

The Jungle Drum

Issue 20 - October 2011

The Newsletter of the Society

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Next Meeting – Saturday 22nd October, 2011
12.30pm – Church Hall, 7 Lord Street, Roseville.

Light Luncheon, followed by
Talk on The Female of the Species
Presenter Susannah Fullerton.

From the Editor

Our experiment with the light luncheon at the last meeting was apparently a great success. Some remarked how it was the first time that they had an opportunity to meet other members “socially” and everybody was impressed by the planning and organisation that went into it. Our thanks again to Robyn Scott and Paul Boehr for the outstanding effort, In fact, most enjoyed it so much that we have asked Robyn and Paul to repeat the exercise at the October meeting!

I owe members of the SCEGGS community and our readers an abject apology. Somewhere along the line, from my original research to the publication of the Newsletter, I changed Miss Badham’s name from Edith to Emily! Prue Heath, the Archivist at SCEGGS, spotted the error and asked if I could make the correction. Again, my apologies for the mistake. The founding Principal of SCEGGS was, of course, Miss Edith Badham.

Sarah Burns tells me that the ADFAS presentation on "Travels in Rajasthan with Rudyard Kipling" was attended by quite a few of our members, and later in this newsletter is a report on the event by Susannah Fullerton.

Speaking of Susannah, we owe her our thanks again. The scheduled speaker had to withdraw at the last minute, and Susannah has to step into the breach once more. It is no co-incidence that many more members have expressed their intention to be at the October meeting.

Mrs Daphne Brown, of Waitara, through Patricia Stebbings-Moore, has donated a set of eight books by RK. Our thanks to Mrs Brown, and I have assured her that our members will make good use of her generosity.

The Annual Christmas Lunch is tentatively scheduled for the 4th of December. Ian Claridge will discuss the options at the October meeting and provide details of cost, venue, etc.

As always, all contributions from readers are welcome, be it letters or comments or suggestions for improvements, either to the way the meetings are conducted or the content of the Newsletter.

Naren Menon

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Naren,

Recently, Mrs Aung San Suu Kyi, "The Lady of Burma", recently quoted from Kipling in an important and awesome address.

"To the Triple Crown I'll not bow down...."

Can anyone identify the source for me?

Regards- *Isabel Andrews*

Dear Naren,

Just to let you know that the New Readers Guide has just accepted my notes on The Land – the poem I used to conclude my talk.

Regards – *Philip Holberton*

Dear Naren

Several members of the Kipling Society were fortunate enough to attend the ADFAS (Australian Decorative and Fine Arts Society) talk on "Rudyard Kipling and Rajasthan", given by Elizabeth Merry. Elizabeth is a registered NADFAS speaker (the UK equivalent of ADFAS) and has lectured at universities, WEA, the Jane Austen Society UK, and many literary and historical groups. She has co-led study tours to Europe, and has conducted study weekends on the Brontes and Jane Austen.

Elizabeth's love of Kipling's works began when, as a child, she was given The Jungle Book. From that moment she was hooked, and as she also fell in love with India at an early age, those two passions came together nicely in her talk.

She treated her audience to a wonderful summary of Kipling's connection with Rajasthan. She spoke of Rudyard's Indian childhood and the shock of being suddenly dragged from what was near Paradise for him to the hell of lodgings in Southsea, England. When Kipling returned to India as a young man and found work as a journalist, he was able to travel extensively. This included time in Rajasthan. Elizabeth made wonderful use of Kipling's letters describing what he saw and did there.

However, before showing us the places visited by Kipling, Elizabeth took her audience on a short tour through Rajasthani history. I was intrigued to learn about the various Moghuls, including Shah Jehan who built the Taj Mahal. Some were enlightened leaders, others were monsters, but they all had an important effect on Rajasthan and left buildings that can still be visited today. Elizabeth's illustrations were wonderful - temples and palaces, contemporary illustrations of Moghuls bedecked in jewels, elephants and processions. We were left feeling that we should be getting on the next plane to India.

It was a fascinating talk, which taught everyone there a lot about both Kipling and Rajasthan. Members of the Kipling Society were warmly welcomed by the ADFAS committee at the beginning. Thanks to our member Sarah Burns, who let us know this talk was on and arranged for us to attend. It was a delightful way to spend an hour!

Regards- *Susannah Fullerton*

Kipling's Sussex

At the August meeting, Dr Philip Holberton gave an erudite talk on Kipling's Sussex. In the interests of space, we have decided not to print the transcript in its entirety in this issue of the Newsletter. However, if anybody wants a copy, I am happy to attach it to an email.

There have also been a couple of interesting follow-ups.

You may remember that Dr Holberton challenged us to find the grammatical error in this paragraph from "Below the Mill Dam"

"He shouted large and vague threats to my address, last night at tea, that he wasn't going to keep cats who 'caught no mice.' Those were his words. I remember the grammar sticking in my throat like a herring-bone."

Has anybody any ideas?

We also discussed "dewponds" and Dr Holberton sent me this piece, together with the illustration that he had used.

From Kipling's Sussex by R. Thurston Hopkins 1921

I made friends at Wilmington. A shepherd, and the master of an inn, and a dog. It happened like this. I, making up my mind to enjoy a peace-pipe and a measure of ale, had just settled down in the snug back-room of the inn, when there strode in a tall brown-faced giant with grey whiskers and blue eyes. He called to his sheepdog "Old Ben," and it bounded in after him.

The dog scampered about with a great deal of noise and his master said "Evening!" in a loud happy voice. Then he called for a pint of "that stuff," and sat down on the bench sighing deeply. I looked up. He was looking at me. I tilted my mug and said, "Here's to you"

Fifteen minutes later saw us seated with the landlord, the dog with his nose muzzled against my knee, discussing all manner of things. Also we talked of the fascinating history and evolution of dew ponds. The shepherd was a mine of information on the subject. His father had been accustomed to make sheep-ponds. I told him that dew-ponds were also constructed by the Flint Men.

"I don't know nothing about foreigners, but my father made dunnamany ship-ponds on the Downs. He didn't need no books to guide him. There's no profit to doing things out of books. He was just about clever with ship-ponds. But it has queered many a man to make 'em."

"How's a dew pond made?" said the innkeeper. "It's a tedious job," replied the shepherd. 'You first choose your spot, and then you dig your pond, and line it out with a layer o' mortar. Then you put a load of flints in an' stamp 'em well down. Then you crowd more mortar on, and same way, you lay more flints. Then you stamp in a mixture of sea-sand and clay. The mixture is beaten in, starting from the centre by a circle, and trampling rings around it till at last the edge of the pond is reached."

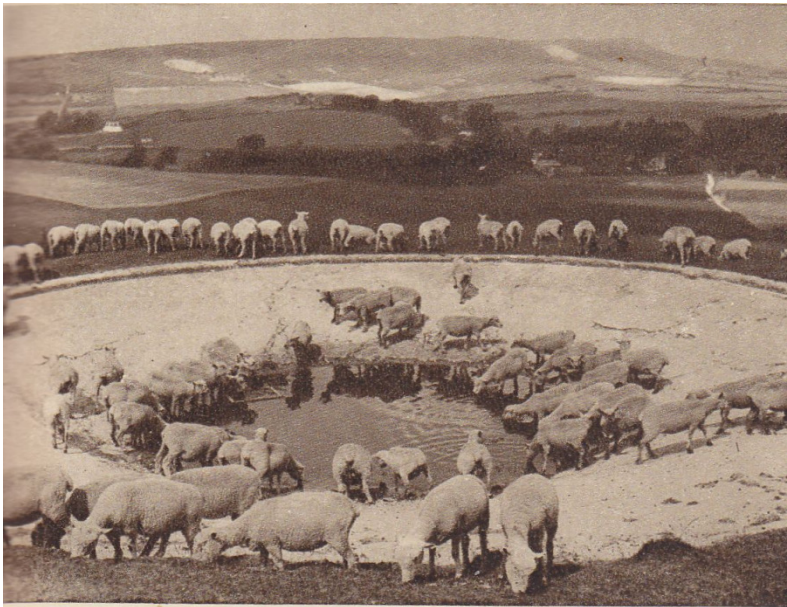
"But what is the source of the water supply?" I questioned. "Is it the dew which really feeds the pond?"

"There you be! My old father used to say that too," rumbled the shepherd, folding his brown arms. 'You don't have to go out of your road to see that dew don't keep up ship-ponds. They do fail in the dry season. Say we go two months without rain in the summer, and yet the dews be unaccountable heavy, do the ponds fill up? Not they. Nature-ally

they go dry. And when the rain comes they fill middlin' well again. The dew-pond talk is no-sense talk, surelye."

"But they have always been called dewponds" I said, coaxingly.

"Eh me! We Sussex folk 'ud not call 'em dew-ponds. Ship-ponds ship-ponds they be" said the shepherd, stretching with his huge fist, and smiling. "The rain feeds 'em by a deal o' conjurin' through little channels, same as it sinks through the chalk and feeds the 'normously deep old wells of the downland cottages."



A Dew Pond on the Downs



The talk given on Scouting given by Philip Peake at the May meeting prompted Michael Bartlett, a good friend of the Society, to contribute this piece....

Memories of Being a Wolf Cub

I enjoyed the article in the August newsletter about Philip Peake's talk on RK and the Scouting Movement and it brought back memories of my own time as a Wolf Cub in South London in the 1950s. I joined the cubs in 1954 when I was 8 years old and was very proud of my green uniform. I even have a picture of myself at that time, one of the many "posed" snaps that my mother loved to take.

Our pack leader was of course Akela (a middle aged woman in my memory but I bet she wasn't really that old at all). She was assisted by Ricki (who was older and very motherly) and Bagheera who was younger and a brunette with the most wonderful dark eyes. Yes, I know I was only 8 but even then you notice these things. Well, I did anyway. Some friends in another Cub Pack didn't have a Bagheera but they did have a Baloo (a male). Perhaps the bear was thought of as a bloke and the panther as a female. Who knows?

I remember us all in a circle giving the Wolf Cub Howl: *A-Ke-La, We'll Do Our Best*. I remember the games, I remember the Wolf Cub salute, I remember learning to tie a reef knot (left-over-right, right-over-left) and how to apply a sling to a broken arm. As an adult I have often found the reef knot useful but I have not yet had to apply a sling to anyone.

As to the origins of Wolf Cubs, I am not sure I thought about it much, except to say that I seem to remember thinking that Baden-Powell and Rudyard Kipling were probably two manifestations of the same person. I read the Jungle Book, of course, and loved – and still love - the poem *The Law of the Jungle*.

I stayed in the Cubs until I was 11, rising through the ranks as it were ending up as a Sixer, the leader of a group of cubs. My first taste of responsibility. I remember winning the first silver star for my cap (one eye open) and then the second one, working for and winning various badges culminating in the Leaping Wolf Badge. As I recall, you could go no higher.

Although I didn't think of it in this way at the time, looking back I see that this was my first experience of being part of a team, competitive within the group, but ultimately pulling together – just like a good wolf pack should.

At the age of 11 I moved seamlessly into the Scouts and stayed there until 18 when other interests began to take over. But there is no doubt it was worthwhile. I learned a lot of practical skills but I also learned to be part of something bigger than just myself.

*As the creeper that girdles the tree trunk the Law runneth forward and back;
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.*

Michael Bartlett
Sept 2011

The Female of the Species

WHEN the Himalayan peasant meets the he-
bear in his pride,

He shouts to scare the monster, who will
often turn aside.

But the she-bear thus accosted rends the
peasant tooth and nail.

For the female of the species is more
deadly than the male.

When Nag the basking cobra hears the
careless foot of man,

He will sometimes wriggle sideways and
avoid it if he can.

But his mate makes no such motion where
she camps beside the trail.

For the female of the species is more
deadly than the male.

When the early Jesuit fathers preached to
Hurons and Choctaws,

They prayed to be delivered from the
vengeance of the squaws.

'Twas the women, not the warriors, turned
those stark enthusiasts pale.

For the female of the species is more
deadly than the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with the
things he must not say,

For the Woman that God gave him isn't
his to give away;

But when hunter meets with husbands,
each confirms the other's tale—

The female of the species is more deadly
than the male.

Man, a bear in most relations—worm and
savage otherwise, —

Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts
the compromise.

Very rarely will he squarely push the logic
of a fact

To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated
act.

Fear, or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay
the wicked low,

To concede some form of trial even to his
fiercest foe.

Mirth obscene diverts his anger—Doubt
and Pity oft perplex

Him in dealing with an issue—to the
scandal of The Sex!

But the Woman that God gave him, every
fibre of her frame

Proves her launched for one sole issue,
armed and engined for the same;

And to serve that single issue, lest the
generations fail,

The female of the species must be deadlier
than the male.

She who faces Death by torture for each
life beneath her breast

May not deal in doubt or pity—must not
swerve for fact or jest.

These be purely male diversions—not in
these her honour dwells—

She the Other Law we live by, is that Law
and nothing else.

She can bring no more to living than the
powers that make her great

As the Mother of the Infant and the
Mistress of the Mate.

And when Babe and Man are lacking and
she strides unclaimed to claim

Her right as femme (and baron), her
equipment is the same.

She is wedded to convictions—in default of
grosser ties;

Her contentions are her children, Heaven
help him who denies!—

He will meet no suave discussion, but the
instant, white-hot, wild,

Wakened female of the species warring as
for spouse and child.

Unprovoked and awful charges—even so
the she-bear fights,

Speech that drips, corrodes, and poisons—
even so the cobra bites,

Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is
raw

And the victim writhes in anguish—like
the Jesuit with the squaw!

So it comes that Man, the coward, when
he gathers to confer

With his fellow-braves in council, dare not
leave a place for her

Where, at war with Life and Conscience,
he uplifts his erring hands

To some God of Abstract Justice—which
no woman understands.

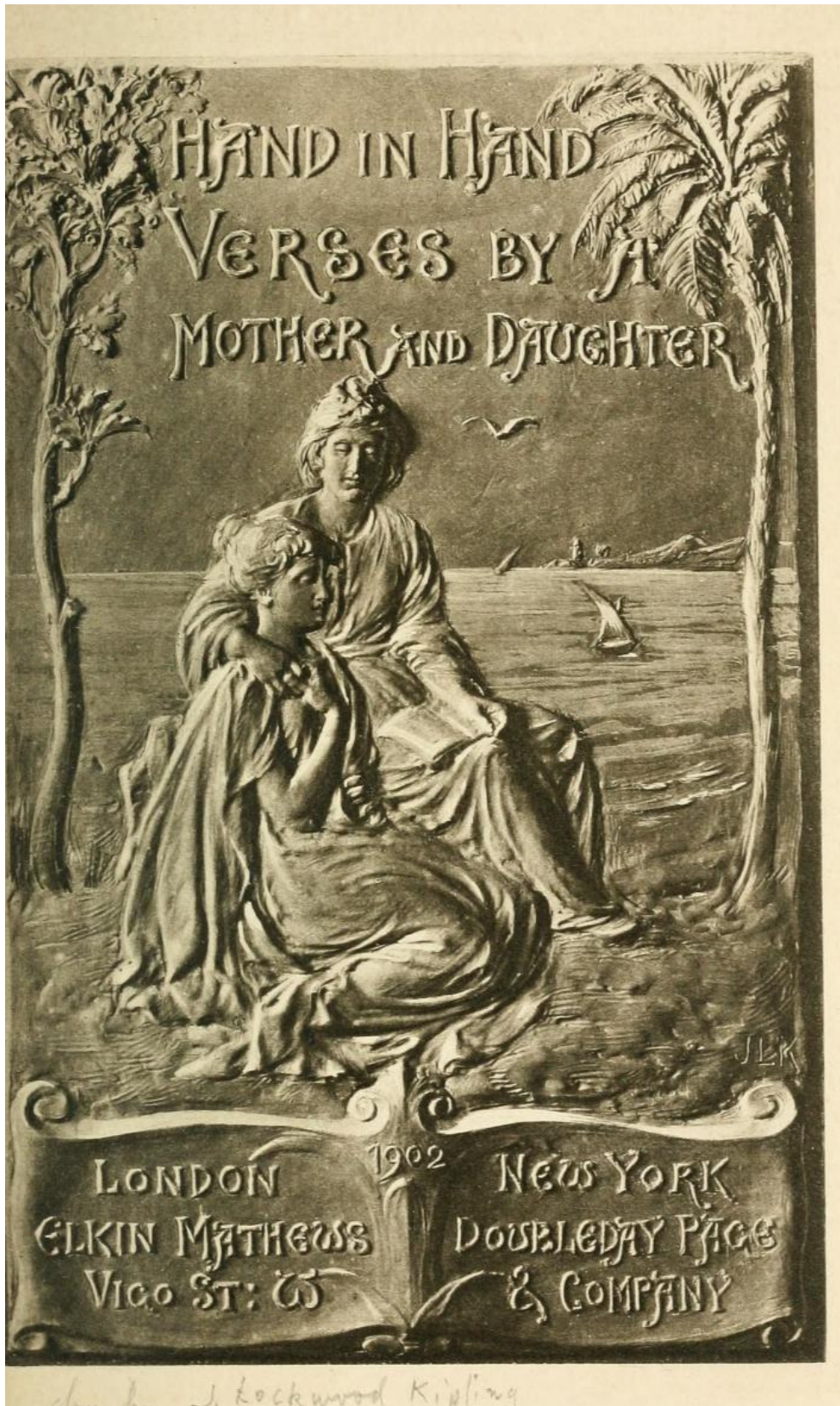
And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that
the Woman that God gave him

Must command but may not govern—shall
enthral but not enslave him.

And *She* knows, because *She* warns him,
and Her instincts never fail,

That the Female of Her Species is more
deadly than the Male.

Here is the cover of a book published in 1902, verses written by Rudyard Kipling's mother and sister, and collected in one volume by Elkin Mathews in London, and DoubleDay Pace in New York



Baloo's Backpage

I thought this interview, published in The Argus (Melbourne, Vic.: 1848 - 1956) Tuesday 27 December 1892 was very interesting.

MR. J. LOCKWOOD KIPLING

A CHAT WITH THE NOVELIST'S FATHER.

"Like Father, like son" is no truer than most proverbs. It took its place in the currency of conversational exchange before Darwin was born and before science up to date had proved by a laborious collection of hard facts that environment possesses an equal power with heredity in moulding a man's nature. Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, C. I.E., who paid a flying visit to Melbourne on Friday last, and left again for Sydney on Saturday morning, has transmitted his physical attributes to his son, the distinguished novelist, story writer, and poet, with remarkable fidelity, but the mental attitude of the younger man has been modified by new surrounding and the impinging of a thousand widely different impulses. The proportions of the body are alike in both, the complexion of the mind varies widely. In looking at Mr. Kipling, senior, one sees at once where Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who visited Melbourne about twelve months ago, got his sturdy, compact frame, rather below the middle height, his short, strong neck, and his wide capacious forehead, with plenty of room behind it for the thinking machinery to have free play. Intellectual power and strength of character seem, indeed, to frequently select for their domicile the nuggetty type that is so suggestive of compressed force. His Honour the Chief Justice and Mr. Kipling, senior, are built on very similar lines. But the father and the son have been exposed to influences wholly dissimilar. Kipling *père* has lived more than half his life in the East; Kipling *fils* has a considerable dash of Western energy and impetuosity, developed by school days in England, to leaven his composition. The resulting difference is apparent, although here and there a vivid bit of colour in a phrase, a startling pictorial effect in a single expression, used by the older man, recalls the younger imperatively, making one instantly recognise the Kipling note. It is the same in Mr. Lockwood Kipling's book *Beast and Man in India*, a charming collection of Hindu and Mohammedan folk-stories and legends, centring round the animals of India. When he tells us how the kafila or long line of camels, each with its fanciful trappings and housings and embroidered neckbands, "goes *curtseying* past" one sees the long nodding necks and gaunt swaying bodies at once. When he contrasts, the Indian oxen with Gray's lowing herd that winds slowly o'er the lea, and Bays that the Indian herd returning to the village "*drifts*, across the wide gray plain, silent as the dust-cloud that accompanies them," the patient toiling bullocks with heads down come instantaneously into view, and we can almost feel the heat and dust of the afternoon in our faces. Tennyson, in the "*Ode to Virgil*," has a line in praise of the great Mantuan's work which expresses this kind of thing admirably, he speaks of

"All the charm of all the muses often flowering in a lonely word,"

and this free translation of the *curiosa felicitas*, or studied happiness of expression, which has been recognised by critics as the hall-mark of the Latin poet, may, without extravagance, be applied to much of the work done by the Anglo-Indian of today. Mr. Kipling, senior, has had nearly 30 years of life in India to overlay his original nature, and it would be strange if the conditions which

have made the indigenous Oriental a type of impassivity had failed to produce in the exotic European a contemplative rather than an energetic spirit. His face, framed in a grizzled beard, is the face of an artist - he is the director of the Museum and Technical School at Lahore - his large grey eyes are steady and reposeful, and though keenly observant of the novelty of Melbourne, with a quick appreciation of the beauties in its architecture, his manner is full of deliberation. He talks readily of his son, and without a trace of affectation. ,

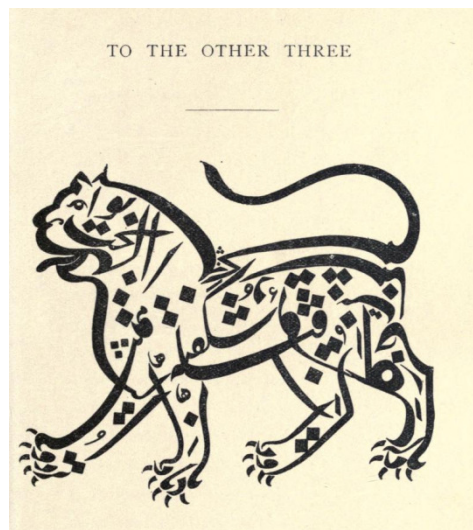
"I went out to Bombay in 1867," he says, " and in Bombay my son Rudyard was born. When he was still quite a young boy I sent him home to England to be educated at the United Service College at Westward Ho, in Devonshire, a school which was under the direction of old Indian officers almost entirely, and in which most of the pupils were the sons of Indian officers, and afterwards went out themselves on service in India. There was an Indian military atmosphere about the whole place, which must have coloured his ideas, and the literary and artistic instincts which were in his blood naturally took shape in that direction. When he was quite a lad he contributed to the school magazine several sets of verses, which we collected at home, and had printed for ourselves. People often ask how he got his knowledge of art and artists. Well, Mr. Burne Jones, the R. A., married one of his mother's sisters; and Mr. Poynter, the R.A., married another. He used to spend a good part of his school holidays with them, and always had a leaning towards art himself. In fact, he draws fairly well now, and might have been very good if he had liked, but he would never take the pains. He was thrown much into the society of literary people in London too, and he and his sister were great friends of Miss Mulock, - the authoress of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. He also knew Mr. George Hooper, a well-known London journalist and author, very intimately. I can't say exactly where he got the intense realism in art with which he endows Dick in *The Light That Failed*. It is the sort of thing, of course, that Caton Woodville and Melton Prior have been trying to get hold of - at least, they are working in that direction. I confess that I do not like *The Light That Failed* myself as much as some of his shorter sketches, which, I think, are stronger on the whole. Of course, you know that he began us a journalist. When he was only 17 years old I suggested to the conductors of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, who are old friends of mine at Lahore, that they should take him on, and he came out to join that paper. Lahore is the scene of his sketch of the *City of Dreadful Night*, which I look upon as one of the best things he has done. It is absolutely photographic in its distinctness. On a hot night there is no more fearful place in the world than Lahore. It is hell with the lid on. His knowledge of India generally and his local colour he got in a large measure through his connection with the paper, for Indian journalism covers a wide range, and the subalterns get sent on missions all over the country. As far as the characters in his stories are concerned, they are not drawn from the life in the sense of being slavish copies of actual people as many persons seem to think. The process of making such literal transcripts is a low form of art in my view, because it allows no place for the imaginative faculty, but, of course, hints are taken from life. Mrs. Hauksbee, for instance, is made up of two ladies, if not three; while Learoyd, Ortheris and Mulvaney are creations of pure fancy, and stand for types rather than individuals. People often ask whether my son intends to write a regular long novel or not. Probably he will some day, but I may say now that his next book, which will be out soon, will be a volume of short stories. They will be more cosmopolitan, and not so exclusively Indian in tone as those which have been

already published. *The Barrack Room Ballads*, by the way, have turned out to be the publishing success of the season, sharing that honour with R. L. Stevenson's book, *The Wreckers*. The ballads have gone through four editions already. My son intends to bring out some more verses soon; and, in fact, I have an unpublished Barrack Room ballad which he sent me lately in my portmanteau at this moment"

The talk drifted on, and Mr. Kipling told how his son has built himself a home under the shadow of Mount Monadnock, in Vermont, U.S.A., and proposes to live a quiet country life there, for a time at any rate, In his last book, *The Naulahka*, Rudyard Kipling throws into a strong light the sharp contrast that exists between Asiatic and American conditions of life. Though he has cut himself adrift from the stately romance of the East to settle in the hurrying, bustling, unromantic West, one is justified in doubting whether for the author of such a ballad as "Mandalay" the separation can be more than a temporary one. He says himself in one of his stories that when once the smell of the Himalayas has got into a man's blood he will forsake all else at the last and return to the mighty hills of India and in his verses he puts the same thought more clearly and strongly still..

But that's all shove be'ind me -- long ago an' fur away,
 An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
 An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells:
 "If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else."
 No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
 But them spicy garlic smells,
 An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells;
 On the road to Mandalay . . .
 Where the flyin'-fishes play,
 An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

The Frontispiece from Beast and Man in India, published by MacMillan and Co in 1904



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