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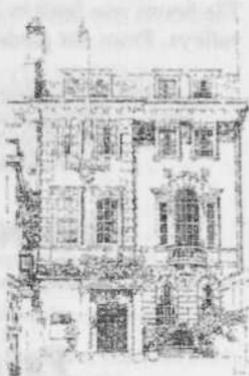
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 20 September 2006, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Martin O'Collins** will show the new Kipling biography video.

Wednesday 8 November 2006, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Dr Donald MacKenzie** on "Kipling and Northerness".

Wednesday 14 February 2007, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Professor Hugh Brogan** on "Kipling and History".

Wednesday 11 April 2007, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, Kipling's latest biographer, **Jad Adams** – "Must we Burn Kipling?" (A riposte to the Politically Correct).

September 2006

JANE KESKAR & JEFFERY LEWINS

COMMEMORATION SERVICE AT BURWASH

It is with great regret that the names of Sir Henry and Mr R. Feilden were inadvertently omitted from the report of the Commemoration Service at Burwash in January. As relatives of Kipling's friend, Col Wemyss Feilden, (see *Something of Myself*, p. 193-196), they are now amongst the very few people who had direct personal contact with the Kiplings.

AUSTRALIAN BRANCH OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Mr David Watts has found a great deal of interest in Kipling in Australia, and would like to re-start a branch of the Kipling Society there. If, as an Australian member, you would like to support this venture, please contact Mr Watts by e-mail: dwatts@arglobal.com.au or by post at: PO Box 421, Wyong NSW 2259.

JANE KESKAR

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EDITORIAL

BRIDGES

Kipling described an assortment of bridges in his prose writings, both reportage and fiction, and in the latter a bridge is frequently a significant plot element. Such is the story of "The Bridge-Builders" and 'the great Kashi Bridge over the Ganges', but there are more to consider.

In his *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches 1884-88*, Prof Thomas Pinney includes two items from the *C&MG* of 2 March 1887 and 18 May 1887. The first is a report of a visit to "The Sutlej Bridge"; Kipling describes in considerable detail the way in which the bridge was built, despite his early disclaimer that it is by 'one who knows nothing about engineering.' Prof Pinney identifies this Kaisarin-i-Hind (Empress of India) bridge as the main prototype for that described in "The Bridge-Builders".

The second report is of the official opening by the Lieutenant-Governor of the "Chak-Nizam Bridge". As a result of discomfort felt by some guests at the earlier opening of the Sutlej Bridge, the engineers decided to invite only men from Lahore to the Chak-Nizam and in order to provide those guests with as much comfort as possible 'the engineers took measures—measures of ice—and soda-water by the hundred, and all the materials of a feast', since 'bridge-opening in May is, to put it mildly, a risky performance, and is fairly certain to be warm'. Kipling describes the preparation and driving of the last red-hot rivet in a side-girder, and on which a head was put with a

'snap'—this is the technical expression, a snap is like a corkscrew and a soda-water bottle-opener. Mr Upcott, Engineer in charge of the Bridge Works, handing a small testing hammer in a wooden case to Mr Lyall:—"Will Your Honour see that the rivet is firm and fast?"

Back now to fiction; *The Second Jungle Book* (1895) includes the story "The Undertakers" about the Muggers of Muggers-Ghaut told mainly through the conversation of the Adjutant-crane, a Jackal, and the Muggers, a 'twenty-four-foot crocodile cased in what looked like treble-riveted boiler plate, studded and keeled and crested'. The setting is the river just below a new railway bridge which replaced the Muggers ford; 'I saw that built, child. Stone by stone I saw the bridge-piers rise, and when the men fell off... I was ready. After the first pier was made they never thought to look down the stream for the body to burn.' An illustration for this story was printed in the *Journal* of September 2001, p.6, with a description and summary of the story by George Webb on

page 8. The engineer who had built the bridge succeeded in shooting the Muger, who had attempted to eat him at the time of the Indian Mutiny of 1857.

Now to the Boer War. In a series of four *Stories of the War* printed in the *Daily Express* in 1900, "No.2—Folly Bridge" (15 & 16 June) and "No.3—The Outsider" (19, 20 & 21 June) were both concerned with bridges. "Folly Bridge" begins 'The Boers had wrecked the three centre spans and blown huge pieces out of the stone piers. The wreckage lay adrift in the dirty water, and a section of the British Army was picking up the pieces.' This has caused a break in the railway line to Bloemfontein, which is holding up not just Kitchener's mail, but also McManus of the Corporate Equatorial Bank of Africa who has been summoned to Bloemfontein by the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief to help 'disentangle some finances which President Steyn had dropped.' The R.S.O. [Railway Station Officer?] who is 'only following his orders' hinders progress even further by requiring passes to be properly authorised before he will allow the passengers to proceed.

"The Outsider" is located around another demolished bridge, not far from Folly Bridge at 'Pipkameelespompfontein, which, as everyone knows,

Is on the road to Bloemfontein
And there the Mausers
Tear your trousers,
And make your horses jompfontein.'

It concerns another British office, Walter Setton, who, by standing upon his authority, manages to delay the completion of repairs. Just at a critical moment in lining up and riveting the last two girders, Setton ignoring what is going on, orders the repair team to let go the derricks that are supporting the girders and to go and clean up the station. Once again Kipling gives a wholly believable technical description of the bridge-repair process, and happily, Setton eventually gets his comeuppance.

Then in *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917) is the "Friendly Brook". Set in Sussex, it is the story of Jim Wickenden who adopted Mary who "come out o' one o' those Lunnon Childern Societies." After some years, when Mary is studying to be a teacher, her real father came to the Wickendens and blackmailed them by threatening to take Mary away. One day, Jim had been helping a friend, Jesse, clear the alders and other rubbish from a stream that was flooding when he knew that Mary's Lunnon father was coming; he had left his mother to deal with the man. As they finish work, they notice something floating down the brook which Jim identifies as Mary's father who has fallen from "Jim's

rotten old bridge . . . Just where she allus was. The brook had gulled out the bank a piece under one eend o' the plank, so's she was liable to tilt ye sideways if you wasn't careful." Mary's late father fetched up at Robertsbridge, five to six miles from Bateman's as a body floats down the Dudwell and Rother.

To choose one final example, in *From Sea to Sea*, Vol.1, No.XIX, p.419-420, there is the story of the Nikko Bridge in Japan.

The cryptomerias rose in front of us a wall of green darkness, a tearing torrent ran deep-green over blue boulders, and between stream and trees was thrown a blood-red bridge—the sacred bridge of red lacquer that no foot save the Mikado's may press.

Very cunning artists are the Japanese. Long ago a great-hearted king came to Nikko River and looked across at the trees, up-stream at the torrent and the hills whence it came, and downstream at the softer outlines of the crops and spurs of wooded mountains.'It needs only a dash of colour in the foreground to bring this all together,' said he, and he put a little child in a blue and white dressing-gown under the awful trees to judge the effect. Emboldened by his tenderness, an aged beggar ventured to ask for alms. Now it was the ancient privilege of the great to try the temper of their blades upon beggars and such cattle. Mechanically the king swept off the old man's head, for he did not wish to be disturbed. The blood spurted across the granite slabs of the river-ford in a sheet of purest vermilion. The king smiled. Chance had solved the problem for him. 'Build a bridge here,' he said to the court carpenter, 'of just such a colour as that stuff on the stones. Build also a bridge of grey stone close by, for I would not forget the wants of my people.' So he gave the little child across the stream a thousand pieces of gold and went his way. He had composed a landscape. As for the blood, they wiped it up and said no more about it; and that is the story of Nikko Bridge. You will not find it in the guide-books.

In *Kipling's Japan*, p.162, Note 14, Cortazzi and Webb comment that the 'blood-red bridge' is the *Mi Hashi*, spanning the forty-foot wide Daiyagawa stream. 'Kipling has invented the story he tells about the bridge.'

This summary has of course totally ignored the verse — "Bridge-Guard in the Karoo" was discussed by Dr Helen Goethals in *Journal* No.316 (December 2005); "The River's Tale" recalling the bridges over the Thames; "Study of an Elevation, In Indian Ink" in which Potiphar Gubbins, C.E. is noted for the poor quality of his bridges, and so on.

So you see that, as always with Kipling, I have ended up following a path that I hadn't planned to take, but which I thoroughly enjoy treading.

WISER AND MORE TEMPERATE JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING AND HIS SON

By CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK

[Mrs Park gave this talk to other members at a London meeting of the Society on 21 September 2005 whilst over on a visit from the U.S.A. with her husband. This is not the first time that her work has appeared in the *Journal* since we reprinted one of her many articles, "The River and the Road: Fashions in Forgiveness", in September 2004, No.311, pp.32-50. – Ed.]

I've nearly done a long, leisurely Asiatic tale in which there are hardly any Englishmen. It has been a labour of great love and I think it is a bit more temperate and wise than much of my stuff.

Rudyard Kipling to Charles Eliot Norton, 1901

It's nice to be here, it's thrilling to be here, surrounded by so many people who know more about Kipling than I do. They can talk off the cuff, I expect. But I'm too old to be so confident, and you'll forgive me if I read what I want to say – then we can talk afterward.

'In Lahore Lockwood Kipling is better known than his son.'¹ When I read that in the *Kipling Journal* I was impressed. I could be sure Sir Nicholas Barrington knew whereof he spoke – not only had he been Oriental Secretary in Kabul and visited Nuristan, the Kafiristan of "The Man Who Would Be King", he'd spent nine years in Pakistan. Still, what he'd said didn't surprise me. I'd spent less than nine days in Pakistan, but it was enough to run across a copy of *Dawn*, Pakistan's premier English newspaper, and be riveted by, of all things, its children's page. I'd come to Pakistan because of Kipling, and that day the children's page was devoted to Kipling – to Kiplings. And it wasn't the author of *The Jungle Book* that held pride of place but his father – John Lockwood Kipling, first curator of Kim's Wonder House, the 'Sahib with a white beard' his son honoured in the novel that is his finest achievement.

Lockwood too attracted superlatives, but they were of a different kind. 'Everyone liked him,' wrote his brother-in-law², 'and of those who really knew him I think there was none who did not love him.' One young man³ remembered him as 'without exception one of the most delightful companions I had ever met.' Another doubted 'if I ever enjoyed walks and talks with any man as those I had with him.' The grey eminence Walter Roper Lawrence⁴ called him "one of the sweetest characters I have ever known.. . . When I think of the lines 'his little,

nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love,' I think of wise and gentle John Lockwood Kipling." And this is just a sampling. John Burt summed it up in the *Journal* [No.225, March 1983, p.15] in six adjectives: he was 'intelligent, industrious, stable, benign, tolerant, cultivated.' No wonder his grieving son wrote⁵ that 'my father was more to me than most men are to their sons; and now that I have no one to talk to or write to I find myself desolate.' 'Tolerant,' 'benign' – let alone 'sweetest' – few of us, reaching into our vocabularies for adjectives to describe the admired author we gather to celebrate, would come up with these. Yet father and son were not merely congenial in difference. There was much, very much that they shared.

To begin with the most trivial – yet not trivial to them – they shared a lifelong addiction to tobacco. They thought it helped them think – a 'Sage Councillor,' Rudyard called it. It exacerbated his digestive problems but he couldn't stop. Lockwood couldn't either; three years before his death he wrote Editha Plowden of being 'shaken to pieces by a persistent cough, which I *could* cure in a week to some extent by giving up smoking – which I haven't the pluck to do.' It's a very Kiplingesque conviction: pluck and application can cure anything – though Lockwood, characteristically, does qualify: 'to some extent.'

Father and son shared convictions; they shared tastes, interests and prejudices as well. Rudyard's enthusiasm for France needs no elaboration, nor his opinion of Germany – he would have said "the Hun." In 1870 Lockwood was there before him. 'I don't seem to want many things German, neither her high (and dry) Art, nor her tobacco, nor her cigars, nor anything that is hers.' This was right after the Franco-Prussian War and France's humiliating defeat. It's more mildly expressed than we'd expect from Rudyard, but it's clear enough: not Germany, but France. Lockwood had French teachers as a young man at art school; in London, according to family tradition, his French was good enough so that he could offer French lessons to supplement his meagre income. Years later, his fluency in French would stand him in good stead. And here I must turn the story over to his son, who after thirty-five years would use his own boyhood memories to begin his little book of *Souvenirs of France*. I'll quote heavily from those opening pages, for though they tell us something about France, something too about young Rudyard, they tell us more than any summary could about his relationship with the quietly extraordinary man who was his father.

In the Spring of the Paris Exhibition of 1878 my father was in charge of the Indian Section of Arts and Manufactures there ... He promised me, then twelve or thirteen years old, [it was twelve] that I should accompany him to Paris on condition that I give no trouble. . . My

father said, in effect, "I shall be busy every day for some time. Here is—" I think it was two francs. "There are lots of restaurants called Duval, where you can eat. I will get you a free pass for the Exhibition and you can go where you please."

Imagine the delight of a child let loose among all the wonders of all the world as they emerged from their packing-cases . . . When I had sufficiently superintended my Exposition for the day, I would explore my Paris. . . It was through the eyes of France that I began to see.

What I did not understand . . . I brought home at evening and laid before my father, who either explained it or told me where I could get the information. He treated me always as a comrade, and his severest orders were, at most, suggestions or invitations. . . .

Later, I was "invited" to study French. "You'll never be able to talk it, but if I were you, I'd try to read it" was his word. I append here the method of instruction. Give an English boy the first half of *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea* in his native tongue. When he is properly intoxicated, withdraw it and present to him the second half in the original.

The method worked. Lockwood went back to India, and Rudyard to the twelve bleak houses by the shore from which he had been released into Paris in the Spring. But the boy was hooked. 'During my holiday I would read all the French books that interested, and should not have interested, me' – definitely NOT; in English schools French novels were not considered suitable reading for a growing boy. French was accents and genders, never a major interest for Rudyard – he never really did learn to "talk it." But he remembered *Manon Lescaut* when he came to write *The Light that Failed*.

Much later, when Rudyard was himself a father, Lockwood would make his philosophy of child-rearing explicit: 'Most things, Ruddy, are done through judicious leaving alone.' The principle stuck: Ruddy quoted it and recommended it more than once. It is the principle of an extraordinary father, and an extraordinary teacher, his 'leaving alone' so judicious that it was felt only as suggestion and invitation.

Judiciously left alone a bright boy will be interested in everything: this was Lockwood's educational faith. *Interested in everything* – in Frederic Macdonald's memoirs some such phrase crops up whenever he remembers his brother-in-law: 'a mind . . . interested in almost everything'; 'nothing in which he was not interested'; 'all things interested him,' 'his curiosity . . . active and alive in almost every field.'⁶ And Mr. J. Paterson, called 'the Australian Kipling,' uses the very same words of Rudyard; he too was 'interested in everything.'⁷ Clearly curiosity was either inherited, or very catching.

Curiosity is always valuable in education; in self-education it is a necessity. Neither Lockwood nor his son was able to attend university; they went straight from school to work. At sixteen Rudyard was already working at the *Civil and Military Gazette*. At fourteen Lockwood was designing china for the Potteries, and learning about ceramics hands-on, and also taking art classes. The wide general knowledge Macdonald noted ('He seemed to know something about everything as well as everything about some things') was acquired on his own.⁸ The scope of his reading, eclectic and unexpected like his son's, would put the average Oxbridge graduate to shame, but curiosity led far beyond book-learning. An interest in words could be taken for granted in such a family; more striking was their interest in *things*, in processes, in how things are done – in the very 'engines and screws' that so disappointed Henry James when he encountered them in *The Day's Work*. Work, as C.S. Lewis remarked, is central in Rudyard's writings: 'It was Kipling who first reclaimed for literature this enormous territory.'⁹ Rudyard wrote about coal-mining, about bridge-building, about 'machinery and the humours of ships'; in "The Ship that Found Herself engines and screws are literally present. And Lockwood – of course he was interested in his own specialities: in the terracotta and ceramic processes in which he had been trained; in the metal-working and wood-carving in which Indian craftsmen excelled, in fabric design, in popular lithographs. (Bryan Diamond has located some that he collected in the Victoria and Albert Museum.) But would we have expected him to be interested in, literally, engines and screws? Yet he was; he read in Ankers¹⁰ that he wrote that a particular ship was 'driven through twin screws by engines capable of developing two hundred horsepower,' and there are comparable descriptions in other dispatches to the *Pioneer*.

For Lockwood wrote for the *Pioneer* and *C&MG* long before his son did. He needed the money, and writing came naturally to him. He had the journalist's magpie curiosity, the eye and ear for the new, for the telling anecdote – the same ability to learn from others that would enable his son to write of the jungle when he'd never been near the Seonee country, and of war when he'd never heard a shot fired in anger.

In the preface to *Life's Handicap* Rudyard speaks of his sources (1891):

These tales have been collected from all places, and all sorts of people, from priests in the Chubára, from Ala Yar the carver, Jiwun Singh the carpenter, nameless men on steamers and trains around the world, women spinning outside their cottages in the twilight,

officers and gentlemen now dead and buried, and a few, but these are the very best, my father gave me.

An earlier tribute, written before Rudyard had left India, tells us more. Lockwood was not only a source of stories, he was a guide as to how to write them. We know this from Rudyard's birthday letter, son to father, apprentice to master – the "Letter from Halim the Potter to Yusuf His Father and Master Craftsman in the walled city of Lahore", where Lockwood was toiling in the heat while the rest of the family was in Simla. It's a long letter, detailed and extraordinarily illuminating – 119 lines of blank verse about the writer's craft, delicately choosing as metaphor Lockwood's pottery expertise. Again I must quote at length.

Rudyard's on holiday, writing. It's not turning out well, and he realizes how much he needs his father. "Two months ago I held my skill was mine," admitting no more than "a certain hint, a council here and there,"

Perhaps one touch,
 On spout or belly ere we fired the kiln [,]
Thy hint, *thy* council and *thy* touch. No more
 Than just so much as made (why blink the truth?)
 The bad thing good; the drunken pitcher straight. . .
 My workmanship, thou saidst—and I believed.
 It was so small a touch, so slight a word.
 I threw the wet clay—marred it. *Now* I see! . . .
 The thing has failed—not wholly failed. I learnt
 Much that I should have learnt before alas! . . .
 The fair lip sprouted into useless length . . .
 But the distorted vessel still remains
 Against your coming. Does not Yusuf say
 'Even the marred and unclean clay keep thou
 As record of past error?' . . . I have kept my work
 For judgement. I can only see the faults.
 The Remedy is hidden. . . .
 At least is certain that the raw clay bends
 Into ignoble shapes without thy hand.
 The vase has taught me. O! Make haste and come.¹¹

It's all there – the touch so small, the hand on the rein so light it goes unnoticed. 'My workmanship, thou saidst – and I believed.'

Long after, Trix told of Lockwood's part in "On Greenhow Hill". But reading *this*, how can we doubt his part in story after story – especially those other love stories, too many to be considered exceptional, of love across the bar of colour?

There are six of these: four in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, two more in *Life's Handicap*. The men involved are all English; they may be feckless, or out-and-out heels, or, two of them, genuinely in love. The women, though, are all true lovers. They are very far from the 'portrayal of Indians as fundamentally barbarous and savage' that Frances Mannsaker notes in Anglo-Indian popular fiction.¹²

Three of these stories were written in 1886-87, within a single four-month period. "Lispeth" [*C&MG.*, 26 November 1886] begins the cluster, and Rudyard chose it to stand first in *Plain Tales*. Lispeth's Englishman never had any intention of marrying her, though he told her he did, and left her to grieve. Not surprising, perhaps – except that less than ten days later Kipling published a story that reverses the situation, "Yoked with an Unbeliever" [*C&MG.*, 1 December 1886]. Dunmaya has Hill blood like Lispeth; she's 'a good girl and handsome,' clever, 'though, of course, a little hard' — hard enough not only to manage to marry the feckless Englishman but to 'make a decent man of him.'

Four months later Rudyard is still mulling over the situation; in "Kidnapped" (21 March 1887) he'll reverse it again. This time a fine young Englishman is in love with a Eurasian, 'good and very lovely'; Kipling asks us to 'understand clearly that there was not a breath of a word to be said against her.' Still, in the eyes of the good English Mammas, she's "impossible" — the quotes are Rudyard's — and the marriage 'obviously absurd': 'the little opal-tinted onyx at the base of her finger-nails said this as plainly as print.' So Mrs. Hauksbee goes to work. The fine young man is called away, "kidnapped," and the Eurasian beauty is left waiting at the church. She's a *very* good girl and keeps her broken heart to herself; the fine young man, Kipling tells us, 'will marry a sweet pink-and-white maiden . . . with a little money and some influential connections, as every wise man should.' And what in the world are we supposed to make of that? Next year comes "Georgie Porgie" another good girl bereft — and the devastating, unforgettable "Beyond the Pale".

This Englishman, Trejago, starts the affair as a bit of fun, but soon he's swearing that he loves his exquisite little Bisesa 'more than anyone else in the world' — 'Which', adds Kipling, 'was true.' The tragedy — Kipling's word — that love brings on Bisesa is literally the stuff of nightmares, and Trejago will bear *his* scars — literally for the rest of his life.

Two years later — 1890 — Rudyard is in London, working on *The Light that Failed* and assembling the stories for *Life's Handicap*. He'll include "Georgie Porgie", written too late to make it into *Plain Tales*, and "Without Benefit of Clergy."

This love story needs no summary for this audience. Holden and

Ameera are luckier than Bisesa and Trejago – for a while. Shamsul Islam¹³ points out that in spite of the title, Holden is married to Ameera 'according to Islamic rites.' When their son is born Holden performs the Muslim sacrifice, with the Muslim prayer: " 'In place of this my son I offer life for life, blood for blood, head for head, bone for bone, hair for hair, skin for skin.' " But prayers have no power against cholera. The baby will die, his mother will follow, and Holden will be left desolate with a sorrow he can never share. And even if at last he too marries a pink-and-white English maiden, the love he has experienced is deeper than any he will know again.

Now to return to the relationship between Halim the Potter and Yusuf His Father. Is it conceivable that these stories, like "On Greenhow Hill", were not discussed, smoked over together? John Lockwood was nearby for all of them, even "Without Benefit of Clergy". He was in London in 1890, 'putting the finishing touches on his Indian-inspired Billiard Room for the Duke of Connaught'; Lycett¹⁴ tells us he 'often spent the night on [Rudyard's] couch' in Villiers Street. And Lockwood was thinking about the colour-bar while his son was still an English schoolboy.

That's when he wrote his romance in two chapters, *Inezilla*. Ankers¹⁵ quotes a revealing sentence; it speaks of 'wild delights', 'more tranquil pleasures', and 'bitter sorrows'. The story was inspired by a meeting with a Parsee lady, and Ankers adds that Lockwood even 'envisioned a day', presumably in the far future, 'when a Britisher might claim as a father-in-law a Parsee gentleman'.

"Without Benefit" is redolent of Lockwood – his open-mindedness, his warm sexuality. Editha Plowden remembered him looking at a cast of the Venus de Milo while his wife was away in England (1877) and saying "listlessly", 'I think I will take her home to live with me'. Alice was never really happy in India – 'at times I think I was a brute to bring her out', he wrote Editha in 1880. 'If I could have a deputy wife it might be arranged somehow, but the state of society is not yet sufficiently advanced.'¹⁶ It was certainly not advanced enough for such a love as Holden's and Ameera's

Rudyard had left India forever when he wrote his next big success, *The Jungle Books*. Without his father, and India too, his idea of a love story would collapse into the adolescent mawkishness of "A Brushwood Boy". But Lockwood visited his son in far-away Vermont, and he could supply the jungle, the Seonee hills, the Waingunga river, the habits of tigers and pythons and jackals. But there's one story — in *The Second Jungle Book* – that seems peculiarly Lockwood's: "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat", that lovely preview of the extraordinary empathy with Eastern spirituality to be fully explored in *Kim*. The animals, too, bear

Lockwood's mark. Purun Bhagat is a bit of a St. Francis, and the *langurs* and the great *barasingh* play an important part in the story. Lockwood knew animals, sympathized with them, chose to write his only book about them.

Beast and Man in India appeared in 1891. Beyond his Indian journalism and his specialized articles on Indian arts, it shows Lockwood's many-sided interests – in Indian folk-tales and proverbs, in Indian rituals, in Indian gods and goddesses, and overwhelmingly in Indian birds, monkeys, asses, goats and sheep, cows and oxen, buffalos and pigs, horses and mules, elephants, camels, dogs, foxes, jackals, cats, reptiles — I'm merely citing the chapter-headings of the book. For above all what son and father shared was their craft, writing, as vivid and specific as eye and ear could make it. Listen to Lockwood on mules:

A spirited mule in full fling radiates a rainbow of kicks, an aurora made splendid by the flash and flicker of his iron hoofs. With his fore-feet as a centre he clears for himself a sacred inviolable circle.¹⁷

Hear the alliteration — 'full fling', 'flash and flicker' – hear how 'radiate' is echoed by 'rainbow'. And beneath the unexpected words, the seeing eye, and the imagination to think of a mule's kicks as a rainbow, a splendid aurora. It is no common mind that can see the sacred in the space cleared by a kicking mule.

But it is in his way of writing, not his subject-matter, that we find the most telling evidence of John Lockwood's temperance and wisdom. It is so natural, so unobtrusive, that he couldn't have been conscious of it. It was just part of who he was. He couldn't, it seems, make a generalization – about animals, about people without balancing it with another that pulled in the opposite direction. He also had two sides to his head.

We've seen in 1870 his dislike of all things German — a blanket dismissal that presages, albeit mildly, Rudyard's terrible satisfaction, after 1914, that the English had at last begun to hate. Lockwood couldn't hate. Already, in 1875, he'd recovered his customary tolerance. In a sentence that does *not* recall Rudyard, he speaks for a *we* that opens to include the whole human race. 'We, John Brown, William Schmidt, Jean Crepaud, Laximan Ramjee and Hussein Baksh desire in our' – *our* – 'ignoble souls to be let alone and go our way quietly.'¹⁸ William Schmidt the German is right there alongside English John Brown — and ahead of Jean Crepaud – wanting like the rest of us just to be let alone.

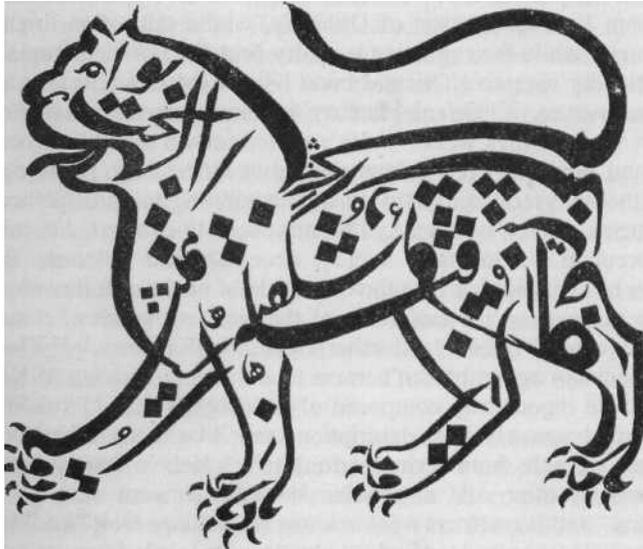
'Benign', 'tolerant' – we remember Burt's adjectives for Lockwood. He couldn't stay mad for long. He'd see the other side and right the

balance, as he does on the very first page of *Beast and Man*, where he introduces his major theme, cruelty to animals. He's seen plenty of it in India. Some Englishmen, he says, have even 'hinted that Orientals must have learned cruelty, as they have learned drunkenness, from brutal Britons.' Not so – 'both vices have for ages been rooted in the life of Eastern as of all the nations under heaven.'¹⁹

BUT – 'Orientals'. Orientalism. We'll have no trouble finding it in *Beast and Man*. In Lockwood's time and place he could scarcely have avoided it. Indifference to the comfort of the animals that work for them 'is characteristic of Orientals, whose talk often drips with sentiment, while their practice is of dry brutality.'²⁰ He complains of the 'blandly receptive Oriental mind.'²¹ 'Noise is a necessity of the Oriental nature.'²² 'Oriental fantasy' is 'always stronger than Oriental observation, always weak.'²³ He's pulled in two directions, between East and West, between judgement and understanding. He recognizes that 'the native of India is only now beginning to care for accurate statements of fact, whether in a literary, scientific, or artistic sense'— and accurate statements of fact are necessary and welcome. But no sooner has he said that than the other side of his head forces a qualification: he regrets 'the extinction of the pictured horses of romance', Persian winged horses 'and other creatures of fantasy.'²⁴ Then the West kicks in again; he can't warm to an elegant drawing of Krishna on a horse ingeniously composed of dancing women. 'Trivialities of this nature scarcely bear description, and, like many other Oriental fancies, are safe from serious criticism.'²⁵ He's writing a book for Westerners, after all, a popular book – it went through three editions — and Westerners want to know what things look like. The cow and the bull are sacred to Hindus; why then are 'cattle forms so vaguely seen by the Hindu artist'? He's impatient with the 'resolute conventionalism',²⁶ 'so fixed and negligent of nature'²⁷. Too little observation. We can see what he meant in the pedestrian realism of his own illustrations for *Beast and Man*, and even more in those of his star pupil, Munshi Sher Muhammad. Lockwood has taught Muhammad the tricks of Western realism; figures do not float in space but are firmly grounded; careful shading gives objects the illusion of depth. And yet – it is not Muhammad's realistic elephant that Lockwood chooses to introduce his book, but his dashing calligraphic tiger.

And indeed for a more sophisticated audience he wrote quite differently. In an article on "Indian Art in Metal and Wood", 'resolute conventionalism' is a virtue. The 'comparative fixity and permanence' of Indian art is part of 'its perfect union to the life of the people, and [its] mysterious quality of organic fitness to the varying aspects of the country.'²⁸ Weak observation? Though the 'spider-like application' of

the traditional craftsman seems 'to seek no help from the external world', it 'results in so varied and yet so even a distribution of graceful and richly coloured forms' that it can offer 'unsurpassable fullness and richness.'²⁹ Far from deploring the 'bland receptivity' of Orientals, he praises their ability to receive and transform: 'Soft as wax to receive impressions from foreign sources, they absorb and fuse them into a harmonious unity which is the most striking characteristic of their work.'³⁰



CALLIGRAPHIC TIGER

By Munshi Sher Muhammad from *Beast and Man in India*

If all we'd read was *Beast and Man*, we'd be surprised to learn that students in the Mayo School of Art 'were encouraged to keep strictly within the native lines of construction', and that 'traditional Indian forms were kept as exemplary models'. 'The first thing to study', Lockwood told a visiting official, 'is the actual work of the country'. 'Most remarkably, [Lockwood] opposed the tide of Victorian imperialism and its concomitant attitudes of cultural superiority through his practical efforts on behalf of Indian art. In his writings, and even more in his work in the official art schools, he dignified and preserved the bases of native handicrafts against the often debilitating effects of misguided and wholly commercially oriented government policies.'

I've just uttered a whole paragraph of quotations, from Mahrukh Tarapor's definitive article on "John Lockwood Kipling and British Art Education in India."³¹ It's long, thorough, and a product of original research I couldn't possibly have done myself. I was led to Tarapor by James Craig's knowledgeable review in the *Kipling Journal*, and I'm grateful to them both. But isn't there a disconnect between Lockwood's professional activities and writings, and *Beast and Man*, so committed to nature and observation, so dismissive of convention and fantasy? His book appeared eight years *after* his article on metal- and wood-working. Had he changed his mind about keeping to Indian forms and models? Was he no longer impressed by that 'harmonious unity', that 'unsurpassable fullness and richness'?

I think the answer lies beyond his two-sidedness, though of course that plays its part. It lies in the *purpose of Beast and Man in India*: to represent animals and people for Englishmen who'd never seen them. That would explain the weakness of his illustrations, when compared with his superb drawings of Indian craftsmen at work, made for professional scrutiny. He might complain about Oriental sloppiness with one side of his head – BUT – the Queen's Durbar Room remains to this day as testimony to what Tarapor calls his 'unswerving faith in the abilities and tradition of the Indian craftsman.'³²

Nor is that craftsman just some anonymous Oriental, but Ram Singh, who, Tarapor tells us, 'designed and supervised almost the entire decoration of the room' – Ram Singh, named, respected, and credited as a fellow craftsman³³ – as Lockwood also meticulously credited every artist who contributed to *Beast and Man*.

Orientalism, but respect. Two sides. I once planned to list every instance of two-sidedness in *Beast and Man* – almost 50, and I keep finding more. They led me to this topic, and I thought I'd make them central. But they were more central than I guessed; they led me far beyond the book. So I'm just selecting a few.³⁴

Here's one that picks up on Indian cruelty to "service animals" – oxen, cattle, asses, mules – *but, nevertheless* – 'a more human temper prevails in regard to free creatures than in the West.' In India "boys are not seen stoning frogs or setting dogs at cats, or tying kettles to dogs' tails." Of Indian "beast-fights": 'you may call it brutal if you please, but it should be remembered that only yesterday the population of whole towns (like Birmingham) swarmed to the British bull-ring'.³⁵ 'The Midland or Northern mechanic will lose a day's wage for a dog-fight.' There are bullfights in Spain, imitations of them in Paris, 'and everywhere an inclination to enjoy similar spectacles which breaks through the illusory crust we describe as civilisation and progress.'³⁶

And it's not just cruelty to animals that he finds common to 'all

nations under heaven.' Music too: the song of an Indian herdsman seems formless to the Western ear, 'but to be fair, so do most rustic songs' when written down.³⁷ 'To be fair' – that says it all. 'It must be confessed that to a fresh occidental mind there is nothing so tiresome as a book of Hindu mythology. . . .' But, but: 'an undiluted course of the classic mythology of Europe, shorn of all the allusions, historical elucidations, and modern interpretations which give it life would probably be almost as unattractive.'³⁸

Mythology shades into religion – Lockwood balanced religions too. 'Muhammedanism, like more [sic] religions, is full of little compromises.' But, *but* – Christians are no better; they may even show 'a more frank defiance of the laws by which at the supreme moments of their lives they profess themselves bound.'³⁹

Never the twain shall meet? On the contrary. Lockwood's wisdom was to look for what East and West have in common. On page two of *Beast and Man* he makes explicit the principle that is implicit throughout: 'We ought, perhaps, to distrust most of the compendious phrases which presume to label our complex and paradoxical humanity with qualities and virtues, like drugs in a drawer.' The foundation of Lockwood's wise benignity was the conviction that whatever their differences, John Brown, William Schmidt, Jean Crepaud, Laximan Ramjee and Hussein Baksh are all human together.

I once thought I'd end this talk with a discussion of Lockwood's influence on his son's greatest achievement – on *Kim*. But I don't think I have to. That they worked over *Kim* together is a matter of record. Thanks to John Burt (and to Carrie's diary) we even know the months and dates. *Kim* is indeed wiser and more temperate than much of Rudyard's stuff. He knew *Kim* was different. He said so. And I think he knew why.

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THE SILVER SUTTEE

By DAVID PARK

[Clara Park's husband David and I were talking together after the meeting and he mentioned that during a family Thanksgiving weekend a few years ago which was spent at Naulakha, he had been struck by his own daemon, and felt impelled to express himself in the Visitors' Book in verse – not something that often happens, I understand. He very kindly sent me a copy of his poem and I can now share it with you, including an origin of the name "Brattleboro". – Ed.]

(Written at Kipling's desk during a visit to Naulakha, the house he built near Brattleboro, Vermont)

In his castle in the country
While the moon floats overhead
Rudyard sleeps serenely
In the safety of his bed.

In the silent sleeping chamber
On a table by the door
Stands the pride of his collection
From the Indian days of yore,

A sterling silver *suttee*
With both handles, which is rare,
Surmounted by an urdu
With a *howdah* in her hair.

But what is this advancing
With soft and stealthy tread?
The Brattle's in the stairway
And Rudyard's in his bed!

The portal opens slowly,
Its hinge gives forth no sound,
The heavy head turns slowly
As the Brattle looks around.

It sees what it was seeking,
In the moonlight gleaming bright,
The *urdu*, unprotected
From the peril of the night.

Down stairs and out the doorway,
The Brattle leaves no mark
As it hastens t'ward the forest
And is swallowed by the dark.

Comes the moment of the morning,
Rudyard notices his loss,
Takes down his great *Zamindar*
And leaps upon his horse.

With an ayah in his left hand,
The *Zamindar* in his right,
Rudyard thus accoutred
Is a most alarming sight.

How carefully he kipples
As he combs the nearby wood,
But the kippling is for nothing
And the *suttee's* gone for good.

And the Brattle in its burrow
Settles softly on its bed
With the *suttee* close beside it
While the horse stamps overhead.

All is tumult in the forest,
All is silence underneath
As the Brattle slips t'ward slumber
With a smile upon its teeth.

SPECIALIST BOOKSELLERS

In the March 2006 issue, John Radcliffe drew our attention to the modest commission that accrued to the Society on purchases from Amazon made through our website. But, as Michael Hougham points out on our letters page, the specialists such as Faversham and Verandah Books who have advertised with us for many years, offer a service that is not available from the large chains. They produce lists of the Kipling material which they have on hand; they will search for rare books; they will advise on valuations; and can apply the specialised knowledge that they have built to the benefit of their customers. – *Ed*

ANNUAL LUNCHEON 2006

The Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon 2006, was held on Wednesday 3 May at the Royal Over-Seas League, London. Unfortunately, our Guest Speaker, Professor Hugh Brogan, was taken ill the evening before. But some members rallied round and gave delightful readings of Kipling's poems and prose. The works were read by Roger Ayers, Sharad Keskar, Robin Mitchell, Patrick Hall, Jeffery Lewins, John Walker, and Sir George Engle, and were greatly enjoyed by all.

Apologies were received from members who were unable to attend: Dr and Mrs Michael Brock, the Rev Stephen France, Peter and Lisa Lewis, Mrs M. Noah, Sir Derek Oulton, Mr G.F.C. Plowden, Mr M. Poulter, Ms Linda Shaughnessy, Michael and Audrey Smith and Mrs F. M. Wade.

Once again, in spite of our regret at the unavoidable absence of Prof Brogan, the occasion was a success and was attended by some 83 guests including:

Mr C. Allen, Lt-Col R.C. Ayers, Mrs L.A. Ayers, Mr R. Bailey, Mrs H.A. Barton, Mr Derek Balls, Mr K.W. Blyth, Mrs D. Bonny, Major Keith Bonny, Mr P.W. Brock, Mr R. Brown, Mrs C. Brown, Mrs B. Caseley Dickson, Mr G. Catchpole, Mr M.A. Clark, Mr R. Cosby, Mrs A.S. Couchman, Mr M.H. Couchman, Sir John Chapple, Lady Chapple, Mr J.K. Davies, Mr R. Dorman, Mrs A. Driver, Mr J. Driver, Mr B.M.D. Elliott, Sir George Engle, Lady Engle, Ms E. Francis, Mrs Helene Gray, Mrs J.C. Habib, Mr P.G.S. Hall, Miss A.G. Harcombe, Mr T.P.A. Healy, Dr T.A. Heathcote, Mrs M.M. Heathcote, Miss J.C. Hett, Professor D. Jacobson, Mrs M. Jacobson, Mrs Jane Keskar, Mr S.D.J. Keskar, Mrs C.A. Key, Mr W.H.B. Key, Mr J.G.N. King, Mrs J.M. Lewins, Dr J.D. Lewins, Mr A.C. Madell, Mrs D. Marchant Smith, Mr C.J. Marchant Smith, Mr C.R.W. Mitchell, Mrs J.A. Mitchell, Mrs J. Munsey, Mr A.D. Munsey, Mr F.E. Noah, , Mrs R. Nwume, Mr David Page, Mr B.V. Payne, Mr L. Pilpel, Mrs A. Plowden, Mrs R.P. Plowden, Brig R.B.C. Plowden, Mr R. G. Pettigrew, Mr J. Radcliffe, Mr John Raisman, Mrs F. Robinson, Mr O.H. Robinson, Lord Sandberg of Passfield, Mr John Slater, Mr A. Smith, Mrs CM. Smith, Mr T.M. Smith, Mrs P.J. Spate, Col. G.T. Spate, Mrs Elizabeth Travis, Mr Harry Travis, Dr F.A. Underwood, Mrs A. Vaughan Williams, Mr S.D. Wade, Mr J. Walton, Mr J. Walker, Mr G. Weekes, Mr E.C. Wilson, and Mr A. J. Wilson.

CHAIRMAN'S WELCOME

My Lords Ladies and Gentlemen,

it is a great pleasure to see you at our annual luncheon for 2006, the eightieth year of the Kipling Society. I would like to offer a warm

welcome to our members and their guests; in particular to Lord Sandberg of Passfield, Field Marshal Sir John Chapple, John Raisman, Chairman of Trustees of the British Empire and Commonwealth Museum, who was our speaker last year, Charles Allen, writer and broadcaster, who has written with elegance and authority about the British in India, and is currently working on a new book about the young Kipling, and Elaine Francis, who has one of the most attractive jobs in England. She is Property Manager for the National Trust at Bateman's. It is good to see you all.

I should add that a number of people would have also liked to be here and have sent their good wishes: Dr Michael Brock and his wife, Sir Derek Oulton, Linda Shaughnessy of A.P. Watt, and the Rev Stephen France of St Bartholomew's Church in Burwash.

I am delighted to report that the Society is in vigorous health. At present we have rather over 500 members, about the same number as last year. Our numbers have been sustained by a steady stream of new applications from all over the world, many of them via the Internet, where we have a strong presence. Since none of us are getting any younger, we are now offering membership to people under 24 at a reduced rate, to encourage younger people to join us.

We have had a series of good meetings here at the Royal Over-Seas League, arranged by Jeffery Lewins. Jeffery hands over as Meetings Secretary in July to Andrew Lycett, who is now giving thought to the programme for 2007.

A particular highlight this year was the Memorial Service for Rudyard Kipling on 26 January at St Bartholomew's Church in Burwash, seventy years after his death. It was a splendid and heart-warming occasion, presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has a lifelong interest in Kipling's work, and clearly knows it well. The Archbishop gave a penetrating and thought-provoking address which David Page will be printing in the *Kipling Journal*. We felt that Kipling would have approved of the proceedings.

The *Kipling Journal* continues to maintain a high standard. We have now made the archive of over 300 back-numbers available to members on the Society's web-site, where it can be searched for a name or a phrase. There were 31 searches last week.

The web-site itself is well used. We are getting three or four hundred visitors a day, of whom about a hundred are visiting the New Readers' Guide pages. The Guide – our follow-up to the Harbord Guide – continues to develop; we have now annotated 160 of the stories, and 170 poems.

The Library catalogue is also on line as part of the Guide, and the Library itself has been considerably expanded with the addition of

some excellent volumes from the collection of George Webb, for which we have been most grateful. John Walker has taken over from John Slater as Kipling Librarian, and is doing all possible to support a considerable increase this year in the number of visitors.

You may also be interested to know that our North American Representative, David Richards, is nearing the completion of his massive new bibliography of Kipling's works. We are confident that this will become a standard work, a worthy successor to Livingstone, and Stewart.

I can also report that we have a new Treasurer, Frank Noah, who has taken over from Rudolph Bissolotti. He is keeping a close eye on our financial situation, which I am glad to say looks healthy. We are going to do all possible, despite various rising costs, to avoid increasing the subscription.

Three other notices. First, there is to be a lecture by Victoria Schofield next Monday, 8 May at The British Commonwealth Society on "Wavell Soldier and Statesman". Lord Wavell was, of course, a former President of the Kipling Society. There are leaflets about this event on the table by the door.

I am delighted to announce that our speaker at the Luncheon in May next year will be Sir Mark Tully, the distinguished BBC correspondent who for many years was the voice of the BBC in India., and is a long-standing member of the Society

And finally a piece of sad news: I am very sorry to have to tell you of the death of John Crookshank who has been a very active member in recent years. He died a couple of days ago.

And now I'd like to ask Jane Keskar to say a grace, before our luncheon.

GRACE, BY JANE KESKAR

In memory of the Service of Commemoration at Burwash on 26 January, this is from "The Children's Song" which was sung so beautifully by the children of the village:

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

And now the Grace:

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

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE ANIMAL WORLD IN KIPLING'S *THE JUNGLE BOOK*

By Ms DIANA BUDOYAN

[Ms Budoyan is a graduate of Yerevan State Linguistic University after V. Brusov, Faculty of English Literature, in Armenia. As part of her continuing studies, she has combined a fondness for the works of Kipling with an interest in the Hindu, Buddhist and Christian religions to investigate how Kipling drew on these texts in *The Jungle Books*. She has pointed out to me that all the sources from which she has worked are in Russian since it is difficult to obtain the originals, and this will be seen from the references. —Ed.]

Irving Stone once wrote: "the writer is an archaeologist" who discovers man's layers.¹

Angus Wilson the English writer and critic wrote: "Kipling's passionate interest towards people, their language, affairs, and troubles is the essence of magical charm of all his creative works."² The *Jungle Books* were developed on the bases of the traditional ancient Indian genre of animal tales. The collection *Panchatantra*, the monument of Sanskrit literature, was created in 3 – 4th Centuries A.D., for teaching worldly wisdom to the ignorant sons of royalty. It consisted of five books (that is why it is called *Panchatantra* which means "Five Books") and it describes the life of Indian society. In animal images one can see human types, satirically reproducing social relations, condemning human vices.

Panchatantra was the book of breeding and deduction just as *The Jungle Book* was the story of a "human-cub" with a strong and free will, who was found in the world of the wild by more "humanised" animals. Kipling's animals were allegoric; they came to be relative characters, masks, embodying this or that virtue or vice. In *The Jungle Book* Kipling seems to open major things and he made a related human microcosm with the macrocosm of nature. On the pages of the story is revived the prehistoric epoch, when animals and people coexisted equally – and the call is distinctly heard: 'We be of one blood, ye and I.'

The matter was not only in the magic art, which the writer penetrated in the heart of the wild and savage nature. Nowadays when civilisation destroys every living thing, we are worried about virgin tropical forests, blossoming with wonderful flowers, unusual plants and animals which are not daunted by human creatures. Reading *The Jungle Books*, we feel the hot air of the real jungle, going deeper into the impenetrable brushwood, tangling in the lianas and being paralysed with admiration. The secret of the incomprehensible power of Kipling's stories about the

jungle contains the allegoric meaning: we see human life on the pages of a childish tale, framed in the neo-romanticism.

In the *Jungle Books* we see animals becoming human beings, even more, they are personified. They think, speak and feel as human beings. The image of a person growing up among animals was not accidental in Kipling's works. Long before that there was an ancient Roman legend about Romulus and Remus, reared by she-wolf. This legend has meaningful symbolic information. But in the story of Mowgli there was something more important. That naked "Frog" grown into a strong and brave young man thanks to his educators: the bear Baloo, the panther Bagheera, the elephant Hathi, he learned the Law of the Jungle and conquered all his enemies because he was a more than human creature. He was half man and half animal – wild animal. He could bring to a stop a deer and he could knock down a wild boar, but the difference from an animal was that his eyes had never had a predatory brilliance and only he was able to use the Red Flower – Fire. And in this struggle for life, in those jungles among wild animals was formed his brave and noble "animal-human" character.

Recreating the unique world of Jungles in its live integrity, the wonderful world without wonders, Kipling studied characters, manners and customs of birds, wild animals and reptiles with scientific accuracy. Without it the image wouldn't be so precise and due to it each episode of the story of *The Jungle Book* becomes explicit. Kipling also thoroughly studied symbols, emblems, and with that mythology of different countries, and introduced all this in his works. However in *The Jungle Books* the main hero was a man – the frog Mowgli, who was a universal symbol of life. "According to Protagoras,³ man is the measure of everything. That is why man expresses the main cosmic principles and is interpreted as a model of the universe – microcosm correlated with the macrocosm of nature. Already in the classical antiquity man was seen as the rejoinder of the macrocosm." Kipling likened the man to the leader who is much stronger than all the rather humanised wild animals. However none of the latter could look into man's eyes and that is why they called him "Frog". The *Rig Veda* claimed that "frogs are children of Pardjania – God of thundercloud and rain".

"The animal world is a symbolic paradigm, a kind of symbolic code of the creation of world, a model of human society and nature on the whole." (V. Toporov)⁴. Each element of this code has a fixed significance, but all these elements are able to unite in complexes, which cover various spheres of existence. Animals codify time (the twelve-year animal cycle of the Chinese calendar) and space ("neither horse would skip, nor wolf would jump" – Russian proverb); they are

the embodiment of cosmic and divine energy (animal divine being or Zodiac animals). Kipling depicted the animal world in a very singular way. He created the possibility for the mythological personification of wild animals in nature. Kipling gathered bright and peculiar images of animals and determined the borders of existence of these images by jungles. He perceived jungles as a long life path along which the man cub had to pass with God's creatures equal to him.

The only peculiarity of the little Mowgli was that he was the embodiment of that utmost intelligence which wasn't even characteristic of the wise Kaa.

In many traditions, animals are the witnesses of the creation of world; their distribution all over the world is connected with the three-part structure of the world tree. In reality all animals symbolise human instincts, fertility and abundance. But in addition to the common semantics of the animal world many of its representatives possess their own symbolism, and each nation, each religion has its own peculiarities. In *The Jungle Book* one can find the correlation of myth and reality of two religions – Hinduism and Buddhism.

Creating images of animals Kipling defined those wild animals that had to play their symbolic role in a right way. Each of these images opened the meaning and the mystery of the world of Jungles. As it is known the story of the little boy starts in the den of wolves. Kipling gives various images of wolves. "The symbol of martial valour, the emblem of the leader of military detachment and even God of war (Mars – Luperc) as well as forefather of a tribe (henceforth numerous mythological plots about upbringing by a she-wolf)"⁵ and at the same time "the wolf is the embodiment of chaos, using modern language, the embodiment of entropy which threatens to destroy the cosmos"⁶. Kipling depicted both sides: the image of Akela is independent, proud, brave and a kind of triumphal symbol of cognition through experience, and the image of the resentful wolves eating the scraps left by Shere Khan who ignored the Law of the Jungle, spreading chaos all over the Jungles.

The image of the bear Baloo is the embodiment of teacher, warrior as well as the symbol of paternal power and tenderness. Studying symbols and mythology of different countries it is difficult to determine the sources Kipling borrowed this image from. "In China the bear is the symbol of masculine courage. Bear is also the symbol of the Moon and resurrection, perhaps because of its winter hibernation. Jung was of the opinion that the bear symbolises obscure sides of subconsciousness. In Celtic culture bear is the emblem of martial valour (the name of King Arthur derives from arthos – "bear")".⁷ Perhaps that is the reason for the undisputable authority of Baloo in making decisions and the upbringing of inhabitants of Jungle.

The panther Bagheera is the symbol and embodiment of proud, lonely and independent woman. It is an image of woman-feminist who struggles for her place in the sun.

'I am Bagheera—in the Jungle—in the night, and my strength is in me.'

By these words Kipling expressed what the woman of the 20th century wants to say – power, will, independence and her being unique. The symbol of the panther or the leopard is the embodiment of "fury, merciless power, bravery, proud, speed, and is an English military emblem."

Always discontented, Shere Khan possesses power, fierceness, rage as well as beauty and speed. "Wild and divine symbol of both aggression and protection, especially in the cultures of Asia and India, where the tiger often replaced the lion as a main emblem of grandeur and wildness. William Blake in his poem "The Tiger" used the same symbolism of two unities of this animal, connecting it with dangerous powers of natural instincts. Tiger, as well as lion, can symbolise both life and death, both evil and the victory of the good. Some gods travelled on tigers, thus demonstrating their might, for instance, the Hindu god Durga. Tiger is often associated with military valour, in India its picture is a military emblem, and in Chinese Buddhism tiger is the personification of fury." In Kipling's work the tiger Shere Khan – symbolised evil, causing destruction and bringing chaos. It was Shere Khan who destroyed the idyll of "Free People", morally demolishing their leader Akela.

The elephant Hathi was portrayed as a wise judge and master of the Jungle.

Shere Khan slunk away, not daring to growl, for he knew—as every one else knows— that when the last comes to the last, Hathi is the master of the Jungle.

In India the elephant is the symbol of royal power. "Elephant was the grand draught-animal not only of Indian rulers but also of Hindra – the Hindu God of thunder and rain. Ganesha, God of Happiness with the head of elephant, was also considered to be the protector of wisdom and literature. Elephant symbolised not only the qualities necessary for a good ruler – dignity, intellect, sense – but also peace-disposition, rich harvest, fruit bearing downpours, i.e. everything kind and positive that was in the life of the Hindu people. In Buddhism elephant is the symbol of spiritual knowledge." ⁸ The white elephant had a sacred significance

in Buddhism. "The queen Maya learned about the imminent birth of her son, the future Buddha, in a prophetic dream in which a small charming white elephant entered her lap. For Buddhists the elephant is the symbol of spiritual knowledge and stability."⁹ And here in Kipling's work the symbols of two religions – Hinduism and Buddhism – become entwined again. From these images one can understand that Kipling symbolised the images of the elephant Hathi and the elephant Tha, dating to Hindu and Buddhist symbolism. He made one of them the Master of Jungle the other – the creator of Jungle.

He drew the Jungle out of deep waters with his trunk, and where he made furrows in the ground with his tusks, there rivers ran, and where he struck with his foot, there rose ponds of good water, and when he blew through his trunk—thus—the trees fell. That was the manner in which the Jungle was made by Tha . . .¹⁰

The important symbol of the snake is the most essential and complex of all the symbols of animals and perhaps the most ancient of them. The rock-python Kaa is described by Kipling as something incomprehensible, mysterious with supernatural abilities. "In Indian tradition nagh snakes were considered demi-gods, Patala – the underground world – belonged to them; their capital was situated there, they kept their innumerable treasures there."¹¹ In *The Jungle Book* Kipling depicted the custodian of the treasures, Cobra-nagh – "The Warden of the King's Treasure". In Indian tradition they are great magicians who are able to enliven the dead and change their appearance if they wish. Nagh often acquired human appearance and lived among people; nagh women often became wives of kings and heroes, as they stood out by their indescribable beauty. *The Mahabharata* says that nagh got immortality, tasting amrita – the gods' elixir, but as they had to lick amrita from sharp stems of the grass, their tongues doubled.

The abilities of monkeys to imitate human behaviour were widely used for making fun of vanity and stupidity. These abilities and the variety of forms of behaviour made its symbolism contradictory on the whole and allowed them to embody both positive and negative sides of human behaviour. Hanuman – the Indian God of monkeys and the symbol of fertility and healing — is a warrior and faithful companion of god Rama. Criminal intentions, lust and greed are the qualities that symbolise monkeys in Christian art; they also often depicted small shortcomings of human nature in a ludicrous way or they are the allegory of imitative art. In Kipling's work monkeys symbolised an ignorant, stupid man with high opinion of himself. Kipling showed how dangerous ignorant people can be without a leader and laws. The

Bandar-log triumphed making up a saying and later making a dogma of it " 'What the Bandar-log think now the Jungle will think later.' "

The constant companion of Shere Khan – the jackal Tabaqui had a corresponding symbolism. "In India jackal is the symbol of destruction and evil, in Buddhism jackal is a man stuck in evil unable to comprehend dharma."

The symbolism of *The Jungle Book* showed undisputable faith in the free man and the reasonable wild animal. The Law of the Jungle was the only postulate and code of behaviour and from everywhere the sounds of Jungle songs were heard.

Now Chil the Kite brings home the night
 That Mang the Bat sets free—
 The herds are shut in byre and hut
 For loosed till dawn are we.
 This is the hour of pride and power,
 Talon and tush and claw.
 Oh, hear the call!—Good hunting all
 That keep the Jungle Law—

Night-Song in the Jungle

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TRACKING "THE EXPLORER" KIPLING'S ADVENTURE POEM AND THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

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The Lewis and Clark Expedition opened the way through the Northwest of America to the Pacific. Starting from the small town of St. Louis on the Missouri River gateway to the vast new Louisiana Purchase in May 1804, it finally reached the Pacific Ocean at the mouth of the Columbia River in November 1805. The Expedition began its return in March 1806, finally reaching St Louis once again in September 1806. The general route west-bound followed the Missouri to its headwaters, crossing immense deserts and mountains to the Continental Divide, thence down the waters of the Columbia to the sea – all a wilderness then quite unknown to Euro-Americans, embracing the present States of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. – *Ed.*]

During these years of the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial, countless men, women, and children are headed outbound, seeking 'foothills where the trails run out and stop.' Enchanted by the story of the Corps of Discovery, through books, films, television, or word of mouth, people plant themselves on the trail, hoping to relive, in Kipling's phrase, 'some old delight reborn'. Roy Appleman's guide book, or other similar reference, will be there pointing the way. To get in the mood, at the start of the adventure, all should take deep draughts of Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Explorer". Through it they will be prepared for discovery – will hear 'Whisper day and night repeated—'

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the
Ranges—

"Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you.
Go!"

The complete text of this poem is filled with images reminiscent of scenes from the Lewis and Clark expedition. Expressions in the poem read as though the author may have seen the expedition Journals, heard about the Corps of Discovery, or even personally travelled the route by land or water. Here are a few excerpts from Kipling's lines, paired with expedition scenes:

- Lewis at Lemhi Pass (near the Continental Divide) – 'As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and leading down.'
- Lewis at Lolo Pass (above the Bitterroots) – 'Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow and naked boulders— / . . . knew I'd stumbled on the Pass.'
- Clark in the "tumble mountains"— 'Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies;'
- The Corps of Discovery with the Nez Perces – 'But at last the country altered— . . . / There I found me food and water, . . .'
- Clark at Forts Mandan and Clatsop – 'Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my trees and blazed and ringed 'em—'
- Lewis and Clark at the Marias – 'Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers, / And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains!'
- Clark, the map-maker – 'By my own old marks and bearings / They will show me how to get there'
- Lewis and his "darling project" – 'Anybody might have found it, but— / His Whisper came to Me!'

At first blush these congruencies may seem fanciful, mere coincidence; the reader, musing, may put the poem aside, move on to something else. Yet soon or late, the lines hauntingly recur. How and why is this poem so remindful of the American West? One is drawn irresistibly by such questions into the provenance of the poem: Where and when was it written? How does it relate to Kipling's American experience? How has the image of the frontiersman in "The Explorer" and other Kipling works echoed in North America through the years? How has this influenced educators and youth movements, and how has this reverberated specifically in the Pacific Northwest?

SEEKING "TRACKS"

To resolve these questions (nagging me personally since first acquaintance with "The Explorer" years ago) I have commenced the tracking expedition now set before you in this essay. Looking for tracks of the poem involves more than seeking clues to its genesis and beholding views of Lewis and Clark in its verses. The search is also to find impacts of the poem on individual personalities. But the trail is not limited to sightings of the poem, as though on a hunting excursion – it includes finding what others have to say about it. The image in "The Explorer" is that of the frontiersman in a broad sense, typifying Kipling's ideas apparent also in some of his other works. This image elicits varying reactions in different observers whom we have sought out. Finally, the

tracks lead us along a lengthy timeline, through youth movements, to the unique place in the Northwest where "The Explorer" continues its 'everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—'.

For this discussion we need to be reminded briefly of a few salient details of Kipling's life: He was born in India (1865) and spent his early childhood there; he was sent by his parents to the village of Westward Ho!, Devon, England, for enrolment at the United Services College – a school established in 1874 for the sons of British officers, which Kipling later used as the backdrop for his *Stalky & Co.* stories. He returned to India in his late teens, to become a journalist and assistant editor of a newspaper, the *Civil and Military Gazette*; there he made a literary mark for himself in and around the diplomatic and "colonial" community of Lahore and Simla in the Punjab. At age 23 he left India for a trip to America, travelling as a reporter, sending dispatches about his experiences and observations to the *Pioneer*, the principal English newspaper in India. After his arrival and brief sojourn in San Francisco, he journeyed to Portland; while there he ventured up the Columbia by mail boat to view the interior, even caught a 12-pound chinook salmon. At Bridal Veil Falls, Kipling wrote,

There are many 'bridal veil' falls in this country, but few . . . lovelier than those that come down to the Columbia River. Then the scenery began—poured forth with the reckless profusion of Nature, who when she wants to be amiable succeeds only in being oppressively magnificent.

He proceeded from Portland to Tacoma and reached Seattle shortly after the great fire of 1889, thence to Vancouver, British Columbia, by steamer through the San Juans. Throughout these experiences he visited with local people and stored in memory and his notebooks impressions of the West. Continuing across the continent by rail, he made a pilgrimage visit to Mark Twain (then residing at Elmira, New York), made acquaintances in the East, and eventually married an American girl – Carrie Balestier – settling down near Carrie's hometown, Brattleboro, Vermont. There, two daughters were born, and there Kipling came to worldwide fame, producing some of his most celebrated works. It was in Vermont that he began writing "The Explorer" (January 1895), though he did not finish it until 23 June 1897 (the day after Queen Victoria's Jubilee) in England. When finally published, the poem was dated 1898.

THE BALLADEER

Were the youthful days in India near mountainous areas – Lahore and Simla – more compelling in shaping the poem than his travel across

North America in 1889? Kipling was notoriously silent about his sources. Yet, one can hardly avoid speculating about the uncanny way the poem evokes scenes from the Lewis and Clark expedition. The lines persist with us, just as with so many other Kipling ballads down through the years. Some of the more conspicuous verses have been hummed and chanted throughout the 20th century, often without knowledge of the author's identity: 'East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet' (1889); 'Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget—lest we forget' ("Recessional", 1897); "Gunga Din"; "Mandalay"; 'We're poor little lambs who've lost our way . . .' These are all among numerous ballads included in *A Choice of Kipling's Verse* by T.S. Eliot. 'Kipling seems to me,' said Eliot, 'the greatest Englishman of letters of his generation.' Eliot's essay accompanying his choices provides needed perspective on Kipling's aims and methods, and serves to temper tendencies, blowing hot and cold during the 20th century, to consider the author in emotionally loaded, political contexts.

CRITICAL OBSERVERS OF "THE EXPLORER"

Deciphering Kipling's poems has kept critics, besides T.S. Eliot, busy enough. "The Explorer" has received its share of attention. Though not among Eliot's choices, this poem is cited by Vasant A. Shahane as specifically comparable to "The Ballad of East and West" – showing Kipling to be 'a master craftsman in such ballads.' The musicality of these verses, as Shahane writes, creates 'an enduring effect of rhythm' – a characteristic contributing to Kipling's being 'by far the most frequently quoted of contemporary authors.'

By 1914 Kipling's verses were so familiar that one scholar, Ralph Durand, endeavoured to contribute to a more knowledgeable understanding of the author. Durand prepared a *Handbook* that analyses origins and meanings of selected words and phrases in Kipling's poems. Durand suggests,

"The Explorer" might be laid in almost any unexplored land in a temperate climate . . . The colloquial expressions used are not those of any one country. Some of them are primarily Australian, such as "station," "blazed," "ringed," and "Never-never country." "Foothills," "trail," and "Norther" are American expressions.

AN EXPLORER IN "THE EXPLORER"

One hundred years after Lewis and Clark, another would-be explorer, through Kipling's writings, was hearing the voice of wilderness. From a farm in Michigan, Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., after college graduation, became a journalist in Detroit, then New York, and while still in his

twenties worked as an editor and writer for a magazine devoted to outdoor life. Steeped in Kipling, with notions of frontier and exploration, Hubbard was drawn to the idea of a trek into the Labrador interior. In 1901 he prevailed on his friend Dillon Wallace to plan on a three-man expedition to that far-flung territory. 'Think of it, Wallace,' he said, 'a great unknown land right near home. . . I want to get into really wild country and have some of the experiences of the old fellows who explored and opened up the country. . .' (Surely, Lewis and Clark must have been among Hubbard's "old fellows!")

Two years later, in the summer of 1903, Hubbard, then 29, with Wallace and a native companion in Labrador, George Elson, began a fateful journey . . . 'into the great lonely wilderness that lured Hubbard to his death.' The dramatic, tragic story of this journey is reported in Wallace's book, *The Lure of the Labrador Wild*, which by 1913 had reached an 11th edition and by 1930, a 23rd edition. The preface to this book carries Kipling's lines: 'Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!' – next to a photograph of Hubbard standing by a canoe, about to begin the adventure.

Wallace writes that around their campfire, after incredible toil each day on the trail, Hubbard would entertain his two companions with remembered quotations from Kipling. "The Explorer" resonates throughout the report. Indeed, the party named the farthestmost ranges reached on the journey the Kipling Mountains. 'As I gazed upon them,' Wallace relates, 'some lines from Kipling's "Explorer" that I had often heard Hubbard repeat were brought forcibly to my mind.' He then quotes the full stanza of 'Something hidden . . .' But the men suffered through pathfinding errors, provision shortages, fatigue, and unendurable weather. Having penetrated close to their goal, the three had to halt. Miserably weakened, Hubbard was unable to proceed, and the party was obliged to separate. Hubbard was left alone while Wallace and George fell back to seek help. They were too late – Hubbard had perished alone in the wilderness.

James A. LeRoy, an old college classmate, echoing "The Explorer" in a later tribute to his friend, spoke of Hubbard as 'a man born with an insatiable desire to do something, to see what other men have not seen, to push into the waste places of the world, to make a new discovery, to develop a new theme or enrich an old, to contribute, in other words to the fund of human knowledge . . .' (shades of Meriwether Lewis and his "darling project").

FRONTIERSMAN IN KIPLING

Hubbard's ordeal, on reflection, seems the story of a man possessed – hypnotized by the 'everlasting whisper' that Kipling ascribed

to "The Explorer", pulling him beyond the ranges. Bonamy Dobree, a Kipling scholar writing in 1967, understands this call, or "pull," in more general terms: 'To gain or to preserve his individuality a man must follow his loudest urgings.' Considering the effect of these verses, Dobree hears the whisper as a compulsive urge, a part of 'the riddle of Kipling . . . to determine the value he put on the individual in relation to society.' We see this less philosophically. To us, there is no "riddle" in "The Explorer". Implicit in the poem (and many other Kipling ballads) is a typified frontiersman, one who is impelled to push beyond normal borders – a survivor. Alertness, stamina, self-reliance, physical and mental fitness – these are the obligatory values. Observers thus see an overt didacticism in Kipling's ballads and stories.

The sturdy qualities in "The Explorer" once more remind us of Lewis and Clark, specifically how their voyage of discovery is a proxy – standing for challenge of the frontier, incessant thrusting beyond the ranges, ever-present in mountains of the West. As the two captains personally faced their frontier, preparing for *their* journey, they sought to 'find out and engage some good hunters, stout, healthy, unmarried men, accustomed to the woods, and capable of bearing bodily fatigue in a pretty considerable degree.' Clark recorded that a few "Gentlemen's sons" have applied who "are not accustomed to labour." The captains agreed that 'as that is a very essential part of the services required of the party,' such applicants would not be enlisted among their explorers.

Model frontier manliness is implicit not only in "The Explorer" but also in Kipling's famous ballads and stories written for children and adolescents. One observer, Carol Naylor, a researcher in Australia, affirms that Kipling 'aimed to amuse and entertain children but at the same time he had a specific message.' That message, "deliberately didactic," was to inculcate self-reliance, initiative, masculinity, resourcefulness. He was, in short, involved in 'the literary and artistic representation of the business of fashioning boys into men.' A further observer, James Harrison, commenting on the Mowgli stories, notes traits in the boy Mowgli ('growing up totally in the wild') essential for a budding explorer or frontiersman: 'The boy could climb almost as well as he could swim, and swim almost as well as he could run,' came to know 'the Wood and Water Laws: how to tell a rotten branch from a sound one; how to speak politely to the wild bees when he came upon a hive of them.'

Harrison lists Kipling's *Jungle Book* as 'contemporary with, or earlier than, the work of such North American pioneers in realistic animal fiction' – writers such as Ernest Thompson Seton, Charles Roberts, and Jack London – writers evoking the backwoods and

frontier, creating characters who could 'read meaning from the smallest signs and foot tracks.'

FRONTIERSMAN AS YOUTH MODEL

With Harrison's commentary on Kipling, our tracking leads directly to Sir Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Scouting movement; and this in turn points the trail specifically to Scouting in America, and especially the Pacific Northwest. By way of background, we need here to consider, briefly with Harrison, the historic interrelation between Kipling, Baden-Powell, and the Scouting movement. For it is through Scouting that "The Explorer" functions uniquely in the Puget Sound region. Harrison concluded that Kipling's didacticism, displayed in "The Explorer" and other of his works, 'attracted Baden-Powell and led to his adopting the Mowgli stories as the underlying mythology of the Wolf Cubs' – 'very convincingly does Kipling present the overriding need in his jungle world for law, a law which is at one and the same biological and social, as inescapable as the former, and moral as the latter, till the distinctions blur.' This notion inherently embraces Baden-Powell's ideas for a "Scout Law."

Similarly, a further observer, David Trotter, underlines the influence of Kipling on Baden-Powell, seeking 'to emulate the frontiersmen of all parts of our Empire.' Trotter suggests that Kipling's Kim became for the Boy Scouts 'an exemplary reader of signs, a model of alertness.'

Commentators are thus obliged to review the relation of Kipling to Scouting. The authorized biographer, Charles Carrington, states that 'Kipling was an early and enthusiastic supporter.' He notes also that Kipling 'wrote his "Boy Scouts' Patrol Song" (to the tune of "A Life on the Ocean Wave") for Baden-Powell,' the song which beats a refrain to "look out, pay attention, see what you see":

There's just one law for the Scout
And the first and the last, and the present and the past
And the future and the perfect is "Look out!"

Indeed, Kipling's preface to his *Land and Sea Tales* is a didactic poem with a rhythmic recurrence: '*Be fit—be fit! /In mind and body, be fit! / . . . / . . . And once again, be fit!*' – admonitions that, in the words of David Trotter, have become 'institutionalised by the Boy Scout movement.' Peter Keating sees in "The Explorer" 'a determination to persevere, often prompted by a spiritual guidance towards some important, as yet unknown purpose.' But he adds that the *Jungle Books*, heavily referenced by Baden-Powell, 'were written long before the Boy Scouts were even thought of.' He suggests that the "Patrol Song" and

the *Land and Sea Tales* suffer 'from being either too obviously didactic or too obviously hearty.' And Gillian Avery suggests, 'Kipling should certainly never be thought of as the type of the official writer to Baden-Powell. Even his *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides* (where he is described on the title page as "Commissioner, Boy Scouts") contains much that is hardly in the spirit of the Scouts and Guide laws.' Avery is referring specifically to some of the stories of *Stalky & Co.* – stories which 'some critics have seen . . . as symbolizing harmless fun, typical of adolescent fantasy, [while] others have registered outrage at the "savagery" and "brutality" of the stories.'

Carol Naylor, however, affirms Kipling's 'continuing relevance to some important considerations about the education of the young.' Despite the "stalkiness" of the Stalky stories (*i.e.*, distinguished from Baden-Powell's "spirit of the Scout"), Naylor considers that Baden-Powell simply adapted the model, skipping over the unsavoury aspects, 'to promote an "ideal of frontier manliness." ' Naylor adds:

Ignoring the dangerous side of the Stalky message, the Scout movement, "Outward Bound," and youth educators world-wide continue to work with, tap into, and channel the idealism, enthusiasm, humour, and enjoyment of camaraderie that are typical of the adolescent male.

Baden-Powell's adaptation of Kipling's self-admitted tracts (or parables on the education of the young) is not only implicit in the Scouting movement, it is explicit. The classic *Handbook*, published first in 1908, carries this explanation: 'By the term "scouting" is meant the work and attributes of backwoodsmen, explorers, and frontiersmen.' Baden-Powell's "Camp Fire Yarn No. 1" further depicts frontiersmen as 'the "trappers" of North America, hunters of Central Africa, the British pioneers, explorers, and missionaries over Asia and all the wild parts of the world, the bushmen and drovers of Australia, the constabulary of Northwest Canada and of South Africa.'

Sitting around our own local campfire, listening thus to Baden-Powell, we muse that he might have also had in mind the Fenimore Cooper tradition in American literature, rooted in the quintessential frontiersman Daniel Boone. Indeed, the Boone story of the 1750s inevitably evokes a further "sighting" of Kipling's "Explorer": Archibald Henderson, a historian of the early pioneers, tells in his *Conquest of the Old Southwest* that for Boone 'it was one of the secret and cherished ambitions of his life to scale the mountain wall of the Appalachians and to reach the high portal of the Cumberland which beckoned to the mysterious new Eden beyond.'

Although hunting was an endless delight to Boone, he was haunted in the midst of this pleasure, as was Kipling's "Explorer," by the lure of the undiscovered:

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—so:
"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

From Scouting's earliest days when Baden-Powell first put forth his ideas, noted in the 1915 seventh edition of his *Handbook*, the movement

made a wide and rapid development . . . not only throughout the United Kingdom but also in all the British Overseas Dominions and in many countries beyond the seas, such as Germany, the United States of America, Russia, Argentina, Chile, etc.

SCOUTING / CHIEF SEATTLE COUNCIL

The lightning speed of the movement in the United States soon brought it to the Pacific Northwest. In this sector of our tracking we are much indebted to Reverend M. Bruce Johnson, who has compiled a record of early days of Seattle-area Scouting. In the ensuing discussion I have drawn on Reverend Johnson's record and talks with him. This has provided an indispensable backdrop in the search for "The Explorer".

Prominent civic leaders in Seattle had organized a local Scouting council. Men such as Reginald H. Parsons, Laurence Booth, Edward S. Ingraham, and Edmund S. Meany, were early key figures. Their names are memorialised, even to this day, in Seattle's consciousness.

Parsons served as first president of the Council from 1916 to 1921. The (now fabled) Scout camp, on Jackson Cove of Dabob Bay in Hood Canal, Puget Sound (at the foot of Mount Walker in the Olympic Mountains), is named after Parsons. He was president of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce in 1919, the year the camp first opened.

A later council president, Laurence Booth, had served as a young man in the volunteer Seattle Fire Department, and was a hero in the devastating Great Fire of 1889, 'managing almost single-handedly to save the courthouse, with its precious records.' He later was a founder of the Washington Title Insurance Company. The first major lodge built at Camp Parsons in 1919 was named Booth Hall.

Edward S. Ingraham, after whom Seattle's Ingraham High School is named, was active Scout commissioner when the location for Camp Parsons was first established in 1917. He is better known today as the first superintendent of the Seattle Public Schools.

Professor Edmund S. Meany, author of *History of Washington*, was also an early commissioner of the Scout Council. In Seattle his Scouting legacy is perpetuated in the central lodge originally named for him (now the dining hall) erected for Seattle's innovative Cub program, adjacent to Camp Parsons in 1937. Ultimately, this impressive hall became the focal centre for an enlarged Camp Parsons. (The renowned Meany Theater on the campus of the University of Washington celebrates Meany's important place in Northwest culture.)

KIPLING'S "EXPLORER" AT SCOUT CAMP

The mess hall at Camp Parsons marks the end point, the culmination of tracking Kipling's "Explorer" to the shores of Puget Sound. The famous four lines of the poem confront Scouts in this hall typically three times daily:

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

The quotation has been mounted continuously and conspicuously in a central lodge at the camp since the 1920s. Today the lines appear on a large sign in the main dining quarters, hung near a huge cedar log that sits over the great stone fireplace. Emblazoned on the log is this inscription, "The Scout Law is the Law of this Camp." Close to the log, almost as an accompanying "law", "The Explorer" has been thus impressed upon thousands of young men who spent summers at Camp Parsons. Over 130,000 Scouts have camped there since 1919 and thus become conscious of Kipling's challenge to go and look behind the ranges. The poem has served as a stimulus, later a refrain, when young explorers have prepared for, and commenced extended treks from the camp into the Olympic Mountains. Historic ascents to a number of sites in the Olympics have been made by Scouts from the Camp Parsons base. Del Monte Ridge, for example, was named by them after a climb in 1926, for Billy Del Monte, then the Camp Parsons cook.

Parsons "old-timers" have wondered how the poem has come to occupy this prominent place in the life of the camp and who originally put it there near the fireplace. The first professional Scouter to head the Seattle Council was John Piper. After supervising development of Camp Parsons, he moved on, in 1919, to other responsibilities. A Chicago Scout officer, S.P. Walsh, then replaced Piper. Asked in Chicago if he knew anything about Seattle, Walsh replied, "Nothing at all, except that it's on the Pacific Coast somewhere near Portland, and has lumber-jacks and Eskimos and a totem pole on the main street." Introduced later to the Kitsap Peninsula, Hood Canal and the Olympic Mountains, he soon

learned the splendid advantages of the Parsons campsite for Scouting. There, in an orientation with Piper, Walsh first became familiar with 'the great substantial lodge set in a clearing surrounded by tall firs and cedars . . . [with] an immense stone fireplace.' Indeed it was in this same lodge that the Kipling poem would first be mounted.

Walsh's book recounting his experience, published in 1923, records an initial walking tour on the Kitsap Peninsula – 'the farthest western wilderness . . . the last West, still unspoiled by the trespass of civilization.' In these untracked places, Walsh wrote,

there came to mind, in . . . this prospect, the lines of Kipling's poem, "The Explorer", quoted at the beginning of Dillon Wallace's book, *The Lure of the Labrador Wild*: "Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges— / Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

Note that Walsh thinks of these lines in the specific context of Wallace's book. One wonders whether the poem came to mind secondarily, rather than primarily from earlier recollection or remembrance of the complete stanzas of the full text. Since Reverend Johnson has documented that "The Explorer" was on display in the mess hall by 1925 (while Walsh was the active camp director), it seems that Walsh's recall of Kipling's verse must have led to bringing "The Explorer" to the fore in the great lodge.

BEYOND THE RANGES

Aside from the inspiration for enshrining the poem, the larger consideration is its place in the Camp Parsons legacy. Kipling's challenge inescapably confronts an unending, oncoming file of young men (three times daily in the summer months) passing through the camp's mess hall. A bit of "The Explorer" is thus impressed upon multiple generations. That is not to say, of course, that the impact of the Parsons experience on so many lives is singularly due to the Kipling poem. Appropriately, however, those lines are intimately associated with the overall Parsons legacy. Reverend Johnson summarizes this legacy in his invaluable brief history, written in 1993, as follows:

All told, Camp Parsons has produced about 20 mayors and scores of noted writers, environmentalists, doctors, attorneys, lawyers, clergy, professors, businessmen, soldiers, teachers – successful men in virtually every profession. . . Altogether, the "Parsons alumni" have had – and will continue to have – a tremendous impact on life in the Pacific Northwest, and in other places as well.

One Parsons alumnus among those heralded above, the late Harry Hubbard, Jr., is noteworthy today in the specific context of this story. Hubbard was founder and the first president of the National Council of the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial, a work now in full swing across the continent. During the years since Reverend Johnson wrote his tribute, thousands more young men have been added to the ranks of "Parsons alumni". "The Explorer" continues today to penetrate memories of young men, with its whisper to go and look behind the ranges – not merely ranges of beckoning mountains but beyond other frontiers of life as well. Could any Kipling poem or story ever have had such concentrated, enduring, and focused effect anywhere else across the decades than at Camp Parsons? Embedded in the allusions recounted in this review, "The Explorer" is a metaphor for discovery, adventure – for recollections stretching from Boone over Cumberland Gap, Lewis and Clark at the Divide, the Kipling Ranges in Labrador, Baden-Powell's global youth movement, and finally to Camp Parsons in the Olympics.

Seon Manley in his book, *Rudyard Kipling: Creative Adventurer*, reports on a speech that Kipling gave to Rhodes Scholars on "Work in the Future." Manley records that Kipling said, even in 1923, "Young people would be entering a world 'where, at the worst, no horror is now incredible, no folly unthinkable, no adventure inconceivable.' " Manley adds: "As with any successful writer, critics were asking if Kipling's work would endure. He answered: 'The utmost a writer can hope is that there may survive of the work a fraction good enough to be drawn upon later, to uphold or embellish some ancient truth restated or some old delight reborn.' "

Acknowledged as the unofficial laureate of his nation for decades, Kipling's ashes were buried (1936) in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, beside Charles Dickens and Thomas Hardy – homage of a grateful nation. Far away, on Pacific shores, a "fraction" of his work, "The Explorer", is lodged in a Scout hall on Jackson Cove, Dabob Bay, Hood Canal, Puget Sound. It has been 'good enough to be drawn upon' since the early 1920s and will be for decades to come, embellishing an ancient truth—the urge to seek what is hidden behind the ranges, lost and waiting—some old delight reborn.

MARIENBAD AND GOLF – 1935

Original Source from PETER CRABB
Assembled by THE EDITOR

At the beginning of this year one of our Australian members, Peter Crabb from Darling, Victoria, sent a photocopy to us of an interesting page that he had found in *This Game of Golf* by (Sir) Henry Cotton (1907-1987), published in 1948 by Country Life Ltd. The book is a largely autobiographical compilation of "How-to" articles and photographs, anecdotes from Sir Henry's golfing life and brief items about various people that he had met.

One of these was J.H. Taylor, the professional golfer who came from Northam near Westward Ho!, and was member No.72 of our Society. There is an article by him in *Journal* No.1, pp.18-21 on "Westward Ho! and Golf. In the December 2002 issue (No.304, pp.9-12) there is an article by Mr Taylor's eldest grandson, A.J. Hanscomb, on "Kipling, Westward Ho! and Golf which includes a letter from Kipling to Mr Taylor.

The item which caught Peter Crabb's attention though is on p.155 of *This Game of Golf* and is sub-titled "Rudyard Kipling". It records a meeting with Kipling in Marienbad in the summer of 1935 and includes two snapshots of Kipling. The text is as follows:

In 1935 I went on my usual summer trip to the Continent, and that year it included a visit to Marienbad, in Czechoslovakia, for the Open Championship.

Taking a cure in this lovely mountain country was Rudyard Kipling, and every day he was to be found at the golf club. I do not think he ever played golf, but when I was practising, he took a great delight in watching the shots and particularly in studying how the balls gripped the moist greens from a niblick and how they endeavoured to hop back from their pitch marks. This was without illegal club-faces, let me add.

He spent quite a considerable time studying these shots, and did not seem to mind how near he got to the pitch of the ball to be able to see better the effect of the spin.

I won this event that year, and am still the holder, for this unfortunate country was overrun soon after by Germany.

It is very clear from this that even in what proved to be the last few months of his life, Kipling retained his " 'satiabile curiosity" and would go to almost any lengths to understand how something was done by an

expert in any particular field. Sir Henry, who was knighted just days before his death in 1987, had won the British Open Golf Championship in 1934, the first of his three wins of that Championship.



Rudyard Kipling watching me practise. Lady Warrender, Harry Bentley and my wife look on. Marienbad.

In the *Journal* for June, 2003 (No.306, pp.29-33) there is an article "Kipling in Bohemia" by Prof Thomas Pinney, which deals with the Kipling's visit to Marienbad in 1935 and his stay at the Golf Hotel. I sent a copy of the Cotton item to Prof Pinney, who replied 'Now we know who Kipling means in his letter of 24 August 1935'. This refers to a letter from Kipling in Marienbad to Michael Mason of that date (*Letters*, vol.6, p.389) where he writes:

There's a delightful little club just across the road where I've had the good fortune to meet a lot of interesting "pro's", one or two of whom were good enough to do some golf-tricks for me yesterday. It's a treat to see a specialist at his game!

Harry Bentley was an English Amateur Champion and also a Walker Cup player. Lady Maud Warrender had almost certainly been acquainted with the Kiplings for many years. She lived in Rye and was a friend of Henry James.



Myself, Rudyard Kipling and Lady Maud Warrender

GWALIOR MODEL RAILWAY

The photograph on p.50 is taken from the 1938 Bassett-Lowke Ltd catalogue *Model Ships*. The caption reads as follows: 'This silver train, recently sent back to England for a thorough overhaul, represents the State Railway of Scinde (North-West India), made in 1906 for the Maharajah of Gwalior. It runs round the Maharajah's banqueting table on rails of silver and sleepers of polished teak, carrying foodstuffs and drink in the casket carriages, and stops automatically when a guest lifts out a dish or decanter, moving on again when it is replaced.' A railway of this sort for such an unusual purpose is quite unique.'

The ruler in 1906 was the successor to that Maharajah whose funerary rites were described by Kipling in "The Smith Administration: The King's Ashes", collected in *From Sea to Sea*.

(Please see p.50 for the photograph — Ed.)



STALKY'S IMAGE

By DR MARK NICHOLLS

[Dr Nicholls is a Fellow, Librarian and a Tutor at St John's, Cambridge. Officially he is a historian of 'early-modern' Britain, and that is where most of his research interests necessarily lie, but in the course of eight years as editor of the *Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research* he also developed a long-standing interest in the history and traditions of the British Army. He commented that "work on Dunsterville (sort of) grew out of this. Just as it should be, reading Kipling is simply pleasure rather than academic obligation." – *Ed*]

In a long letter to his sister May, dated 31 August 1882, the young Lionel Dunsterville, schoolboy friend of Kipling and, of course, the prototype for Stalky in the *Stalky and Co.* tales, records his holiday adventures while staying at St Peter's Vicarage, Plymouth. 'I was photographed the other day', he writes, 'with my hair, to the honor of the photographer, quite au naturel.' Promising to send May some prints when time permitted, Dunsterville added that they had turned out to be 'a very good likeness and not on tin'.¹

To the best of my knowledge, no copy of this photograph has ever been identified. The more familiar images of Dunsterville, particularly the fine, professional half-length portrait of the middle-aged Major-General by the third member of the Stalky triumvirate, George Beresford, in 1923, and Beresford's accomplished contemporary drawings sketched during his days at the United Services College, Westward Ho!, have had to represent the youthful central figure in Kipling's great work.² Among the Dunsterville Papers at the University of Sussex Library, however, there is a carte-de-visite London Stereoscopic Company photograph – rather faded now, alas – which apparently shows the teenage Lionel Dunsterville. It might even be the image referred to in his 1882 letter, though the hairstyle hardly looks exceptional!³ [See opposite *-Ed.*] London photographers did on occasion operate from provincial outlets, either through franchises or in seasonal operations to catch the holiday trade. Thanks to the courtesy of the University Library, and Mr John Dunsterville, Stalky's grandson, the Society is able to reproduce this photograph here.

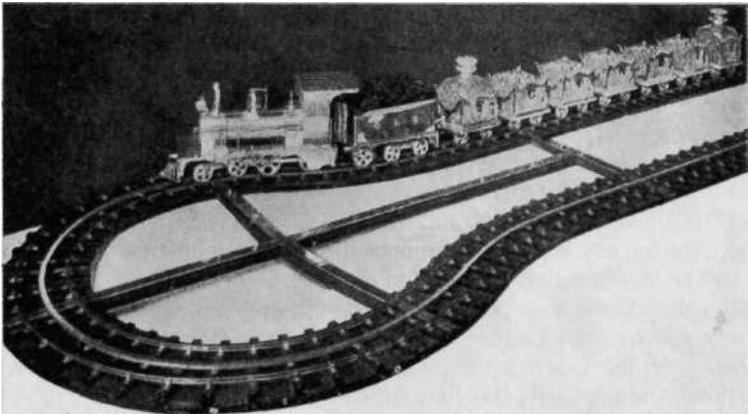
The identification is, alas, not quite certain. This is an older boy than that drawn so capably by Beresford, and comparisons between photographs and drawings are in any case seldom straightforward. However, the fact that the photograph is unidentified, in contrast to other photographs of schoolboy friends held with it in the group, might confirm the impression that its owner saw no need to name himself.⁴ I should greatly welcome the views of members on this point.

It is well known that Dunsterville kept a diary from 1894, but there is, apparently, no such source for his schooldays.⁵ The letters at Cambridge, a few references in the *United Services College Chronicle*, and, perhaps, this photograph afford us our only glimpse of Dunsterville's last year at the College, preparing for his Sandhurst entrance examination. A prefect during that final year, he made new friends after the departure of both Kipling and Beresford, while taking an active interest in the Debating and Reading Society, of which he became president, and in the Natural History Society.⁶

NOTES

1. Cambridge University Library MS Add. 9498/53.
2. Beresford's drawings are reproduced in his *Schooldays with Kipling* (London, 1936), facing pp. 200, 248.
3. Sussex University Library, MS 67, File 7.
4. The other photographs of contemporary pupils in this collection portray Beresford (in straw boater), J. C. Rimington, Pearse major, S. H. Powell, later of the Royal Engineers, Merriman (ii), K. J. Buchanan as an officer in the Royal Marines, Berkeley major, K. J. Buchanan as a schoolboy, Stephens and Pycroft (both in caps, smiling), and the two Stewards. There are also some photographs of masters, including a nice portrait of the Headmaster Cornell Price in overcoat and bow tie.
5. See G. C. K. Dunsterville, "Stalky, as seen (at times) by his son", *Kipling Journal* No.228, Dec 1983, p.35.
6. *Kipling Journal* No. 132, Dec 1959, p.4; *Kipling Journal* No.230, June 1984, p.30.

GWALIOR MODEL RAILWAY



(Please see p.47 for a description of the photograph – Ed)

KIPLING AND CONRAD

By KAZIMIERZ RAFALSKI

[Continuing our correspondence (see *Journal* No.318, June 2006, pp.24-25), Mr Rafalski asked me if the Society was aware of an article by the Polish diplomat, Jan Perłowski about a conversation with Kipling on the subject of Conrad. There was a meeting in 1928 between the two men, arranged by Mrs Elsie Bambridge when her husband was employed at the British Embassy in Madrid and Kipling was visiting them. An article by Edmund A. Bojarski titled "A Conversation with Kipling on Conrad" was published in the *Journal* No.162, June 1967, pp.12-15), and I forwarded a copy of it to Mr Rafalski. An edited version of his reply follows: – *Ed.*]

The article by Mr Bojarski has confirmed my previous vague supposition that the last part of the conversation between Kipling and Polish diplomat J. Perłowski may still be unknown to many. Mr Bojarski might not have known it, either.

This letter will try to explain the fact and it can be of some help to understand Poland's trouble with some annoying neighbour. At the end of the conversation Kipling and Perłowski discussed Conrad's hatred of Russia and his (Conrad's) painful childhood experiences. Said Kipling to Perłowski: 'He hated Russia with frenzy. I remember some events which may not be without some similarity to Conrad's life.' And he recalled his early short story "The Man Who Was".

For me this final part of the conversation and the story itself have always contained the essence of Polish attitude towards Russians, especially Soviet ones, and towards their "Polish" counterparts from the Communist Party of the *Regime*. The conversation took place in Madrid, 1928. Perłowski reported it in his essay on Conrad (in Polish) in a periodical, 1937 (*Współczesny Przegląd – Contemporary Review*). This essay was reprinted in a book on Conrad, 1963 (*Wspomnienia i studia o Conradzie – Reminiscences and studies on Conrad*). I came across that book in some second-hand bookshop in 1980s. However, when reading it, I noticed three 'innocent' dots in the essay. Well I know what they could mean. So I (then a student) went to the Library of Jagiellonian University of Cracow to find that periodical and read the original. As I had expected the original Perłowski's essay was longer than its re-print in the book of 1963.

Although Mr Bojarski quoted from the original Perłowski article (of 1937), he appeared to miss the point that at the end of the conversation Kipling and Perłowski came to the conclusion that Conrad's lifelong hatred of Russia was rooted in his bitter childhood. (His parents were sentenced to exile in northern Russia, Konrad, aged 5, with them. His mother died there, his father shortly after their return, a

broken, ill man. As was the case with Lieutenant Limmason). The bitter memories stigmatise one's mind forever. Said Kipling to Perłowski: 'Did not something similar happen in Conrad's soul even when he was a child?' This Kipling question ends the last part of the conversation. And it is very much Kipling's. He himself knows something of the matter. Later he was to write: 'Give me the first six years of a child's life and you can have the rest.'

Above I have only presented my private little survey on the last part of the conversation which Mr Bojarski missed. Anyway, the fact is that it was then, sometime in the 1980s, that I started thinking to publish and remind people of "The Man Who Was" in Poland.

[As reported in the previous issue of the *Journal*, members will be aware that Mr Rafalski has succeeded in this endeavour, and more Kipling reprints are to come. In addition to "Eddi's Service", Mr Rafalski tells me that he has also translated "A St. Helena Lullaby", "L'Envoi" and the speech "Literature" originally given at the Royal Academy Dinner in May 1906.

Mr Rafalski, with the help of Mr Marek Karpina, has also sent me a list of all the prose works that have been published in Polish together with the dates of translation. There are 130 stories together with eleven complete collections. The dates of the translations have been given, which for all but three of the stories are pre-1939. The three that were translated in 1987 are "As Easy as A.B.C", "The Lost Legion", and "A Madonna of the Trenches". 48 of the stories have been reprinted since WWII. A copy of the full list will be placed in our Library so that is available for reference by researchers.

Joseph Conrad (1857—1924) was born in Berdichev in the Ukraine, almost a hundred miles west of Kiev, a region that had once been Polish but was then under Russian rule. After various vicissitudes, he eventually joined the British merchant navy in 1879 working his way up from common seaman so that by 1886 he obtained his master mariner's certificate and command of the ship *Otago*. That year he was also granted British citizenship. By 1894 he left the sea and continued with a very successful literary career although several of his novels had a maritime background.

To round off this report, in *Letters* Vol.3, ed. T. Pinney, p.222, a letter from Kipling to Conrad can be found praising the latter's *The Mirror of the Sea*. Prof Pinney notes that this is in acknowledgement of the inscribed copy of the book sent by Conrad to Kipling on 4 October 1906, and also that the two men had been acquainted at least since 30 August 1904 when Conrad called at Bateman's. Although a version of this letter appeared in Mr Bojarski's article, it appears to have been translated into Polish and then back into English, and therefore shows some definite variations from the original English text. *The Mirror of the Sea*, for those who don't know it, consists of a series of fifteen Memories and Impressions, as the book is subtitled, all about the sea and ships. In his letter to Conrad, Kipling's enthusiastic reaction is very similar to that with which he wrote to the author of *The Cruise of the "Cachalot"*, Frank T. Bullen, in 1898 – Ed.]

OF KIM AND LITTLE HENRY

By LISA LEWIS

[On this occasion Lisa Lewis, one of our Vice-Presidents, has placed before us an intriguing investigation, this time of a source for Kipling's knowledge of places in India that he never actually visited. — *Ed.*]

Twice in Kipling's works he describes scenes in South India unfamiliar to him, or to characters who live in the north, in terms of an early nineteenth-century children's book by Mrs Mary Martha Sherwood. The first time he does so is in "Home", the article he wrote for the *Civil and Military Gazette* of 25 December 1892.¹ Here he is writing of the country round Tuticorin, a port at the southernmost tip of the sub-continent:

the India that the English know, *Little Henry and his Bearer* country, all paddy, palmyra, and cocoanut [sic] palms, as the books draw it.

The same comparison occurs in "William the Conqueror" (*The Day's Work*), when the characters travel south from Lahore to a famine district administered from Madras:

an India more strange to them than to the untravelled Englishman—the flat, red India of palm-tree, palmyra-palm, and rice, the India of the picture-books, of *Little Henry and his Bearer*

The History of Little Henry and his Bearer was published in 1814, became a Victorian children's classic and would be reprinted in numerous editions. The only landscapes described in the story are in Bengal, on the journey from Henry's birthplace in Dinapore, through hills and down the Ganges to Calcutta. No palm-trees are mentioned. Henry's final move is to "Berthampore," presumably Berhampore, a military base upriver from Calcutta, which is referred to in William Hickey's memoirs.² By the time he wrote "His Chance in Life" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), Kipling knew where Berhampore was and would not have placed it near Tuticorin.

Kipling thought of *Little Henry and his Bearer* as a picture-book; it was the illustrations, rather than the narrative, that seem to have stayed in his conscious memory. The landscapes in the edition he knew must have been more South Indian than Bengali. That he saw the story as placed near Tuticorin suggests that he must have read it while young and uneducated enough to be as vague as the illustrator about Indian geography; that is, during or soon after his unhappy years in a foster-home at

Southsea, where he first learned to read and ordered from his parents "all the books in the world."³ A comparison of Sherwood's plot with Kipling's life at that time suggests why the story might have made a deep (and unwelcome) impression on him, obscuring its details in his mind.

Little Henry is born the son of a British army officer, who is killed in battle. His mother then dies and Henry is adopted by a neighbour who, absorbed in her social life, hires Boosy, his family's bearer, to look after him. Henry spends all his time with Boosy and the other servants, until he forgets all his English, dresses in Indian clothes, and "No one could have told by his behaviour or manner of speaking that he was not a native."⁴ Then the daughter of an Anglican clergyman comes to stay, makes Henry speak English again, teaches him to read and gives him the religious instruction he has never had. At first Henry is offended to be told that there is only one God: "his mama had a God, and his bearer had a God, and there were a great many Gods . . .".⁵ Before returning to England, the pious lady gives Henry a Bible and tells him he must teach Christianity to his bearer. Eventually he succeeds in converting both Boosy and his worldly foster-mother. Henry then expires (Mrs Sherwood apparently specialised in pious deathbeds),⁶ having ensured his bearer's future by recommending the man to a reliably Christian employer.

Little Ruddy grown-up would describe in "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" how, at six years old, he had been wrenched away from an idyllic life in India. There and in the opening pages of *Something of Myself* he describes how his own bearer used to take him for walks and tell him bedtime stories; and how he and his sister had to be reminded to 'Speak English now to Papa and Mamma.' Taken back to England, the two children were left by their parents in "the House of Desolation" at Southsea, in the care of a strongly Christian (but unloving) woman who deplored Ruddy's lack of reading skills, was horrified by his confusion of Christianity with Indian religions, and made him learn long passages from the Bible. To him, little Henry's life among the servants must have represented not neglect, but lost happiness.

The multiplicity of religions, and their validity for their believers, is a theme in many of Kipling's writings. This theme is epitomised in the epigraph to chapter XIV of *Kim*:

My brother kneels (so saith Kabir)
 To stone and brass in heathen-wise,
 But in my brother's voice I hear
 My own unanswered agonies.
 His God is as his Fates assign—
 His prayer is all the world's—and mine.

Kim was Kipling's last book on India, written over many years and distilling his own and his father's memories.⁷ It imagines the life of an orphan boy who, like Henry, has forgotten his native English, but who resists all attempts at rescue by pious ladies and missionaries. At the beginning of the novel *Kim* too is illiterate: he has been "kicked as far as single letters but did not think well of them." He is capable of passing as an Indian in any company. But the believer who rescues *Kim* from the life of the street is not a Church of England Christian, but a Buddhist lama (with a little help from a Roman Catholic priest). Kipling has invented a plot which will allow little *Kim/Ruddy/Henry* both to be a *Sahib* and to live with his Indian friends.

A number of real-life characters have been suggested as originals of *Kim*. These include a Mr Beatty, secretary of the Sports Club at Quetta (*Kipling Journal*, No.233, Mar 1985, p.29); Mrs Kipling (*Kipling Journal*, No.236, Dec 1985, p.35); and Namgay Doolah,⁸ whose history was also used in the tale of that name in *Life's Handicap*. But I would like to suggest that it was Sherwood's Little Henry who first influenced Kipling to write about a British boy who chooses to be Indian.

NOTES

1. Reprinted in Sandra Kemp and Lisa Lewis, eds., *Rudyard Kipling: Writings on Writing*, Cambridge University Press, 1996.
2. Alfred Spencer, ed., *Memoirs of William Hickey*, 4 vols., London, Hurst and Blackett 1919-25, vol.3, p.277.
3. See his autobiographical story "Baa Baa, Black Sheep", *Wee Willie Winkie and other Stories*.
4. M.M. Sherwood, *The History of Little Henry and his Bearer*, 7th edn., London: Wellington, 1816, p.14.
5. *Ibid.*, pp.23-4.
6. Humphrey Carpenter and Mari Pritchard, *The Oxford Companion to Children's Literature*, Oxford University Press, 1984, p.484.
7. *Something of Myself*, pp.139-42.
8. Sarath Roy, "Rudyard Kipling seen through Hindu Eyes", *North American Review*, 1914, pp.274-5.

THE NEW READERS' GUIDE

COMPILING NOTES FOR *THE DAY'S WORK*

By ALASTAIR WILSON

INTRODUCTION

I must apologise to our members because this article is written largely in the first person, but it can only be a personal record of how I have worked, although to guidelines laid down by George Webb when he first initiated the project to update the Readers' Guide.

As most will know, the Readers' Guide was originally compiled in the 1960s by the late Reginald Harbord, for many years the Society's Secretary, aided by many members. (This version will be hereafter referred to as the Old Readers' Guide (ORG).) Its circulation was limited (there were approximately 105 copies made): originally, the only individuals who would have had copies would have been Society members; though non-society members would have had access through the copies available in the libraries of many English-speaking Universities. Thus, the target readership was always going to be those who knew Kipling's work well, or who might, because of their particular interest and likely background, be expected to understand the world he lived in and wrote about.

In the 1960s, much – most – of what Kipling wrote would be understood by his older readers. But because he always delighted in displaying his specialist knowledge, there were aspects which were going to be incomprehensible to many, and twenty-five years after his death, there were also aspects of everyday life in the outposts of the Empire, and at home which were no longer familiar. So the ORG was written to supply a need for that particular readership.

However, forty years on, much has changed. It may be argued that there is greater interest today in Kipling's work than there was forty years ago. There is a wider realisation that he was not just an imperialist, a racist or one of the various other traits for which he was vilified, but that he could articulate truths about many aspects of Life, with a capital "L", better than most. Thus, his work is now studied by many who forty years ago would have considered it unworthy of their attention. Above all, the Internet has brought his work to a worldwide audience, far more varied than those for whom Reggie Harbord compiled his Reader's Guide. And even more than in the 1960s, the Victorian / Edwardian era is a closed book to many.

Consequently, in 2006, when revising and updating the ORG for the New Readers' Guide (NRG), one's target audience is not solely the

middle-class White Anglo-Saxon Protestant (largely, but not wholly, male), whether in the British Commonwealth or United States, but may be of any colour, creed or race. I try to bear this in mind, and probably go into longer explanations than are necessary for those for whom the ORG was compiled.

THE DAY'S WORK

There are many references in Kipling's work to the 'sons of Martha' as opposed to the 'sons of Mary', in particular his 1907 piece of verse with the title "The Sons of Martha". The reference is to the biblical story of the daughters of Lazarus, to be found in *Luke*, x, 38-42. In the broadest of terms, the 'sons of Martha' may be termed the doers, while the 'sons of Mary' are the thinkers.

It has long seemed to me that most of the stories in *The Day's Work* were written for and about 'the sons of Martha', and since I regard myself as being one of their number, my hope was that I could bring a better understanding of the mechanical aspects of the stories, and the mindset of the characters with whom Kipling peopled the stories, than could a 'son of Mary'. (And I *am* aware that we have many daughters of Mary and Martha out there, some of whom are my colleagues in updating the ORG – my excuse must be that Kipling only mentioned the sons!)

My starting point is always the ORG (from which I have learned much). My procedure has been to read the story first – in the case of *The Day's Work*, probably for the twentieth time or so. Then I read the ORG notes on that particular tale. In doing so, I may conclude that one or two (*very* few) are unnecessary. I then go through the tale again, noting where the ORG notes come, and deciding where I wish to make additional comments (with the putative twenty-year old student of English literature in mind). And then I sit and write. If the ORG note is appropriate, as in 75% of cases it is, I leave the wording unchanged. I sometimes add some amplification, distinguishing between my text and my predecessor's. And I start at the beginning of the tale, and work through the notes, following the story sequentially. It really is that simple. Because of my 'son of Martha' interests, I have many of the books of reference I need on my bookshelves (or somewhere in the attic – now which box did I put that book in?), and if I haven't there's the omniscient "Google" to try (though I always check the "Google" result).

There, the notes are complete. They get a peer review from my colleagues on the NRG committee, and then it's over to John Radcliffe, wearing his on-line editor's hat, who has the tedious task of turning it into web-site format. When the notes are on the site, I proof-read the result, usually resulting in about two dozen minor corrections, mostly my fault.

The great joy of publishing on-line in this fashion is that if I make an error, then you, the reader, can tell me and I can correct it. So, in many ways, it can be said that the NRG need not be the final answer. This will, I hope, always be the case, though such modifications are likely to be matters of interpretation rather than of fact.

GENERAL

There is one aspect of preparing notes for the NRG which I find rather disquieting, and it has been particularly present in the stories in *The Day's Work*. Kipling's apparent expertise in specialist matters has been a subject of comment from the earliest days, and in general the comment has been that he always got it right. I accepted that view, as I think most do, because the story-telling is so expert that the reader is carried along, and you do not question "Well, hang on, now, how could that happen?" But the sons of Martha do ask questions: if Kipling writes in a tale 'that the switches lock' ¹, he often provides circumstantial evidence to prove that they have locked. But the son of Martha, in interpreting the effect of the locking switches, and its significance in the tale, may find that the circumstantial evidence is, in fact, unlikely, or even impossible. Does it matter? In my view, and in the context of the story, of course not: this is fiction, and in fiction one can happily "believe six impossible things before breakfast" ². However, if one is interpreting the circumstances of the story, so that others can better appreciate it, then the answer should be provided. But one feels an iconoclast. This has been particularly so in two of the tales from *The Day's Work*, "Bread upon the Waters" and, more recently, "The Devil and the Deep Sea". In the former, the ORG compiler wrote of the framework of the tale, around which everything fitted. The problem is, though, that in that tale the circumstances do not always fit the framework. Most readers probably do not notice – but the son of Martha does. In the latter story, the devil is in the detail: both the ORG writers, and (quite independently, before I had read the relevant ORG notes) myself have concluded that the story, though the writing is a *tour de force* technically, does not stand up to proof. But the ORG compiler wrote and again I wholeheartedly concur, "But after all, if the fictional repairs had not been performed there would have been no story – to our great loss."

NOTES

1. "The Sons of Martha", v. 2, line 2
2. "Alice through the Looking Glass" – Chapter 5

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

NEW MEMBERS

Reverend Robin Coutts (*Waterlooville, Hampshire*)
Professor Ricardo da Cunha Lima (*Coimbra, PORTUGAL*)
Mr Michael Eastham (*Horley, Surrey*)
Mr Louis Leurig (*Gaithersburg, Maryland, U.S.A.*)
Mlle Elodie Raimbault (*Paris, FRANCE*)
Mr Anders Ringström (*Göteborg, SWEDEN*)
Mr J.P. Russell (*Irene, Gauteng, SOUTH AFRICA*)
Mr Colin Wakefield (*Uxbridge, Middlesex*)
Mr David R. Watts (*Wyongah, New South Wales, AUSTRALIA*)

OBITUARY

It is with great regret that we have received news of the death of PROFESSOR ALVICE W. YEATS, a Life Member of the Society, and distinguished Kipling scholar and collector. He died in January this year at the age of 81 at his home in Beaumont, Texas. He is probably best known to members for his work in editing James McG. Stewart's *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliographical Catalogue*, to such good effect that it tends to be referred to as the "Stewart / Yeats Catalogue".

In *Journal* No.298 (June 2001) there is an article by Professor Steven Escar Smith on pages 13-19 titled "A.W. Yeats, A Kipling Collector and Bibliographer" which can also be found on our website. Further information about Prof Yeats' collection, which is now housed in the Cushing Memorial Library of Texas A&M University, can be found on their website <http://library.tamu.edu/cushing/collectn/lit/kipling/kiplinl.html>.

Roger Ayers, Hon. Membership Secretary

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MEETINGS WITH THE KIPLINGS AT BROWN'S HOTEL, 1922-1924

From: Mr M.C Bradley, 180 Little Glen Road, Glen Parva, Leicester LE2 9TT

Dear Sir,

From 1922 to 1924 my mother Mary Bradley (nee Clark) worked in a hotel in central London as a "Lift Girl". I believe that the hotel was either "Hanson's Hotel" or "Brown's Hotel", I am not entirely certain since she worked in both after leaving school in 1920 aged 14 years. As her title suggests she was responsible for conveying the hotel guests from the hotel lobby to their respective floors.

One quiet day whilst standing in her lift reading a cheap paperback novel she was suddenly aware of a man entering the lift. This man she had seen many times before but was unaware of who he was. The man then asked her to show him the book that she was reading which she did and after briefly scanning the book, handed it back to her without comment. She then took this man to his floor where he alighted.

Shortly after the desk clerk came to the lift and informed Mary that Mr Kipling wished to see her in his suite. Fearing the worst, having been caught reading on duty she made her way to the suite and knocked on the door which was opened by Mrs Kipling and then ushered inside to where Kipling was sitting. He then showed Mary a book of "Greek" classics and informed her that this was rather better reading than the penny dreadful he had seen her with. He then signed the book and gave it to her. I should point out here that Mary was a "Cockney" from London's East End and had little or no knowledge of people of Kipling's stature.

When she arrived home that evening she showed her mother (my Grandmother) the book that the gentleman had given her and the signature inside. This brought forth cries of "My Gawd, don't you know who this is" followed by a brief history lesson of Kipling of whom Grandma was well versed.

The following morning Grandma gave Mary a little book with the instruction to visit Mr Kipling and ask him if he would be so kind as to write something original in it (Cockney cheek I suppose). Back at the hotel Mary did as her mother had asked, visiting Kipling in his suite and passing on the request from her mother. He took the book and told Mary to call for it when she finished work.

This she did and took the book home. Grandma was delighted to find written on the flyleaf the following:- " You have given me this book to write something original in, but I'm afraid the only original

thing about me is the mark of original sin." This was then signed by Mr Kipling.

After this Mary became a regular visitor to the Kiplings' suite from where she would run errands for him and for Mrs Kipling. Most errands involved going to the local chemist to get medicine for him and on every occasion he would give her both the money for the prescription, and ten shillings for herself which at that time was practically a weeks wages.

She always described Kipling as a very kind gentleman and despite their difference in status he was never condescending toward her. Many famous people were conveyed to the Kiplings' suite by Mary, including George Bernard Shaw and Politicians who she did not know. I recall Mother saying that she found George Bernard Shaw to be a gentleman of stern appearance who always carried a rolled umbrella across his shoulder as a soldier would carry a rifle. She also said that Mrs Kipling always treated her with the greatest kindness.

In 1924 when Mary was 16 years of age the Kiplings' daughter Elsie was married and Mary took both her and her father down in her lift from their suite to the foyer and just before leaving the lift Kipling took a piece of fern from Elsie's bouquet and gave it to Mary. A thoughtful gesture from a wonderful man.

Shortly after these events Mary left this particular hotel when her older sister who also worked at the hotel became a Nun. Grandma would not countenance her little girl working in the West End without her sisters guidance. Unfortunately both of the books given to Mary by Kipling were lost in "The Blitz" along with everything else they owned.

Mary died in 1994 but she had left behind her these fascinating stories which I suppose she must have passed on to just about every person she ever met. To me it gives the briefest insight into a man described by her as one of the nicest persons she ever came across.

Yours faithfully
MARTIN G. BRADLEY

[A quick look in *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling: Vol.5*, ed. T. Pinney confirms that it was Brown's Hotel where the Kiplings stayed from time to time during this period. From 31 July to 5 September 1922, Kipling was acutely ill and was treated in a London nursing home, convalescing at Brown's Hotel. The exercise was repeated between 13 November and 5 December that year. Letterheads show that they were also at Brown's in January 1924 and on 17 December. – *Ed.*]

BUYING BOOKS

From: Mr M.A. Hougham, Stonegarth, The Avenue, Sherbourne, Dorset DT9 3AH

Dear Sir,

The piece on page 53 of the March *Kipling Journal* prompts me to write to you about bookselling. I note that you have negotiated a deal with Amazon and are encouraging members to buy their books there since 'their prices are commonly lower than the high street'. This is only possible through the economies achieved by purchasing in bulk and negotiating low prices which are not on offer to the shop on the High Street. The consequence will be that, as with the butchers, the bakers and the greengrocers, there will be no independent bookshops left. What global monopolies do when they have eliminated the competition can be predicted.

As far as used and antiquarian books are concerned the problem is more complicated. Here the global online databases are obliging sellers to pay an ever-increasing proportion of the price to them in charges, and at the same time the open market competition is constantly forcing prices down. This applies most fiercely to the more everyday titles but affects the whole trade. Once specialist dealers in scarce material have closed, they are most unlikely to be replaced. We and Faversham Books have been supporting the *Kipling Journal* with our advertisements for years and have sought to provide an informed, personal and prompt service. We know a great deal about the complexities of Kipling bibliography, can locate and correctly identify rarities and variations, can advise on valuations and provide a channel through which items that could be lost or dispersed are kept available to Kipling scholars and collectors. I don't think Amazon can do any of this.

Yours faithfully

MICHAEL HOUGHAM
VERANDAH BOOKS

[Please see page 23. -Ed.]

ABANDONED AYAHS

From: Miss Ailsa Pain, 110 Hampstead Way, London NW11 7XY

Dear Sir,

I was interested in the excellent talk by Vyven Brendon on "Children of the Raj" last January. During the discussion I mentioned the position of ayahs and the problems they could face if dismissed from service in London. At that time I stated that I knew there had been a home for abandoned ayahs in East London but was unable to give further details.

I have since read a little more about it. During the later Nineteenth

Century there were a series of letters to *The Times* expressing concern about the number of destitute Indians who were begging in London; these people were mainly either ayahs or sailors who had been dismissed in London.

As a result of this campaign a Home was established for the ayahs. In 1900 the Home moved to 26, King Edward Road, Dalston E8 in the London Borough of Hackney. The Home could house 100 ladies and was furnished in an Eastern style.

The Home was given good publicity and as a result of this, families going to India were able to visit and employ one of the ayahs to care for their children on the voyage. It is nice to know that some of these unfortunate ladies got home!

The Hackney Museum, located in the Central Library beside Hackney Town Hall, Mare Street, London E8 is displaying a photograph of the Ayahs' Home in its current exhibition.

Yours faithfully
AILSA PAIN

HINDUSTANI VERSUS HINDI

From: Prof Bard C. Cosman, 8708 Nottingham Place, La Jolla, CA62037-2128, U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

A small quibble with something in the excellent article on Lockwood Kipling in the June *Journal*: Abdul Karim would not have called the language he instructed Queen Victoria in "Hindi" (p.38). Contemporary accounts have her learning *Hindustani* and sometimes "Hindustani and Urdu" from her *munshi*. Today's term "Hindi" means several things, some of which overlap with both Hindustani and Urdu, but it is surely Hindustani, the *lingua franca* of her Indian Empire, that the Queen wanted to learn.

Yours faithfully
BARD COSMAN

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED – Information Wanted

Geoffrey Annis has undertaken the task of annotating *The Light That Failed* for the New Readers' Guide, and is looking for any information about a stage production at the Royalty Theatre, London, in 1898. It starred Courtenay Thorpe as Dick Heldar, and apparently only ran for 19 performances. Geoffrey is particularly anxious to know whether this stage adaptation used the 'happy' ending or the 'sad' ending. He can be emailed at geoff@gannis.fsnet.co.uk or by post to: G. Annis, 261 Boothferry Road, Hessele, E. Yorkshire HU13 0NG – *Ed*.

ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

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

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

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

The *Journal* of the Society aims to entertain and inform. It is sent to subscribing paying members all over the world free of charge. This includes libraries, English Faculties, and 'Journal — only' members. Since 1927, the *Journal* has published important items by Kipling, not readily found elsewhere, valuable historical information, and literary comment by authorities in their field. By not being wholly academic, the *Journal* is representative of Kipling, whose own diverse interests and versatile talent covered a wide range of literary writing – letters, travel, prose and verse. For the serious scholar of Kipling, who cannot afford to overlook the *Journal*, a comprehensive index of the entire run since 1927 is available online to members or in our Library. Apply to: **The Librarian, Kipling Society, 72 Millbank, Headcorn, Ashford, Kent TN27 9RG, England or email to jwawalker@gmail.com**

The Editor of the *Kipling Journal* publishes membership news, Society events, and the texts of talks given by invited speakers. In addition, he is happy to receive letters and articles from readers. These may be edited and publication is not guaranteed. Letters of crisp comment, under 1000 words, and articles between 1000-4000 are especially welcome. Write to: **The Editor, Kipling Journal, 32 Merton Road, Harrow HA2 0AB, England or email to davpag@yahoo.co.uk**

