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FORTHCOMING EVENTS, 1989/90

Wednesday 18 October 1989 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Naval & Military Club (the "In & Out"), 94 Piccadilly, London W1, the Society's Annual General Meeting. Note that there will also be a display of illustrated editions of war journalism from Rivista Militare of Italy, and a related slide show by Mr P.H.T. Lewis, O.B.E., the Society's Treasurer.

Wednesday 15 November 1989 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Naval & Military Club, Mr D.J. Peters on *Kipling and the Navy*.

Wednesday 14 February 1990 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at Brown's Hotel (Dover & Albemarle Streets, London W1): speaker and subject to be announced.

Wednesday 18 April 1990 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at Brown's Hotel: speaker and subject to be announced.

Wednesday 2 May 1990 at 12.30 for 1 p.m. at the Royal Overseas League (Park Place, off St James's Street, London W1), the Society's Annual Luncheon. The Guest of Honour and speaker will be Sir Derek Oulton, G.C.B., Q.C. Members in Britain will receive application forms with the December 1989 issue of the *Kipling Journal*.

Wednesday 18 July 1990 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at Brown's Hotel: speaker and subject to be announced.

August 1989 NORMAN ENTRACT
Actually the Sommes Ici, this being from the French version, Capitaines Courageux (translated by L. Fabulet and C. Fountaine-Walker, Librairie Hachette, 1921). The artist is not named. Others of his drawings accompany an article in this issue.
THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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CONTENTS

THE KIPLING SOCIETY: OFFICERS & BRANCHES 4
SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS 5
Frontispiece: "The We're Here" 6
Illustration: A Snake-Woman 8

EDITORIAL 9-10

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS AND AMERICAN EMPIRE
by Danny Karlin 11-21
Illustration: "On to the smooth lip" 11
Illustration: "The shaven man, quite unmoved" 13
Illustration: "On the heaving deck" 15
Illustration: "I lost some; and I gained some" 19

PRIVATE THOMAS ATKINS AND HIS SHILLING
by Elizabeth Talbot Rice 22-29
Illustration: Atkins as a Specimen [1] 23
Illustration: Atkins as a Specimen [2] 25
Illustration: Cover of "The Queen's Shilling" 28
Illustration: Music of "The Queen's Shilling" 29

THE FIGURE BY THE FIREPLACE by Lisa A.F. Lewis 30-35
Illustration: Kipling, aged about sixteen 33

POINTS FROM READERS' LETTERS: Kipling & Pound horn
Mrs J. McIntosh; Kipling & Lorca from Mr G.C.G. Philo;
Kipling & Beerbohm from Mr B. Diamond; Kipling & James from Mr N. Entract; "Si tupeux" [3] from Mr J.M. Huntington-Whiteley; Cherry Poynter from Mrs M.M. Bendle; Dholes from Dr F. Hartley; Kipling & America: a Centenary from Professor E. Karim & Mr P. Mustell; Rottingdean Rifle Club [5] from Mr R.B. Appleton and others; Kipling at Villa l'Enchantement from Mrs E. Buzzard 36-45

[see over]
A SNAKE-WOMAN GETTING HER COME-UPPANCE

A drawing by J.L. Kipling for "The Snake-Woman and King Ali Mardan" in Tales of the Punjab (Macmillan, 1894), folk-myths collected by Flora Annie Steel. The lady may look serene, but was being roasted in an oven, a lengthy process since she was resistant to heat. She was really a serpent of malevolent inclination, enabled to assume human shape. The heart symbolises her hold over the king's affections until he heard that despite appearances she was a snake.
EDITORIAL

I have just received from Professor Pinney in California a book he has edited to mark the centenary of Kipling's arrival in America from Japan in 1889. It is *Kipling in California*, a paperback privately published by the Friends of the Bancroft Library (University of California, Berkeley) which staged the exhibition described at pages 40-41 in this issue.

The book admirably sets out what Kipling wrote in California, including previously unpublished letters, with enough background to give perspective. The despatches from San Francisco to the *Pioneer* in India are in their full original text. When the newspaper reports on his six-month voyage to England were later collected in *From Sea to Sea* they were shortened: the original texts, though accessible in microfiche in libraries that possess the *Pioneer* of 1889-90, are today almost unknown.

Not till I edited the ones from Japan into book form last year did I realise how extensive were the cuts; the missing passages — in one case an entire dispatch — cried out to be restored. That has now been done for the twelve despatches from Japan and for these four from San Francisco: I hope Professor Pinney will edit and annotate all sixteen from North America. Then someone ought to complete the series by resuscitating the original accounts of Rangoon, Moulmein, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong and Canton. We should be able to read *From Sea to Sea* as readers of the *Pioneer* read it a century ago. It is travel journalism of a high order, vivid, observant, provocative, mirror of many moods.

Even from the narrative of the fleeting visit to Singapore, for example, some 2500 words were cut. I cannot do justice here to the missing text, but a scrap or two will give the flavour. Kipling set out by rickshaw after dark, to "settle the immigration question" and "investigate a coolie depot" for indentured Chinese labour, but on the way he ran into various distractions. One was an unplanned encounter with a garrulous German *madame*, which led to his sitting...

... drinking beer with Bertha Blumm under the stars. "Does I not somedimes feel very wearied and sick? Mein Gott yes: boot it is my piznes und in der daytime I takes my work upon which I sews mit a needle und sit here — quiet. It is nefer quiet in der night here, und der heat is enof to kill. You see my house. I pay for dot one thousand dollars to Ernestine — she haf gone to Russia mit seven thousand dollars — one thousand for the good will that you call of der place. Und I could sell tomorrow for twelf hundred dollars. Joost so mooch. Yes: I will be one day also rich — if I do keep alife, but of dot I am not so sure."

In pursuance of the enlightened policy of the people who live in seventy-five pound.
houses not more than four miles from Charing Cross the large and remarkably mixed port of Singapore is of course entirely unprotected... If a few of the members who voted in the House on a recent memorable division could have sat... and listened to Bertha Blumm discussing the laws of demand and supply in her "pizness" I think they would have shuddered...

The last paragraph refers to the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Prevention Acts, under which since the 1860s brothels in garrison towns in Britain had been medically regulated to reduce the incidence of V.D. in the forces. In 1888, regulation in India also had been stopped in consequence of a Commons motion (but in 1897 it would be re-established after a huge increase in disease). Kipling vehemently favoured medical inspection, and reverted to the subject years later in chapter III of *Something of Myself*.

But I leave little space for the deleted text on Singapore by night—for "a new and glorified town a-tinkle with multitudinous 'rickshaw lights, enlivened by the tolling bell and ruby headlamp of the steam tramway"; for Chinese prostitutes, "expressionless women who might have been dead and stuffed for any sign that they made while I watched", while "unholy music that set the teeth ajar burst from shuttered houses, and the air was choking with Chinese tobacco"; for the "very rude and drunken sailors who considered a cheroot unjustifiable side, but staggered too much to give chase"; for dark alleys where "the crowd gathered round the traveller who stopped... dropped from walls, poured from under the crevices of doors... were spawned by the stinking pavement under foot..." The unceremonious and public eating in the street amazed him —

I counted three hundred and fifty eaters in about a quarter of a mile. One man whom I timed took rather less that five minutes over a big bowl of something mercifully hidden in milky juice, some fowls' insides with three sauces, some bread and jam, a mass of rice and a drink of syrup... Then he tossed down his money, lit a cheroot... and departed without ceremonial ablutions...

Kipling eventually found the "cooler depot" he was looking for, and "after hammering at closed doors with golden flowers on them was received by a small boy who appeared to be the head of the depot". He inspected a dormitory and was impressed by the almost prison-like atmosphere and the seeming docility of the Chinese. "Eighty-four going tomollow in a ship to Sumatra", the boy told him. Next day he wrote it up for the *Pioneer*, with ever an eye to Indian comparisons: "Can't you imagine the shriek of indignation that would follow on the news that Assam coolies were locked up for the night?"

It is vivid reporting, and not commonplace: when he returned from his "midnight ramble" a police officer said, "You have been where not one Englishman in five hundred ever thinks of going."
For the provenance of this picture, and others accompanying this article, see page 6. Harvey Cheyne, stupefied by the Wheeling 'stogie', went overboard in two stages: he is at the first, just before "a low, grey mother-wave swung out of the fog" to complete the process.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS
AND AMERICAN EMPIRE

by DANNY KARLIN

[Dr Daniel Karlin, who has a wide range of literary interests, is Lecturer in English at University College, London. In the field of Kipling, he has come to notice more than once for his penetrating and persuasively written critical presentations. His edition of The Jungle Books in the Penguin Classics series is one example, his all-too-short essay on Plain Tales from the Hills in a new volume of essays edited by Phillip Mallett (Kipling Considered, Macmillan, 1989) is another.

In April 1988 he addressed a meeting of the Kipling Society, when his account of Captains Courageous struck all of us who heard him as something to be preserved. I am glad now to present it in written form. Although it has here been considerably reduced from its original spoken length, there is a good prospect of the whole text appearing in print eventually, since Dr Karlin plans to include it in a volume of essays on Anglo-American subjects.]
It is a truism, justified again and again, that much of Kipling can profitably be read at a more than literal level of interpretation. Anyone who has not discovered that beneath the outer layer there often lurk inferences of deep significance is missing a lot, and is failing to recognise the subtle complexity of Kipling's craftsmanship — and the extent to which he was often tempted to be covertly didactic.

There can be hazards, of course, in the detective approach. In prejudiced hands it may be carried to silly extremes, of which examples are not wanting. Critics unfortunate enough to have a firmer grasp of the 'structuralist' tenet that every word is worth weighing than of the realities of a writer's life and times may dredge up 'evidence' that is ludicrously misleading.

However Dr Karlin can certainly not be accused of that; his perceptive interpretation of Captains Courageous endows it with a legitimate new dimension, which is well in keeping with two factors that must bear on whatever inner meaning the book possesses. These are Kipling's own emotional and somewhat confused view of Americans — not least while he was writing the book in 1896, that year of domestic disaster in Vermont — and the explosive dynamism of the United States in the 1890s, as the country turbulently came of age.

Kipling himself wrote in Something of Myself, "I wanted to see if I could catch and hold something of a rather beautiful localised American atmosphere that was already beginning to fade". That he succeeded is generally acknowledged, not least in the technicalities of deep-sea fishing on the Banks. (Ten years ago, in Gloucester, at a restaurant called "Captains Courageous", I met a woman whose father had served in the fishing schooners of that port not long after the book was written; she said he always averred that Kipling got it right.) That the book's message went beyond fishery, beyond Harvey's redemption, into a political dimension, is Dr Karlin's theme. — Ed.

Kipling wrote Captains Courageous in 1896, during the last year of his four-year residence in America. Let me briefly recapitulate the story of the book.

Harvey Cheyne, a spoilt, offensive, fifteen-year-old brat, the only son of an American multi-millionaire, is travelling on a big ocean liner to Europe with his neurotic mother, to "finish his education". He is washed overboard and rescued by the fishing schooner We're Here, whose captain, Disko Troop, refuses to take Harvey straight back to New York on the grounds that the fishing season has only just begun. Harvey, forced to spend the fishing season on board the We're Here, forms a friendship with Disko Troop's son Dan, and becomes an accomplished sailor and fisherman, proud to belong to the crew and accepted by them. The voyage cures him of his brattishness, and he returns to port and to his family literally and figuratively a new man.
"'H'M', SAID THE SHAVEN MAN, QUITE UNMOVED"

Disko Troop, stolidly unconvinced by Harvey's ill-judged initial bluster aboard the We're Here. In the foreground is Dan, "pretending to be busy" by the mast.
My theme is one of Empire. *Captains Courageous*, in my reading of it, is about the rite of passage of a nation as well as an individual. Harvey's fall from the liner is a fortunate fall; it aborts a regressive and degenerative voyage from the New World to the Old, and replaces it by a voyage from the old world of luxury and over-refinement to the new one of effort and integrity. Harvey's adolescent boast at the beginning of the book, that he is "an American — first, last and all the time", is made good at the end, when he is compared to "a Red Indian of the story-books".

*Captains Courageous*, then, tells of the making of an American; but it is a story riven with ambiguous implications about the destiny of modern America. Kipling saw clearly that America was becoming, as Sellers and Yeatman put it in *1066 and AH That*, 'top nation'. The question was, what kind of imperial power would America exercise, what values and traditions would it enshrine, what vision would it offer? "The White Man's Burden" is his best known trumpet-blast on the matter; *Captains Courageous* offers a more complex and troubled reading.

There are two principal American communities in the book. The first, and the one which occupies most of the foreground, is that of the New England fishing fleet, idealised in the crew of the *We're Here*. The name of the vessel itself indicates the values of this community —solidarity, self-knowledge, sense of place (symbolised by Disko Troop's infallible navigational skill); and the name is also a metaphysical affirmation, the reply to a challenge or summons by the impersonal forces of Nature and Necessity.

Although the members of the crew are distinguished by Kipling in terms of their individual eccentricities, the keynote is of collective effort and collective discipline. The conflict between individualism and the need to work with and for others — the great political debate in industrial societies, and especially in America — is resolved in the image of the dories setting off to fish from the *We're Here*, each manned by an individual, yet each returning with its catch to the mother ship, where individuals become a "working gang of men" in order to perform the collective tasks of gutting, salting and packing.

Again the hierarchy of the ship is clear, from Captain to ship's boy — none of the lawless democracy which Kipling despised — but it is the hierarchy of the family, or patriarchal tribe (Captain and ship's boy are father and son), and it has the ideal family's close-knit harmony of purpose. At the same time, within the limits imposed by the discipline of shared labour, the tribe is not conformist: it is not subject to that deadening orthodoxy, in Tocqueville's famous phrase "the tyranny of the majority", which is the great vice of democratic
"ON THE HEAVING DECK IN THE MOONLIGHT"

The scene in chapter II where (left to right) Uncle Salters, Long Jack, Harvey, Manuel and Penn are systematically slitting and preparing the cod before pitching them down the hatch to Tom Platt and the Troops. "At the end of an hour Harvey would have given the world to rest. . . But he felt for the first time in his life that he was one of a working gang of men, took pride in the thought, and held on sullenly."
societies. It is composed, like America itself, of different
nationalities and religions, each treated with affection and respect. It
represents society as Kipling dreamed of it: skilled, coherent,
functioning.

In the Captain and ruling spirit, Disko Troop, it has a craftsman
who is 'inward' with his craft, and an upright, humane and generous
lawgiver — the father, in other words, whom Harvey Cheyne has so
conspicuously lacked in his life so far. The We're Here answers the
Pequod in Melville's Moby Dick (also a microcosm of America) with
Disko Troop as benign Ahab, pursuing his prey with the same
determination, dominating his crew with the same authority, but with
the opposite of Ahab's sublime and barren monomania. Disko's
purpose is naturally and unselfconsciously to make a living, "earnin'
my bread on the deep waters".

The second community, which occupies our attention in the latter
part of the book, is that of Harvey Cheyne's father. He, like Disko
Troop, is a 'captain courageous', but of a different kind. The title
phrase comes from an Elizabethan ballad, "Mary Ambree", and in
one sense it refers to the courageous men who risk their lives in the
deep-sea fishing industry. But in 1892 Kipling had used it as the title
of one of the sections in his travel book From Tideway to Tideway, and
there it had referred to the imperial adventurers who were opening up
the American, African and Australian continents.

"Cortes is not dead," Kipling affirms, "nor Drake, and Sir
Philip Sidney dies every few months if you know where to look.
The adventurers and captains courageous of old have only
changed their dress a little and altered their employment to suit
the world in which they move." They are "selling horses,
breaking trails, drinking sangaree, running railways beyond the
timber-line, swimming rivers, blowing up tree-stumps, and
making cities where no cities were."

So the title Captains Courageous applies not just to the ordered,
communal life of the We're Here, but to the heroic individualism of
imperial expansion and adventure. But in From Tideway to Tideway
the tone is admiring and undiscriminating: personal exploits and
imperial exploitation, profit and progress, are mixed with unabashed
indifference: Kipling's modern Cortes is a decade and a world away
from Conrad's Mr Kurtz. In Captains Courageous itself, however, the
image and the rhetoric of the latter-day conquistador are a good deal
more complex. This is how Harvey Cheyne senior, an emblem of
capitalism rampant, tells his son the story of how he made his money,
"the story of forty years that was at the same time the story of the New West":

It began with a kinless boy turned loose in Texas, and went on fantastically through a hundred changes and chops of life, the scenes shifting from State after Western State, from cities that sprang up in a month and in a season utterly withered away, to wild ventures in wilder camps that are now laborious paved municipalities. It covered the building of three railroads and the deliberate wreck of a fourth. It told of steamers, townships, forests, and mines, and the men of every nation under heaven, manning, creating, hewing, and digging these. It touched on chances of gigantic wealth flung before eyes that could not see, or missed by the merest accident of time and travel; and through the mad shift of things, sometimes on horseback, more often afoot, now rich, now poor, in and out, and back and forth, deck-hand, train-hand, contractor, boarding-house keeper, journalist, engineer, drummer, real-estate agent, politician, dead-beat, rum-seller, mine owner, speculator, cattleman, or tramp, moved Harvey Cheyne, alert and quiet, seeking his own ends, and, so he said, the glory and advancement of his country.

The tale of Cheyne's forty years in the wilderness comes as a revelation to Harvey, just as life on board the We're Here had done. And yet there are crucial differences, as well as similarities, between the kinds of experience represented by deep-sea fishing and trawling for dollars. In this story so preoccupied with families, Harvey Cheyne senior begins as a "kinless boy". The Troop family, by contrast, has been established for generations in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and as Disko says, "We Troops, livin' an' dead, are all around the earth an' the seas thereof." They are like an English family, or the 'troops' of a regiment, whose sons are scattered over the Empire.

The Cheyne family is a new dynasty, founded by an orphan. Like his son, Cheyne is, as it were, washed overboard into life — "turned loose in Texas" — but unlike him he has no family to be restored to, and the element that receives him — "the mad shift of things" — is not the literal ocean, which is paradoxically an element of stability for the fishermen, but the flux of experience. Cheyne is not fostered like Harvey; he is, in every sense, a self-made man, "seeking his own ends, and, so he said, the glory and advancement of his country". The very phrase "so he said" opens a gap where Cheyne is trying to forge a link. The values which Cheyne embodies — self-reliance, courage, judgment, ambition — have an under-side to them which is not
present in the values of the *We're Here*: egotism, violence, blindness, ruthlessness.

On the ocean there is something equivalent to the 'Law of the Jungle' as it is understood in the *Jungle Books*, an order which is both natural and civilising; but in the New West the law of the jungle operates in its modern sense, the law of every man for himself. The fishermen exploit a natural resource, but work with the grain of nature: the men in Harvey Cheyne's world exploit Nature more dynamically, and with a view to altering it. Change is the mark of their success, whether creative or not.

The essence of Disko Troop's power is in his adaptation to the conditions, the 'givens', of his life; Cheyne's power lies in his ability to remake these conditions to his own liking. Disko can navigate in a fog by smelling the soundings brought up by the lead-line; he is a reader, as his son proudly tells Harvey —

"Dad he'd read them signs right off. Dad says everythin' on the Bank is signs, an' can be read wrong er right."

By contrast, when Cheyne in California gets the telegram announcing that his son, whom he had given up for dead, has arrived safely in Massachusetts, his response is to order his secretary to "fix the connections" for his epic train journey across the continent. Cheyne is not simply a reader of signs but a writer, a maker of them. His journey exemplifies his willpower, which bends men and things to the limit of technological resource, and which takes him in a triumphal progress across the country which he and others like him rule.

Cheyne's cracking of the railroad whip is set against Troop's taciturn handling of the *We're Here*, and is part of a larger contrast in the way Kipling describes the two men's working lives. Deep-sea fishing is an industry and a livelihood, but also a delight, and Kipling's language delights in evoking it, from the most lyrical of seascapes to the grossest and fishiest details of the business —

Down below, the rasping sound of rough salt rubbed on rough flesh sounded like the whirring of a grindstone — a steady undertune to the 'click-nick' of knives in the pen; the wrench and shloop of torn heads, dropped liver, and flying offal; the 'caraah' of Uncle Salters's knife scooping away backbones; and the flap of wet, opened bodies falling into the tub.

When it comes to Cheyne's world, however, Kipling gives us not poetry but theatre: the "scenes shifting from State after Western State", and Cheyne's own identity going "fantastically through a
"I LOST SOME; AND I GAINED SOME. I'LL TELL YOU."

Father and son at Gloucester, in chapter X. "Cheyne pulled his beard, and smiled as he looked over the still water... The tale held Harvey almost breathless ... as the twilight deepened and the red cigar-end lit up the furrowed cheeks ... It seemed to him like watching a locomotive storming across country in the dark ..."
hundred changes and chops of life", a multiplicity of disguises for his single-minded 'character', bent on its unswerving project of self-making. It is Cheyne, not Disko Troop, who is the real 'old man of the sea', Proteus, the shape-changer; Disko comes from a world whose values are fixed, and where a man's identity is determined by the environment of which he is an organic part. Cheyne recognises the lack of this quality in his own world when he says to his wife, who has praised the "most delightful people" of Gloucester, "so friendly and simple ..." —

"That isn't simpleness ... It's the other thing, that we — that I haven't got."

This "other thing" may be called authenticity; but the irony is that by possessing this quality Disko is less authentically American than Cheyne, for whom authenticity is a Utopian (that is, unrealisable) project; furthermore, Disko's 'European' stability is itself vulnerable to Cheyne's 'American' greed.

When Cheyne arrives in Gloucester from California to be reunited with Harvey he begins, in a reversal of the traditional east-west direction of American expansion, to explore what he sees as "a new town in a new land"; and, in a phrase with an ominous shadow to it, he sets out to 'take it in,' as of old he had taken in all the cities from Snohomish to San Diego of that world whence he hailed.

And what he 'takes in' is money: the statistics of boats, gear, wharf-frontage, capital invested, salting, packing, factories, insurance, wages, repairs, and profits. He talked with the owners of the large fleets whose skippers were little more than hired men . .. Then he conferred with Disko, one of the few who owned their craft. . .

Disko owns his craft, his boat, and is also a master of his craft, his trade: but Cheyne is the other kind of owner, the owner of "hired men", one of whom will be Disko's own son. For Dan, loyal though he is to his father, sees his limitations. He himself confides to Harvey his yearning for one of "them new haddockers an' herrin' boats . . . there's heaps o' money in 'em . . . They's chock-full o' labour-savin' jigs . . ."
but Disko of course is against them:

"Dad can find fish, but he ain't no ways progressive — he don't go with the march o' the times . . ."

In Dan's rational perspective his father dwindles to a figure of pastoral, and it is no wonder that both Cheynes, father and son, end up by appropriating him. To add insult to injury, this does not take the form of Harvey Cheyne senior giving Dan his heart's desire by setting him up in a new-fangled "haddock", but of taking him out of the fishing industry altogether and transplanting him from the east to the west coast of America. Cheyne places Dan in the shipping line he owns, and gives the line itself to Harvey as his graduation present. By doing so he determines their destiny (and, emblematically, that of America) in his, not Disko's, image; and though the book finishes with both boys paying nostalgic tribute to what they owe to Disko and their experiences on the *We're Here*, they are speaking at the gates of Cheyne's mansion in San Francisco; they have left Disko behind, and, sadly but inevitably in Kipling's reading of where America was heading, they are not here but there.
PRIVATE THOMAS ATKINS
AND HIS SHILLING

by ELIZABETH TALBOT RICE

[Miss Elizabeth Talbot Rice, T.D., M.A., a member of the Kipling Society, is on the staff
of the National Army Museum in Chelsea. This article is the first of several that she has
planned for the Kipling Journal, showing how a large number of military references in
Kipling may be explained or highlighted by items in the Museum’s possession.

The idea was suggested to me by General Sir John Chapple, another member of this
Society, who as Chief of the General Staff is on the Council of the Museum. Since I am
on the Council of Friends of the Museum and (more significantly) Miss Talbot Rice is
the Friends’ indefatigable Honorary Secretary, it will readily be perceived that we had
a community of motive.

The National Army Museum — not to be confused with the Imperial War Museum
— is strongly recommended for its superb displays and its Reading Room, to all who
are interested in the long history of the British Army. (I last mentioned it in my
editorial of June 1987, regarding its magnificent exhibition of the paintings of Lady
Butler.) The Museum’s Friends play an active and privileged part in supporting it: I
hope some who read these articles will write to Miss Talbot Rice (at the National Army
Museum, Royal Hospital Road, London SW3 4HT) and ask about joining: they are
needed.

As for what the Museum can produce to illustrate Kipling, it is fragmentary but
illuminating — and in its ultimate scope limitless. Here are two examples: Tommy
Atkins, and his Shilling. The word "tommy", meaning a British private soldier, has
long been standard English, but in the 1890s it was emerging from colloquialism, and
no one did more than Kipling to bring it into approved usage. As early as 1888 he had
dedicated a book [Soldiers Three] to "that very strong man, T. Atkins, Private of the
Line … in all admiration and goodfellowship".

As for "taking the King’s [or Queen's] shilling", it was already standard before his
day, but is now almost an archaisim, reflecting practices and currency of a past age. A
new generation needs reminding that a shilling was a twentieth of a pound — and
worth more than five new pence, even if Kipling’s O’Kelly in "Shillin’ a Day", calling it
"Bloomin’ good pay", was indulging in irony. — Ed.]
ATKINS AS A SPECIMEN [1]

For explanation see page 24. Here is page 1 of a soldier's account book, in which a description and note of record of "Thomas Atkins" is used as a model for how the soldier's own equivalent data should be set out later in the book. Acknowledgments to the National Army Museum, London.
O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

Yes, we all know the verse. But have you ever asked yourself why Tommy Atkins? Why not Henry Smith, William Jones or John Thomas? In point of fact, it could equally well have been either of the last two names. They, along with Thomas Atkins, were used as fictitious soldiers on sample documents, set out in a War Office Circular dated 31 August 1815.

William Jones was a trumpeter and John Thomas a sergeant. But it was Private Thomas Atkins whose name was used again — in a War Office Circular of 30 June 1830, in King's Regulations of 1837 and thereafter, until Kipling immortalised him as the typical British foot soldier.

Although the Museum does not have an original of the 1815 War Office Circular, the account book or 'small book' of a Sergeant William Reid covering the period 1824-29 [NAM 6610-49] reproduces it. The name 'Thomas Atkins' appears on each of 8 pages of printed instructions.

At page 1 we get a physical description of Private Thomas Atkins of No 6 Company in the 1st Battalion of the 23rd Regiment of Foot. Pages 2 and 3, headed "Clothing Account", show how to enter up issues of clothing: these are supported by Atkins's signature or mark, and that of a witness. Finally — with each transaction again signed and witnessed — are records of pay. Atkins was a saver: after a year his credit stood at 9 shillings and 10 pence.

Although he was a sergeant, the William Reid to whom this account book was issued did not do so well. Entries cover the period August 1824 to April 1829, but Reid seemed to withdraw in full any payment made, and to do so almost immediately. Born in Piddlehampton, Dorset, in 1781, he had joined the 35th Regiment of Foot in 1805. From the record we cannot tell when he was promoted to sergeant, but from his description we can build up a picture of the man — his height, dark complexion, black hair and grey eyes.

The Museum's Reading Room, where this account book can be seen, is open on Tuesdays to Saturdays between 10 a.m. and 4.30 p.m. Identification (including address — e.g. a driving licence) is required for admission.
ATKINS AS A SPECIMEN [2]

See pages 23 and 24 for explanation. Here is the second page of Sgt Reid's account book, again with the Atkins data set out by way of model.
The practice of paying the recruit a shilling, the equivalent of a day's pay, on enlistment was a survival of a medieval custom. By accepting the coin the recruit contracted to serve in the forces, and such a financial transaction was necessary to substantiate in law any charge of desertion.

Colonel C. Walton, in his *History of the British Standing Army, 1660 to 1700* (London, 1894), tells how acceptance of the coin was often far from voluntary. The shilling might be slipped into a man's pocket unbeknown to the receiver, to be found by the constable conducting a search when the innocent harbourer denied any commitment to the Army. Or, more usually, it might be passed to him when drunk. Walton tells us that one man managed to throw the shilling away, but it was found that "the having handled it was enough"; however, the man who had forced the shilling upon him offered to let him go for forty shillings!

As well as the shilling coin, the recruit may have been entitled to an additional bounty for a variety of reasons, but this was discontinued by General Order No 59 of July 1870. In the same year recruiting inside pubs was banned. However, payment to those who brought in recruits, "bringing-in money" as it was termed, continued. In 1887 this came to a maximum of 5 shillings per recruit [Pay Warrant, paragraph 86]. In October 1914 a special recruiting reward of one shilling became payable in respect of each recruit enlisting "for the period of the present war" [Army Order 433].

Amongst the sheet music in the National Army Museum is a song entitled *The Queen's Shilling*, as "sung by Mr Kendal at the St James's Theatre with immense success". [This was W.H. Kendal (1843-1917), a famous actor-manager who by 1879, the year of this song and of the Zulu War, was running the St James's in partnership with another]
theatrical figure later famous as Sir John Hare. The sentiments of the song are rather different from those normally expressed by Kipling's Soldiers Three, whose loyalty was laced with pessimism; but the theme of differentness, of change for the better on enlistment, was inherent in the regimental spirit and the disdain for mere civilians which characterised the British soldier of the day.

**THE QUEEN'S SHILLING**

*Editor's Note.* The title page of the song is reproduced overleaf together with the second of its four pages of music. The instruction to the pianist was *Tempo Maritale*, and to the singer *Con Spirito*. The libretto would not today appear inspiring:-

```
Not very many years ago, I was a gay young lad; 
In general my ways I know Were look'd upon as bad. 
But once I saw a guard reliev'd, When to relate tis strange, 
A silver shilling I receiv'd, And here behold the change! 
  Ha! ha! ha! ha! A silver shilling I receiv'd, 
  Ha! ha! ha! ha! And here behold the change! 
Indeed I do not see What better change could be! 
I rejoice to work and fight And do all I can do 
For the silver shilling bright And for the sov'reign too.
```

As a study of the soldier's mind it was a characteristic effusion of its period, sentimental, patriotic but superficial, and it enables one to see why it was that the Barrack-Room Ballads, a dozen years later, with their comparative realism, made such a powerful sensation. In Ortheris's song already quoted, the singer gains in authenticity what he loses in good cheer:

```
I've tasted the luck o' the army 
  In barrack an' camp an' clink, 
An' I lost my tip through the bloomin' trip 
  Along o' the women an' drink. 
I'm down at the heel o' my service, 
  An' when I am laid on the shelf, 
My very wust friend from beginning to end 
  By the blood of a mouse was myself!
```

The same story ends unforgottably with the narrator's vision of Mulvaney, "the night-dew gemming his moustache, leaning on his rifle at picket, lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know not what vultures tearing his liver."
Cover (reduced) of Mr Kendal’s song. See pages 26 and 27.
With acknowledgments to the National Army Museum, London.
Not very many years ago, I was a gay young lad; In general my ways I know Were looked upon as bad.

But once I saw a guard relieve, When to relate is strange, A silver shilling.
THE FIGURE BY THE FIREPLACE

SOME LITERARY GOSSIP, 1890-93

by LISA A.F. LEWIS

[The "three ladies" of Warwick Gardens, known to Kipling in his youth, were interesting people in their own right. They have recently been receiving attention in the Kipling Journal — in December 1987 (pp 18-19) where John Shearman raised a question about Kipling meeting Mary Kingsley at their house; in June 1988 (pp 45-47) where Mrs Crook propounded a theory on the passage in Something of Myself where that meeting is mentioned; marginally in September 1988 (p 41); and then in March 1989 (pp 30-31) in a letter from Mrs Lewis, our Meetings Secretary, throwing new light on the ladies and on Kipling's friendship with them.

Mrs Lewis has now come across some unquarried material which helps to enliven the shadowy picture we had of the three ladies, and includes the sometimes critical opinions of one of them about the young Kipling and other literary figures of the day. Though Mrs Lewis has drawn selectively on the material, her article needs more room than this issue affords, so will be concluded in the next. — Ed.]

PART ONE

As was mentioned in my letter in the March Journal about the "three dear ladies" of Warwick Gardens, Miss Georgiana Craik, the youngest of the three, married late in life and became Mrs Walter May. Hers was the "quiet figure by the fireplace, composedly writing her next novel on her knee", twice mentioned by Kipling in Something of Myself. She was a prolific, if now forgotten, author of romances and children's books, having 36 published titles in the British Library catalogue.

Professor Thomas Pinney has directed me to some bound letters in the Bodleian Library which can now be identified as written by her. They are full of literary gossip, describing Kipling and several other authors as she and her family knew them. Mrs Mary Clapinson, M.A., the Keeper of Western Manuscripts, has kindly given me the Library's permission, as owners, to quote from the letters in the Journal. I am also grateful to Mr Hamp of the local history department at Kensington Central Library for his help and advice in researching the background.

* * *
There are five letters, extracted from Mrs May's correspondence with her friend Mrs Rebeccah Owen of 26 West 25th Street, New York, another lady with literary friends and interests. The opening page of the earliest is missing, but a note in a different hand dates it as "Apr. 12, 1890".

I wonder whether you in New York are taking any interest yet in our youngest and newest literary star — Rudyard Kipling — who is making such a sensation here just now? He came from India six months ago, where he had been sub-editor of a newspaper since he was 17. He is at this time 4 and 20: he has done nothing yet in England but produce short tales or poems (the last of these appearing in Macmillan) — but editors are besieging him to write for them, — a fortnight ago The Times did the most unusual thing of publishing a long article upon him, simply headed "Rudyard Kipling", and he is already in literary circles the most talked of young man in London. — We have a special interest in him because during three years of his boyish life — his parents being in India — our house in his holidays was his only English home. (And a pretty weight upon our minds the budding genius was during those times!)

It is not known exactly when Rudyard first arrived at Warwick Gardens, but at one moment in 1880 his mother was there with both her children and, says Carrington, "the house overflowed". Trix remained as a boarder, Rudyard spending at least some part of his school holidays there in her company. Carrington suggests that the boy "always prying into things", was too noisy and active for such a quiet household.3

But though Georgiana's novel-writing seems to have fascinated him, he evidently did not inhibit her muse: during the years 1880-82 she continued to publish a three-volume romance annually. In 1880 and 1881 she indeed reached her lifelong productivity peak, with two additional single-volume works.4 However in Sydney, her "three-decker" of 1881, there is what may be a sign of impatience with Rudyard's demands for attention: the heroine finds refuge from an importunate male in "a large chair at the fireside, whose high back and stiff elbows seemed a sort of defence to her . . . ". So the writer herself sat (as described in Something of Myself), "just outside the edge of conversation". Here is her description of him to Miss Owen:

When he came last year to England he paid a flying visit on the way to your country and conceived so great an enthusiasm for it
that he is eager now to see it again. So possibly he may some day appear in New York, and you may by chance come across him. Take note of him if you do. He is a very little fellow, with a hard harsh voice, and an eager powerful face, and a prodigious faculty for flowing but rapid incisive, humourously [sic] dramatic talk.

The second letter, like the first, is incomplete. It apparently dates from the summer of 1891, when Kipling and his Uncle Fred Macdonald made a short trip to New York to see Fred’s brother Harry. During his previous American visit in 1889, Kipling had written a series of articles describing his experiences, sometimes brashly or critically, for the *Pioneer* in Allahabad\(^5\). These were not intended to be read by his hosts, but were pirated in 1891 in several U.S. newspapers, and also as the booklet *American Notes* (New York, Ivers & Co). Many Americans found them offensive, as, apparently, did Miss Owen.

Rudyard Kipling was in America this month — but I suppose you didn’t see him? — nor desire to do so! He only made a rush over to see a sick uncle, — who was dead before he arrived. Now he is ordered by the doctors to go round the world — or something like that — and is going to start upon this expedition immediately. After which, I daresay you think, he will never be heard of more! — Tennyson did him the honour of writing to him the other day — quite unsoli[ci]ted — to congratulate him on a poem of his that he had read (it was a fine stirring poem, called, I think, "The English Flag.") and Rudd was enraptured. It was the greatest thing, he told Annette, that had ever happened to him. Some of his verses, you would find, are really worth reading . . .

I have not been able to trace Annette; possibly this was a nickname for Miss Winnard, whose Christian name was Hannah.

Mrs May herself had by this time almost ceased to publish: only one or two of her titles date from after Kipling’s return in the autumn of 1889. Possibly her leisurely dialogue and regard for Christian morals seemed out of tune with the new decade. Or perhaps she found the upheavals of married life prevented her from writing; the couple seem to have had no permanent home, but were eternally moving from lodgings to lodgings, or staying with relatives and friends. For
KIPLING, AGED ABOUT SIXTEEN

This photograph, taken in about 1882, shows Kipling as the "three ladies" of Warwick Gardens knew him, before he sailed for India. The portrait is at Bateman's, and though the reproduction above is a copy of a copy (kindly made for us by Mr Ted Willett of City University) thanks are due to the National Trust Administrator at Bateman's for approving our use of it.
whatever reason, it must have been purely by chance if Kipling caught her at this period (as, in his autobiography, he says he did) in the house of her sisters, "composedly writing her next novel on her knee".

After Georgiana Craik's marriage, Hannah Winnard and Mary Craik gave up the house in Warwick Gardens where Kipling had stayed. One reason why it is so hard to trace the date and venue of his meeting with Mary Kingsley, "at the quietest of tea-parties, in that circle", seems to be the peripatetic life that the Ladies now led. The elder two went for a time to live with Mr and Mrs George Hooper. The wife was Miss Winnard's sister; they had a son called Winnard or Wynnard, who became City Editor of The Times. A family of that name were living at 2 Pembroke Gardens, Kensington, but had left there before 1894, when Miss Kingsley returned from her first African voyage. Miss Winnard and Miss Craik were by that time living farther out, near Olympia in West Kensington, apparently with another member of the family.

The third of Mrs May's letters in the Bodleian is dated 3rd November 1890, from 66 North Street, St Andrews. The Mays had spent the year travelling about, staying in Surrey, London, the Isle of Wight and the New Forest, "where Miss Winnard and my sister joined us". From there they had toured Yorkshire, spending some time in Whitby, where Mr May found "more subjects to paint than he could in any way get painted". They arrived in Scotland in September. St Andrews, she says:

was my mother's birthplace, and the home of all her people for generations, and it was my Father's university . . .

They are about to return to London, and will spend the winter in Surrey:

My sister and Miss Winnard are in London . . . Rudd Kipling didn't go to America this year: he went to Naples instead. People talk about him as much as ever, and his books are sold everywhere. But, however hastily he throws off his short stories, he is taking immense pains over a long one — his first novel — that he has been writing and re-writing for I think the last four years — and which I suppose he hopes to make the foundation stone of his reputation. I don't for my part expect
that it will be pleasant reading — but I may be wrong. Your Howells, I see, has been falling foul of him . . .

This was probably William Dean Howells, who reviewed Kipling critically in 1890. The novel mentioned here must have been *Mother Maturin*, which was never finished, but part of which was absorbed into *Kim*.

**NOTES**

1. Not Georgina, as she appears in the 1881 census. Further research suggests that her age is given there as 50, not 38 — a misreading, for which I apologise, due to a heavy pencil mark on the census form.

2. pp 21 and 77 in Macmillan editions.


4. (i) *Hilary's Love Story* (London, The Bluebell Series, Marcus Ward, 1880); this publisher was hoping to break the power of Mudie's Library (whose influence was thought to keep prices unnecessarily high) by selling cheaply to the middle of the market,  (ii) *Mark Dennison's Charge* (London, Routedge, 1881).

5. Later collected in *From Sea to Sea*.


8. See a letter from W.L. Murray Brooks, *Kipling Journal*, September 1960, p 15; I am grateful to Dr Gillian Sheehan for bringing this to my attention.


10. *Kelly's London Directories*, 1888-1892. Mr Hooper is listed there until 1890, Mrs Hooper in 1891, and after that a different name.

11. See the 4th letter [in the next issue of the *Kipling Journal*, covering the 4th and 5th letters].
POINTS FROM READERS' LETTERS

KIPLING AND POUND

From Mrs J. McIntosh, 14 Broadway Close, Woodford Close, Essex

Mrs McIntosh writes about a reference to Kipling in E.F. Torrey's *The Roots of Treason: Ezra Pound and the Secrets of St Elizabeth's* (McGraw-Hill, New York, 1984). Torrey, referring to a period about 1910 (when the young Pound was coming to notice as an influential proponent of 'imagism' and modernism, long before his seduction by fascism, drift into treason, and consignment to an asylum), says [p 2 & p 66] that Pound claimed that "Kipling had called him one of the world's great poets". The footnotes, though not very illuminating on this point, cite a letter from Pound to A. MacLeish [December 16, no year] in the Library of Congress; and the Philadelphia Evening News of 29 June 1911, also quoted in N. Stock's *Life of Ezra Pound* (1970).

As Mrs McIntosh says, it would be interesting to know which poems had apparently provoked such a eulogy from Kipling.

KIPLING AND LORCA

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

Mr Philo writes about a review of *Federico Garcia Lorca: a Life* by Ian Gibson (Faber, 1989), in the *Times Literary Supplement*, 7-13 July 1989. According to the reviewer, "a group of talented iconoclastic friends, united in devotion to the unique atmosphere of Granada, used to meet in the back corner or rinconcillo of the Almeda Café ... Other luminaries to pass through the rinconcillo were Andrés Segovia, Falla, Satie, Fauré, Stravinsky, H.G. Wells, Kipling, and de los Rios himself..."

Mr Philo wonders if there is any known authentication of the idea of Kipling "sitting in the back corner of a cafe in Granada and yarning with Lorca and his cronies"; or whether the Spanish records reveal something that the English do not.
KIPLING AND BEERBOHM

From Mr Bryan Diamond, 16 Scot Grove, Pinner, Middlesex HA5 4RT

Mr Diamond, referring to data he himself submitted, at page 47 of our March 1989 issue, about Max Beerbohm's campaign of detraction of Kipling, now answers an editorial question I put at the foot of that data. Was it really true, I asked, that Beerbohm had concocted that unworthy parody in *The Times* in 1918, "The Old Volunteer"? Kipling — to judge from *Something of Myself*, well worth reading on this — did not suspect him of it.

Mr Diamond now produces seemingly conclusive evidence, from *The Lies of Art: Max Beerbohm's Parody and Caricature* by John Felstiner (Gollancz, 1973, p 160). Felstiner is categorical that the spoof was Beerbohm's, and describes the MS from Beerbohm's papers, in Beerbohm's hand "under his drawing of *The Times*'s masthead for May 27,1918", and the "note from the next day's paper . . . that Rudyard Kipling had written in disowning the verses: 'We apologise to Mr. Kipling and to our readers, and we are investigating the forgery.'"

Note by Editor. Readers may have read in *The Times* of 5 August 1989 a review by Anna Bramwell of *Letters of Max Beerbohm, 1892-1956* (ed. Rupert Hart-Davis, Oxford). The reviewer expressed some notable opinions — that Beerbohm's "fastidious wit had the strange effect of enhancing its victim", that he was a "caricaturist without malice", that "he disliked to hurt", and that "because he did not feel enough affection" for him "he refused to caricature Kipling" [my italics]. Though it is true that on one occasion in 1915 Beerbohm expressed to Edith Wharton an unexplained reluctance to "have a fling at Kipling", this was not his usual stance.

I duly wrote to the Editor of *The Times*, that his reviewer was mistaken and that "Beerbohm ferociously caricatured Kipling in several published cartoons which are well known. He also parodied him in both verse and prose, but the hostility and cruelty of his drawings is best remembered." The letter was not printed.

KIPLING AND JAMES

From Mr Norman Entract, Secretary of the Kipling Society

Mr Entract has sent without comment an entertaining extract from a book about Henry James, *The Legend of the Master* (Constable, 1947, p18) by Simon Nowell-Smith [b. 1909]. It relates to James's excellent French, of which "M. Bourget once gave me a wonderful illustration
Mr James was staying with himself and Madame Bourget. . . not long after the appearance of Kipling's *Seven Seas* [1896]. M. Bourget . . . complained of Mr Kipling's technicalities . . . he could not make head or tail of McAndrew's Hymn. Whereupon Mr James took up the book, and standing by the fire, fronting his hosts, there and then put McAndrew's Hymn into vigorous idiomatic French — an extraordinary feat . . ."

"SI TU PEUX" [3]

*From Mr J.M. Huntington-Whiteley, V.R.D., 6 Matheson Rd, London W14 8SW*

Mr Huntington-Whiteley [who, incidentally, as a grandson of Stanley Baldwin, is a cousin twice removed of Rudyard Kipling] writes that the translation of "If— " by André Maurois (mentioned by another correspondent in our June 1989 issue and reproduced in our September 1985 issue) is probably the best rendering of the poem in French. He goes on to refer to another "translation-cum-transposition" which was "not so successful... an American version produced by the U.S. Navy towards the end of the last war, for distribution to all ships and establishments. Needless to say, Elsie Bambridge took immediate steps to have the circular withdrawn, not, she told me, because the poem had been distorted in its adaptation as a warning of the perils of venereal diseases, but rather because it would be 'fun' to take on the U.S. Government for flagrant breach of copyright!"

**CHERRY POYNTER**

*From Mrs Meryl Macdonald Bendle, 89 Sea Mills Lane, Stoke Bishop, Bristol BS9 1DX*

I am grateful to Mrs Bendle, herself a related Macdonald, for correcting a hasty slip on pp 38-39 of our June 1989 issue. Cherry Margaret *(née Burnett)* was of course the wife of Ambrose Macdonald Poynter (1867-1923, eventually 2nd Baronet), and *not* of his father Edward John Poynter (1836-1919, 1st Baronet). The Kipling-Poynter connection hinges on the fact that Sir Edward Poynter's wife was Agnes Macdonald, who as one of the 'Macdonald sisters' was a sibling of Rudyard Kipling's mother.
DHOLES

From Dr Frieda Hartley, at Brown's Hotel, Dover Street, London W1

Dr Hartley, noting at page 40 in our June 1989 issue a query as to the extent of 19th century knowledge of dholes in India, refers us to G.P. Sanderson's *Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India* (W.H. Allen, 1878). As she says, that book was quoted by Lockwood Kipling in *Beast and Man in India* (1891), which suggests that the son may have seen it in his father's library, particularly as the description of the elephant-catchers in "Toomai of the Elephants" [*The Jungle Book*] seems to draw on Sanderson's account.

Of the dhole, Sanderson says at p 275:

> These animals are not numerous; their operations are of a character so destructive and harassing to game that no tract could support them in any considerable number . . .

He gives two gruesome accounts of their hunting methods:

> . . . two dogs chased a spotted hind past my tent. One of them halted at sight of the encampment; the other, which was within springing distance, made two snatches at the exhausted creature's abdomen, and then drew off. The bites were inflicted at lighting speed: the deer went but a few paces when, she fell with her entrails protruding . . .

On another occasion, he says:

> . . . a noble spotted stag came racing down an open glade, his branching antlers laid along his back, and three wild dogs at his flanks. They had only time to make a snap or two each when we interfered . . . [later we found that] in a moment's biting it had been emasculated, and about four pounds of flesh torn from the inner part of its thighs. Similar injury might easily be inflicted on a tiger. I have seen more than one flee from a pack of curs . . .

Dholes hunt "almost exclusively during the day", and:

> their tactics are not to attack in front; they never expose themselves to the horns or hoofs of powerful deer . . .

These passages, Dr Hartley very reasonably suggests, may have given Kipling the idea that dholes would be suitable villains for a story; hence "Red Dog" [*The Second Jungle Book*].
KIPLING AND AMERICA: A CENTENARY

From Professor Enamul Karim, Rockford College, 5050 East State St., Rockford, Illinois 61101, U.S.A.; & Mr Peter Mustell, 1509 Euclid Ave., Berkeley, California 94708, U.S.A.

I am grateful to Professor Karim (the Society's North America representative) and to Mr Mustell, for drawing attention (though too late for our June issue) to an exhibition at the famous Bancroft Library at the University of California, Berkeley, as advertised opposite.

It includes rare books, manuscripts, photographs, letters and broadsides collected variously by Charles Mills Gayley (Professor of English, University of California, 1889-1923) and Henry Morse Stephens (Professor of History at the same university, 1902-1919), and some particularly rare items from the G.M. Williamson Collection which was auctioned in 1915 to Templeton Crocker (grandson of Charles Crocker, a pioneer of the C.P.R.), and then purchased by the Bancroft Library from the late Warren Howell, the San Francisco book dealer. The exhibition has earned distinction not only from an array of highly interesting exhibits but from an inaugural Bancroft Address by Professor Thomas Pinney of Pomona College (who is working on Kipling's Letters), entitled "Kipling Discovers America in 1889".

It is indeed an anniversary worth pondering: Kipling was to develop mixed feelings about the U.S.A. — love, certainly, and, if not hate, disapproval — and, as Mr Mustell reminds me with quotations out of From Sea to Sea and other sources, the mixture began to be apparent in the vivid, tactless, exuberant accounts that a precocious journalist dashed off for a newspaper in India, as he crossed America a century ago.

ROTTINGDEAN RIFLE CLUB [5]

From Mr R.B. Appleton, The Barn, Gelli Farm, Cymmer, Port Talbot, West Glamorgan, SAB 3NN

Mr Appleton has taken much trouble to look into a question raised by Mr Shearman in an earlier letter in this series (March 1989, p.43) and partly answered by Mr Thomas (June 1989, p.33). It centred on Kipling in "The Parable of Boy Jones" [Land and Sea Tales] quoting "the F.R.G.S." as saying the earth's rotation affected a rifle bullet by
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RUDYARD KIPLING IN AMERICA

1889

AN EXHIBITION MARKING THE CENTENNIAL
OF HIS ARRIVAL IN SAN FRANCISCO

12 JUNE – 27 NOVEMBER, 1989

REGULAR HOURS
Monday through Friday, 9am to 5pm, and Saturday, 1pm to 5pm

CLOSED
June 17 and 24; July 1 and 4; September 2 and 4; November 23, 24, 25

The poster (reduced) announcing the exhibition described opposite
"one yard in a thousand". The question was whether this was scientific nonsense.

Mr Appleton has gleaned learned comment from three sources, as follows:

(A) From Brigadier K.A. Timbers, Royal Artillery Historical Trust, Old Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, London SE18 4DN

The Brigadier says the muzzle velocity of a bullet from a .303 Lee Enfield rifle would be 2060 ft per second; the Coriolis Effect could have a bearing on subsequent velocity; and he refers us to the Text Book of Ballistics & Gunnery, volume I (HMSO, 1987), at pages 483 ff.

(B) From Mr D.C. Hardy, The Met. Office Public Services, London Road, Bracknell, Berkshire RG1 2SZ

Mr Hardy, in a long and painstaking reply, says "the F.R.G.S." overstated the Coriolis Effect, which he explains in simple terms which I have abbreviated, as follows:

"... Imagine you are looking down at the North Pole, on a geographical globe with latitude lines marked. What you see, in only two dimensions, appears like a disc, but the distance between the latitude lines gets greater as you move into the centre, i.e. poleward. (In three dimensions, of course, the distance is the same.)

The Earth revolves once a day, and the circumference is almost 25,000 miles, so the land surface at the equator is moving through space at over 1000 m.p.h., while that at the pole is effectively at rest. Like the distance between latitude lines getting greater with increasing latitude, so the decrease of relative speed gets greater: the change is not regular or linear.

Consider the free atmosphere at the equator moving with the surface below, being heated and, as cooler surface air spreads in from either side, tending to rise and move away (the trade winds, NE'ly in the northern hemisphere, SE'ly in the southern). With the conservation of angular momentum, this parcel of air tries to maintain its original velocity of over 1000 m.p.h. but the land beneath is moving slower relatively as it moves poleward. All measurements etc are made at fixed places on the surface, including those of wind speed and direction relative to the surface. The overall effect is for the air to apparently deflect to the right in the northern hemisphere and to the left in the southern. This results in the general west-east motion of air round the globe in both hemispheres, and is normal from about 20 degrees north or south of the equator.

Of course, differential heating of the surface comes into play, with major changes due to oceans, and the west-east flow is modified into troughs and ridges, an everyday feature of medium-level global flow; with better weather and drier air associated with ridges or areas of mainly subsiding air, and conversely cloud and rain and mainly rising air in the troughs. Air moving towards the equator, rather than away, still obeys this rule of turning right (northern hemisphere) and left (southern), as on these occasions the surface is moving relatively faster than the air moving over it . . .
As to your query about the rifle, I doubt if it would have any material effect, given the small time-interval and restricted range; a slight tremor of the hand would have far greater effect. However with long-range artillery, the Coriolis Effect must be taken into account; firing range computers are programmed accordingly . . ."

Mr Hardy also enclosed copies of the entries under 'Coriolis' in The Met. Glossary, his department's 'bible'. They are somewhat mathematical and I forbear to reproduce them here.

(C) From Professor P. C. Parks, Mathematics Group, Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham, Wiltshire SN6 8LA

Another courteous and erudite reply, from the Bashforth Professor of Mathematics at Shrivenham, is rather abstruse and technical, and though I have permission to use it, and will gladly furnish enquirers with a copy, this is not the place for it. He accepts that the Earth's rotation could affect a rifle bullet, but considers "one yard in a thousand" a substantial over-estimate.

With that, I am sure we should now cease to be diverted by the Coriolis Effect.

KIPLING AT VILLA L'ENCHANTEMENT

From Mrs Elisabeth Buzzard, Avenue des Phalènes 36, 1050 Brussels, Belgium

Mrs Buzzard, a new member of the Society, has kindly sent us a childhood reminiscence of Kipling, and photocopies of two unpublished letters from Kipling to her father, Colonel C.N. Buzzard, C.M.G., D.S.O. (1873-1961). The period is question was 31 January to 10 May 1934, when the Kiplings — who were both intermittently in very poor health that spring — were staying in the south of France. Mrs Buzzard writes as follows:

"I was brought up before the war on a manor farm, in the still unspoilt country behind Cannes. My father, a retired British Army officer, had settled there, and took to bee-keeping and the cultivation of vineyards and olive groves as well as keeping up his life-long hobbies: he was an accomplished landscape artist, and writer.

The Kiplings rented a villa called "l'Enchantement" tucked amidst a thick copse of evergreens a few hundred yards west of our olive groves. I expect a kind of friendly acquaintanceship must have been renewed between my parents and the Kiplings during the time they spent there. My father had met Kipling whilst fishing and sailing in Cornwall some twenty years before, and now both shared an
enthusiasm for olive trees. I still own an oil-painting of my father's, of our King olive tree, inscribed on the back, Painted by request of Rudyard Kipling but not delivered owing to his illness and death. Kipling gave me a plaited brown leather dog-collar for my pet mongrel, Miki.

'Don't lose that collar,' my father would repeat. 'You can later say it was given to you by Rudyard Kipling, and that he himself inscribed your dog's name and address on it.' I still remember the painstakingly scratched-in letters shining on the metal identification-plate. It had been done with scissors or a knife, and must have been a tedious job! Miki died, and the collar unfortunately got lost, as children's treasures so often do.

However, I can still picture Rudyard Kipling most vividly. I see him standing against a clear sky by the pond at the foot of our domain, talking to my father. He looked thin and rather remote and, in his stuffy dark town suit, quite out of keeping with the surrounding exterior. But then, I could not quite accept his existence in the first place. To a seven-year-old worshipper of the Jungle Books, it had come as a painful shock to think of Mowgli and all the animals as mere inventions of this quiet elderly man. Mowgli's adventures, which I absorbed into my own make-believe world under the olive trees, were more intensely real than Rudyard Kipling could ever be; but this was too difficult a feeling ever to be conveyed to an adult. I never spoke about the Jungle Books to Mr Kipling, nor did he ever mention them to me."

The first of the two letters reads:

Mar. 3/34  
Dear Colonel Buzzard  
Thank you very much indeed for that delightful honey. It was exactly what we were looking for but, at this time of the year, it is not easy to come by.  
I'm afraid I'm not much good for going out yet: but I'd be very happy if you'd care to come over some afternoon after 5 p.m. I'm so grateful to you for letting us tramp about your domain — specially those glorious old olive terraces.  
Most sincerely  Rudyard Kipling

The second and similar letter, reproduced opposite, reads:

The picture came yesterday but the price wasn't attached. Your agent at Cannes, however, said it would be about fr.350 which I send with this. If it is more please let me know. I am very glad to have got the study because it will always be a reminder of your glorious olive terraces through which Mrs Kipling and I have had such pleasure in walking.
LETTER FROM VILLA L'ENCHANTEMENT

The provenance of this letter to Kipling's neighbour at 'Manoir de l'Etang, Mougins', inland from Cannes, is explained at pp 43-44. The picture in question remains to be identified.
BOOK REVIEW

This is actually not so much a 'review' as an 'Editor's note', and not of one book but of a set, albeit still incomplete. Its purpose is to bring to the attention of our readers a major literary venture, a wholesale translation of Kipling into German, being carried out steadily by a single editor/translator, Gisbert Haefs, through a single publisher, Haffmans of Zurich.

I heard of the project last year in a letter from one of our German members, Jutta Isenberg of Dortmund, who wrote:

... a new edition of Kipling's works in German has appeared in the bookshops — a completely new translation which, judging by the few examples I've read, is very good. The look of the new edition is nice too. To accompany it there's an excellent little volume which introduces the reader to the works of R.K.; it's well structured with lots of picture material. Personally I thought the part which shows the differences in the various German translations, compared with the original, fascinating. It's good to find something sensible and up to date about Kipling in my mother tongue...

I have now received sample volumes from Gisbert Haefs, who has also kindly presented a set to the Society's Library. He is humorously modest about his attainment and says that:

Unlike Professor Slobozhan [whose letter about translations into Russian was in our issue of March 1989], I am blessed with a publisher who is a captain courageous enough not to interfere, so that I can do R.K. such justice as our language of a 'lesser breed' can afford...

He adds that he sometimes wonders [as many of us do] why, while the copyright held good, Macmillan missed the chance to publish ambitious editions of Kipling such as others in Britain and overseas have now been producing.

In a later letter he lists the volumes in his series already printed, and those currently in hand, as follows:
MAHBUB ALI, THE LAMA AND KIM

The cover illustration by Nikolaus Heidelbach for *Kim*, in the German edition described opposite: copied by Ted Willett of City University.
Available titles:

To be published in 1990:
Selected Poems/Ausgewahlte Gedichte (bilingual).
Die Vielfalt der Geschopfe [A Diversity of Creatures].
Genau So Geschichten [Just So Stories].

All are in the series Rudyard Kipling: Werke, published by Haffmans Verlag, Hubenstr. 19, CH 8057, Zurich. They can be ordered via major booksellers in the U.K. or directly from the publisher. The prices are set in DM or SFr, and import prices in Sterling or other currencies may be somewhat higher.

Gisbert Haefs tells me that the volume of Selected Poems "is meant to present Kipling's most important, most controversial and best-known poems at this early stage of the edition", and later will be subsumed in a collection of the Complete Verse. He is also incidentally working on a translation of Kipling's Japan (ed. Sir Hugh Cortazzi & George Webb); this is for a different publisher, but he proposes to use the same version of Kipling's variant texts when he reaches From Sea to Sea and Letters of Travel in the Haffmans series.

All this represents a colossal effort; Kipling's virtually irreproducible style, and the wealth of tacit allusion that invisibly fills his pages must make any translator's task — which if well done is never simple except with utterly straightforward material — both difficult and fascinating. Gisbert Haefs is having to think about inner and relative meanings in a way that those of us who read Kipling (or anyone else) for mere pleasure do not. I have asked him if he will write something about this for the Journal, during an interval from his labours, and he has kindly agreed to do so.

See how he translates the first sentence of "In Ambush" (Stalky & Co.), which reads: "In summer all right-minded boys built huts in the
Another cover picture by Nikolaus Heidelbach, for *The Complete Stalky & Co.* (i.e. a volume containing the various stories not in the standard *Stalky & Co.* collection), in the Haffmans edition rendered into German by Gisbert Haefs. Copied for the *Kipling Journal* by Ted Willett.
furze-hill behind the College — little lairs whittled out of the heart of
the prickly bushes, full of stumps, odd root-ends, and spikes, but,
since they were strictly forbidden, palaces of delight. . ." In German
it becomes:

Im Sommer bauten alle geistig gesunden Jungen Hütten am
Stechginster-Hügel hinter dem College — kleine Höhlen, aus
dem Herzen der stacheligen Büsche herausgeschnippelt, voll
von Stümpfen, krummen Wurzelenden und Dornen; aber weil
streng verboten, waren es Paläste der Wonne . . .

As for verse, no prize is awarded for identifying one of the
"Parade-Songs of the Camp-Animals" in the last section of The
Jungle Book. It was written to the tune of "The Lincolnshire
Poacher", and a similar rhythm can be found in the German:

Wie ich und die Kumpane am Berg gekraxelt sind,
gabs keinen Weg, nur Steinschlag, und wir habens doch
gepackt;

wir können uns schängeln und klettern, Jungs, wir kommen
überall rauf,

und am schönsten ist es hoch auf nem Berg, mit Platz für grad
nochn Bein!

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome to the Society the following new members:

Mr D.E. Brockway (New York, U.S.A.); Mrs E. Buzzard (Brussels, Belgium);
The Revd Canon A. Coldwells (Berkshire); Wing Commander C.W. Cox (Suffolk);
Lt-Colonel Å. Dahlström (Bromma, Sweden); Mrs E.A. Dobson (Nova Scotia,
Canada); Mr D. Elroi (Rhode Island, U.S.A.); Mr M.J. James ap John
(Buckinghamshire); Miss D. Ladd (Herefordshire); Mr N. Mackenzie (Ontario,
Canada); Mr E.A. Myers (California, U.S.A.); Mysore University Library (Karnataka,
India); Dr N.E. Schaumburger (New Jersey, U.S.A.); Ms T. Thomas (London);
Major-General Sir David Thorne (London); Miss A.R. Tintner (New York, U.S.A.).
THE KIPLING JOURNAL
AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The *Kipling Journal*, as the house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all members. Its significant contributions to learning since its foundation in 1927 have earned it a high reputation. It has been able to publish many important items by Kipling not readily found elsewhere, and an immense quantity of valuable historical, literary and bibliographical commentary, in various shapes, by authorities in their field. In the academic study of Kipling, no serious scholar overlooks the *Journal's* wealth of data, which is soon to be comprehensively re-indexed. Over two hundred libraries and English Faculties, in a dozen countries, receive it as corporate members of the Society.

However, though scholarly in general tendency, the *Journal* is not an austerely academic production. It aims to entertain as well as to inform. This is both necessary and easy. Necessary because the Society's membership is at least as representative of the ordinary reader as of the university researcher. Easy because there exists an inexhaustible reservoir of engrossing material — by virtue of the tremendous volume and variety of Kipling's writings, the scope of his travels, acquaintance and correspondence, the diversity of his interests and influence, the scale of the events that he witnessed, the exceptional fame that he attracted in his lifetime, and the fascinated attention that he continues to attract.

The Editor is glad to receive, from members and non-members alike, articles or letters bearing on the life and works of Kipling. The range of potential interest is great, from erudite correspondence and scholarly literary criticism to such miscellanea as may justify attention, e.g. reports of new books or films; press cuttings; sales catalogues; unfamiliar photographs; fresh light on people or places that Kipling wrote about; and of course unpublished letters by Kipling himself, particularly ones of any biographical significance.

Authors of prospective articles should know that length may be crucial, because the volume of material coming in steadily exceeds the space available. A page holds under 500 words, so articles of 5000 words, often requiring preface, notes and illustrations, may be hard to accommodate quickly. Even short pieces usually have to wait. Naturally, as with other literary societies, contributors are not paid; their reward is the appearance of their work in a periodical of repute.

The Secretary of the Society arranges distribution of the *Kipling Journal*, and holds a very attractive stock of back numbers for sale. However items submitted for publication should be addressed to The Editor, Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ, England.
THE KIPLING SOCIETY
AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). When it was founded in 1927 by J.H.C. Brooking and a few enthusiasts, it met with predictable disapproval from Kipling himself but it quickly gained, and thereafter retained, a substantial membership. It remains today one of the most active and enduring of the many literary and historical societies in Britain. Being the only one in the world that focuses specifically on Kipling and his place in English Literature, it also attracts members from many other countries, who duly receive the quarterly *Kipling Journal* (which is the subject of a note on the previous page).

As a non-profit-making cultural organisation, run by volunteers to provide a service to the public as well as to its members, the Kipling Society is a Registered Charity in Britain. Its activities are controlled by its Council, but routine management is in the hands of the Secretary, at its London office. However, its large membership in North America is mainly coordinated from Rockford College, Illinois, and there is an active branch in Melbourne, Australia.

For fuller particulars of its organisation, and a list of impending meetings, see pages 4 and 5 of this issue. The Society's main London activities fall into three categories. *First*, maintaining a specialised Library which scholars may consult, and answering enquiries from the public (e.g. schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request; *second*, arranging a regular programme of lectures, and an Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker; *third*, publishing the *Kipling Journal*.

Kipling, in his day a phenomenally popular writer, appeals still to a wide range of 'common readers' attracted by his remarkable prose and verse style, his singular ability to evoke atmosphere, and his sheer skill in narrative. These unacademic readers, as well as professional scholars of English literature, will find much to interest them in the Society and its *Journal*. New members are made welcome. Particulars of membership may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Kipling Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ. Current annual subscription rates are:

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