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This authoritative publication, established in 1829, runs to some 140 pages per issue, including illustrations. It carries many informative articles, reviews and notes, contributed by well known writers, on wide-ranging military and defence topics — British and international, current and historical, technical and general.

There is much to interest members of the Kipling Society, and there are not infrequently items directly related to Kipling’s writings. We have recently published an article by George Webb on The Irish Guards in the Great War; another by Peter Lewis on The War in the Mountains, Kipling’s evocative impression of the Italian front in 1917; and two reviews of new collections of Kipling. We have further items of this sort in mind.

The annual subscription for 1993 is £44 — but for members of the Kipling Society there is a special rate, £39.50. Enquiries and remittances to the AQ & DJ, 1 West Street, Tavistock PL19 8DS, Devon, England.

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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 9 February 1994 at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel (Dover & Albemarle Streets, London W1) Dr J.D. Lewins of Magdalene College, Cambridge, on Kipling, Pepys and Magdalene College.

Wednesday 20 April 1994 at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel, Peter Keating, editor of the new Penguin anthology of Kipling's verse, on Hearing Kipling's Poetry.

Wednesday 4 May 1994 at 12.30 for 1 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League (Park Place, off St James's Street, London SW1), the Society's Annual Luncheon. The Guest Speaker will be Professor Pierre Coustillas, the distinguished French translator of Kipling, whose work was described in the Editorial of our June 1993 issue. Admission by ticket; application forms will be enclosed, for members in the U.K., with the present and the next issue of the Journal. Members resident abroad but intending to come to the Luncheon should write to me in good time.

Wednesday 13 July and Wednesday 14 September are dates on which it is intended to hold meetings at Brown's Hotel at 5.30 for 6 p.m. so please note them. Arrangements for speakers and topics, however, are not yet complete, and will be published in a future issue of the Journal.
PRIVATE MULVANEY MOUNTING 'OULD BARREL-BELLY'

A drawing by Reginald Cleaver for "My Lord the Elephant" – from Many Inventions (1893) but, with this picture, also collected in Humorous Tales (1931). The elephant is breaking up Antonio’s Carriage Emporium, Cawnpore, and "the whole Antonio firm an’ fam’ly" are on a nearby roof, volubly lamenting the damage. Mulvaney, his natural intrepidity enhanced by whisky, jumps on to the animal’s back with his Snider (but is it a Snider?). The ensuing escapade has a strange outcome when Mulvaney meets the elephant again in the Second Afghan War.
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[see over]
A CALLIGRAPHIC TIGER

Drawn or copied by Lockwood Kipling, to illustrate the dedicatory page of his *Beast and Man in India* (1891), a study of Indian animals in their relationship with people. "For pious Muhammadans," he wrote, "it has often been a practice of Oriental penmen, who are often artists, to weave the fine forms of Persian letters into the outlines of animals". When prayers are thereby delineated, "the piety of the inscription covers the profanity of the picture".
EDITORIAL

KIPLING'S VERSE, IN GERMAN

On page 37 is a letter from Gisbert Haefs, the translator of Kipling's works into German (in eight volumes so far). He wrote it at my instigation, and it describes the problems facing any translator into German of Kipling's individual style of verse; problems, some of them insoluble, which Gisbert Haefs encountered in producing last year an attractive new selection of Kipling's poetry – with English and German versions on facing pages – entitled Die Ballade von Ost und West.

I commend his letter for its clarity, wit – and humility. I am also grateful to its writer for saving me the necessity (for which, until I had his letter, I was prepared) of organising my thoughts, for this editorial, on a vexed topic, i.e. the extent to which a translator of poetry may aspire to produce something closely comparable with the original – comparable, that is, in literal accuracy insofar as the impalpable suggestiveness of poetic sense may permit, and at the same time comparable in atmosphere. The reproduction of rhythm (let alone rhyme-patterns) is too much to expect unless the two languages are structurally similar, but, if genuinely attainable, is felicitous.

"It is a translator's dream, to turn verse into verse," says Gisbert Haefs in his letter; but he disclaims any real success in doing so. His analysis of typical obstacles in the way of turning English verse into German verse without fatal loss of accuracy far transcends, of course, anything I could have tried to say. Yet he is probably too modest: read Die Ballade von Ost und West and judge. Again and again he recaptures the lilt, the length of line, the austerity of language, as in "Cities and Thrones and Powers" –

This season's Daffodil
She never hears
What change, what chance, what chill,
Cut down last year's. . .

Diesen Jahres Narzisse
wird nie erfahren,
welcher Wechsel, Zufall, Frost
die vorige schnitt. . .

or in "Harp Song of the Dane Women" –
What is a woman that you forsake her,
And the hearth-fire and the home-acre . . .

Was ist eine Frau, dass ihr sie verlasst
und das Herdfeuer und den Heim-Acker . . .

or in "Mandalay" –

On the road to Mandalay
Where the flyin'-fishes play . . .

Auf dem Weg nach Mandalay,
Wo die fliegenden Fische spielen . . .

or in ' 'For All We Have and Are' ' –

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war.
The Hun is at the gate . . .

Um alles was wir haben und sind,
um all unserer Kinder Los,
erhebt euch, ergreift den Krieg.
Der Hunne ist am Tor . . .

Naturally in translation rhyme will be lost, rhythm is seldom the same,
and that subtle quality that distinguishes poetry from prose may prove elusive; but Gisbert Haefs in this thoughtfully introduced and helpfully annotated collection of 85 poems by Kipling has provided some masterly renditions which capture not just the outward form but the spirit of the originals.

KIPLING AND MAGDALENE, CAMBRIDGE

Among the Secretary's Announcements on page 5 is the notice of a lecture to be delivered at Brown's Hotel on 9 February 1994, by Dr Jeffery Lewins, on 'Kipling, Pepys and Magdalene College, Cambridge'. Magdalene was Samuel Pepys's college, and is well known as the repository of his famous personal Library; the Kipling connection is less well known, and is centred upon the award to Kipling in 1932 of an Honorary Fellowship at Magdalene.

Dr Lewins, a Kipling enthusiast, has been a contributor to the
Kipling Journal. (There is a letter from him in this present issue, about "The Magic Square".) On a wider stage, he plays several active parts - as a Lecturer in Engineering at the University of Cambridge, as a Past President of the Institution of Nuclear Engineers, and, at Magdalene, as Fellow, Praelector, and Director of Studies in Engineering and Management.

Dr Lewins has written what will surely be the definitive account of Kipling's association with Magdalene, in the form of a very readable booklet, No 9 in what the College authorities call 'Occasional Papers' - a series of slender but authoritative publications on diverse topics. It runs to 32 pages, including illustrations, and is entitled Kipling and his 'Coll.' A signed copy may be obtained on application to the author, at Magdalene College, Cambridge CB3 OAG. (He suggests a surcharged price of £10 including postage: all profits to be applied to "a cause that we think would have appealed to Kipling", the College's Trust Fund for the Education of Engineers.)

AN EXPEDITION TO THE HIMALAYAS

Members living in Britain received, as an 'insert' with the last (September 1993) issue of the Journal, a leaflet about a planned expedition by a party of Oxford and Cambridge University climbers to a particularly remote area of the Himalayas, which has been little visited by outsiders and still has some unclimbed summits.

The project is explicitly associated with Kipling, indeed is called 'The Rudyard Kipling Memorial Expedition to the East Indian Himalayas'; it will take place in the autumn of 1994, consciously marking the centenary of The Jungle Book. Moreover, in addition to a programme of zoological and botanical research in which the support of the Bengal Natural History Society and the Wildlife Institute of India has been enlisted, the aim is to climb a hitherto unachieved summit of some 6000 metres, and name it after Kipling.

The area in question, in Arunachal Pradesh, has a reputation for formidable inaccessibility; the expedition is an ambitious one — in terms of scientific data-collection and of mountaineering — and we wish it luck. Our Society has gladly given some small financial support to the venture, but cannot do more; there remains an urgent need for funds, and donations are gratefully accepted. Members who would like to contribute to the expedition's costs, or who want more information, are invited to contact its Secretary, Emily Johns, B.M., B.A., at Christ Church, Oxford OX1 1DP.
THE RHYTHMS
OF RUDYARD KIPLING

by MARGARET MACPHERSON

[Professor Macpherson, a former Professor of English at Makerere University, Uganda, recently addressed one of our Society's meetings held at Brown's Hotel in London. Her theme was the rhythms and 'music' that characterise Kipling's poetry; and her accomplished and original presentation was exceedingly well received by an enthusiastic and attentive audience. Here it is, albeit with some of her quotations (mostly to be found in Hodder & Stoughton's 'Definitive Edition' of Kipling's Verse) necessarily shortened. – Ed.]

The folk-rhythms, the traditional rhythms, of a country seem to be related to the rhythms of the natural world. I imagine that we are not conscious of this in our own environment because it has always been there – although I wonder if the distaste some older people have for the rhythms of pop music, or even for atonal classical music, may be related to their subconscious experience of rhythms of an earlier time which no longer exist.

I think the first time I was aware of this was in Uganda. Listening to the patterns of bird-song, of cicadas, and the sounds of sheep, goats, dogs and children, I was suddenly aware that the complex drum-beats of Ganda music, the subtle interplay of cantor and chorus in folk-songs, the plaintive pentatones of the lyre, arose from those natural sounds I was hearing.

Kipling's background may therefore be of some relevance in looking at his rhythms and his music. I confine myself to the poetry, although I think a fruitful study could well be made of his prose narrative forms by linking them with his complex cultural background. He had a Goan ayah; there was a Hindu bearer in his home; and one of his father's greatest friends was a distinguished Parsee; in his early childhood his closest play-fellows were Indian children.

Then he was sent to England, and his foster-parents introduced a new and alien pattern. He wrote of his horrors in "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" [Wee Willie Winkie], but he was not immune to the new influences: the old sea-songs that the retired seaman, Captain Holloway, taught him, mingled with the evangelical hymns of the church they attended, and the seaside rhythms of Southsea where they lived. A counterpoint came from the holidays with his aunt – when
he was bathed in the Pre-Raphaelite aura, and where even the doorbell of The Grange symbolised so much joy that when the Burne-Joneses left the house Kipling acquired the bell-pull for his own front door.

His minor public school gave him the run of Devon music — both of its country and seaside, and of its people and their dialect — while his omnivorous reading widened his references. Music-hall songs; assembly hymns; his own writing (as he submitted to the influence of each successive author that he discovered); the public-school patterns of drill (specially in a school which prepared for Sandhurst) — one could go on ... But obviously the authentic Kipling music arises from a multiplicity of sources, natural, musical and literary.

Kipling was sufficiently sensitive to respond equally enthusiastically to the music-hall song, the border ballad, the richness of Shakespeare and of the Authorised Version of the Bible, the complex tabla rhythms of Bombay, Lahore and Simla, the vigour of African drums, and the folk-songs of the American dust-bowl.

So what is this Kipling Rhythm, this identifiable (and imitable) music? The first thing to do is to experience it: then perhaps we will be in a position to attempt to analyse some of its features. Kipling has been so frequently and successfully parodied that this in itself is an indication of the individuality of the voice, although so often he speaks through a persona – Tommy Atkins, McAndrew, Mowgli and so on.

May I introduce this idea, therefore, with four poems: "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal", "The Craftsman", "The Song of the Little Hunter" and "The Way Through the Woods".

First, "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal". The sestina is a complex form, nearly as demanding as the even more elaborate Villanelle. It has six stanzas of six lines each, followed by a final triplet; and the end words of each line in the first stanza are repeated in each successive stanza, but in varying positions. [Following are verses 1,2,6 and the envoi.]

> Speakin' in general, I 'ave tried 'em all —
> The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world.
> Speakin' in general, I 'ave found them good
> For such as cannot use one bed too long,
> But must get 'ence, the same as I 'ave done,
> An' go observin' matters till they die.
What do it matter where or 'ow we die,
So long as we've our 'ealth to watch it all –
The different ways that different things are done,
An' men an' women lovin' in this world;
Takin' our chances as they come along,
An' when they ain't, pretendin' they are good? . . .

. . . It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,
Which you can read and care for just so long,
But presently you feel that you will die
Unless you get the page you're readin' done,
An' turn another – likely not so good;
But what you're after is to turn 'em all.

Gawd bless this world! Whatever she 'ath done –
Excep' when awful long – I've found it good.
So write, before I die, "'E liked it all!"

There is the authentic Kipling stamp on it: it tells a story, it reveals the
cracter of the persona, it has a colloquial spoken tune, energy and
humour. But how little the poet reveals of himself!

Next, "The Craftsman". The argument that Shakespeare's characters
are drawn from life, and the way in which the craftsman transmutes
his material, are a theme that Kipling uses again. The 'feminine
endings' [ones with an extra, unstressed syllable at the end of a line of
verse] are typical. [Following are verses 1,3,4 and 5.]

Once, after long-drawn revel at The Mermaid,
He to the overbearing Boanerges
Jonson, uttered (if half of it were liquor,
Blessed be the vintage!). . .

How, while he hid from Sir Thomas's keepers,
Crouched in a ditch and drenched by the midnight
Dews, he had listened to gipsy Juliet
Rail at the dawning.

How at Bankside, a boy drowning kittens
Winced at the business; whereupon his sister –
Lady Macbeth aged seven – thrust 'em under,
Sombrely scornful.
How on a Sabbath, hushed and compassionate —
She being known since her birth to the townsfolk —
Stratford dredged and delivered from Avon
Dripping Ophelia . . .

For my third example I wanted a ballad; and I'm sorry that "The Ballad of East and West" is too long for my purpose. But may I draw your attention to its vigorous narrative in energetic couplets, with a splendid use of ballad ritual – place-names, dialogue and refrain. It contains one of the many quotations from Kipling that have come into the body of the language, so that we use them without realising their source: "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet..."

In parenthesis, may I remind you of a few other such quotations, to which you may like to add your own? "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!" – "The White Man's Burden" – "The female of the species is more deadly than the male" — "What should they know of England who only England know?" – "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair" – "The road to Mandalay" – "Cold iron" – "The Widow at Windsor" . . .

"The Song of the Little Hunter" is with "The King's Ankus" in The Second Jungle Book, and technically it is beautifully crafted — with its alliteration and onomatopoeia, its internal rhymes, its refrain with its contextual changes of meaning, all so unobtrusive that the pleasure of the rhythm is easy on the ear, and analysis reveals how truly observed and memorable it is. [Following are the first and last verses.]

Ere Mor the Peacock flutters, ere the Monkey People cry,
Ere Chil the Kite swoops down a furlong sheer,
Through the Jungle very softly flits a shadow and a sigh —
He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!
Very softly down the glade runs a waiting, watching shade,
And the whisper spreads and widens far and near.
And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even now –
He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!

When the heat-cloud sucks the tempest, when the slivered pine-trees fall,
When the blinding, blaring rain-squalls lash and veer,
Through the war-gongs of the thunder rings a voice more loud than all –
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!
Now the spates are banked and deep; now the footless boulders leap –
Now the lightning shows each littlest leaf-rib clear –
But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart against thy side
Hammers: Fear, O Little Hunter – this is Fear!

One might claim that most of Kipling's verse is merely verse, and verse for the speaking rather than the singing voice. It is perhaps surprising that so much of it has been set to music – "Boots", "Rio" ["I've never sailed the Amazon . . ."], "Gentlemen-Rankers", "A Smuggler's Song", "Recessional" (of course, written as a hymn). . . So there is a lyrical strain in his work: I wonder what you think of the compelling tune of "Mandalay" – perhaps a bit cheerful for the words?

However, I have chosen as our fourth example "The Way Through the Woods", another occasional poem which introduces the tale of "Marklake Witches" in Rewards and Fairies. [Following is verse 1.]

They shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago.
Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a road through the woods
Before they planted the trees.
It is underneath the coppice and heath
And the thin anemones.
Only the keeper sees
That, where the ring-dove broods,
And the badgers roll at ease,
There was once a road through the woods . . .

I must now restrain myself from simply sharing with you my own delight in much of Kipling's poetry, in order to see if we can identify those features which make the 'Kipling voice'.

He is equally at ease in dialogue form, and in dramatic monologue (as in "McAndrew's Hymn" or "The Mary Gloster"), and in the spine-chilling use of the cantor-response pattern in "Danny Deever" –
"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Colour-Sergeant said.

His knowledge of poetic form is wide, going back to the Latin forms of Virgil and Horace, whose succinctness he much admired though he didn't always imitate it. He was versed in the older English forms; and their 'sprung rhythms' [patterns in which one stressed syllable carries a succession of one to three unstressed ones] and strong caesura [break in the rhythm of a line of verse] and alliteration are used with effect.

"Gertrude's Prayer" [following is verse 2] illustrates this –

To-bruizèd be that slender, sterting spray
   Out of the oake's rind that should betide
A branch of girt and goodliness, straightway
   Her spring is turnèd on herself, and wried
And knotted like some gall or veiney wen. –
   Dayspring mishandled cometh not agen . . .

The context is interesting, for it comes from Limits and Renewals (1932), and is the 'discovered' piece of Chaucer produced by Manallace in the story called "Dayspring Mishandled". It is a comment on a fascinating tale, and has an authentic Chaucerian tone. Kipling has a deep understanding of history and people. In a way, his very ordinariness of thought was a strength – here as elsewhere. When he voices the feeling of the British private soldier in India, or of the Boer prisoner of war in South Africa, or reacts to public events of various kinds, he feels for many people at the time. We may reject such phrases as "lesser breeds without the Law", but that is what people felt at the time, and – let's face it – many people still do.

But we were talking of Kipling's use of his sources. Shakespeare and the Authorised Version of the Bible are strong; also the border ballad. Browning and Tennyson taught him the charm of the dramatic monologue; and he enjoyed ragtime and music-hall rhythms, as in "The Liner She's a Lady" –

The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds –
   The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er all she needs;
But, oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet seas roun',
   They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an' down . . .

Or he could achieve heartbreaking effect with the very simplest ballad form, in "My Boy Jack" –
'When d'you think that he'll come back?'

Not with this wind blowing and this tide.

That he lost his own son John in that war adds poignancy, but it spoke for all who had lost children.

In the refrain of "Gentlemen-Rankers" there is a splendid blues rhythm—

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa – aa – aa!
Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!

In much of his poetry he gives a voice to the inarticulate; hence the immediate popularity of *Barrack-Room Ballads*, for instance. Much of what is now labelled 'jingoistic' was a gut-response at the time. He writes better poetry, I think, when he puts himself in someone else's shoes or when he is telling a story, than when he is preaching, or simply criticising. But he is never less than sincere.

I find it interesting to look at Kipling's reaction to the outbreak of war in 1914, in "'For All we Have and Are'"—

. . . Comfort, content, delight,
The ages' slow-bought gain,
They shrivelled in a night.
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed . . .

and compare it with young Rupert Brooke's—

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England . . .

And there are ideals expressed in "If —" and "The Children's Song", still sufficiently respected for people to reproduce the former on teatowels, and to sing the latter as a hymn—
Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be . .

But this has been a digression: I must return to Kipling's technique. He seems equally at home with the long or the short line. His use of hexameters — maybe something he learned from Virgil — is often very effective, as in "The Gods of the Copybook Headings" –

In the Carboniferous Epoch we were promised abundance for all,
By robbing selected Peter to pay for collective Paul –

quatrain of hexameters rhyming in pairs.
Kipling's rumbustious sense of humour finds effective voice through his techniques, as in "We and They", where his use of the bracket is specially witty –

. . . We have Doctors to fee.
    They have Wizards to pay.
And (impudent heathen!) They look upon We
    As a quite impossible They! . . .

. . . But if you cross over the sea,
    Instead of over the way,
You may end by (think of it!) looking on We
    As only a sort of They!

He has, too, an ear for making the sound fit the sense; and was one of the first poets to see that there was poetry in machinery. In such tales as "The Ship that Found Herself" [The Day's Work] – a prose poem – and "With the Night Mail" [Actions and Reactions], his interest in modern inventions reveals itself. Perhaps the most splendid use of this is in "'Wireless' " [Traffics and Discoveries], but many of us will have a fondness for his hilarious tales of early motor-cars. For now, though, we must be contented with a few lines from "The Secret of the Machines" –

We were taken from the ore-bed and the mine,
    We were melted in the furnace and the pit –
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design,
    We were cut and filed and tooled and gauged to fit . . .
We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,
We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,
We can run and race and swim and fly and dive,
We can see and hear and count and read and write . . .

Kipling's complex rhyme-patterns – specifically his alternating, triple and duple patterns – and his lines ending with rising and then falling tones, are part of his rhythm. "Harp Song of the Dane Women" is one of my favourites: it illustrates a tale in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, "The Knights of the Joyous Venture". [Following are verses 7 and 8.]

Then you drive out where the storm-clouds swallow,
And the sound of your oar-blades, falling hollow,
Is all we have left through the months to follow.

Ah, what is Woman that you forsake her,
And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
To go with the old grey Widow-maker?

It sounds like Norse poetry, and yet is truly the Kipling voice, with its rhymed feminine endings, where the last syllable is unstressed, so there are two syllables rhyming.

Kipling often alternates an unrhymed feminine ending with a monosyllabic rhyme, as in "The Widow at Windsor", or "The White Man's Burden". [Following is verse 7.]

Take up the White Man's burden –
Have done with childish days –
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise.
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold-edged with dear-bought wisdom.
The judgment of your peers!

I would draw your attention to Kipling's use of dialect forms of all kinds; to his subtle use of refrain, for all kinds of purposes; to some splendidly poetic use of repetition, antithesis and onomatopoeia; to his use of parenthesis, and the throw-away line. And of course to 'enjambement' [the running-on of a thought, from one line/couplet/verse to the next], as in "Untimely", even if this is a poem where he is pontificating —
Nothing in life has been made by man for man's using
But it was shown long since to man in ages
Lost as the name of the maker of it,

Who received oppression and shame for his wages –
Hate, avoidance and scorn in his daily dealings –
Until he perished, wholly confounded . . .

He is a master of natural speech-rhythms falling into an easy iambic form – into which he can equally easily introduce the triple foot. This is why it is so easy to speak his poetry and remember it. Much of what he wrote is dated beyond recovery, except to social historians; but at his best he is still well worth reading.

In " 'Wireless' ", he claimed for Coleridge and Keats that in five lines of poetry between them they had reached a high-water mark but two of the sons of Adam have reached. Remember that in all the millions permitted there are no more than five — five little lines — of which one can say: 'These are the pure Magic. These are the clear Vision. The rest is only poetry.'

As for Kipling himself, in prose and verse he told a fine tale; and the two forms were usually closely interwoven. Let us end with "The Sea and the Hills", a poem which expresses two of his deep loves – which many of us share. Notice, as we listen to it, how Kipling subordinates his own feelings. Yet it moves. [Following is verse 1, used as a chapter-heading in Kim.]

Who hath desired the Sea? – the sight of salt water unbounded—
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-hounded?
The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foamless, enormous, and growing —
Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed hurricane blowing—
His Sea in no showing the same – his Sea and the same 'neath each showing: His Sea as she slackens or thrills?
So and no otherwise – so and no otherwise – hillmen desire their Hills!
THE KIPLING COLLECTIONS
AT MARLBORO COLLEGE, VERMONT

PART TWO
' A SMALL METAL BOX'

by SARAH CHILDS-GAGNON and PETER CARINI

[In our issue of September 1993, at pages 23-25, there appeared Part One of this two-part item: it was a general account of the important collections of Kipling material held by Marlboro College, Vermont, and was written for us by Sally Andrews, the Librarian in charge of them.

As I explained in a prefatory note to that article, there was to be a sequel (which this now is), wherein two of Sally Andrews's colleagues would kindly describe for us the contents of a box of papers which the Kiplings deposited at a bank in nearby Brattleboro a hundred years ago, and which they apparently forgot to take with them when they abruptly left Vermont in 1896.

The unexpected discovery of this box in 1992 led to uninformed speculation in the press: here, below, is a factual account of what it amounted to. The find proves to be of real, if partly enigmatic, interest – particularly perhaps where it reflects on the period between August 1891 and January 1892, when Kipling was travelling alone to South Africa, Australasia and India, on the journey which, at its outset, he celebrated so memorably in the lyrical verses of "The Long Trail". – Ed.]

In the spring of 1992, the residents of a small new England town were reminded, along with the rest of the world, that from 1892 to 1896 the world-renowned author, Rudyard Kipling, had lived in their midst. Kipling built his first home, began raising a family, and wrote some of his best-known works in Brattleboro, Vermont.

The reminder came when a small metal box of unclaimed property containing personal papers relating to Kipling, stored in a Brattleboro bank vault for nearly a hundred years, was discovered. The box and its contents were turned over to the Rice Library at Marlboro College.

The collection is small (25 items) and diverse in nature. It reveals only a fragment of Kipling's life and literary work. Despite this, it contains some very noteworthy personal items, as well as two obvious groups of related literary and business material. Among the treasures
are business and literary items relating to the novel *The Naulahka*; and six verses that were collected in *Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses* (1892).

To understand the meaning of this collection, and how and why Kipling came to live in Vermont in 1892, and to offer some explanation for this mysterious find at the bank, it is necessary to trace Kipling's life back to the year 1889.

**THE ROUTE TO VERMONT**

In 1889, at the age of twenty-three, Kipling arrived in England from India, and began his meteoric ascent to international literary fame. He lived in London for two years, and in that time wrote prolifically, producing many poems, short stories and his first full-length novel, *The Light that Failed*. He met many men and women in British literary society who would have a significant effect upon his later life, such as Henry James, Rider Haggard and Wolcott Balestier.

Balestier, an American writer and publisher from Brattleboro, became a close friend of Kipling's, helped to publish the first American editions of his works, and eventually became co-author of Kipling's second novel, *The Naulahka* — the only major work Kipling ever wrote in collaboration with another author.

But Balestier died suddenly on 6 December 1891 in Dresden, from typhoid, while Kipling was travelling in India. On hearing of his friend's death, Kipling returned immediately to England, and within weeks married Balestier's sister Caroline, in London on 18 January 1892.

On 3 February, shortly after their marriage, Kipling and his newly-wedded wife left Liverpool aboard the S.S. *Teutonic*, for a round-the-world wedding journey. Their first stop was the United States, where they visited Caroline's family for a brief time in Brattleboro. While there, they purchased several acres of land from Beatty Balestier, Caroline's younger brother.

In late March 1892, the Kiplings resumed their wedding journey, but were forced to cut it short in Japan in June, owing to a bank failure which left them with no ready cash. Using their last remaining financial resources, they returned to Vermont, to live in Bliss Cottage, near Caroline Kipling's mother.

While in Vermont from 1892 to 1896, Kipling wrote some of his best-known works, including the two *Jungle Books*, the short stories of *The Day's Work*, many of the poems of *The Seven Seas*, and *Captains Courageous*. 
While at Bliss Cottage, the Kiplings had their first child, Josephine, born on 29 December 1892. On 2 February 1896 their second child, Elsie, was born. During the four years the Kiplings lived in Vermont, they had an on-going relationship with Beatty Balestier. They hired him to oversee the construction of their new home, which they called "Naulakha" [sic], and to take care of many of the maintenance duties thereafter.

The Kiplings and Beatty Balestier—a boisterous, happy-go-lucky rowdy who was always short of cash—had many disagreements over money, life-style and property. Eventually their differences resulted in a roadside argument between Kipling and Balestier on 6 May 1896, when Balestier accused Kipling of spreading lies about his personal conduct and character around Brattleboro, and demanded that Kipling retract his alleged comments. When Kipling refused to retract anything, Balestier allegedly threatened him with bodily harm.

As a result of this roadside incident, Kipling filed charges against Balestier, and had him arrested on 9 May for "assault with force and arms, for using opprobrious and indecent names, and for threatening to kill" his brother-in-law. There was a hearing on 12 May, at which time a grand jury trial date was set for September. The incident drew a great deal of publicity—which Balestier revelled in, and Kipling abhorred. The case never came to trial, because the Kiplings left Vermont for England on 29 August 1896, never to return.

The encounter with Beatty Balestier, and the increasingly strained political relationship between the United States and Britain over Venezuela, were two factors that apparently caused the Kiplings' sudden departure. Their home, Naulakha, was sold in 1903 to Miss Mary Cabot.

THE COLLECTION

The collection contains a curious mixture of personal records, business and publishing information, and manuscript drafts of prose and verses. The dates of the collection range from 1 May 1891 to 1 March 1892, with some undated documents. The bulk of the undated materials are the manuscript drafts of prose and verse.

According to bibliographical catalogues of Kipling's works, these manuscripts can be dated partially according to their publication dates in periodical or newspaper form. The date range for this material is August 1888 to December 1892. With the exception of two literary manuscripts in the collection, the Kipling papers at Marlboro College pre-date Kipling's Vermont years. The bulk of the collection
is most representative of the time he spent in London between the fall of 1889 and early 1892.

It is not known when the papers were actually deposited at the bank, or why, or by whom. It is literally anyone's guess, why these particular 25 items were gathered together and placed in storage. The bank does not have any original record of a safe-deposit transaction occurring in the 1890s or at any other time, regarding the property of Rudyard Kipling. It seems likely that the box was dropped off at the bank in an informal manner, for safekeeping for a short period of time rather than for long storage: this would explain the lack of record-keeping. As to why the box was left at the bank, there does not seem to be any explanation except that it was simply forgotten.

When Marlboro College's representatives viewed the papers at the bank in 1992, a torn piece of a cardboard tag was found inside the metal box, with the written inscription, Mrs Caroline Kip, in ink; above the fragment Kip, someone had pencilled in the name Kipling. The torn tag suggests that the box was deposited by Mrs Kipling; and by the looks of the tag, it was probably at one time attached to the outside of the box.

The most logical time for the box to have been deposited at the bank for safe-keeping is some time in the spring of 1892, while the Kiplings were visiting Vermont on the first leg of their round-the-world wedding journey. This assumption is based on the fact that they were in transit, were about to embark on a very long journey, and had no permanent residence of their own.

Additionally, all but two items in the collection pre-date their arrival in Vermont, and are mostly things they would have been carrying with them from England. However, this poses another question: they must have had many papers and valuables besides the items stored at the bank, so why were these 25 items singled out for safe-keeping?

It is well known that most of Kipling's manuscript drafts were destroyed by Caroline, as was much of his personal correspondence, especially that regarding her brother Wolcott. So it is particularly interesting that the items in this collection were saved (or perhaps forgotten). The manuscripts in the collection are evidently fair copies with minor differences, rather than working manuscript drafts; however, the bulk of them contain some minor differences when compared with the first English edition printing, and a few show significant differences from the first English edition in book form.

The collection also contains a verse entitled "In the Keddah", which in its present form remained unpublished until 1992. Phrases from "In the Keddah" appear to be similar to passages found in The Jungle Book.
RELATIONSHIPS WITH WOLCOTT AND CAROLINE BALESTIER

Recently there has been some speculation and controversy regarding Kipling’s relationship with Wolcott and Caroline Balestier before his marriage in January 1892. A rare, undated fragment of a letter from Wolcott to Kipling in this collection refers to this relationship, and casts both light and shadow on this controversy. Two sentences, taken out of context, that may be most revealing about the nature of this relationship are: "Carrie bears up like the brave child she is, she counts the days, but she is strong", and "I want you back most hideously; but not enough to want you till the job's done."

Another item in the collection that may lend some insight into Caroline and Rudyard's relationship is the poem entitled "L'Envoi". There are several versions of it; the one in this collection begins, "There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield". It was first published in the Cape Illustrated Magazine in November 1891, with the title "The Long Trail"; and was later collected in Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses (1892) under the title "L'Envoi"; it appears again, as "The Long Trail", in later publications.

What is interesting about this manuscript draft is that it is apparently dedicated to Caroline Kipling: under the title-heading "L'Envoi" on the manuscript is a notation that reads "To C.K.". There are now three known variant forms of this poem. This manuscript repeats the phrase "dear heart" throughout, as in the line, "Ha' done with the tents of Shem, dear heart". In the first English edition and other subsequent publications the same line reads, "Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass" — with "dear lass" throughout. Finally, according to Charles Carrington's Rudyard Kipling, chapter 8, another draft of this poem exists in an American library, and it reads, "Have done with the tents of Shem, dear lad!"

THE NAULAHKA

The collection also contains a group of material related to the novel The Naulahka, which Kipling and Wolcott Balestier wrote jointly. It was first published in the Century Magazine in serial form from November 1891 to July 1892; it was also published in book form in 1892.

The collection contains seven items which relate to the business and publishing aspects of the serial edition as well as the book form. It also contains the Stage Play Licence for The Naulahka; the Copyright
Registry for Dramatic Pieces and Musical Compositions; the printed playbill for a special matinée performance of *The Naulahka*, a drama in three acts; a note to Wolcott Balestier regarding the use of the word "Castoria" in the serial form of the novel; and a letter to Wolcott Balestier from the Century Company, regarding payment for the serial publication.

There are also three manuscript pages from *The Naulahka* – being the concluding passages of the novel, as covered at pages 273-276 of the Heinemann first edition. The last item regarding *The Naulahka* is a manuscript page containing verse chapter-headings XIII, XVII, XVIII and xx. (The serial publication in the *Century Magazine* was without chapter-headings; they were added when the novel was reprinted in book form in 1892.)

OTHER ITEMS

Other manuscripts in the collection include six verses that were collected in *Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses* (1892), namely "Shillin' a Day", "The Ballad of the Bolivar", "Route Marchin' ", "With Scindia to Delhi", "L'Envoi" and "The Legends of Evil" (I and II).

The collection also contains a fragment of a working draft of " 'The Finest Story in the World' " (published in the *Contemporary Review* in July 1891, collected in *Many Inventions*); and a full working draft of "In Sight of Monadnock" (collected in *Letters of Travel*), a piece that Kipling wrote soon after his first visit to Brattleboro in February 1892.

Among the other documents in the collection are Kipling's marriage certificate (witnessed by his friends the author Henry James, the publisher William Henry Heinemann, and the literary critic Edmund Gosse); and a last will and testament dated 5 January 1892. The collection also includes two other documents relating to Kipling's publishing concerns and royalties.

CONCLUSION

In summary, this collection is a small gem to anyone interested in Kipling's life between 1890 and 1892. It will be of particular interest to those curious about Kipling's relationship with Caroline and Wolcott Balestier, and about his writings during the period of his rise to literary fame.

We think it fair to say that it answers few questions, and poses some
new problems: Kipling could not have left a better riddle to puzzle future scholars, if he had tried. It seems fitting that this collection should come to light almost exactly a hundred years after it was deposited in a bank vault in Vermont, and in time to coincide with the restoration by the Landmark Trust of Kipling’s home in Brattleboro. It is almost as if Kipling himself wanted to make sure that this period of his life should not be forgotten.

NO ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS

THE KIPLINGS IN ROTTINGDEAN, Part II

by MICHAEL SMITH

[This is the concluding part of an article on the Kiplings in Rottingdean, by Michael Smith, Chairman of the Society’s Council. In my prefatory note to Part I, at page 13 in our last issue, I mentioned that he was an authority on the local history and geography of the Rottingdean area; and that he had recently been the main organiser of a seminar about Rottingdean and the Kiplings.

His two-part article derives from the text of his addresses on that occasion. The first part ended at the point where Alfred Harmsworth of the Daily Mail (later Lord Northcliffe) motored down to Rottingdean in October 1899 to see Kipling – a visit which both led to the fund-raising “Absent-Minded Beggar” verses and stimulated in Kipling what became a life-long love of cars.

Michael Smith here touches on some other features of the Rottingdean years – including the Boer War, and the stimulus it gave to the formation of rifle clubs. Kipling played a key part in establishing one in Rottingdean; years later, in 1910, he wrote a vivid account of just such a club – with strong emphasis on the national case for it – in “The Parable of Boy Jones”, collected in Land and Sea Tales. But by that time he was permanently associated with Sussex, and the varied scenery of that county had been celebrated in some of his most evocative prose and verse. – Ed.]

Alfred Harmsworth’s visit to Rottingdean was successful not only in achieving a notable benefit for the Soldiers’ Families’ Fund, and in sparking Kipling’s fascination with the internal combustion engine; it also spurred him to set up a volunteer company of village men willing to learn to use rifles.
Rifle Clubs were mushrooming throughout the land, in response to a sense of national emergency. A range was laid out across the nearby Lustrells Vale, so that the butts took advantage of the rising side of the valley; and a combined drill-shed and indoor range was erected just across the road from The Elms. The local Ordnance Survey six-inch map of the period shows firing-points for the open range, at 200 yards and from 500 to 900 yards.

In a letter published in the Spectator on 22 June 1901, Kipling described the birth-pangs of his force, and gave pertinent pen-portraits of his volunteers. These had to qualify in the shed on the 'Morris Tube' [a standard service rifle, adapted to fire .22 calibre cartridges for indoor-range training purposes] before being allowed on the open range –

We were born, with many others, in the Black Week of '99; and the story of our adventures would fill a book. It is enough for the world to know that the Marquis, the Squire and the Farmer gave us leave to lay out a thousand-yard range over their broad Downs; that the range was made and passed to National Rifle Association specification; that we number, perhaps, sixty working members, and hope to become fair shots. You may see us, any week-end, strolling down by ones and twos to the little loft where the Lee-Enfields live, under the eye of the Sergeant-Instructor. Six months ago we should have handled a rifle as a bachelor handles a baby, but now we know the virtues and vices of all our twelve . . .

Last autumn we would marvellously tie ourselves up in our slings; but skirmishing-drill once, and range-work twice at least a week, has wonted us to the heft and balance of the long rifles. The accepted fashion is to sling our gun across our back, shove both hands into our pockets, and progress at ease. The range is not fifteen minutes' walk from the village. Hawkins hurries on ahead. He has carnations to pot this afternoon, but is taking advantage of a spare minute to get off half his allowance (each man has ten rounds free a week) at two hundred . . .

We do not need to be told that there is also a roaring north-easter on the Downs. It catches us as a razor catches a rough face; purring and scraping over the thyme-studded turf the moment we leave the village street. . .

Kipling's assistants as instructors were J.S. Johnson, who was a Physical Training Sergeant at one of the local preparatory schools, and
Rottingdean Rifle Club's target-practice register for 10 November 1900 [with acknowledgments to Brighton's Royal Pavilion, Art Galleries and Museums Dept.]

This copy of the tattered, mould-marked register [the original is at Preston Manor, Brighton] is shown in two halves, to fit our pages without reduction.
Petty Officers of the Coastguard. The men named on the accompanying Register of Target Practice dated 10 November 1900 include Cook, probably the local builder; Sladescane, who had recently been installing the village sewerage system; Bowles, either the sexton or the one who ran the Post Office; Hoad the baker; Coe the chemist; and Freddie Wheeler – surely brother-in-law to the Lucy Hilton whose *Memories of Old Rottingdean* was mentioned in Part I of this article. Wheeler was referred to in the *Spectator* letter as "the trainer's son" who, after the reins had stiffened his hand whilst controlling a spritely thoroughbred, had to massage his fingers in readiness for the trigger.

The score-sheet may appear to be as liberally spattered with ink as – we are told – were Kipling's suits when he was a cub reporter in Lahore; but in fact the marks on the original are simply iron-mould.

The names Kipling cited in his letter do not correspond with actual members of the club. "Young Carroll" for example, who had recently returned from service with the South African Light Horse before returning to Patagonia to farm, was one of the three Lively boys. "The Vicar — an Australian" was Frederick Tower, who had recently returned from three years antipodean ministry; he had been installed in March 1899, but in 1901 resigned the living because of the cost of upkeep of the Vicarage and its land.

The rifle-range enterprise perhaps tripped the more ambitious vision of a well prepared Britain, which surfaced in "The Army of a Dream" [ *Traffics and Discoveries*].

But Kipling did make use of real local names for some of his stories. "Copper" and "Moppet" in "The Comprehension of Private Copper" [ *Traffics and Discoveries*] are names which still belong to families of renown in the area; and there was a Hobden (a name which appears in many of the Puck stories) living nearby at the time.

Ben Dudeney featured not only as a name but also as a character in "The Knife and the Naked Chalk" [ *Rewards and Fairies*]; he was a shepherd, and John and Elsie must have known him –

He had a tiny cottage about half a mile from the village, where his wife made mead from thyme honey, and nursed sick lambs in front of a coal fire, while Old Jim, who was Mr Dudeney's sheep-dog's father, lay at the door . . .

The description of the downs and cliffs close to Rottingdean in
those unspoiled days reflects Kipling's love of striding over the short, springy turf, alone or with a stimulating companion; and his acute observation of the scenery –

Two kestrels hung bivvering and squealing above them. A gull flapped lazily along the white edge of the cliffs. The curves of the Downs shook a little in the heat, and so did Mr. Dudeney's distant head.

They walked toward it very slowly and found themselves staring into a horseshoe-shaped hollow a hundred feet deep, whose steep sides were laced with tangled sheep-tracks. The flock grazed on the flat at the bottom, under charge of Young Jim. Mr. Dudeney sat comfortably knitting on the edge of the slope, his crook between his knees . . .

The air trembled a little as though it could not make up its mind whether to slide into the Pit or move across the open. But it seemed easiest to go downhill, and the children felt one soft puff after another slip and sidle down the slope in fragrant breaths that baffed on their eyelids. The little whisper of the sea by the cliffs joined with the whisper of the wind over the grass, the hum of insects in the thyme, the ruffle and rustle of the flock below, and a thickish mutter deep in the very chalk beneath them . . .

What a perfect place for Dan and Una to be introduced by Puck to one of the neolithic men who first tamed the Downland, and then made it their own for more than two millennia.

Kipling's patriotic belief in the righteousness of the war in South Africa, though supported by most Rottingdeaners, did not find favour with all. Neither Arthur Wynne, Tower's successor in the Vicarage, nor Blaber, landlord of the Plough — nor, closer to home, his own 'beloved Aunt' Georgiana Burne-Jones — could support his views; and this alienation must have hurt. Indeed, on hearing of the Treaty of Vereeniging which ended the South African War in May 1902, Aunt Georgie hung a banner from a first-floor window of North End House, proclaiming, WE HAVE KILLED AND ALSO TAKEN POSSESSION — a quotation from I Kings, 21; this caused a minor riot, which was stifled only by the prompt intervention of Kipling and his cousin 'Ambo' Poynter.
A succession of motor-cars, enjoyed after the initial delight of the spin with Harmsworth, allowed the Kiplings, with Aunt Georgie in tow, to drive all over the county in search of a new home. The loss of Josephine, and associated memories of her, plus, increasingly, his need to seek sanctuary from an ever more curious and prying public, motivated the quest. Both that desolation and the scenery of the search surface in "'They'" [Traffics and Discoveries].

The description at the beginning of that story, of the countryside around "that precise hamlet which stands godmother to the capital of the United States", takes us back to a world which is now largely lost but which can still be enjoyed in some isolated pockets —

I found hidden villages where bees, the only things awake, boomed in eighty-foot lindens that overhung grey Norman churches; miraculous brooks diving under stone bridges built for heavier traffic than would ever vex them again; tithe-barns larger than their churches, and an old smithy that cried out aloud how it had once been a hall of the Knights of the Temple. Gipsies I found on a common where the gorse, bracken, and heath fought it out together up a mile of Roman road; and a little farther on I disturbed a red fox rolling dog-fashion in the naked sunlight.

As the wooded hills closed about me I stood up in the car to take the bearings of that great Down whose ringed head is a landmark for fifty miles across the low countries. I judged that the lie of the country would bring me across some westward-running road that went to his feet, but I did not allow for the confusing veils of the woods. A quick turn plunged me first into a green cutting brim-full of liquid sunshine, next into a gloomy tunnel where last year's dead leaves whispered and scuffled about my tyres. The strong hazel stuff meeting overhead had not been cut for a couple of generations at least, nor had any axe helped the moss-cankered oak and beech to spring above them. Here the road changed frankly into a carpeted ride on whose brown velvet spent primrose-clumps showed like jade, and a few sickly, white-stalked blue-bells nodded together. As the slope favoured I shut off the power and slid over the whirled leaves, expecting every moment to meet a keeper; but I only heard a jay, far off, arguing against the silence under the twilight of the trees . . .

Tourists in search of an idol came by horse-bus from Brighton. The one operated by the proprietor of the White Horse had the advantage
The White Horse double-decker bus. This drawing, made for us by Peter Merry, is a copy of an old sepia photograph [property of Rottingdean Preservation Society], which is too faded to reproduce well.
of an upper deck; and the driver was accustomed to leave the road, cross the Green, and trail along the wall of The Elms (one of those "flint walls which we then thought were high enough", as Kipling, recalling the time when he first occupied The Elms, wrote much later in *Something of Myself*). This enabled the upper-deck tourists to have a grandstand view over the garden and into the bay windows of the study.

On one occasion such proximity was responsible for the breaking-off of an ilex bough. Oral tradition has it that Kipling, incensed, wrote a sharp note of complaint to the landlord of the inn. It elicited no response and, bearing Kipling's autograph, was sold for ten shillings to a customer in the 'snug'. It was followed next day by a doubly vituperative note, which fetched a pound. On the third day, still without the satisfaction of a response, Kipling stormed the bar in person. He probably saw the humour of the landlord's answer: "Why, Sir, I was hopin' as 'ow you'd send me a fresh one every day; they pays a deal better than bus-drivin'." Time in Rottingdean was drawing to a close.

The search for escape almost bore fruit in 1901. In *Something of Myself* he recorded how in that year

> it was the heart-breaking Locomobile that brought us to the house called 'Bateman's'. We had seen an advertisement of her, and we reached her down an enlarged rabbit-hole of a lane. At very first sight the Committee of Ways and Means said: 'That's her!' . . . [But] to our woe, the Owner said: 'I've just let it for twelve months.'

On that occasion, as a year later, because of the waywardness of motors, they reached Burwash not by car but by train to Etchingham and thence by fly.

Carrie Kipling left The Elms on 2 September 1902, Rudyard a day later. In a letter dated 30 November 1902 to his old friend Charles Eliot Norton, he said:

> We left Rottingdean because Rottingdean was getting too populated, though we didn't want to part from Aunt Georgie. Then we discovered England, which we had never done before . . . and went to live in it. England is a wonderful land. It is made up of trees and green fields and mud and the gentry, and at last I'm one of the gentry . . .
Bateman's was their home for the rest of his life, and his love of the scenery of the inner Weald – which was so sharply in contrast with that around Rottingdean – became just as real and as stimulating as his love of the Downland had been. The charming poem, "A Three-Part Song" [Puck of Pook's Hill], expresses the dilemma he would now face if he had to choose between Weald and Marsh and Down –

I'm just in love with all these three,
The Weald and the Marsh and the Down countree.
Nor I don't know which I love the most,
The Weald or the Marsh or the white Chalk coast. . .

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TRANSLATING KIPLING'S VERSE INTO GERMAN

From Mr Gisbert Haefs, Petersbergstrasse 4, 53177 Bonn, Germany

[Note: The name of Gisbert Haefs, as a skilful and tireless translator of Kipling into German, has featured frequently in our pages. In September 1989 and December 1990 we noted the publication of several volumes of his work; in the latter issue he himself contributed an interesting article describing the hazards of translation. In 1992 he produced a selection of Kipling's verse, under the title of Die Ballade von Ost und West [Selected Poems in English and German; Haffmans Verlag, Zurich; ISBN 3 251 20073 9; DM/SFr 44]. Since I was planning to refer to it in the Editorial at page 9 of this issue, I invited Gisbert Haefs to write a letter to be read in conjunction with my Editorial. Here is that letter. – Ed.]

Dear Editor,

The publication of Die Ballade von Ost und West is a breach-of-promise case – the Haffmans edition being meant to be complete, not selected. This volume, eighth in the series, will eventually be replaced by several volumes covering Kipling's complete poems.

Readers' reactions, and the usual amount of misquotation in book reviews ("Kipling? The guy who wants to hold a recessional east of Suez, where he can bear the white man's burden so that east and west never meet – lest we forget Mowgli?") made it seem advisable to alter our plans for the time being. The poems alluded to have not been available in German for the past eighty years; some have never been
translated; and the mainly atrocious translations of yesteryear have never, thank goodness, been reprinted.

This selection ought to give a better basis for discussion. At the same time I wanted to use (or mis-use) Kipling's poems so that they might yield a portrait of the man as well as an idea of his achievements. T.S. Eliot successfully muddied the waters, stirring them with his fine stick of distinction between 'poetry' and 'verse' without really defining either; so I felt free to fish for what seemed best (to me), what was best known or most representative.

Space was one of the criteria; in a bilingual edition of 300 pages, 150 pages have to contain everything; yet some of Kipling's poems are so long that five of them would use up half the available space. Wanting to show the amazing diversity of his creations, I could not pick too many poems similar in form or tone of voice. Questions of translation and reception had to be considered: "The Islanders", for instance, needs an explanatory essay rather than mere footnotes. And finally, I wanted the whole to merge into a kind of unbroken poetic rainbow without chapters or other subdivisions – starting with "The Two-Sided Man" and "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal", and ending with "The Storm Cone" and "The Appeal".

"McAndrew's Hymn", which might be thought indispensable, had to be excluded, for reasons of space as well as problems of reception. Apart from kilts and thrift, we don't know much about Scotsmen, and next to nothing about the peculiar mind-frame of Calvinism and the ethic of work. So the breathing individual McAndrew, stripped of background and dialect when translated, turns into a mere type. That is just one example of many such.

Tone of voice, mood, sound, colour of words, associations, levels of speech, rhythm (the swing), metre (the scan), rhyme – these are but some of the elements of traditional verse. And, yes, the meaning should not be ignored, because some poems really tell something.

It is a translator's dream, to turn verse into verse; but very often the attempt leads to violence and atrocities, as most of us become hypnotised by metre and rhyme, and tend to ignore all else, including the meaning. Syntax and word-order become twisted and bent, so that the one rhyming word can be pushed to the end of the line – and to make things scan. Levels become muddled, for instance by the insertion of a highbrow word into a lowbrow speech for the sake of scansion or rhyme. Basically, I think that even to attempt to turn verse into verse is arrogance, anyway if it claims that the translator is as skilled a versifier as the poet.

With vaguer, sense-impressionist poems, certain liberties are possible: if a girl is picking flowers, you may skip the rose, and for
rhyme’s sake let Maisie pick a daisy – but not if the poem is about thorns. Kipling’s poetry is always very precise and even condensed, and there are no vague lines allowing such liberties.

Also, English words are often shorter than their German equivalents. In prose, you can usually save here what you have squandered there; but within the narrow frame of a poem, this is impossible, except in lucky circumstances.

"Files-on-parade" and "the Colour-Sergeant" in "Danny Deever" cannot be represented in German except by "the soldier" and "the Sergeant", so you can save some syllables –

"I’ve drunk ’is beer a score of times," said Files-on-Parade –
"Ich hab so oft sein Bier getrunken", sagte der Soldat –

the meaning, the rhythm, maybe even the metre can be given if one does not try to enforce rhyming. This way you can also save what is most precious – the tone, the natural speech. The old German version, published in about 1905, needed a rhyme, stressed beer instead of comradeship, and turned it into a waltz —

"Ein gutes Glas Bier verschmähte er nicht" –

a good glass of beer he did not disdain – awkward in English, impossible in German, because no soldier would talk that way.

Moreover, the fact that spoken German hardly ever uses preterite verb forms tends to increase the number of syllables. "I drank", or "I’ve drunk", is two syllables, whereas "ich trank" can only be written, not spoken; and "ich habe getrunken" is six syllables instead of two. Impossible to make that scan and rhyme, unless you can save syllables somewhere else.

In that line from "Danny Deever", saving (though not rhyming) is possible; but in, for example, "A Recantation", there is just no way to imitate lines like

\[ \text{Though vultures rend their soul –} \]

unless you forget all about the meaning: for

\[ \text{wenngleicht Geier ihre Seelen zerreissen} \]

cannot be condensed.

Syntax and verb flexions play some more tricks. "To die" is "sterben"; "we die" is "wir sterben"; but "you die" is "du stirbst";
so there goes the possibility of reproducing the repetitive line-ending, "... die", inherent in the sestina pattern found in "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal". In the same poem the same problem arises with the ending "... done": "I've done" is "ich habe getan", but "what I've done" needs an inversion in German, "was ich getan habe". In fact the six recurrent terminal words in the sestina (all, world, good, long, done, die) simply cannot be repeated, changing their order according to pattern, in German.

Likewise, there is no way to rhyme McAndrew's irreplaceable key words, "dream" and "steam" (in German, "Traum" and "Dampf"). Nor is there any way to scan, alliterate and rhyme 'dominion over palm and pine" (in "Recessional"): in German, most trees have two syllables, like "Palme"; and there does not exist one beginning with a P, to represent the Northern Hemisphere.

So farewell, poetry. Sounds cannot be reproduced in any other language, anyway; and the optical qualities of line, rhyme and stanza can be seen in bilingual editions by a glance across at the opposite page. In prose, you can be meticulous and yet do justice to the author's art; in poetry such as Kipling's, it is not possible.

So I decided to translate faithfully the meaning of the poems, and to do justice to mood, melody, level of speech, tone of voice, and natural fluidity of language; wherever possible, I have tried to save the swing, sometimes the metre and length of a line. The rest is prose. There is some resignation in that decision; but the translator is the poet's servant; and for a servant, resignation is a virtue.

Yours truly
GISBERT HAEFS

WHAT MAGIC SQUARE?

From Dr J.D. Lewins, Magdalene College, Cambridge CB3 OAG

Dear Sir,

I have an enquiry, regarding a lecture Kipling delivered in 1917 at Bushey in Hertfordshire, to the Officer Cadet Corps of the Household Brigade. It was later published as one of his addresses collected in A Book of Words (1928). When first delivered, it had explicitly been illustrated by some device drawn on a blackboard; but no illustration is included in the subsequently published text. The puzzle is to reconstruct what that device might have looked like – unless you or
your readers know of a separate publication of the figure?

Towards the beginning of the address, Kipling says, "... after all, what does drill come to? This – the step, which includes keeping step - the line, by which I mean any sort of line, close or extended – the wheel, which includes a line changing direction – and, most important of all, because it is the foundation that makes every move possible, forming fours. There you have it all, gentlemen — the four sides of the Magic Square."

At this point, I believe Kipling introduced his diagram, and his text continues, "The Step and keeping step — the Line, close or extended - Wheeling and changing direction – and Forming Fours." This passage ends, "S.W.L.F. So We Learned Fighting."

Towards the end of the lecture there is an illuminating passage about bullying or ragging – illuminating some of Kipling's writings elsewhere, especially perhaps the 'Stalky' stories. He ascribes ragging to instinctive behaviour amongst males, who seek to test the powers of endurance, and resistance to pain, of those with whom they will hunt or fight. He goes on to trace such savage behaviour through the candidature of the medieval knight, to the way schoolboys behave. While providing a reason for the appearance of ragging, he is careful not to support it: "I'm not defending ragging – I've known cases where everyone who took part in it ought to have been R.T.U. [returned to his unit]."

The Magic Square re-enters at the close of the address: "... what has happened to the Magic Square I began to talk about? I've neglected it for a little. Before we dismiss, let's just run over its outlines again on the blackboard, and make them clearer. Here, as I said, is the Line; here is the Step and the Wheel; and here, at the bottom, the foundation of all, is Forming Fours. You see? Do you notice any other change?"

Kipling concluded: "There isn't one, really, because, as I have said, man changes little; but it seems to me that the Magic Square has developed quite simply and naturally into the Altar of Sacrifice. Look! The letters are just the same: S.W.L.F. But the altar is based on Faith, by which we live; it is supported by Wisdom and Strength; and it is crowned by Sacrifice, which is the highest form of Love. So you see: Faith, Wisdom, Strength and Love – make the Altar of Sacrifice for the Man set apart to save his Tribe."

How then did Kipling present this 'visual aid'? His end-of-lecture summary accords with the highest standards of 'Methods of Instruction' as I later learned them in the Army, so his illustration is
KIPLING'S 'MAGIC SQUARE' – as suggested in the accompanying letter
likely to have been meticulous. I suggest that the material was pre-
drawn on both sides of a blackboard, which would have been reversed
towards the end of his talk; and that these two sides might have looked
like the diagrams accompanying this letter.

Yours sincerely
JEFFERY LEWINS

[I do not recall this question being raised before, and would be interested in any
comment from a reader. "The Magic Square" is the longest item in A Book of Words;
unlike most of the other thirty items in that book it was a full-scale lecture, which must
have taken nearly forty minutes to deliver. It was enlivened by whimsical humour,
including numerous references to the habits of prehistoric or primitive mankind.
However, given the routine casualty lists with which that youthful audience would have
been painfully familiar, given too the fact that their lecturer's own son had been killed
in action as a subaltern in just such a regiment as those into which the cadets were
shortly to be commissioned, the whole presentation was not without poignancy. — Ed.]

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS: THE CLASSIC FILM

From Mr John Shearman, Garden Flat, 29 Buckland Crescent, London NW3 5DJ

John Shearman (a former Secretary of our Society, who is also an
authority on matters cinematic) noticed the reference at page 42 of our
September 1993 issue to the death in 1992 of Freddie Bartholomew,
who as a child actor in the 1930s had enjoyed great success – but had
been unable to sustain it in later life.

One of the boy's famous performances had been as Harvey Cheyne
in the 1937 screening of Captains Courageous; and John Shearman
has found for us a contemporary review of that film, by the
distinguished cinematographer and critic John Grierson (1898-1972)
– who is remembered as a great film producer, with a special place
(thanks to Drifters, 1929) in the history of documentaries.

The review, from which John Shearman quotes selectively, was in
World Film News in December 1937, and was reprinted in 1981 in
Grierson on the Movies, edited by Forsyth Hardy for Faber & Faber.

Grierson wrote that Captains Courageous "has everything . . . the
AT THE WHARFSIDE IN GLOUCESTER

A drawing by I.W. Taber for Captains Courageous, as serialised in 1896-97 in Pearson's Magazine. Harvey Cheyne, miraculously restored from the Atlantic, is getting to know his father, on a new and mutually satisfactory footing.
sea and the fishing schooners and fog on the Grand Banks and fishing
cod from a dory with hand lines, one after the other – and then a
race between the schooners in a high wind, with noses ploughing
under and throwing water high over the fo’c’sle, and the hull heeling
over until it seems impossible it will ever come back, and the mast
straining under the bravery of brave men . . ."

However he went on to describe with scorn the film's last reel, in
which Manuel (Spencer Tracy) dies a "long and dithering death". In
Grierson's view, such episodes, "which happen by accident and only
to be sad about them, are not good fishing, nor good film, but only
bad Louis B. Mayer and melodramatic slobbering of the worst".
(Mayer, he added, "would drown anybody, including me, for box
office").

Grierson was also fiercely critical of the film's "grand slam burial
service for the hundreds of drowned sailormen . . . with weeping
women and other nonsense stacked to the skyline". In his estimate,
"for the breath-taking reality of the romance of the sea made real, the
film is better than Kipling, except that Kipling couldn't conceivably
have made such an over-nauseating mess of that last reel."

Later in the same review, "It is notorious that Americans, not
content with the lugubrious sentimentality of Mothers' Day, have also
created a Fathers' Day, and that is the trouble. What a people! The
boy's father is brought in, and there are dreadful goings-on about
fathers getting close to their sons, laying alongside their little hearts,
close-hauling their what-nots and being pals to them, and other
horrifying sickness of the sort . . . Here, I regret to say, I leave the
ship. Who does not know that fathers, like skippers, exist to slam hell
out of their sons — and sons, fathers?"

John Shearman concludes:- "To judge from Grierson's review,
that last reel of the film must have been far more trying than the
equivalent few pages in the last chapter of Kipling's Captains
Courageous – which, by the way, Grierson had clearly not re-read."

KIPLING'S PIG

*From Mrs Felicity Crawley, 36 Wilmington Avenue, London W4 3HA*

Mrs Crawley had kindly supplied the picture of the pig on page 46. It
is copied from a page of an album, originally the property of the late
Mrs Elizabeth Wilson, *née* Gardiner.
And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig.

—W. S. Gilbert.

"Kipling's Pig", reduced by 25%.
Mrs Wilson, who had been educated under the legendary Miss Buss (1827-94) at her North London Collegiate School for Ladies, died at a great age in the 1960s. On 23 December 1905, as a newly married woman, she had embarked at Southampton for South Africa on the same ship as the Kiplings; on 8 January 1905, shortly before their landfall at Cape Town, she had asked Kipling to be blindfolded and then to draw a pig in her album. He had obliged, with this rather commendable and stylish result.

The book is still in the possession of Mrs Wilson’s daughter, Mrs Denys Grieveson, who kindly forwarded the photocopy to Mrs Crawley. We are grateful for the opportunity to reproduce it.

BAGHEERA AND SCHLOCK

From Mr Wilfred Thesiger, C.B.E., D.s.o., P.O. Box 32, Maralal, Kenya

Mr Wilfred Thesiger, the octogenarian explorer and travel-writer, now living — as something of a celebrity — among the Samburu people of north-central Kenya, has written about his fine black cat, Bagheera. Mr Thesiger is visited each year by scores of tourists from dozens of countries; many of these also meet the cat. Hearing its name, they seldom fail to recognise it as that of Kipling's black panther.

Given the great cultural diversity of their backgrounds, Mr Thesiger sees their instant identification as a tribute to the universality of the *Jungle Book* myth.

[Undoubtedly some of us would give credit to the universality not so much of the book — popular though that remains — as of Walt Disney's film rendition which, according to a recent statistic, 30% of British households now possess in video form, and which is also well known abroad. However, Mr Thesiger may confidently be assumed to hold a robustly unenchanted view of Walt Disney's cartoon productions, and to support the theme well expressed by Minette Marrin, a columnist in the *Sunday Telegraph* on 7 November 1993. She deplored the film in question as "a tasteless assault upon our imaginations and our cultural past", an assault which "takes a great and mysterious story and reduces it to schlock", wherein everything is "brought down to a vulgar and sentimental lowest common denominator", and "that kitschy anthropomorphic haze through which Hollywood sees life in the wild'.

Where this diversion leaves Mr Thesiger's cat is unclear, but, to
quote Dr Johnson when he feared his cat, Hodge, felt "out of countenance" because he was being talked about, we are sure "he is a very fine cat indeed." – Ed.]

KIPLING AND MARK TWAIN

*From Mr William J. Graver, 8216 Lilly Stone Drive, Bethesda, Maryland, MD 20817, United States of America*

Mr Graver, author of a valuable article in our September 1992 issue on the literary and personal relationship between Kipling and Mark Twain, has written to ask if our readers know of any data relevant to Kipling and Twain that would supplement that article.

In particular, he has been encouraged by the Editor of the *Mark Twain Journal* to seek out unpublished letters from Kipling (which may repose in collections around the world) – letters to Twain or, more probably, letters addressed to third parties but containing comment about Twain.

Incidentally, in August Mr Graver attended a Mark Twain conference at Quarry Farm, near Elmira, New York State (the very place, on a hill-top, where Kipling had gone in fruitless search of Twain in 1889). There, he picked up, from one of the papers presented, the inference that Kipling and Twain, by the early years of this century – particularly after the American take-over of the Philippines and the British involvement in the Boer War – had come to differ so strongly over the ethics of imperialism as to affect their friendship and inhibit their correspondence. This inference seems questionable, at least in the light of indications to the contrary in Mr Graver's article of last year; but perhaps one of our readers can confirm or rebut it.

"ASK A P'LICEMAN!" [2]

*From Mr Shamus Wade, 37 Davis Road, Acton, London W3 7SE*

Mr Wade writes with regard to the item, "Ask a P'liceman!" on pages 48-50 of our issue of September 1993 (where Dr J.D. Lewins had thrown unexpected light on Kipling's quotation from a music-hall song in his story "'Brugglesmith'" in *Many Inventions*).

Dr Lewins had explained that the lines "If you want to know the time, / Ask a P'liceman!" carried an insulting implication: Mr Wade

It is clear from the passages in question that although in the nineteenth century the police "achieved grudging acceptance because of the rapidly increasing safety of the London streets", such approval was "patronizing" and "slightly contemptuous", and they remained "a ready target for the satirist commenting on their more obvious failings". For instance, the idea that "Ev'ry member of the force / Has a watch and chain, of course" – and so could tell you the time if you asked him – was not supposed to have "today's paternal aura", but referred to the "'acquisition' of watches by policemen finding drunken 'nobs' or 'toffs' on their beat". Sir Robert quoted a "lesser-known song of the same period", which was "rather more explicit":

That all our men a watch can boast  
Is quite a matter of course, sirs!  
If they don't get one in a month at most  
We turn 'em out of the Force, sirs!  
And often, too, in their first week,  
They find a chap 'in liquor',  
And it only wants a little cheek  
To be master of a 'ticker'.

A reader who has come across this fragment of a photocopy of an old letter, certainly from Kipling, enquires if anyone can identify "Herbert", and explain the likely cause of the writer’s evident pleasure.
THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

We shall continue in 1994 our recent practice of occasionally listing in the Kipling Journal at least some of the recent acquisitions by the Society's Library.

It is a valuable Library, of positive usefulness to researchers. We owe much to the generosity of City University which accommodates it, and to the kindness of individual members of the Society who have donated many of its items. We are always grateful for additions to our holdings of relevant books, pamphlets, magazine or newspaper articles, photographs, etc.

All enquiries should be made through our Honorary Librarian, Mrs B.C Schreiber, at 44 The Green, Ewell, Surrey KT17 3JJ (telephone 081-393 4459) – to whom we are indebted for the care she devotes to the Library.

However, before going to City University to use our Library, members are advised to check that the Special Collections Room will be accessible at the required time: it usually will be, but is occasionally reserved for other purposes. An answer on this point can be readily obtained from staff at the Main Enquiries Desk in the University Library, telephone 071-477 4007.

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following: –
Brigadier R.J. Baddeley (Wiltshire); Mr Brian Calwell (London); Mrs Christine Fraser (New South Wales, Australia); Mr P.J. Latham (Kent); Mr R. Neill (Hertfordshire); Dr G.J. Randoll (France); Mr M.R. Rogers (Switzerland); Mr M.J. Shearman (London); Mr Marc von Wartburg (Switzerland).

AN IMPORTANT KIPLING COLLECTION FOR SALE

The Kipling Collection that belonged to the late Peter Bellamy (the singer, who was a Vice-President of the Kipling Society) is offered for sale by his widow. It comprises books, sheet music, records and ephemera.

For a catalogue, please send a cheque for £2, payable to Jenny Bellamy, to 16 Agnes Street, Keighley, West Yorkshire BD20 6AE. For enquiries by telephone, the number is (0535) 672010.
THE KIPLING JOURNAL
AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Kipling Journal, house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all members. Its contributions to learning since 1927 have earned it a high reputation. It has published many important items by Kipling not readily found elsewhere, and a vast quantity of valuable historical, literary and bibliographical commentary, in various shapes, by authorities in their field. In the academic study of Kipling, no serious scholar overlooks the Journal's wealth of data, soon to be 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, it is not an austerely academic production. It aims to entertain as well as to inform. This is both necessary and easy. Necessary because our membership is as representative of the ordinary reader as of the university researcher. Easy because there exists an inexhaustible reservoir of engrossing material – thanks to the great volume and variety of Kipling's writings; the scope of his travels, acquaintance and correspondence; the diversity of his interests and influence; the scale of the events he witnessed; the exceptional fame he attracted in his lifetime; and the international attention he continues to attract.

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

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

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

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

As an essentially non-profit-making literary organisation run on a voluntary basis to provide a service to the public as well as to its members, the Kipling Society is a Registered Charity in Britain. Its overall activities are controlled by its Council, though routine management is in the hands of the Secretary and the other honorary officials. However, its large membership in North America is mainly co-ordinated from Rockford College, Illinois, and there is also an active branch in Melbourne, Australia.

For fuller particulars of its organisation, and a list of impending meetings, see pages 4 and 5 of this issue. The Society's main London activities fall into four categories. *First,* maintaining a specialised Library which scholars may consult, and which is located in City University, London; *second,* answering enquiries from the public (e.g. schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request; *third,* arranging a regular programme of lectures, usually but not exclusively in London, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a distinguished Guest Speaker; *fourth,* publishing the *Kipling Journal.*

Kipling, phenomenally popular in his day, appeals still to a wide range of 'common readers' attracted by his remarkable prose and verse style, his singular ability to evoke atmosphere, and his skill in narrative. These unacademic readers, as well as professional scholars of English literature, find much to interest them in the Society and its *Journal.* New members are made welcome. **Particulars of membership are obtained by writing to the Secretary, Kipling Society, P.O. Box 68, Haslemere, Surrey GU27 2YR, England** (or, for those living in North America, to the address at the foot of page 4).

The annual subscription rate is £20 – both for individual and for corporate members, whether in Britain or abroad. This remains the 'minimum' rate: many members very helpfully contribute more.