN18 9DE

telephone: Arundel (0903) 882367

The Bookshop, Faversham

Antiquarian & Secondhand Books

We buy and sell

Works of Rudyard Kipling and related critical volumes

and we issue Lists:

write today and join our mailing list

119 West Street, Faversham, Kent ME13 7JB, telephone (0795) 532873

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

founded in 1927 by J.H.C. Brooking, M.I.E.E.

Registered Charity No 278885

PRESIDENT

Sir Angus Wilson, C.B.E.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

Lt.-Colonel A. E. Bagwell Purefoy	T. E. Cresswell, M.C.
Mrs M. Bagwell Purefoy	Joseph R. Dunlap, D.L.S.
Peter Bellamy	R. Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., MA.
Rear-Admiral P. W. Brock, C.B., D.s.o.	Mrs Ivy Morton (<i>Melbourne</i>)
James Cameron, C.B.E.	Mrs Anne Shelford
C. E. Carrington, M.C.	Joyce Tompkins, D.LIT.

COUNCIL: ELECTED MEMBERS

F. H. Brightman	Revd. Canon P. C. Magee
T. L. A. Daintith	G. C. G. Philo, C.M.G., M.C, K.M.N.
Bryan C. Diamond (<i>Deputy Chairman</i>)	Dr Hilary Thomas
Mrs Lisa Lewis (<i>Chairman</i>)	Miss Helen Webb, M.A., A.L.A.

COUNCIL: HONORARY OFFICIAL MEMBERS

T. S. Bittleston, <i>Treasurer</i>	J. H. McGivering, <i>Meetings</i>
F. L. Croft, LL.M., <i>Solicitor</i>	Mrs G. H. Newsom, <i>Librarian</i>

John Shearman, *Secretary*

G. H. Webb, C.M.G., O.B.E., *Editor of the Journal*

HEADQUARTERS OFFICE (USUALLY STAFFED ON WEDNESDAYS & FRIDAYS)

c/o Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue,

London WC2N 5BJ. Telephone 01-930 6733

Assistant Secretary: Miss Celia Mundy

Honorary Auditor: Brendan Connolly, F.C.A.

MELBOURNE BRANCH, AUSTRALIA

President: Mrs Ivy Morton *Honorary Treasurer:* D. P. Wallace

Honorary Secretary: Mrs Rosalind Kennedy,

26 Blake Street, Caulfield 3162, Victoria, Australia

VICTORIA BRANCH, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

President: Captain D. H. McKay

Honorary Secretary: Miss Isabel Howard,

938 Verdier Avenue, Brentwood Bay, British Columbia, Canada VOS 1A0

SECRETARIAT FOR CANADA, EXCLUDING VICTORIA BRANCH

Honorary Secretary: G. D. Fleming *Honorary Treasurer:* Mrs Judy Fleming

Apt. 1402, 2220 Halifax Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1G 2W7, Canada

SECRETARIAT FOR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Honorary Secretary: Professor Enamul Karim, Ph.D.,

Department of English, Rockford College, 5050 East State Street,

Rockford, Illinois 61101, U.S.A.

THE SOCIETY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

MEETINGS, 1984/85

In the Kipling Room, first floor, Brown's Hotel—entrances in Dover and Albemarle Streets, London W1, near Green Park Underground Station—at 5.30 for 6p. m. Bar and coffee available.

Wednesday 5 September 1984 Miss Isabel Quigly (author of *The Heirs of Tom Brown*) on *Stalky and Some Others*

At the Linnean Society, Burlington House, Piccadilly—entrance on the left (West side) of the courtyard—at 5.30 for 6 p.m. Refreshments available. (Note this special venue.)

Wednesday 14 November 1984 Mr F. H. Brightman, F.L.S., on *Kipling and Surtees*

Wednesday 31 October 1984 A.G.M. at R.C.S. **See p 47**

At Brown's Hotel again—all details as shown above.

Wednesday 6 February 1985 Mr Hugh Brogan*

Wednesday 3 April 1985 Miss A. M. D. Ashley*

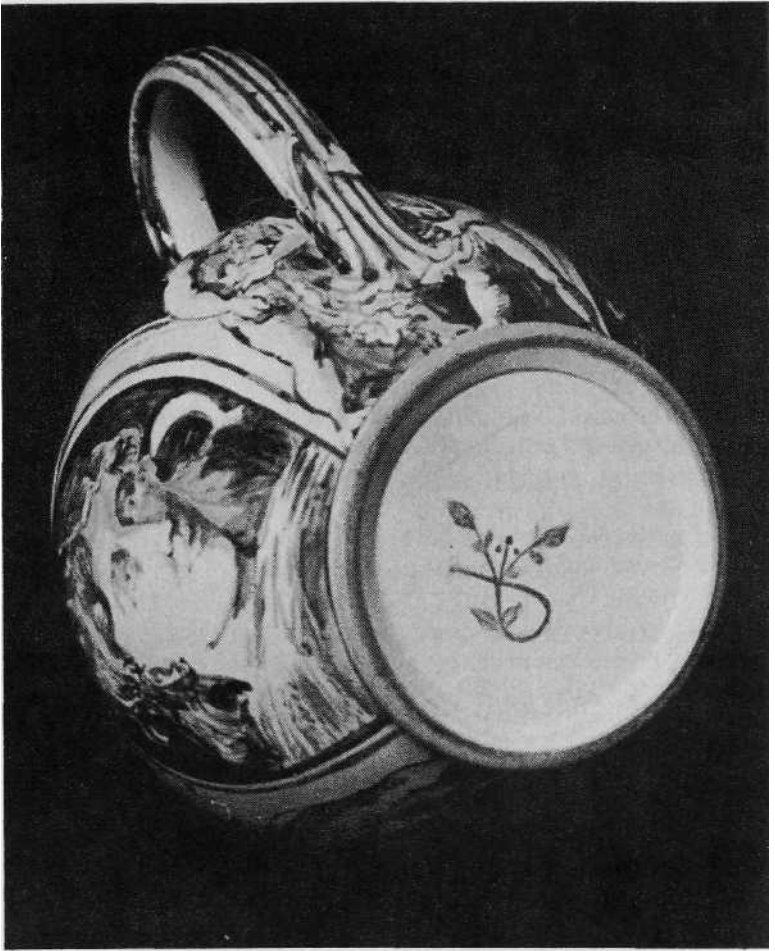
Wednesday 31 July 1985 Mrs Lisa Lewis*

** The subject will be announced in a later issue*

Tuesday 9 July 1985 *A special meeting* **See p 47**

OTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS

For reasons of space these will be found on p 47



J. L. K. MONOGRAM UNDER A JUG

Mrs Morag Macdonald recently made a generous gift to the National Trust, of a handsomely decorated jug, which has been accepted for display at Bateman's. In this rather unusual view of its bottom an elaborate monogram can be seen: the intertwined letters are the initials of Rudyard's father, John Lockwood Kipling. Of its authenticity there is not the slightest doubt.

In our next issue we hope to publish another picture, with full details of the jug including other interesting inscriptions on it. Perhaps some connoisseur among our readers will then be able to give it a precise date.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly since 1927 by the Kipling Society
18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ
and sent free to all Members worldwide

Volume 58

SEPTEMBER 1984

Number 231

©THIS ISSUE OF THE *KIPLING JOURNAL* IS THE COPYRIGHT OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society: Officers & Branches	2
THE SOCIETY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS	3 & 47
<i>Frontispiece</i> : J. L. K. monogram under a jug	4
EDITOR'S NEWS AND NOTES	6-7
ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 1984	8-16
<i>Illustration</i> : Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch	17
KIPLING AND 'Q' by F. G. Atkinson	18-25
TELEVISION FILM REVIEW: <i>Kim</i> (London Films) reviewed by Lisa Lewis	25-26
<i>Illustration</i> : "Thy mother . . ."	27
THE MIRRIELEES CONNECTION [1]	28
<i>Illustration</i> : John and Elsie Kipling, 1900	29
STALKY [5] from General Dunsterville's Diaries	30-35
<i>Illustration</i> : "Stalky & Co. fifty years after"	33
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: <i>Macdonalds and Baldwins</i> (Mr J. Shearman); <i>Kipling and the Swastika</i> (Mr T. Driver); <i>Irvin Cobb</i> (Mr D. H. Simpson); <i>Kim's Gun</i> (Miss S. Farrington); <i>Kipling in Lahore</i> (Prof. Enamul Karim); <i>C for Yourself</i> (Mr H. Brogan); <i>Kipling and the Freemasons [II]</i> (Mr S. L. Reed), with " <i>The Mother-Lodge</i> " appended	36-45
<i>Illustration</i> : <i>Kim's Gun</i>	39
TWO RECENT MEETINGS	46
SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP NEWS	47
A Note on the Kipling Society and the <i>Journal</i>	48

EDITOR'S NEWS AND NOTES

RUMBOLD, KIPLING AND THE BULLRING

The death last year of Sir Anthony Rumbold—a distinguished member of a notable family of diplomatists, and a member of this Society whom many of us knew at least by name—evoked from a lifelong friend, Wilfred Thesiger, a revealing anecdote about Kipling.

In the spring of 1928 Tony Rumbold, a schoolboy just seventeen, was staying in Madrid, where his father, Sir Horace Rumbold, was Ambassador. The Kiplings were also in Madrid, visiting their daughter Elsie and her husband George Bambridge, an Attaché with the Embassy. Kipling was a guest one day for lunch at the Residence, and went on with Tony Rumbold to a bullfight.

Thinking that Kipling must be ignorant of the ritual of bullfighting, the boy proceeded to impart a detailed explanation throughout the performance, and Kipling paid him gratifyingly close attention. Not till years later did Rumbold realise, with some consternation but more respect, that his listener had been the author of "The Bull that Thought".

PRINCESSES AND PARODISTS

"The Potted Princess" must be one of Kipling's least known and least accessible published stories. It first appeared in 1893 in America in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, thereafter in no authorised form until the posthumous Sussex Edition, itself a rarity, where it comes in Volume XXX among *Uncollected Prose*. Slight though it is, it has the charm of the nursery, and positive autobiographical interest, centring as it does on an Indian folk-tale—variant of the Sleeping Princess—being told by his *ayah* to Rudyard as a child in Bombay.

I am therefore grateful for the information, from a Member, that this story can be found in a collection called *A Book of Princesses* (Hamish Hamilton, 1963; Puffin [Penguin], 1965, reprinted later) which should not be too difficult to lay hands on.

I am also glad that a Member recommended to me the *Faber Book of Parodies* (Faber, 1984, paperback £4.25). Actually, though it contains many delightful and effective bits of prose and verse, overall it is a patchy assortment. Also the compiler, S. Brett, has chosen to preserve more than one offensively crude item which anyone of more fastidious taste would have rejected. However, as he says in a very

informative Introduction about the nature and purpose of parody, "entertainment value" will always be "a matter of opinion".

The book contains no pieces *by* Kipling (nor is there any reason why it should, though the Definitive Edition of his verse includes some sensitive and beautifully turned parodies of Horace, Shakespeare, Browning and other poets—indeed an authoritative study of Kipling the parodist remains to be written).

A few parodies *o*/Kipling get in, however. Max Beerbohm's "P. C. X, 36" from *A Christmas Garland* is one, a clever, legitimate yet savage spoof (Beerbohm's hatred of Kipling was so paranoid that it reduced his critical validity, and in the end he himself regretted it). There is also a parody of "If—" by H. A. C. Evans, lacklustre and barely slick but no worse than most imitations, doomed to failure, of that deceptively austere, strenuous and difficult piece of writing. Much more pleasing is A. C. Deane's "Jack and Jill", burlesquing the swashbuckling balladry of "East and West".

I was glad, too, to find the whole of J. K. Stephen's satire, "A Protest in Verse", the piece that ends with the lines that everyone can quote:

When the Rudyards cease from kipling
And the Haggards ride no more.

This attack, in early 1891, reflected sophisticated but profound unease, in certain quarters of the literary establishment, at the recent phenomenal irruption of the exotic and precocious Kipling. (Haggard, who was no such threat, was presumably a makeweight, with a handy name to play with in the last lines.) It is not, I think, a *parody* of Kipling (though categorised as such in the book), unless it is echoing the bumpy rhythms of "La Nuit Blanche" in *Departmental Ditties*. But it passes the test of memorability.

Indeed its gifted author, dead a year later at thirty-two, is now mainly remembered less for his great talents than for two verse squibs. One was his sonnet on Wordsworth:

Two voices are there: one is of the deep . . .
And one is of an old half-witted sheep . . .
And, Wordsworth, both are thine.

The other was this "Protest". Forty-four years later Kipling admiringly called it something which "I would have given much to have written myself", which "still hangs faintly in the air and, as I used to warn Haggard, may continue as an aroma when all but our two queer names are forgotten".

ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 1984

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society, again an enjoyable and successful occasion, was held at the Royal Air Force Club in Piccadilly on 3 May. Canon P. C. Magee said Grace. Our President, Sir Angus Wilson, introduced the Guest Speaker, who was Sir Jack Boles, till recently Director-General of the National Trust. Sir Jack held our attention with some highly interesting reflections about the National Trust and its policy relating to properties such as Bateman's that were intimately associated with famous people. He then proposed the Society's traditional Toast. Mrs L. A. F. Lewis wound up with a graceful vote of thanks.

Members and their guests who attended the Luncheon numbered some 75 and included the following:-

Mr & Mrs R. B. Appleton; Miss A. M. D. Ashley; Mrs M. Bagwell Purefoy; Sir Gawain Bell; Mrs M. M. Bendle; Mr & Mrs B. J. Bolt; Mr F. H. Brightman; Mr H. Brogan; Professor Eila Campbell; Mr C. E. Carrington; Mr B. Carver; Miss G. Clegg; Mr M. B. Connolly; Mr R. J. W. Craig; Mr & Mrs J. Debenham Taylor; Mr B. C. Diamond; Mrs B. Dickson; Mr N. Entract; Miss P. Entract; The Lord Ferrier; Mr B. Garai; Mr J. M. Grammer; Miss A. V. Hall; Dr & Mrs F. M. Hall; Lt.-Colonel & Mrs R. I. Hywel-Jones; Mr J. M. Huntington-Whiteley; Mr C. E. Jobson; Mrs A. M. Kilburn; Mr E. S. King; Miss C. Kipling; Mr M. W. R. Lamb; Miss F. Landau; Mr & Mrs P. Lewis; Lt.-Colonel & Mrs A. Lister; Mrs E. S. Logie; Revd Canon P. C. Magee; Mr J. H. McGivering; Mr J. McNaghten; Miss Maries; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Mr R. O'Hagan; Mr J. M. Patrick; Mr G. C. G. Philo; Miss H. A. Pipon; Mrs H. F. Robinson; Mr J. Shearman; Mr J. Shipman; Mr J. Spencer; Miss S. Stanley; Mr & Mrs F. F. Steele; Mr B. Stradley; Mr D. Stewart; Mr Wilfred Thesiger; Mr R. H. J. Thorne; Mr M. Wace; Mr & Mrs S. Wade; Miss S. E. Wagstaff; Mr & Mrs G. H. Webb; Miss H. M. Webb; Mr & Mrs A. W. V. White; Mr D. Wright; Mr J. B. Wright.

Among those who sent apologies for absence, in some cases including last-minute cancellations, were the following:-

Mr B. Connolly; The Dowager Lady Egremont; Miss S. Fairweather; Miss S. Foss; Miss M. Rolfe; Miss S. A. S. Ross; The Revd & Mrs G. H. McN. Shelford; Brigadier F. E. Stafford; Mr L. W. Taylor.

SIR ANGUS WILSON'S INTRODUCTION OF THE GUEST SPEAKER

Space does not permit us to print in full the introductory address by our President, Sir Angus Wilson, but the text has been passed to the Librarian.

Reflecting on his childhood, Sir Angus explained that his parents had brought him

up to have an interest in "people" rather than "things". It was only in much later years that he had "felt this to be an over-narrow approach", and had gradually turned his attention more to "the shape of life, the surroundings of living—gardens, houses", until eventually these had "come to play a deeper and deeper part in my world of fiction" too.

He was now conscious of an "intensifying sense of the interplay of Order, and Shape, with Pleasure. . . This is something which we in England will have to face sooner or later. We move from the idea of Order to the idea of Delight, but we never seem to see that these are two absolutely human integral things... we have got to be able to express them at the same time. . ."

Sir Angus attributed his own realisation of these truths partly to the National Trust. He recalled his first visit to a Trust property (Polesden Lacey), and how he was "won over" by the "shape" and the "feeling" of the place. There followed for him an increasing sense of the "totality" of some of these properties, their "expression of a human sense of shape and order and . . . delight". He now felt that in the years ahead Britain must try to correlate its leanings to Order and to Pleasure—"otherwise you will always get a 'hippy' era followed by an era of discipline: we've got to manage to fuse these two things."

"Kipling", (he went on), "uniquely did this. Nobody that I know of had such a strong sense of order and shape and of the rectitude of life, and *also* of the almost childlike love and desire for life. I think the National Trust properties will play a very large part in educating people into ridding England from that supposed necessary choice between *Shall I be someone like Scrooge and care about money?* or *Shall I be like Harold Skimpole and pretend that all I want is pleasure?* Money and pleasure are not in themselves adequate choices, and I think Kipling above all understood the interplay of this."

Sir Angus felt that the National Trust properties, tending to be "wonderfully individual and so imaginative, *yet* beautifully ordered", provided a clue to the discovery of Kipling, and it was highly appropriate that Bateman's itself should be under the Trust's administration, and open to those who wanted to research and to understand Kipling. "And I think they are going to be very much more in the next decade. It isn't only that interest in Kipling has grown here everywhere, but also in India I find it, in the United States to some extent, and above all in France. I've been twice recently to Paris . . . on the Left Bank the bookshops were filled with paperbacks of Kipling. And I think this is right: Kipling after all loved France . . . in his last years France became for him almost what it was no longer possible for India to be . . . we must be very excited to learn that France has now returned to a feeling that Kipling is a great writer."

In conclusion, "If researchers of Kipling want to find out about the spirit of Kipling, the shape of Kipling, the kind of person Kipling was, the great genius that he was, they will also need . . . a sense of the order, the beauty and the delight that go into the National Trust properties." Sir Angus then introduced, as "a man who has done so much for us" as Director-General of the National Trust from 1975 to 1983, Sir Jack Boles.

ADDRESS BY SIR JACK BOLES

[Taken from a transcript, and with the speaker's approval slightly reduced, under the restraints of space.]

MR PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am most touched by those generous words, and I think they will serve to put the National Trust more strongly on its mettle.

I ought to start by asking you to exercise greater control over your excellent Editor, who really should stop asking people he bumps into at the Travellers' Club to talk to you! It's all very well for him: even in my peasant smallholding in the West Country I heard about the success of his last talk, *Kipling's France*, at the Travellers'. He's a pro and I'm not. He saw I was in a panic after I'd impulsively said 'Yes', so he set out to calm me—"Think of the company you'll be in: Churchill, Birkenhead, Wavell . . . Somebody even sang to us . . ."

Panic was obviously a very prudent attitude, and it took some while before my native cunning reasserted itself, and I thought, perhaps—in addition to the pleasure of this Luncheon—there were things that I could *ask* you.

My first question is, how do you describe what I am going to talk about? My subject, until you tell me of a better word, is *Shrines*. I do not mean religious shrines—that's much too difficult, and thank goodness the National Trust doesn't own any, unless you count Bishop Morgan's birthplace—but I am talking about places associated with a famous person, visited by his followers, preserved in his memory. What do you call them?

My second question is, should the National Trust own such places, or is it better done by a specialist group, such as yourselves?

My third question is, how does one judge "shrine-worthiness" (if that phrase is all right)? Have we been right in the past? Whom would you have today? It makes a fascinating party game:- Henry Moore? Benjamin Britten? T. S. Eliot? Mrs Thatcher? Montgomery? Charlie Chaplin? Perhaps somebody present at lunch today?

Since 1939 the Trust has owned Ellen Terry's house. Was that right? How many now remember her days of greatness? I am sure her great-nephew, Sir John Gielgud, does, but perhaps not many of us. And many years ago the National Trust declined a very generous offer of Sir Alfred Munnings's house, together with a great many of his paintings. Was that right? (I believe the house is admirably run by

its own Trustees, so there has been a happy ending.) The Trust took Churchill's house, Chartwell: I doubt if there would be much dispute about that. But—had it been offered—should it have taken a Lloyd George house, or a Baldwin, or a Balfour? I do not know. How does one choose, in advance of the balanced judgment of History? Was the Trust right to take Disraeli's Hughenden? or T. E. Lawrence's Clouds Hill? or Shaw's Corner? or Carlyle's house (which has one of the most fascinating interiors in London: full of atmosphere: I hope you know it: if not, it's worth a visit)?

I tried to work out what the criteria should be. The first step must be the offer. You have to have a family who *want* this sort of memorial, warts and all, to their distinguished member, and they have to be generous with possessions and money and guidance, to help the Trust to get it right.

The second thing is that the Trust itself has to be bold in anticipating the verdict of History. It has to believe that the '*shrinee*' (another awful word? I wish you'd tell me what) has an enduring quality of merit. This is not easy. History does change its mind. This tempts you to dither, but if you wait, this affects the next point I want to make.

That is, that to be successful a shrine has to be very complete. Time is a disperser of the impedimenta of an individual, and also a debunker of reputations. Today's hero is soon forgotten. In fifty years, will the Beatles—or our Poet Laureate—be famous? You could argue that in many cases the 'Blue Plaque' memorial that the G.L.C. does is more fitting than full-scale exposure to the public of the house, the belongings, the trivia and the tools of the trade, of the famous.

Another ingredient in the decision whether to accept is the strength of the link. I don't think it is any good just because Elizabeth I slept here, or Charles II changed his horses in the stables: it has to be a strong link. To take an example within the National Trust, some people wonder if it was right to take Wordsworth's house in Cockermouth. It is very attractive. He was born there. He lived there until he was thirteen. Although it is not in the Dove Cottage area of the Lake District with which he is most associated he maintained his love for it. He wrote movingly about it. It enshrined his childhood experience of a very happily based family life. But it is not really *alive* as a house, although it contains quite a lot of Wordsworth family possessions. So perhaps the Trust should not have accepted it. And yet it obviously had a strong influence on a sublime poet. The garden runs back to the river, and in *The Prelude* Wordsworth writes:

Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams? For this, didst thou,
O Derwent! winding among grassy holms . . .

I do not know whether we were right.

What about Woolsthorpe Manor, home of Isaac Newton? A tiny house. He was there for twenty years until he went to Cambridge. In the garden, if not the actual apple tree, which blew down in 1820, at least there is one which looks the right age and may have been grafted from the original. But inside the house there is not much to identify with Newton. The surroundings are of indifferent quality. Perhaps it would not now be accepted by the Trust. Yet it was there that Newton discovered, at the age of twenty-five, the principle of the Differential Calculus, which at nearly sixty has still eluded me. (They say the mathematician's powers peak at twenty-five: mine peaked with logarithms at thirteen.)

The Trust could perhaps have done differently at Woolsthorpe with a much more *entrepreneurial* approach. It could have attracted visitors to see facsimiles and *Newtoniana*; and built a museum. No doubt it could have done a fine educational job. If it had, I think the charm and simplicity of Woolsthorpe would have disappeared, and many people who now go there would enjoy it less—they enjoy it partly *because* of its missed opportunities. (Incidentally, it was Voltaire who first associated Newton's work on gravitation with being bumped on the head by a falling apple: how fascinating a shrine to Voltaire would be!)

I must return to my theme, the ingredients of a shrine. I think the final qualification is the creative achievement of the person concerned. This is of course very like the point about enduring fame. The Trust's shrines are heavily weighted on the literary and political side—Disraeli, Churchill, Hardy's cottage, Henry James at Lamb House in Rye, T. E. Lawrence at Clouds Hill, Coleridge's cottage, Carlyle's house, Dryden at a house in Northamptonshire, Canon's Ashby, just open this April. There's an explorer or two—Drake and Humphrey Gilbert. General Wolfe at Quebec House, Westerham. Fox Talbot of photography fame at Lacock. No singers. No musicians. No painters or sculptors.

You might think it surprising in my catalogue of criteria, that there is no need, in my view, for architectural merit—a bonus if there, but not *necessary*. Perhaps the public's opinion of the Trust would make

them think that it matters, but of course it doesn't matter.

Take Shaw's Corner, at Ayot St Lawrence, as ordinary a house as you can find (and Shaw's possessions were no museum objects), but it is successful because it illustrates the artist in his habitat. He lived there for forty-four years. He worked there. The things he worked with are there where he worked—the garden hut where many of his plays were written and where I think he experimented with nibbling grass-cuttings as part of his vegetarian diet. (He always read over his vegetarian meals, taking two hours over them, toying with his lettuce leaf.) He also had a drawer labelled KEYS AND CONTRACTIONS. I think that's endearing: don't we all have such a drawer?

The story of why he bought Shaw's Corner is revealing. In the churchyard at Ayot St Lawrence he saw a tombstone which reads:

MARY ANN SOUTH
born 1825, died 1895
Her Time was Short

He was so impressed by the local belief that three score years and ten was inadequate that he bought it at the age of fifty and lived there, unceasingly active, unceasingly creative, till he died there at ninety-four. So he was right.

Incidentally, another grass-eater whose birthplace is owned by the Trust is Thomas Hardy. One day, as a boy, he knelt in a field and nibbled and browsed to see what it was like to be a sheep. That normally rather stuffy document, the *National Trust Guide*, adds, "It was much to the surprise of the flock that gathered round him."

I've mentioned Clouds Hill. Architecturally little more than a dull and, at the time, almost derelict, cottage, it's a miracle it still stands, because tanks thunder just past in all weathers with great frequency. But the house rings true. Lawrence had few possessions, and most of them are there. One of his biographers writes, "He had no more desire than the Arabs for the material possessions that offer comfort at the price of circumspection." (I think Arabs have changed a bit, don't you?) He worked nearby, and nearby died on his large and powerful motor-bike. Clouds Hill was burgled once, and all that was taken was one of his two camel-hair-lined sleeping bags: I think this lack of possessions must have been the despair of the burglars.

By contrast there is Ellen Terry's house, Smallhythe Place in Kent, a delightful place: if you don't know it I hope you will visit it. I think it is one of the Trust's big successes in this kind of preservation. She was a great actress and a great character, but the stage was an ephemeral art before the days of television, and it is difficult now to get the flavour of her art. Yet 10,000 people go every year to Smallhythe. It's

a charming little house, a charming garden. Books, furniture, mementoes, costumes, clutter of the household—all hers. Everything came. Only one thing in the whole house, a carved beam over the fireplace, did not belong to her. But it belonged to another actress, Nell Gwyn—and that seems appropriate.

The atmosphere is tremendously enhanced by the devotion and sensitivity and theatrical knowledge of the couple who look after it for the Trust, and this I think is crucial to success—the sensitivity of the people running it. They make it a happy house, the house of a successful, emotional, creative artist—almost as if she is still alive. That's very much to their credit. Perhaps some of you remember a portrait (I think in the National Portrait Gallery) by G. F. Watts of Ellen Terry. They were married, when she was sixteen, very very briefly before she flitted on. Just as you can see her in this picture as a young girl, and *feel* her vitality, so you can feel her at Smallhythe. There is no way I know of describing how you preserve atmosphere. You cannot dissect and analyse it, and hand over the notes to your successors. The sensitivity and flair of the custodian are all-important, and are there in full measure at Smallhythe.

Ladies and Gentlemen, you have had a weary time before I get to Wimpole and to Bateman's. Wimpole, obviously, you cannot describe in any way as a Kipling house. He spent very little time there with his daughter. It is Mrs Bambridge's house—and the house of its former owners. It is a magnificent house, which I hope you visit; and I hope you think the Trust is doing a good job there. We tried to make those first rooms reflect Mrs Bambridge's character. We left them as they were; they are her rooms. You may not like them but they are hers and it is her imprint.

The best room is that wonderful Harley Library, dating from about 1715; you get to it through the Soane Library of perhaps a hundred or ninety years later, about 1805 I suppose, with marvellous collections of Kipling books. Incidentally, his books are still bringing in a large royalty income to the National Trust for Bateman's and Wimpole—£63,000 in 1983, plus a large windfall from the filming of *Kim* which is earmarked towards about £250,000 needed for the stables at Wimpole which are in a state of decay. It is sad that it is all too near the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Rudyard Kipling, when the copyright will mostly come to an end.

Thanks to Mrs Bambridge, to former employees of the Kiplings, to members of the family, to the guild of voluntary workers at Bateman's (all two hundred of them—a tribute in itself to the magic and magnetism of Rudyard Kipling), the Trust has now had forty-four years to *listen*: forty-four years of tuition since it was given Bateman's. If it has been a good listener, if it has learnt the sensitivity

and taste needed for running any shrine, I believe we can keep it up. We have a really excellent Administrator there, Mr Roger Taylor—alas unwell at present with pneumonia—and Mrs Taylor. They are giving Bateman's that quality of administration I have tried to describe to you at Smallhythe. I can only say I hope you feel this quality, because I believe that by your encouragement and advice, through this Society and as individuals, you can play a very useful part in getting Bateman's to the best standard possible. The Trust passionately wants to get it right, and is the sort of body on which kindly criticism and kindly praise act as a tonic. I hope you will exercise both—praise if you think it deserved, and criticism. We want to know how better to make this house alive; to make it even more truly the home it was, the Kiplings' home.

There are 65,000 visitors a year, many of them children. Wonderful letters and reports they write after their visits; that is important to this Society as well as to the National Trust. Many are foreigners. (I went there recently. A coach-load arrived, all from Belgium, French speakers on one side. Our Administrators had spent nine years in Brussels, and Mrs Taylor was able to hold her own more than comfortably.)

There is a slight danger. We had 1,190 visitors to Bateman's on Easter Monday, and it is not a big house as you know. Is that a dream come true, or the beginning of a nightmare? We must, I think, be careful not to let it be overrun; there are management ways in which one can be restrictive. (The nearby garden of Sissinghurst we have had to close on Mondays: it is never now open in the mornings: the garden was just being trampled to death.)

One more point I hardly have time for. There is at least one National Trust house where the characters have taken over from the creator. That, I am delighted to see, has not happened at Bateman's. The house I am talking about is Hill Top, Sawrey, in the Lake District, home of Mrs Heelis, whom you may know better as Beatrix Potter. There, it is Mrs Tiggy-Winkle, Jemima Puddleduck, Peter, Flossy, Mopsy and Cottontail who have taken over Hill Top. It is really their house, not Beatrix Potter's. (She, incidentally, never wrote a word or drew another picture once she left that house on marriage—a loss in one sense but a gain in others because she then set herself to acquire marvellous countryside in the Lake District, which she gave to the National Trust.) The cottage at Hill Top has a scale appropriate to these characters: children would expect it to be the place Squirrel Nutkin would live in.

You don't get that cuddly approach to your heroes from Kipling. His characters seem to be solid citizens, and when he is writing for children they are still solid citizens. You can't see Rikki-Tikki-Tavi

dressing up, or compromising with his purpose in life, which is eating snakes.

I draw to a conclusion by saying I think it's largely luck whether the shrine happens at all, and whether it happens successfully. It depends on the family being keen enough, capricious and rich and generous enough. It depends on them being magpies who never throw anything away—or give anything away. It depends on whether the genius of the man or woman is in tune with the judgment—inevitably fallible, however enthusiastic and devoted—of the National Trust. The Trust's Executive Committee has to make up its mind, usually without History to help it, whether this fame will be the lasting type that will go on bringing admirers.

I don't know whether you think the Trust looks after Bateman's well. Your President was very kind, yet sometimes a dedicated specialist body could do it better. But *you* haven't the chance, because Bateman's is inalienable. It belongs to the National Trust, which cannot give it away, cannot sell it, cannot mortgage it. But it has an open ear, and I want you to regard yourselves as candid friends—understanding, I hope, the Trust's problems in trying to re-create and retain this individuality unique to Kipling and his wife and children. As the bringers of life to Bateman's, *you*, please, must be *our* guides.

Ladies and Gentlemen, may I ask you to rise and drink the toast to—"THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING".

VOTE OF THANKS

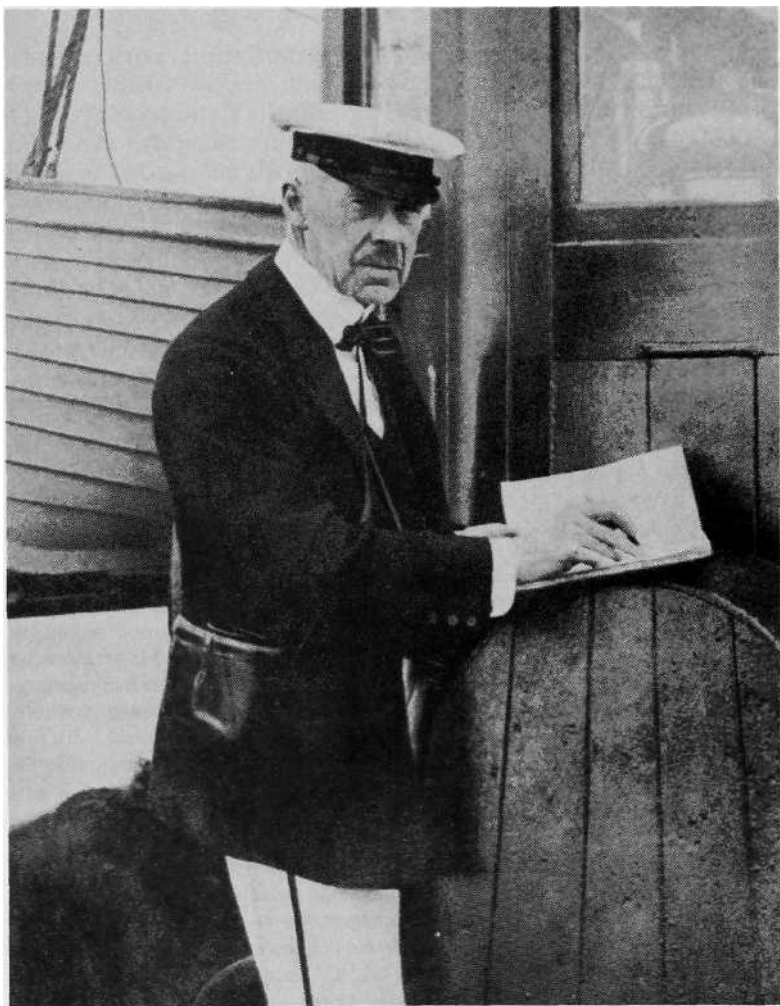
[by Mrs L. A. F. Lewis, Chairman of the Council]

May I thank Sir Jack Boles for his fascinating talk about the National Trust, which is close to the hearts of all of us because it not only preserves our heritage, it also allows us to go and look at it. To us in the Kipling Society it has a very special place—I was going to say as the keeper of our "*shrine*", but I felt that the spirit of our "*shrinee*", Rudyard Kipling, would give a very rude guffaw! I think they keep it admirably. I myself have had enormous pleasure from visits, and so have all of us. I do believe it would have meant a great deal to him that you have preserved not merely the house and furniture and various mementoes, but also his venture into modernisation . . .

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

I think it would please Kipling more than anything else that she is still grinding her corn and, I suspect, still paying her tax . . .

Sir Jack Boles, thank you very much indeed from all of us.



SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

In this picture, 'Q' is shown as Commodore of the Royal Fowey Yacht Club, Cornwall. With grateful acknowledgment to F. Brittain's biography, *Q* (Cambridge U.P., 1947).

On the pronunciation of Fowey (*'foy'*), 'Q' perpetrated some agreeable lines:

O the harbour of Fowey is a beautiful spot,
And it's there I enjoy to sail in a yot;
Or to race in a yacht round a mark or a buoy—
Such a beautiful spacht is the harbour of Fuoy.

KIPLING AND 'Q'

A QUESTION OF REPUTATION

by F. G. ATKINSON

[Though Mr Atkinson is Lancashire-born, has served in the British Army, and graduated in English at London University, he has for some years been living and working in Australia; at present he is Senior Lecturer in English at the University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales.

His main area of literary research is what has come to be called, at least by American academics, 'Early Modern British', a period to which Kipling belongs. Apart from his teaching commitments, and the production of a number of exhibitions of autograph letters of leading late-nineteenth and early-twentieth century writers, Mr Atkinson has produced since the 1960s several dozens of published articles and conference papers on subjects as diverse as Meredith, George Moore, Pound, Bret Harte, Swinburne, Hardy, Belloc, Yeats, Rupert Brooke and Quiller-Couch ('Q'). The article below is his first about Kipling; I hope he may find occasion to return to the subject, perhaps under the stimulus of other Kipling letters—a huge field to which growing attention is now being paid.

Writers, not least Kipling whose work is strongly coloured by his intense interest in his contemporary world, are best understood not in isolation but in reference to their contemporaries. 'Q' was very much a contemporary of Kipling's. He went up to Oxford in the same autumn that Kipling arrived in Lahore. When Kipling returned to London in 1889 to live as a freelance by his pen, 'Q' was already there, doing much the same. In 1891 both young men overworked to the point of breakdown; next year both left London. In the Great War, or its immediate aftermath, each would lose his only son. (A year after his bereavement, in a letter to a friend, 'Q' somberly said he had been "heavily overworking ... It deadens pain." This is pure essence of Kipling.) Both men were devoted to the English language and the British heritage—though in politics they diverged.

In much else, of course, they diverged. Their lives ran very different courses and it would be silly to compare them too closely. There is little record of their meeting or corresponding. Thus Mr Atkinson, on coming into possession of two Kipling letters (through Miss Foy Quiller-Couch with whose help he was looking through her late father's papers), realised that they were not too brief or perfunctory to be worth publishing—*Ed*

The two letters from Rudyard Kipling to A. T. (Sir Arthur) Quiller-Couch (1863-1944) which appear below are hitherto unpublished. They are of scholarly significance on several counts: in the first place they obviously possess intrinsic interest as newly discovered letters by a major writer; in the second place they document a literary connection not previously noted by any relevant biographer or commentator; thirdly they play their part in helping to correct a misapprehension, current now for more than a decade, regarding Quiller-Couch's considered opinion of Kipling's work, especially his verse; and fourthly they bespeak, despite their brevity, a reciprocal esteem on the part of the two figures which invites reflection on the wider question of literary fame both in the 'nineties, that still astonishing 'not-so-much-a-period-as-a-point-of-view', and in the succeeding Edwardian era.

LETTER I¹

THE ELMS,
ROTTINGDEAN,
SUSSEX.

Sep. 5. 1900

Dear Mr. Quiller-Couch

In reply to yours of the 4th you are very welcome to the *Life's Handicap* Envoi and to the other one "*There's a Whisper down the field*" as well as to *Recessional*. I believe you'll have to tell the publishers that you want to use them; but they will make no objection.

Very sincerely yours
Rudyard Kipling.

Both the date and the subject-matter of the above letter make clear that Kipling is granting permission for certain of his poems to be reprinted in Quiller-Couch's forthcoming anthology, *The Oxford Book of English Verse* (1900), his first for the Press. Quiller-Couch seems to have erred, or to have been negligent, in the matter of assigning titles to two of the poems in question: in both the first and the revised (1939) editions of the *Oxford Book of English Verse* and also in the *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* (1912) "L'Envoi" to *Life's Handicap* ("My new-cut ashlar" etc.) appears as "A Dedication", a title never employed by Kipling for this poem though used by him for

other poems. As is well known, Kipling was fond of "L'Envoi" (variously spelled) as a title for verses;² but Quiller-Couch undeniably made bibliographical confusion worse confounded.

The *Oxford Book of English Verse* is merely the first of Quiller-Couch's Oxford anthologies to include extracts from Kipling: in the *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* we find "My New Cut Ashlar", "There's a Whisper", and "Recessional" supplemented by "The Way Through the Woods"; and in the *Oxford Book of English Prose* (1925) Quiller-Couch featured extracts from "With the Main Guard" (from *Soldiers Three*), "The Spring Running" (from *The Second Jungle Book*), and "The Great Wall" (from *Puck of Pook's Hill*).

LETTER II³

BURWASH
ETCHINGHAM

BATEMAN'S
BURWASH
SUSSEX

June. 3. 1911

My dear Sir Arthur⁴

Thank you very much indeed for so kindly thinking to send me a copy of your splendid ballad-book. I think it holds every ballad one wants—and there aren't many books of which one can say that much.

very sincerely yours
Rudyard Kipling.

Again, both the date and the content of the letter facilitate explication: Kipling here acknowledges a gift from Quiller-Couch, the latter's *Oxford Book of Ballads* which was issued towards the end of 1910.

In attempting both quantitative and qualitative analysis of the above misses the would-be commentator might well conclude that, in literary contexts at least, the two figures held one another in high regard. In *Letter I* we have a gracious concession to an anthologist by a poet who by 1900 had achieved tremendous public approval. Moreover there is at least the implication that fees for the poems will

not be charged; Kipling has said, "you'll have to tell the publishers ... but they will make no objection"—in other words it can be inferred that the publishers don't have to be consulted but merely informed; and it is widely known that Kipling often waived fees for poems in *The Times* and other organs when his feelings were engaged by some current public issue.

Possibly the most interesting conclusion emerging from *Letter II* is that more than a decade after the appearance of the *Oxford Book of English Verse* the two writers' regard for one another would appear to have in no way diminished; though brief, Kipling's affable acknowledgment of Quiller-Couch's gift implies both that the former has read the *Oxford Book of Ballads* quite thoroughly and that he finds it superior to most of its kind. The evidence in the two letters then, plus Quiller-Couch's subsequent anthologising from Kipling in the *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* and the *Oxford Book of Ballads*, would seem to suggest that Quiller-Couch's high opinion of Kipling, especially as a poet, was sustained for at least a quarter of a century.

Yet this summation seems to be contradicted by J. I. M. Stewart in his essay, "Kipling's Reputation" (1972):

And Professor Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch sternly pronounces the words "facile vulgarity".⁵

Some years earlier, in his *Eight Modern Writers*, Stewart had observed of Kipling's status as a poet:

And at least in 1890 [Kipling's] acclaim was so tremendous that the dubieties of a refined criticism simply didn't count.⁶

Are we to infer, then, despite the apparent cordiality of the two letters in question and the mutual esteem they seem to betoken, that Quiller-Couch should be numbered among the refined doubters on the issue of Kipling's poetical reputation?

In 1890 Quiller-Couch had as yet penned no review or other notice of Kipling's verse; but it just so happens that one of his earliest, if not his earliest⁷ critique is the one containing the "facile vulgarity" stricture cited by Stewart. It is a review of *Barrack-Room Ballads* in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for September 1893⁸ and the context of the extract needs to be looked at:

Others may find more than facile vulgarity in Departmental Ditties. Having searched once and twice, I do not save only in the penultimate poem, 'The Galley-Slave', which really gives some promise of the splendid work to come.

In other words the full rigour otherwise implicit in the term "facile vulgarity" is considerably diminished in context: at least one poem is salvaged from *Departmental Ditties* and the successors to this volume contain "splendid work", i.e. they are given clear-cut praise. Moreover Quiller-Couch is *not* reviewing *Departmental Ditties* but *Barrack-Room Ballads*, for which his enthusiasm is quite lavish:

For the Barrack Room volume does indeed contain verse for which 'splendid' is the only term.

He then goes on, "It has genius in it", and instances "Danny Deever" and "the stirring L'Envoi, a poem that takes you by the heart and shakes you". Clearly any balance of censure deducible from "facile vulgarity" has been conspicuously redressed in favour of approval; no "dubieties" here.

1893 saw another of Quiller-Couch's earlier references to Kipling in the *Speaker*, a passing allusion admittedly and relating not to verse but to short stories. Nevertheless it is surely worth noting that in seeking to define the difference between a story and an anecdote Quiller-Couch should choose his illustrations from "Mr. Kipling's fascinating book *Life's Handicap*".⁹ Other passing references to Kipling in the *Speaker*, while brief and incidental, are unequivocal in their imputations of excellence. Thus he describes "Mr. Kipling, scouring the wide world but returning always to India when the time comes for him to score yet another big artistic success".¹⁰ On another occasion,¹¹ when discussing Stevenson, he is moved to quote from a Kipling poem:

Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to a ten-rupee jezail.

* * *

In the Edwardian decade Quiller-Couch addressed himself to Kipling's verse on several occasions in a series of "Monday Causeries" written for the *Daily News* (later *News Chronicle*) and reprinted in his *From a Cornish Window* (1906). In these critiques warm praise for Kipling's artistry continues virtually unabated but often qualified with protests at the ideological leanings in many poems. For there can be no denying that Quiller-Couch, a staunch advocate for the more radical section of the Liberal Party, held views, for example on the Boer War and Britain's imperial role generally, that must have been quite unacceptable to Kipling. The latter of course would hardly have been likely to read the *Daily News*; had he done so he might well have taken offence at such observations as the following:

Well, let us kick up what dust we will over 'Imperial ideals,' we must admit, at least, that these ideals are not yet 'accepted of song': they have not inspired poetry in any way adequate to the nobility claimed for them. Mr Swinburne and Mr Henley saluted the Boer War in verse of much truculence, but no quality; and when Mr Swinburne and Mr Henley lacked quality one began to inquire into causes. Mr Kipling's *Absent-minded Beggars*, *Muddled Oafs*, *Goths and Huns*, invited one to consider why he should so often be first-rate when neglecting or giving the lie to his pet political doctrines, and invariably below form when enforcing them.¹²

In his causeries for the *Daily News* Quiller-Couch often reverts to the subjects of polemical verse, patriotic verse, and the role of the poet in political controversy; and almost always when so doing he offers some literary judgments on Kipling's poetry. His own position is one of temperate, well considered objectivity for the most part:

The public, if it will but clear its mind of cant, is grateful enough for such poetry as Mr Kipling's 'Flag of England'.^{12a}

Yet he maintains that sturdy independence of thought which goes with objectivity, especially as regards the content of some of the poems. For instance, he quotes the fourth stanza of "A Song of the English" and comments:

Clean and wholesome teaching it seems . . . Yet as a political philosophy it lacks the first of all essentials, and as Mr Kipling develops it we begin to detect the flaw in the system.^{12b}

Then he quotes the first stanza of "The 'Eathen" and goes on:

What is wrong with this? Why, simply that it leaves Justice altogether out of account... even as it has no room for clemency, mansuetude, forbearance towards the weak.^{12c}

These criticisms notwithstanding, Quiller-Couch continues a fairly lengthy examination of this issue with praise for "Recessional" and "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas"^{12d} as well as references to "the fascination of Mr Kipling's verse" and to the poet himself as a "man of genius". In later years Quiller-Couch forsook regular literary journalism for academic criticism. In the Cambridge English department of the day contemporary literature was not studied,

hence allusions to Kipling in Quiller-Couch's later writing are comparatively few; yet such as they are they remain warmly appreciative and, interestingly, relate mostly to Kipling as a balladeer. Here are two representative examples:

Though the harp be superseded the voice never forgets it. You may take up a Barrack Room Ballad of Kipling's, and it is there, though you affect to despise it for a banjo or concertina.¹³

If any writer today alive can be called a ballad-writer of genius, it is the author of *Danny Deever* and *East and West*.¹⁴

The weight of the evidence, then, indicates that Quiller-Couch had a deep and abiding regard for Kipling's poetry, independent of current vogues, able to rise above party politics, maturely judicious, and imaginatively responsive; the phrase "facile vulgarity" of that 1893 review is utterly atypical of Quiller-Couch's views on this subject.

REFERENCES

1. Hand-written on single folded page of notepaper, letterhead in blue, watermark: 'Imperial —' (second word of watermark indecipherable).
2. On the whole vexed issue of Kipling's use of "L'Envoi" and "A Dedication" as titles for poems see e.g. Livingston's *Bibliography* (New York, 1927); Stewart's *Bibliographical Catalogue* (Toronto, 1959); W. A. Young's *Dictionary of Characters and Scenes in the Stories and Poems of Rudyard Kipling* (London, n.d.); W. A. Young & J. H. McGivering, *A Kipling Dictionary* (London 1967).
3. On a personalised postcard, 4½ inches by 3½ inches; letterhead in black, top right; top left, a conventional symbol for telegraph lines followed by 'BURWASH' and immediately beneath this a conventional symbol for a steam locomotive followed by 'ETCHINGHAM' (all in black).
4. Quiller-Couch was knighted in 1910.
5. Quoted from J. Gross (Ed.), *Rudyard Kipling: the man, his work and his world* (London, 1972) p 157.
6. (Oxford, 1963) p 225.
7. For present purposes I am ignoring a reference to Kipling in Quiller-Couch's essay "Of Seasonable Numbers" (*Speaker*, 26 December 1891) because this is a spoof essay in Baconian style and hence not serious criticism.

8. Reprinted in R. L. Green (Ed.), *Kipling: The Critical Heritage* (London, 1971) pp 174-76.
 9. 18 November 1893.
 10. 18 August 1894.
 11. 3 November 1894.
 12. 9 February 1903, as reprinted in *From a Cornish Window* (Cambridge, 1928) pp 36-37.
 - 12a. *ibid.* pp 173-74.
 - 12b. *ibid.* p 206.
 - 12c. *ibid.* p 207.
 - 12d. *ibid.* pp 208 & 209.
 13. From a lecture, "On the Difference between Verse and Prose", reprinted in *On the Art of Writing* (1916). Text as in (London) 1954 edition, p 47.
 14. From a lecture, "Ballads", reprinted in *Studies in Literature, First Series* (1918). Text as in (Cambridge) 1920 edition, p 37.
-

TELEVISION FILM REVIEW

KIM: a London Films production (1984) featuring Ravi Sheth as Kimball O'Hara, Bryan Brown as Mahbub Ali, Peter O'Toole as Teshoo Lama, and John Rhys-Davies as Hurree Chunder Mookerjee.

A new screening of *Kim*, by London Films in conjunction with the CBS network, and starring Peter O'Toole as the Lama, has appeared on prime time television in the United States and will be shown in this country at Christmas. Since the Society had been able to help the scriptwriter in his research, two of us were invited to a preview held at the British Academy of Film and Television Arts in Piccadilly.

I looked forward to seeing my favourite book filmed again with eagerness—and dread. I need not have worried; this is a sympathetic

and thoughtful treatment. It is certainly an improvement on the Errol Flynn version. Foremost among its stars is the "great and beautiful land" of Hind. We have seen a lot of India on our screens lately—princely pomp in *The Far Pavilions*, a hill station in *The Jewel in the Crown*, cities and crowds in *Gandhi*. This new *Kim* is memorable for its pastoral scenes.

The emphasis is on the adventure story, but without losing sight of the Lama's quest or Kim's search for identity. Here the writer has been true to Kipling's intention. We were told that the show was cut by a quarter at a late stage, removing (for instance) the scene at Delhi Station, and most of the episode with the Woman of Shamlegh. I regret that Lockwood Kipling was omitted from the Museum scene, which means that we never see the Lama as a man of learning. The Sahiba has been reduced to a minimum, and her voice is dubbed; the woman we see is not the woman we hear. But many good things remain, such as Kim's first meeting with Colonel Creighton, and his sojourn with Lurgan Sahib.

The Russian spies have been rounded out (there was need), and given a more specific mission. A sub-plot has been added about a British soldier who loves the Indian mother of his son and is driven to desert when the Army try to part them. It was explained to us that, for younger American viewers, British attitudes to race in nineteenth century India had to be shown, or they would not understand Kim's dilemma. This echo from "Without Benefit of Clergy" is, I think, allowable—just. Unfortunately it has been pruned so hard that it appears perfunctory.

As for the actors, Mr O'Toole once or twice (his tall red hat assisting) totters perilously on the edge of farce. But in other scenes his touch is more than sure: with Kim and the snake, for instance, and outside the school at Lucknow. At such moments we can see why Kim loves the Lama. Bryan Brown as Mahbub Ali is a figure of melodrama, leaping on horses (or women) and tumbling downstairs: it is he who keeps the story moving. He too has some moments of real feeling at the end.

John Rhys-Davies plays Hurree Babu with zest, bringing out that character's charm and his very real courage. All these three are British actors—is it captious to wonder why? As for Kim himself, Ravi Sheth is half Indian, half American, and wholly delightful. He seems not to be acting but living his part, and enjoying every minute of it. This viewer shared his enjoyment.

As television, it is not the equal of *Staying On*. But then, what could be? It does not quite capture Kipling's magic. But then, what could?



"THY MOTHER WAS MARRIED UNDER A BASKET!"

One of many effective illustrations by Charles Fouqueray in a *de luxe* French edition of *Kim* (in the Fabulet & Fountaine-Walker translation) published in 1933 by Delagrave, Paris. This scene is in Chapter VI. In the "abominable clinging trousers" he had to wear, Kim "hailed a sweeper, who promptly retorted with a piece of unnecessary insolence, in the natural belief that the European boy could not follow it. The low, quick answer undecieved him. Kim put his fettered soul into it, thankful for the late chance to abuse somebody in the tongue he knew best. 'And now, go to the nearest letter-writer in the bazar and tell him to come here' . . ."

The relevant French text reads: *Kim héla un balayeur, qui renvoya du tac au tac une insolence gratuite, convaincu d'ailleurs que le petit Européen ne comprendrait pas. Brève, coupante, la riposte lui montra son erreur. Kim y mit toute son âme garrottée, saisissant avec gratitude cette occasion tardive d'invectiver quelqu'un dans la langue qu'il connaissait le mieux. 'Et maintenant, va trouver au bazar l'écrivain public le plus proche, et dis-lui de venir ici' . . .*

THE MIRRIELEES CONNECTION [1]

based on information kindly given to the Editor by
Mrs FAITH ROBINSON and Mrs CELIA CRAVEN

Kipling's journey to South Africa with his family in early 1900 aboard the *Kinfauns Castle* has lately been mentioned several times in the *Journal* (e.g. March 1984, page 30, Kipling's motoring letter to Filson Young, who had been a fellow-passenger; and June 1984, page 43, a *Sketch* article describing Kipling on the voyage out, with his pleasing doggerel about pigs and hams).

The *Kinfauns Castle* belonged to the Castle Line, and the head of that firm, Mr F. J. (later Sir Frederick) Mirrielees, was on board for this voyage. He adjudicated at the ship's sports, and it was his erroneous ruling over a certain question in the General Knowledge Competition that provoked Kipling's amused rejoinder in verse.

In 1879 Mirrielees had joined the ship-owning firm of Donald Currie & Co, marrying in the same year Margaret, elder daughter of Donald Currie himself (1825-1909; in due course Sir Donald, G.C.M.G., a substantial figure in business and a Scottish M.P. for many years). Currie founded the Castle Line, to the chairmanship of which Mirrielees succeeded. Mirrielees founded the famous Mount Nelson Hotel, Cape Town, where after disembarking on 5 February 1900 the Kiplings stayed.

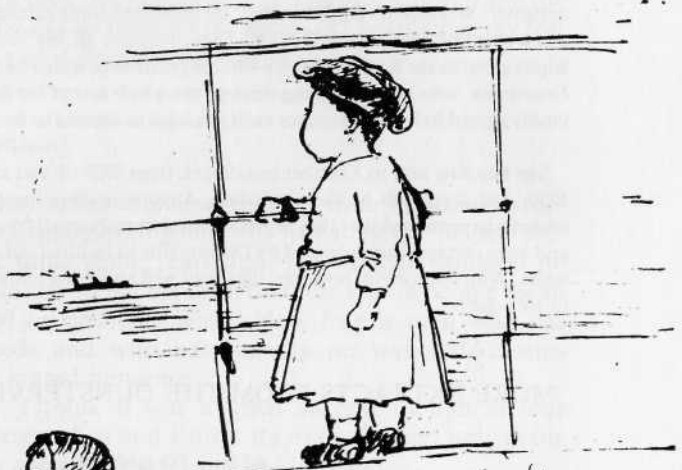
Another passenger on the *Kinfauns Castle* was Harry Bernard, brother-in-law to Mirrielees. Through Bernard's granddaughter, Mrs Faith Robinson, a member of this Society, we now have an interesting insight into the Kipling/Bernard friendship which began on this voyage, with the text of three unpublished letters, which we shall be able to print in later issues.

Meanwhile we present the sketches opposite, which Kipling drew on a piece of ship's writing paper, for Mirrielees to give (the inscription on the envelope makes clear) to his own daughter Celia, later Mrs Celia Craven. Through the thoughtfulness of Mrs Robinson (her first cousin once removed) I have been put in touch with Mrs Craven, now in her nineties; Mrs Craven has very kindly allowed me to reproduce this unpublished document. The extreme casualness of rough pencil sketches, finished in ink but with outline pencil marks all unerased, makes this no less touching a record of how two of the original listeners to *Just So Stories*, "the fat boy" John at two and a half and Elsie at nearly four, both well wrapped up on deck, were seen by their father.

CASTLE LINE



R.M.S. "KINFAUNS CASTLE."



This is the first time



This is Elsie

JOHN AND ELSIE KIPLING, JANUARY 1900

[see "The Mirrieles Connection"]

"STALKY"[5]

[In March 1984, in the third of these articles, by courtesy of General Dunsterville's daughter, Mrs Susan van Doorninck, we published some extracts from Dunsterville's diary covering the period 1922-28. They included all his occasional references to Kipling and to the Kipling Society—in the creation of which he played a part. Mrs van Doorninck, who has been going through the whole text of her father's diary, had very kindly agreed to let us reproduce such passages as seemed to be of direct interest to us.

She has now sent us a further instalment, from 1928 till just after Kipling's death in 1936, and there will be more to come. Anyone reading these diary entries should perhaps be reminded that they represent an extremely small fraction of the whole text, and were certainly not intended by Dunsterville to be lifted out of context and read in series. With that *caveat*, however, they read well and bring out much that is of interest to us.—*Ed.*]

MORE EXTRACTS FROM THE DUNSTERVILLE DIARIES

RELATING TO KIPLING

23 January 1928 [ANTWERP]

My correspondence with Kipling is I suppose at an end after 40 years or more. I wrote to him in November last and he replied soon after, putting me off settling in England. He says "Stay where you are rather than return to a country where you will have to cough up at least a quarter of your income to provide for people who, by virtue of that very provision, are freed from the necessity of doing any work at all." I think there is no point in keeping things going any further—we have done pretty well for 60 years—and our interests are quite divergent.¹

7 April 1928 [ANTWERP]

I sent a copy of my book² to Kipling but I get a note from his secretary to say he is abroad and won't be back till the summer.³

5 June 1928 [LONDON]

[This entry was published in our March 1984 issue.—*Ed.*]

14 July 1928 [DEVON]

Yesterday we went to Westward Ho. Quite a historic occasion. I saw the old College now converted into a row of boarding houses—rooms filled with ghosts of little boys being caned! The little Church and the pathway by the first ravine towards the cliffs—45 years since my feet trod that ground and it doesn't seem so long ago.

12 June 1929 [LONDON]

From Susanna⁴ I learn the awful news that my sister May once wrote a 'chatty' letter to Kipling asking him why he had never 'helped' me. Brooking did the same some years ago. No wonder Rudyard no longer invites me down. What on earth do these idiotic people mean by 'help'? Money? or push? or what? How help a man who has everything he needs and who has literally no wants or desires unfulfilled? What stupid nonsense.

Kipling Lunch. I think it was a great success though all our principal guests deserted us and Ernest Raymond⁵ wired only at the last moment. The speeches were good and short.

16 June 1930 [LONDON]

Back to Antwerp via Harwich. Before leaving had lunch at the Beefsteak Club⁶ and by an extraordinary piece of luck Rudyard Kipling walked in, just back from Jamaica,⁷ and we had lunch and a long talk together. The Kipling Society lunch at the Hotel Rembrandt was a great success.

9 June 1931 [LONDON]

Meeting of the Kipling Society, myself in the Chair, for Admiral Chandler of the U.S. Navy.⁸ A good fellow, glad to have met him, an enthusiastic student of Kipling. Great event for the family, Susanna's first public appearance except as a student at the Old Vic—earned her first fee at the Meeting and recited very well.

10 June 1931 [LONDON]

Kipling lunch. Lord Chelmsford.⁹

6 June 1932 [WATCHET]¹⁰

All drove up to London, self to speak to the Anglo-Russian and Kipling Societies and attend the Kipling lunch.

20-24 June 1933 [LONDON]

Read a paper for the Kipling Society. Kipling lunch. Rt Hon Amery¹¹ and Lord Russell¹² speakers. I wrote and read out an imaginary letter from Kipling.

22 June 1934 [WATCHET]

Returned after four days in London. Read a paper to the Kipling Society on Kipling and the Indian Soldier. Kipling Lunch—American Ambassador Brigham^{13a} and Lord Ampthill.¹³ Old Westward Ho Boys lunch at the Criterion, quite pleasant but rather like a lot of ghosts.

6 June 1935 [LONDON]

A very fine Old Boys' lunch and I was delighted to find Kipling there—he and I and Beresford sat together in the photo.¹⁴ After lunch an old hero was brought in, "Oke", whom I remember so well as the Common Room butler who was not too hard on me when I was caught stealing the common room bread. He is the sole then-adult survivor of those old days.¹⁵

1 July 1935

Have done 3 Regimental dinners, and the Central Asian Society, the Kipling lunch and Kipling meeting, where I read a paper.



This composite picture, supplied by Beresford, himself a photographer, was the frontispiece of our June 1931 number.

10 January 1936 [CROWBOROUGH]

My nephew Dick Armitage is home from Canada for a few days only and we have arranged to meet him in London. Unfortunately my very old friend (for 45 years) Col. Charles Bailey, also the most capable secretary of the Kipling Society, died suddenly on the 8th and his funeral exactly coincides with meeting Dick. It can't be helped but it looks so bad, and I feel bad.

25 January 1936 [CROWBOROUGH]

Such tragic times. Kipling died on Jan. 18th, about a week after Bailey, and King George a week later. So we went up to London on the 22nd and stayed the night at the Regent Palace. Next day Westminster Abbey, dear old Gigger's ashes placed in Poet's Corner. Then in the afternoon the King's body passing through London from Sandringham, all the world in mourning.

21 February 1936 [CROWBOROUGH]

At the instigation of the ladies who run the Book Club here (library), I spoke for an hour on Kipling at the G.F.S. Hall. A good audience and they were really interested.

12 June 1936 [LONDON]

We have got through the worst of the 'season' and the pressure is less. Kipling Society meeting in the Victoria Hotel, Victor Bonney read a very good paper, Kiriloff sang.¹⁶ Then Kipling lunch—good speakers, Lord Eustace Percy,¹⁷ Comdr. Locker-Lampson¹⁸ and Col. Keely.¹⁹

NOTES

1. The seeming *non sequitur* in this entry reinforces the point that these are only intermittent excerpts from a substantial diary text.
2. *Stalky's Reminiscences*, later reissued as *Stalky's Adventures*.
3. Kipling was abroad from March to May, in Italy, Spain and France. During this tour he was incidentally working on the 'late' Stalky story, "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman".

4. Mrs van Doorninck.
5. The novelist Ernest Raymond, O.B.E. (1888-1974).
6. Both Kipling and Dunsterville had for several years been members of the Beefsteak Club, in Irving Street.
7. The Kiplings could indeed have only been back at most a few days, after spending several months abroad, first in Jamaica and then in Bermuda. The tour had been marred by Carrie Kipling's serious illness.
8. Rear Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler, a Kipling collector and bibliographer (compiler of the *Chandler Index*, Library of Congress). He had visited the Kiplings, at Bateman's on 3 June and been well received.
9. Frederic Thesiger, Viscount Chelmsford, P.C, G.C.S.I., GCMG. G.C.I.E., GBE. (1868-1933). Viceroy of India. 1916-21.
10. Dunsterville amusingly described the acquisition of his house near Watchet, Somerset, in 1929. in "*Stalky*" *Settles Down*.
11. The Rt Hon L. S. Amery, p.c. CH. (1873-1955). Statesman and author.
12. "Russell" is a slip. This speaker was Lord Rennell of Rodd, p.c. GCB . GCM G.. GCVO. (1858-1941). Diplomatist, scholar, statesman, and a Vice-President of the Kipling Society.
- 13a. Actually Robert Worth *Bingham* (1871-1937).
13. A. O. V. Russell, Lord Amptill, G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I. (1869-1935). A former Governor of Madras and Acting Viceroy of India. A Vice-President of the Society.
14. Kipling's own comments on this lunch are in our September 1983 issue, p 22.
15. Oke features in "An Unsavoury Interlude" (*Stalky & Co.*).
16. The event is covered in our June 1936 *Journal*. Victor Bonney (died 1953) was a distinguished surgeon and gynaecologist. The singer was a well known baritone, Arsene Kirilloff.
17. Lord Eustace Percy (later Lord Percy of Newcastle), P.C. M.P (1887-1958).
18. Commander O. S. Locker-Lampson, CMG, D.S.O, M.P (1880-1954). who in a varied career had had colourful wartime service with the R.N.A.S. and in armoured cars.
19. Actually Colonel E. H. (later Sir Edward) *Keeling*. M.C. M.P. (died 1954).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MACDONALDS AND BALDWINS

From Mr J. Shearman, Secretary of the Kipling Society

Dear Sir,

In response to an innocent question of mine, Miss M. E. Macdonald, first cousin once removed to Rudyard Kipling, has generously given the Society a holograph copy, in her own hand, of a Macdonald Family Tree, supplemented by a Baldwin Family Tree and one for the Macdonalds of Ostaig and Capstill.

These fascinating documents, on which Miss Macdonald has been working for some years, are, I fear, too big for reproduction in the *Journal*. However, I feel that Members will be pleased to know that they are lodged in the Library and are available there for consultation.

They can be fairly well photocopied (for which I have Miss Macdonald's permission), at some expense; the whole manuscript consists of six sheets of 16½ by 12 inches, and two sheets of 13 by 8 inches.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN SHEARMAN

KIPLING AND THE SWASTIKA

*From Mr T. Driver, Tom Driver Agencies, The Old Stable Bookshop,
2 Tarrant Square, Arundel, West Sussex BN18 9DE*

Dear Sir,

We experience an "objection" to Kipling which we had never expected when we opened our shop. We believe that only because we have a shop is it so noticeable.

Our Kipling stock—as you will expect—is well exposed as you come through the door, with the Swastika on the older editions

thereby well in evidence. We have recently kept a record, and we average once a day when a visitor asks us some question on Kipling and the Swastika. Usually at the back of it is a thought that Kipling was a Nazi.

We are ready and able to explain the use of Ganésha's symbol, of course, and to demonstrate how Kipling dropped it when the Nazis pinched it and reversed it. But how many visitors do we meet who have the question but do not ask it? How widely is there a resistance to reading Kipling because of an assumption of Fascist connection or inclination?

We quite expect that Members will judge that we are exaggerating. But in selling Kipling we do now have to expect this objection and allow for it.

Yours sincerely,
TOM DRIVER

[Even though Kipling, deploring the rise of Nazism, as early as 1933 ordered that the Hindu Swastika badge that he had used for decades be avoided in subsequent editions of his books, it will be long before the reactions described by Mr Driver are extinct. Given that the Swastika became so ineradicably linked with Hitler—and that uninformed people are hazy about the chronology of an epoch now passed into "history"—the assumption that Kipling approved of Nazi Germany will probably linger on, at a thoughtless or superficial level.

Mr Driver might care to display in his shop two earlier Letters to the Editor on this topic, from our issues of March and June 1980. These touch on both early Indian and later German usage, and on Kipling's own views.

The Swastika was of course a good luck talisman, but Hitler so debased it that its retrospective impact on Kipling has been unlucky. Moreover, there is no armour against ignorance: people who should know better perpetuate misconceptions. For instance, the late Professor V. de S. Pinto, an eminent authority on English literature though a very grudging admirer of Kipling, wrote in his *Crisis in English Poetry* [Hutchinson, 1951, later revised]:-

Kipling . . . sacrificed his genius to a soul-destroying creed, which denied the inner life, and led to a worship of brute force, and ultimately to the Fascism and Nazism of the nineteen-thirties. Far too honest and humane to be a Fascist, at the end of his life he removed from his books the sign of the Swastika to show his disapproval of the Nazi horrors. *Nevertheless, it is significant that the books were once decorated with this sign, which was perfectly in harmony with the spirit of such a poem as "Loot".* [Editor's italics]

Pinto's criticism of Kipling in that book is actually worth reading, but in this passage he reveals an absolute ignorance of what the pre-Nazi Swastika stood for.—Ed]

IRVIN COBB

From Mr D. H. Simpson, O.B.E., Librarian, The Royal Commonwealth Society

Dear Editor,

May I answer Roger Lancelyn Green's enquiry [Book Review in the *Kipling Journal*, June 1984, page 29] about the identity of Mr Irvin Cobb, whose meeting with Kipling is described in Harold Ore's *Kipling: Interviews and Recollections*, pages 322-25.

Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb was born in Kentucky in 1876, and after working on Kentucky and New York newspapers was a staff writer for the *Saturday Evening Post* and for *Cosmopolitan Magazine* from 1911 to 1932. He was a prolific writer, perhaps best remembered for creating the character of the Confederate veteran, Judge Billy Priest, who appeared in short stories and was impersonated in two John Ford films, by Will Rogers (*Judge Priest*) and Charles Winninger (*The Sun Shines Bright*).

Cobb's autobiography *Exit Laughing* was published in 1941, three years before his death. I have not seen it, so cannot say whether it contains any reference to Rudyard Kipling.

Yours sincerely,
DONALD SIMPSON

[Our thanks to Mr Simpson. Perhaps someone can clear up the last point.—Ed.]

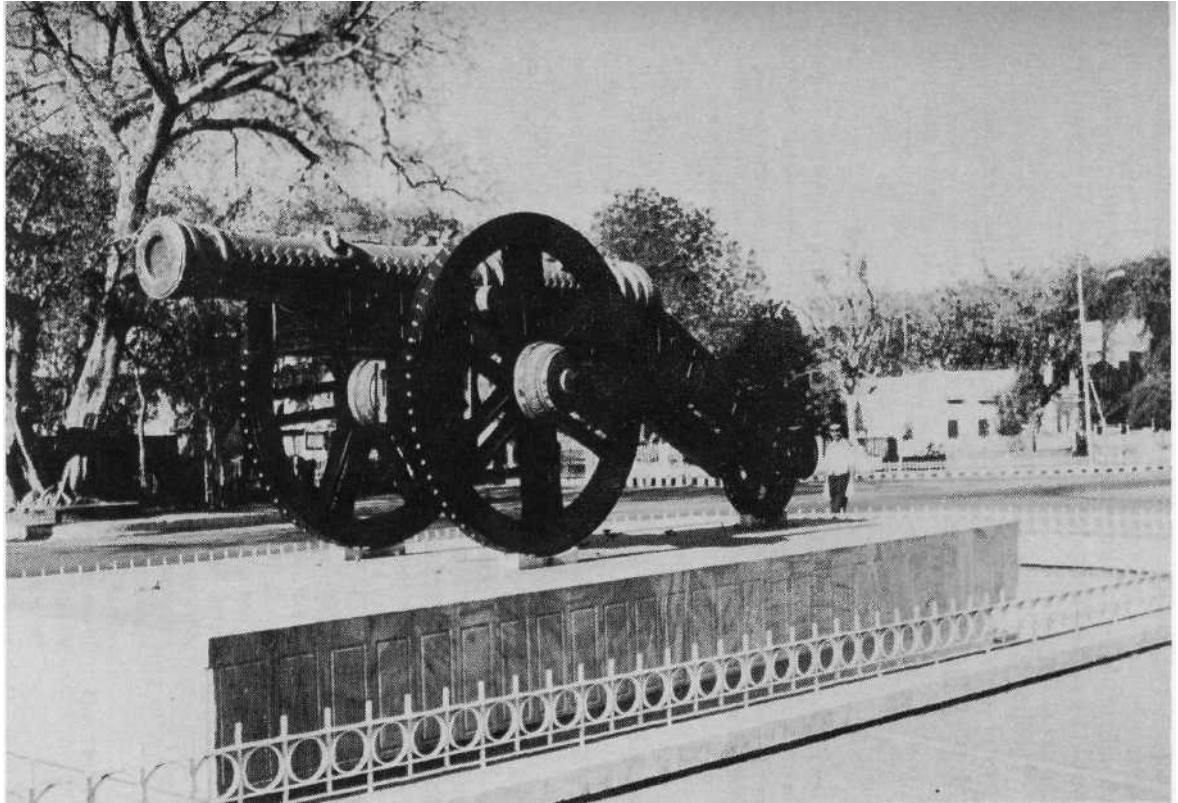
KIM'S GUN

From Miss S. Farrington, 68 Tachbrook Street, London SW1

Dear Editor,

I am not in the habit of writing to journals and newspapers, but feel I have to on account of a letter and photographs in the June 1984 issue of the *Kipling Journal*: I refer to the Frontispiece and pages 37-39, concerning Kim's Gun.

I was in Lahore in April 1984 and took an extended series of colour slides and black-and-white prints of the gun from all angles. Those I enclose should put the record straight on what Zam Zamah looks like *now*.



KIM'S GUN

A recent photograph. See Miss Farrington's letter to the Editor.

As you can see, the railings have been lowered, allowing a much clearer view. The anti-small-boy devices are a waterless moat and an aggressive traffic policeman, who did his utmost to stop me going anywhere near it for photography! Admirable dedication, although it would be well-nigh impossible to get down into the moat and up on to the actual gun plinth.

The details on the plaque differ slightly from those printed under your Frontispiece, so I enclose a print of the text for your information, too.

Yours sincerely,
SUE FARRINGTON

[One of Miss Farrington's pictures is printed on page 39. From another I have copied the text and set it out below, only reducing it from capitals to lower case and correcting one or two anomalies of spelling. One can see why Kipling described the gun as "always first of the conqueror's loot".—*Ed.*]

TEXT OF THE PLAQUE

THE ZAMZAMA GUN

The gun is 14 feet 4½ inches in length and the aperture of the bore is 9½ inches. It is one of the largest specimens of casting in the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent and is made of an alloy of copper and brass. It has been immortalized by Kipling as Kim's Gun.

- 1757 A.D. Cast at Lahore by Shah Nazir to the order of Ahmad Shah Abdali, under the direction of Shah Wali Khan, the Prime Minister of the Abdali Monarch.
- 1761 A.D. Used by the Abdali Monarch in the Battle of Panipat.
- 1761 A.D. Brought to Lahore and left with the Afghan Governor, Khwaja Ubaid Khan.
- 1762 A.D. Khwaja Ubaid Khan was murdered. Hari Singh Bhangi captured it. The gun lay unmounted in Lahore Fort.
- 1764 A.D. Lahna Singh, Gujjar Singh and Sobha Singh captured Lahore and obtained possession of it.
- 1764 A.D. Offered as a share of the spoil to Charhat Singh Sukerchakkia by the captors of Lahore. He dragged it to his fort at Gujranwala with the help of his troops numbering 2,000.
- 17[?]-72 A.D. It was captured by two brothers, Ahmed Khan and Pir Muhammad Khan, Chaththa Chiefs, who carried it to Ahmad Nagar. Subsequently both the brothers quarrelled for its possession, and in a fight which ensued two sons of the former and one of the latter were killed. Gujjar Singh Bhangi, coming to the aid of Pir Muhammad Khan, carried away the gun to his headquarters at Gujrat by cheating his ally.

- 1772 A.D. The Chaththas recovered it and removed it to Rasul Nagar.
- 1773-1802 A.D. Jhanda Singh Bhangi captured it from the Chaththas and carried it to Bhangi Fort in Amritsar.
- 1802 A.D. Ranjit Singh captured Amritsar and the gun.
- 1802-1818 A.D. Ranjit Singh employed it on his campaigns of Daska, Kasur, Sujampur, Wazirabad and Multan.
- 1818 A.D. Injured at the siege of Multan and removed to Lahore, being unfit for further service.
- 1818-70 A.D. Placed outside the Delhi Gate, Lahore.
- 1870 A.D. Removed opposite the entrance of the Lahore Museum in February and placed on a raised platform.

KIPLING IN LAHORE

From Professor Enamul Karim, Department of English, Rockford College, 5050 East State Street, Rockford, Illinois 61101, U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

In 1876 J. Lockwood Kipling, then Principal of the Lahore School of Art, wrote a guide book on Lahore with concise historical and descriptive accounts of the old city, in collaboration with T. H. Thornton, for many years Secretary to the Punjab Government. The book had long been out of print when in 1924 a book entitled *Old Lahore* was published under the signature of "H.R.G.", incorporating information from the earlier guide book. Under the heading "Concerning Mr. Rudyard Kipling" appeared the following:-

The future 'Poet of the Empire' was for a time a private in 'B' Company of the 1st Punjab Volunteers, but no one ever saw him on parade. Having exhausted all devices for getting the defaulter out to parade, the writer, who was then in command of the company, called upon Volunteer Kipling to make good the capitation grant which he had failed to earn. The amount claimed was promptly remitted under cover of a letter frankly admitting the justice of the penalty and expressing regret for neglect of duty, [page 19]

Regarding Kipling's first appointment as a journalist on the *Civil and Military Gazette*, the author states:-

I was told by the late Sir David Masson, then Managing Proprietor of that journal, that he gave the youthful Kipling his first appointment, at the request of his father, Mr. Lockwood

Kipling, then Principal of the Lahore School of Art. The latter, Sir David said, came to him and explained that as young Rudyard was disqualified for any of the public services by reason of his defective eyesight, it was necessary to find other employment for him and, as he seemed to have a taste for journalism, Mr. Lockwood Kipling asked if room could be found for his son on the staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Lockwood Kipling was himself a frequent contributor to the columns of that journal. The recent revival of the Christmas number of the Gazette recalls to mind the unique Christmas number issued many years ago in pamphlet form. It was called *The Quartette* and contained four short stories, one written by each member of the family . . . No doubt the youthful journalist's anticipations were fulfilled and that [*sic*] he began by 'filling in telegrams and cutting things out o' papers with scissors', but he had attained to the dignity of a fully fledged 'special correspondent' by the time the Amir of Afghanistan visited India in 1885. Kipling joined the party at Peshwar and accompanied them to Rawalpindi, where I heard him give a racy account of some of his experiences. [page 19]

It seems that the author of *Old Lahore* might have been a high-ranking English military officer who had known the Kipling family quite well.

Yours sincerely,
ENAMUL KARIM

[The author of *Old Lahore* was H. R. Goulding, and both these episodes referred to in the extracts included in the letter above are also mentioned in Angus Wilson's *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling* (pp 99 and 106). Wilson also there makes the point, which must strike any of us who try to turn back a century and more to learn details of Kipling's apprenticeship in Lahore, that after he had become famous "so many of those who lived in North West India laid claim to having founded his fortunes that it is hard to sort out the true patrons from the dubious".

A summary of Henry Raynor Goulding's career may be found in *Who Was Who, 1929-1940*. He was born in India in 1859, and lived there all his life, dying in 1934. His father had been in the Inland Customs Department; his wife's father had been in the Indian Telegraphs. He was himself educated at Lahore and Simla, and was a civil servant from 1877 till retirement in 1916. He was for 31 years a commissioned officer in the Indian Volunteer Forces, and commanded the 1st Punjab Volunteer Rifles from 1906-11. He was obviously a conspicuous figure in Lahore, and he continued to live there in retirement. How well he would have known the youthful Kipling in the 1880s, and what light he could have thrown on the Kipling family, are questions on which we lack information.—Ed.]

C FOR YOURSELF

From Mr H. Brogan, 14 Park Road, Wivenhoe, Colchester

Sir,

I overlooked the June 1983 issue of the *Journal* when it arrived, and have only just read it. At this late date it seems hardly worth while taking up 'hell-for-leather' [letter on page 42], but surely all the learned commentators have missed the point? The phrase is a pun, turning a simple alphabetic platitude into a fine racy phrase. I shan't spell out the joke, but in case anyone can't get it, let him try saying 'hell-for-leather' aloud in the accent of Stanley Ortheris.

Yours sincerely,
HUGH BROGAN

KIPLING AND THE FREEMASONS [III]

From Mr S. L. Reed, 13 Church Hill, Epping, Essex CM16 4RU

Dear Sir,

Setting aside the jaundiced view Mr Shamus Wade has obtained from his 'one man micro-survey' on Freemasonry [*Journal* No 230, page 31], the question he raises about Kipling's involvement is one of interest.

Kipling was twenty years and three months old when he joined the Lodge of Hope and Perseverance at Lahore in 1886. Serving 'seven years hard' on the *Civil and Military Gazette*, it was understandable that when the lucky ones had ascended to the hill stations during the hot season, the young Kipling should seek solace with what company he could find in the barrack rooms, the bazaars, the Punjab Club, and also the Lodge of Hope and Perseverance.

Freemasonry made a dramatic impact on his life, his philosophy and his creativity. In his works he drew heavily on masonic ritual and idealism. His knowledge of the origins of the craft, and of Freemasonry in general, far exceeded that of the average Mason. Of his Mother-Lodge he wrote with sentiment and affection ("The Mother-Lodge"). This poem illustrates an unusual aspect of Indian life during the time of the Raj, whereby men of all creeds and ranks could meet in the Lodge as brothers and equals. In a sub-continent dominated by caste and religion such an event was surely unique.

Kipling did not advance in Freemasonry. A possible explanation may be that being such a prolific creator of word images he had little

inclination to learn ritual at length, and also that his worldwide travels kept him away from home for long periods at a time. There seems little doubt that Freemasonry meant more to him in India, but his connection with the craft remained to the end. In his writing of verse and prose he drew on his masonic knowledge to illustrate the practical uses of Freemasonry in bringing people together in service, fellowship and good deeds.

Yours faithfully,
S. L. REED

"The Mother-Lodge", which Kipling according to his wife's diary "wrote right off" in a day, in Vermont in October 1894, first appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in May 1895, and was collected in *The Seven Seas* (1896), from which the text below is taken. Sir George MacMunn in *Rudyard Kipling: Craftsman* (Hale, London, 1938 edition) confirms the authenticity of the types described at that Lodge, adding that Framjee Eduljee's son still ran the "Europe-shop" in the Lahore cantonment "which men used to call Mian Mir". MacMunn also has several useful pages regarding Kipling's use of Masonic symbolism in his writings.—*Ed.*

THE MOTHER-LODGE

There was Rundle, Station Master,
An' Beazeley of the Rail,
An' 'Ackman, Commissariat,
An' Donkin' o' the Jail;
An' Blake, Conductor-Sargent,
Our Master twice was 'e,
With 'im that kept the Europe-shop,
Old Framjee Eduljee.

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!

We'd Bola Nath, Accountant,
An' Saul the Aden Jew,
An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman
Of the Survey Office too,
There was Babu Chuckerbutty,
An' Amir Singh the Sikh,
An' Castro from the fittin'-sheds,
The Roman Catholick!

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 banquits,
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.

So man on man got talkin',
An' not a Brother stirred
Till mornin' waked the parrots
An' that dam' brain-fever-bird;
We'd say 'twas 'ighly curious,
An' we'd all ride 'ome to bed,
With Mo'ammed, God an' Shiva
Changin' pickets in our 'ead.

Full oft on Guv'ment service
This rovin' foot 'ath pressed
An' bore fraternal greetin's
To the Lodges east an' west,
Accordin' as commanded
From Kohat to Singapore,
But I wish that I might see them
In my Mother Lodge once more!

I wish that I might see them,
My brethren black an' brown,
With the trichies smellin' pleasant
An' the *hog-dam*¹ passin' down;
An' the old khansamah² snorin'
On the bottle-khana³ floor,
Like a Master in good standing
With my Mother Lodge once more.

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!'

TWO RECENT MEETINGS

KIPLING'S BURMA

On 10 April 1984, in the Lecture Room of the Society of Antiquaries, **Mr G. H. Webb** gave an illustrated lecture entitled *Kipling's Burma: a Literary and Historical Review*. He traced the outlines of Burmese history during the period covering the three Anglo-Burmese Wars (1823, 1852, 1885) and described the complex impact that Burma had made on the British in India—and on Kipling in particular, both before and during his visit to Rangoon and Moulmein in 1889. (The lecture was originally delivered before the Royal Society for Asian Affairs, and the text appeared in its journal, *Asian Affairs* [Volume XV, Part II], in June 1984.)

Mr J. H. McGivering was in the Chair. Mr A. G. McCrae (*of Irrawaddy Flotilla*) proposed the vote of thanks. Others present included:-

Miss S. Anderson; Mrs J. M. Beattie; Lt E. H. Binns (U.S.N.); Mr & Mrs F. H. Brightman; Mr J. Bynoe; Mrs D. M. Carpenter; Mr C. E. Carrington; Mr M. B. Connolly; Miss A. Cornish; Mr & Mrs R. J. Cornish; Sir Ian Critchett; Mr A. Crocker; Mr M. J. Dawson; Mr B. C. Diamond; Mr & Mrs G. J. Ellerton; Mr N. Entract; Miss S. P. Fairweather; Miss S. M. Farrington; Mr P. G. P. D. Fullerton; Mr B. Garai; Mr J. Grainger; Mr M. J. Grainger; Miss Z. J. Grainger; Mr & Mrs M. Halsted; Mr H. R. Harlow; Lt-Col & Mrs R. I. Hywel-Jones; Mr M. W. R. Lamb; Mrs L. A. F. Lewis; Mr P. Lynn; Mrs A. G. McCrae; Mr & Mrs W. W. Matthews; Mr F. P. W. Moor; Miss C. Mundy; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Miss E. Ogilvie; Mr R. C. O'Hagan; Mr A. D. M. (now Sir Derek) Oulton; Mr K. Owen; Brigadier B. A. H. Parritt; Mr J. M. Patrick; Miss H. A. Pipon; Mr A. T. T. Preston; Miss C. T. Preston; Mr T. H. Preston; Mr & Mrs O. H. Robinson; Mr & Mrs C. F. Rolo; Miss D. Salter; Mr J. Shearman; Mr D. Simpson; Mrs M. H. Smith; Miss V. Taylor; Mr S. Wade; Miss S. E. Wagstaff; Mr G. L. Wallace; Mr & Mrs J. C. Wayling; Mrs G. H. Webb; Miss H. M. Webb; Mr D. Wilkins. Lord Ferrier, prevented from attending, sent a message of regret.

KIPLING'S ROTTINGDEAN

An enjoyable visit to Rottingdean, organised by Mr J. H. McGivering, was made on 1 June 1984 by about a dozen members. After lunch at the Olde Place, which helped a wettish morning turn to a brighter afternoon, the visitors were shown local features of interest by helpful members of the Rottingdean Preservation Society.

In short, The Elms, where Kipling lived, may be seen from the outside as may North End House (the Burne-Jones home) and St Aubyn's (John Kipling's preparatory school). The grounds of The Elms, now most laudably saved by the preservationists from the depredations of developers, are being laid out for the public as a Kipling Garden. The Grange (once William Nicholson's house) is a Library, Gallery and Museum with interesting Kipling items. At St Margaret's Church, seven windows display the stained glass of Kipling's quasi-Uncle Topsy (William Morris), set to the designs of his real Uncle Ned (Sir Edward Burne-Jones).

SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome Mr H. Bayless (*California, U.S.A.*); Chicago Public Library (*Illinois, U.S.A.*); Mrs H. Choudhury (*Virginia, U.S.A.*); Miss D. H. Clarke (*Surrey*); Mr S.-O. Doos (*Sweden*); Mr G. Haefs (*Federal German Republic*); Mr G. P. R. Hawkins (*Essex*); Miss E. T. Kydd (*Australia*); Sylvia, Lady Loch (*Suffolk*); Dr W. McNess (*Illinois, U.S.A.*); Miss S. M. Peel (*London*); Miss E. E. Read (*Isle of Wight*); Mr S. L. Reed (*Essex*); Sir David Roberts (*Herefordshire*); Mr Feridoun Sanjar (*London*); Mr G. Smart (*Sussex*); Mr L. Smythe (*Essex*); Purdy Library, Wayne State University, Detroit (*Michigan, U.S.A.*); Mrs M. Webb (*California, U.S.A.*).

MELBOURNE BRANCH SECRETARY RECENTLY IN BRITAIN

It was a privilege to meet Mrs Rosalind Kennedy, who attended our meeting on 4 July, and to be able to thank her in person for the great generosity of another most welcome donation to the Society's funds, made last Christmas by the Melbourne Branch.

SECRETARY'S SUPPLEMENTARY ANNOUNCEMENTS

[a continuation from page 3]

1. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY. **Wednesday 31 October 1984** in the *London Room* of the *Royal Commonwealth Society*, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2, at 6.30 p.m. A Cash Bar will be available and a Buffet Supper will be served after the meeting. Will Members kindly complete the Booking Form enclosed with this *Journal* if they wish to come to either the A.G.M. or the Buffet Supper (or both), so that an indication of numbers can be given to the R.C.S. (If you are coming please return the form to the Secretary by 29 October: if you cannot come there is no need to do anything.) Non-Members may attend the A.G.M. but not speak or vote: they will be welcome as guests at the Buffet Supper.

2. A SPECIAL MEETING. **Tuesday 9 July 1985** at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at a London venue to be announced. Professor Enamul Karim, our U.S.A. Secretary, who will be in London for a few days only, has promised to speak to us on a subject connected with Kipling's Uncollected Writings in the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer*. Please make a note of the date of this important meeting and watch for the announcement of the venue.

3. PUBLICATIONS. Don't forget that *Kipling: Interviews and Recollections* (ed. Harold Orel) and *A Kipling Companion* (Norman Page) and *One Lady at Wairakei* (ed. Harry Ricketts) can still be ordered at special discount prices by Members in the U.K. and Europe. The *Journal Index* to Nos 213-228 (1980-83) is available at £1 from the Secretary.

A NOTE ON THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Office at 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ

This literary and historical society is for anyone interested in Rudyard Kipling's prose and verse, life and times. His published writings, in 35 volumes, are by any standard remarkable. His life (1865-1936) was very eventful. The period through which he lived and about which he wrote with such vigour was one of huge and dramatic change.

As a non-profit-making cultural organisation run on an essentially unpaid footing to provide a service, the Society has the status of a Registered Charity in Britain. Its management and principal activities are in England, but it has branches or secretariat arrangements in Australia, Canada and the U.S.A. About a third of its members, including scores of universities, colleges and libraries, are in North America.

Founded in 1927, the Society has attracted many notable literary and academic figures, including of course the leading authorities in the field of Kipling studies; but it also caters for an unspecialised public of general readers, from whom its wider membership is drawn. Its managing focus is the Secretary in London, John Shearman. He and other office-holders arrange various activities, including regular talks and discussions in London, and an Annual Luncheon; answer enquiries from correspondents; and maintain a specialised Library for reference and research.

The quarterly *Kipling Journal* is sent free to all members. On various pages in each issue, information on the Society's functions is provided. More can be obtained from John Shearman or branch Secretaries. Applications for membership are most welcome: the Society and *Journal* depend heavily on such support.

MINIMUM ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES	<i>Britain</i>	<i>Overseas</i>
Individual Member	£6.00	£7.50
Junior Member (<i>up to age 24</i>)	£3.00	£3.00
Corporate Member	£12.00	£15.00

LITERARY AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE *KIPLING JOURNAL*

The *Kipling Journal* is essentially the Kipling Society's publication, and though the Editor selects its contents with an eye to merit, originality and an interesting range of topics, he must always allot space to the Society's business, including at least a few of the addresses delivered at the Society's meetings, if they are short enough.

Independent literary contributions, however, are very welcome. If we cannot print them at once we may be able to place them in a later issue. Like other literary societies, we do not pay for articles: authors gain the satisfaction of publication in a periodical of authority and repute, recognised as the only one in the world specialising in this subject.

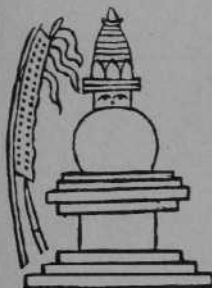
We have at present much more publishable material than we can print, and have to defer or decline some items of interest. However this is healthy. We would like *more*, to improve our variety and quality. *It should invariably be sent to the Editor.*

Articles submitted should be fairly brief. Our average page carries only 400 words of text. A 4000-word article, however good, may be hard to place. We impose no limit, but should remind contributors of this factor which can influence selection.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed: unless told otherwise, we reserve the normal right to shorten. *Book Reviews*, usually invited, may be volunteered: a range of 200 to 800 words is suggested. We will gratefully accept, even if we cannot quickly use, relevant and reproducible *illustrations, news cuttings, book excerpts, catalogue data* and other *miscellanea* which might enhance the *Journal's* interest. Since Kipling touched the literary and practical world at many points our terms of reference are broad.

ADVERTISING. We welcome *regularly placed* advertisements compatible with the style of the *Journal*: for our rates, please enquire of the Editor.

The Editor's address is *Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ.*



For long miles into the heart of morning,
Miles and miles, far over land and seas,
Past enchanted regions of forewarning,
Dawns at last the land that dims all these.

The Nepal Himalaya

For a unique holiday experience in the Hills of Nepal write to

M. J. Cheney,
SHERPA CO-OPERATIVE TREKKING
Kamal Pokhari, P.O. BOX 1338, KATHMANDU, NEPAL
telephone 15887 cables 'Sherpahut'

*who will be particularly pleased to meet and advise fellow-members
of the Kipling Society*

"Mightn't we have just one?"

"No," said Conroy, shaking, "Let's hold on. We're past Woking."

[From Kipling's "In the Same Boat". Conroy and Miss Henschil were discussing not curries but Najdolene tablets. It was before our day. Incidentally we wonder—did their train, "the old 10.8", stop at Walton and Woking?]

Khyber Pass Restaurant

18 The Broadway, Woking, Surrey

also now at

54 Terrace Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey

We specialise in *Tandoori* (cooked on charcoal in a clay oven) but also offer a wide range of *Biriyani*, Curries of all kinds and delectable Persian dishes

Honey and hote gingere well liketh hee,

And whalés-flesch mortred with spicerie (Kipling)

[*Mortred* means *beaten up*. We cannot guarantee availability of this item.]

Fully licensed. For reservations (or take-away service) ring Woking 64710/22950 or Walton-on-Thames 225670/231328.

