



*The*  
KIPLING  
JOURNAL

*The*  
*O r g a n*  
*of the*  
KIPLING  
SOCIETY

No. 2

JULY 1927



Quite the best account of the inaugural meeting was printed in *The Civil and Military Gazette* of April 15, 1927. The Society is indebted to Mr. J. P. Collins for a copy which the Hon. Sec. has filed with other press cuttings. During the past three months a number of other contributions for the archives of the Society have been received. Mr. H. D. Catling has sent a copy of *The Cantab* containing a caricature of, and an uncollected limerick by, Mr. Kipling.

x            x            x            x            x

Three meetings have been held since the first issue was posted. Mr. G. C. Beresford's paper, read at the Rooms of the R.A.C. on March 22, is published in this number, as also is Sir George MacMunn's interesting talk on "Some Kipling Origins" given at the Imperial Institute, Kensington, on May 31, when the holding of an evening meeting was tried as an experiment. Capt. E. W. Martindell's very valuable paper entitled, "Some Less Known Kipling Writings," is held over for the time being. Some copy-right considerations have to be settled, and it may not be possible to print it *in extenso*. We can promise, however, a long and informative *résumé* in the October number. For the rest, members will find elsewhere Sir Harry Brittain's speech at the First Kipling Luncheon, and also that of the President.

x            x            x            x            x

On the occasion of the Luncheon the President bade everyone talk to his neighbour, and as a result one member discovered a mutual friend; foregathered afterwards with an acquaintance after seven years; and ran to earth an old schoolmate whom he had not heard of for forty odd years. We mention the matter because we want members to scan the Roll quarter by quarter and so get to know their neighbours in suburb, town, or county.

x            x            x            x            x

Miss R. M. Bloch, whose poem, *To Rudyard Kipling*, appeared in the first number of the Journal, was the subject of a short sketch in *The Chiswick Review* for June. Miss Bloch has written five short monologues and put them into the mouths of Kipling characters. We print one this quarter and hope to use the others as opportunity serves. Thanks are due also to other members for short articles for which we may [find space in subsequent issues. An editor without "copy" in reserve is a worried man and in sad case.

Among those invited to the Luncheon was Captain Lloyd H. Chandler, U.S. Navy Retired. "Alas!" he wrote, "I cannot come," and then the word "over." On the back of the form Capt. Chandler had typed the following—

## REGRETS

With apologies to R.K. and to the Mulvaney who was also once forced "to regret."

Attind ye lasses av Swate Parnasses,  
 An' wipe me burnin' tears away,  
 For I'm declinin' a chanst av dinin'  
 Wid the bhoys in London so far away.  
 The leadin' fayture will be liter—ature,  
 (Av a moral nature as is just an' right)  
 Fur their light an' leadin' are engaged in readin  
 His immortal wurraks from dawn till night.  
 The honest fact is that daily practice  
 Av connin' his writin's, the same as me,  
 Conshumes me hours in the Muses' bowers,  
 An' will not permit me to cross the sea.

x            x            x            x            x

The very interesting school photograph facing page 26 is from a negative kindly supplied by Mr. W. Gilchrist Wilson, of King William's College, I.O.M., who writes :—

It was originally taken by " King." I had the new negative made from an old copy he gave me. I am glad to think it will be in the possession of the Kipling Society.

The Society has also to thank Mrs. Flora V. Livingston for a promised copy of her *Bibliography of the Works of Rudyard Kipling*. We hope to review this book in our next number.

x            x            x            x            x

Capt. E. W. Martindell has placed at the disposal of the Council a comprehensive list of Mr. Kipling's contributions in verse and prose in *The Civil and Military Gazette* and *The Pioneer*. Another member wants to see a glossary of Hindustani words in the poems and tales of India, and offers to supply it. Another would like to have an annotated list of all R.K. speeches, with dates and brief reports of the occasion on which they were delivered. The Editors own ambition is to print—sooner or later—a bibliography of our

author's illustrators. From which it will be seen that there is no lack of matter for some time to come. Meanwhile, the pile of alleged "Uncollected Items" is assuming alarming proportions. The trouble is that many have been collected, and until they have been carefully scrutinised and checked it would be premature to print even a preliminary list.

x            x            x            x            x

It was reported in *The Publishers Circular* of July 2 that Messrs. Hodgson and Co. sold on June 10 a copy of *Schoolboy Lyrics* for £420. It was catalogued as "a clean copy of this excessively rare Kipling item, though a short line has been ruled in faint ink under the headings and at the end of most of the poems. The edition was strictly limited to 50 copies, of which about 25 were issued in a brown wrapper as above." The previous highest price paid for this pamphlet, which was published in India in 1881 by the author's parents, was £315. That was in 1924.

x            x            x            x            x

The Society is greatly indebted to Miss Doris Ardley for the design for the Membership Card—an acknowledgment which should have been made in No. 1, but was overlooked in the inevitable pressure attending the publication of a new paper.

x            x            x            x            x

Members are inquiring already whether it will be possible to advertise rare items, duplicate first editions and other Kiplingiana in the Journal. The Council has this matter under consideration, and in due course will announce its decision in the Journal.

x            x            x            x            x

Mr. Kipling has been accorded a place in John Player & Sons series of "Straight Line Caricatures." Mr. Alick P. F. Ritchie's drawing is somewhat severe, hardly so true to life as the little character sketch at the back of the cigarette card. This runs :—

Himself a student and in no sense a man of action, Rudyard Kipling has in his time inspired many a man to deeds of daring. A rather short, large-eyed man, with inevitable spectacles, he lives in retirement in the little village of Burwash, away from the barrack rooms and battles, from the Empire's far flung line, from the jungle and the five continents.

A man of somewhat theatrical impulses, dealing less with ordinary mortals than with extreme types and talking animals, he is encyclopaedic in his knowledge if somewhat narrow in his sympathies. The British Empire is his world, and Imperialism his religion.

x            x            x            x            x

Since the publication of No. 1 the proprietors of *T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* have published a Special Supplement which purports to be a history of "Two Hundred Years of English Literature, 1727—1927." It opens with *Gulliver's Travels* and carries us down to the "regional writers" of the twentieth century. Among the names mentioned are George Douglas Brown and Neil Munro, representing Scotland; George Moore and Yeats, Ireland; Pett Ridge, London; C. E. Montague and Allen Monkhouse, Lancashire; and Sir Hall Caine, the Isle of Man! The writer of this precious history appears ignorant of India and one great Anglo-Indian poet and story-teller, who incidentally made Sussex famous in literature before Sheila Kaye-Smith—who is mentioned—had come into her own.

### I.

#### *The Characters of Kipling*

BY REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH

*Mowgli speaks :*

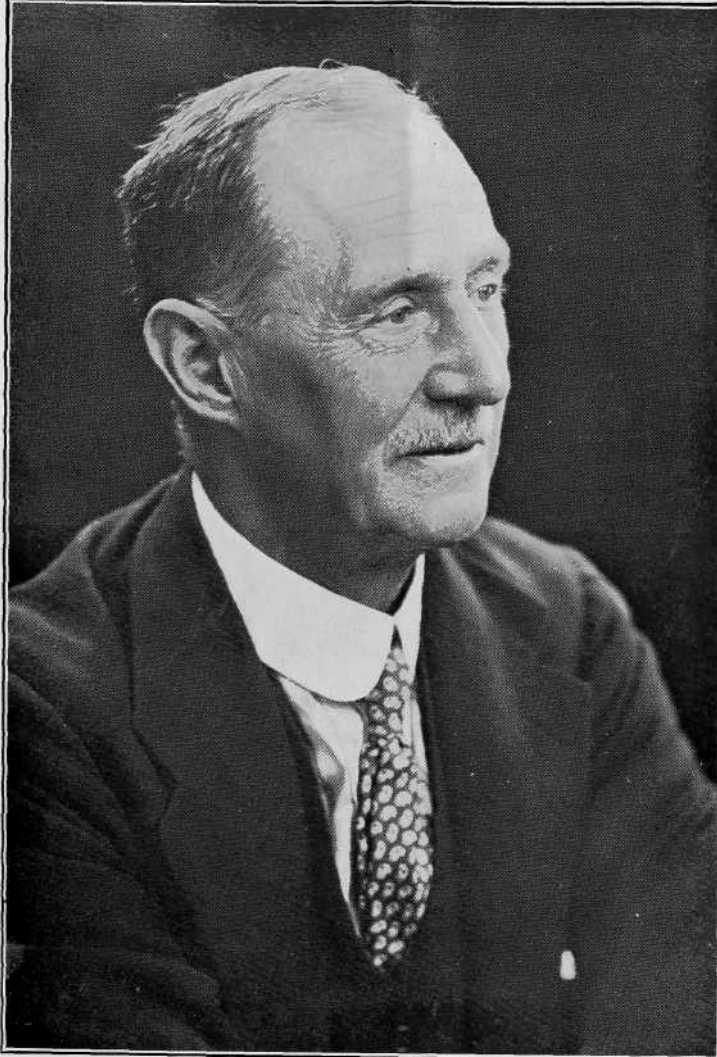
I am the ageless demi-god  
 Who finds his shrine in virgin woods,  
 My heart is deeper than the flood,  
 I rule unbeaten solitudes.  
 The pack adores its overlord,  
 Creation fawns mine unshod heel ;  
 My brain is swifter than the sword,  
 My word is sharper than the steel.  
 I leapt from the enjungled lair,  
 Brown limbed, into the laws of life ;  
 I am man's scion and love's heir  
 And all wild nature is my wife.  
 I scorn your little carping creeds,  
 Your blinded eyes, your herded pride :  
 I am the maker of brave deeds,  
 I am the Pan who never died.

*A Kipling Examination 'Paper.'*

*G.M.H.* (Birmingham) writes: "Anticipating the time when admission to membership of the Kipling Society will depend upon the results of a competitive entrance examination, as in the case of the Services, I have prepared a model examination paper."

- (1) What is the French for a "snifter rod" ?
- (2) Who said : (a) "Another bloomin' doctor !" (b) "Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel." (c) "The husbands of the talkative have great reward hereafter." (d) "You bloody pagan !" (e) "He who trusts a woman will walk on duckweed in a pool."
- (3) What was the private address of the gentleman whose feet, though "not within six inches of the ground, . . . paddled swiftly" ?
- (4) Who was the author of "As it was in the beginning" ?
- (5) Why did the "Kite" stand by with all lights out while the "Grotkau" sent up distress signals ?
- (6) Who or what were :—
  - (a) Mrs Zuleika. (f) Jesse Roantree.
  - (b) Dandie. (g) Malachi.
  - (c) Mr. Winterbottom. (h) Portland.
  - (d) Abana and Pharpar. (i) The Blastoderm.
  - (e) "Costly, perishable, (j) Hoophats.  
fragile, immediate."
- (7) When did Mr. Kipling wear :—(a) Only his virtue and a pair of spectacles. (b) Two rugs over his head. (c) An inflated rubber suit. (d) The uniform of a Private.
- (8) When did Mr. Kipling :—(a) Serve behind the counter in a greengrocer's shop. (b) Covet another man's pipe, yet not dare to steal it. (c) Split an infinitive.
- (9) Why does the private telephone line to Friars Pardons not follow a straight line ?

Members—actual and prospective—are invited to test their knowledge of the works and to send the replies to the Editor. Non-members answering 60 per cent. of the questions correctly will be admitted to the full privileges of the Society—on payment of the usual half-a-guinea subscription !



MAJ.-GEN. L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B., C.S. I.  
*First President of the Kipling Society.*



*First Kipling Society Luncheon.*

THE first public function arranged for the Society was a luncheon held at Princes Restaurant on June 22. The gathering was an outstanding event and a complete success from every point of view. The President, Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I., who was accompanied by Mrs. Dunsterville, received the members and their friends at 12.30 p.m., and half an hour later a hundred and twenty sat down to the luncheon. The company included General and Mrs. Dunsterville, Mr. G. C. Beresford (M<sup>T</sup>Turk), Sir Harry Brittain, Lady Cunynghame, Sir Harry Renwick, Sir George MacMunn, General McLachlan, General Norie, Capt. Guy Nickalls, Colonel Syngé-Brown-Hutchinson, Colonel Venning-Thomas, Mr. A. Corbett-Smith, and Mr. W. A. Young (Hon. Editor).

After the President had given "The King," Sir Harry Brittain, K.B.E., C.M.G., LL.D., M.P., proposed the toast of Rudyard Kipling. He said:—

It is the lot of a Member of Parliament occasionally to find himself in an embarrassing position, and although now and then he is able to bluff through, at such a gathering as this the exit is barred. For is not this the first Kipling Luncheon, and have not I to attempt to say something of the great man, who, doubtless unwittingly, brings us together. Is not the original Stalky in the chair, and am not I, a poor ignorant soul, entirely surrounded by experts? If, however, my ignorance is transparent, I will bow to none in my enthusiasm, affection, and regard for the subject of the Toast.

As Kipling has said:—"There are only two kinds of men in the world, those who stay at home and those who do not." From a very early age I have been among the "do nots," and with some first hand knowledge of most of the spots on which his immortal stories and verse are written, they strike perhaps a peculiarly deep personal chord. I also claim Kipling for my native county of Yorkshire, for in North Yorkshire there is a village spelt KIPLIN which lost its final G some 300 years ago. I believe that Rudyard Kipling's great-great-grandfather came from the district, and many a family of the name is still settled there.

Kipling owes nothing to wealth but he does to heredity, for he chose his father and mother well, and what might not the world have missed if he had not chosen India as his starting point? Some of you may have sat on "Jum Jumma," that old rusty gun

in front of the Museum at Lahore, where Lockwood Kipling was in his day curator. You may love *Kim*, but you would love *Kim* all the more if you had sat on " Jum Jumma " and wandered through the land made living by that most gorgeous of descriptive novels. Years have passed since those early days when, as a junior sub-editor at Lahore, he wrote *Plain Tales from the Hills*, reprinted as they were in slate blue paper covers at one rupee apiece, and now scrambled for by the world of collectors at many a pound a page.

Kipling, as one of those who do not stay at home, wanted to see the bigger world, and with but a few pounds in his pocket interviewed the head of Thacker & Co., of Calcutta, for a commission for an all world tour. That gentleman, although unpersuaded that there was much money in it, let him have, I believe, £50. Off went Rudyard Kipling, and *Travel Sketches* were born. Those were far off days, since when the subject of our Toast has seen and written of many men and things.

Kipling is such a many sided man it is difficult to know which side to tackle in a short address. Books have been written in which criticism has been sprayed over suggested faults of his in various directions. Sufficient for us of the Kipling Society that this all-round man of genius has enough points to praise to let disparagement go by. To interest us in our earlier years, and here I think the Chairman will agree with me, Kipling is the first writer in fiction whose schoolboys are not prigs. Kipling has always understood youth ; he has always been a lover of children and ready to help them.

I remember one delightful little personal incident some years ago. When America came into the War. I founded the American Officers' Club in London of which I was Chairman. One day, when dining with that gallant Naval Officer, Admiral Sims, he expressed his thanks for the opportunity I had given the Army and Navy Officers of the United States of meeting so many of our leading men at this club in Curzon Street. I told him that, after all, that was one of the objects for which it was created, and then I added, " the thought has just occurred to me, you have met much that is worth while in England, Admiral, but you have yet to meet the most delightful section of English life, namely, the English child. I will try to carry this out and give a Christmas party to enable American Officers to meet young England."

Some days later I met Kipling at luncheon at the Carlton Club and told him of my scheme and what kind of entertainment I was arranging. In his delightfully direct and vivid manner he seized upon these suggestions, told me the idea was a splendid one, and then added, "Do not have a formal programme printed, but write a little letter to each child telling him or her exactly what is going to happen at the party (for we had all sorts of surprises), put each little letter in an envelope, and have them presented to the children on arrival.

In my turn I agreed that this was a great idea, and ventured to add that there was only one little thing necessary, namely, that Mr. Rudyard Kipling should collaborate in the writing of the letter. These little notes were received with the greatest delight by the happy party which assembled on this occasion, and are treasured to day by those grown-ups of 1927 who received them as children in 1917.

Kipling can say a tremendous lot in a little space and gets right down to bedrock. He is one of the greatest interpreters our language has ever had. He is the outstanding interpreter of the life, the wonderfully fascinating life, of the jungle ; he is an obvious lover of animals as he is of children. His animals to many of us are real living things and dear old friends.

Again, what finer interpreter have we of the sea ; when we read such a book as *Captains Courageous* we taste the salt, and *M'Andrews' Hymn* is a most vivid interpretation of machinery.

Throughout the British Empire he has been supreme as the interpreter of the British soldier—the real soldier—and has done more to bring about a genuine understanding between the soldier and the civilian than any living man. Only this morning I was told a little story which illustrates Rudyard Kipling's affection for the British Tommy :—

It was in the Boer War—a train, loaded for the most part with wounded men, made its way from the Modder River on a weary journey to Cape Town. Mr. Kipling was on that train, and throughout a trying spell of three days and nights, on short rations and without turning in, cheered up our soldiers all the time and wrote for them 600 letters home. To one he gave his dressing gown, and it was from him I heard the story. Mr. Kipling has probably forgotten the incident and knew nothing of the man, but

it is, I think, interesting to add that since those Modder River days his wounds have surely healed and he is at the moment one of the right-hand men of Mr. Kipling's cousin -the Prime Minister of England.

Last, but not least, our Toast is the interpreter of the English countryside, with all that England means to those of her stock throughout *The Seven Seas*. He is an English patriot through and through, and is able to pass on the spirit of devotion and service to those who read his trenchant, virile verse and prose.

Long may he be spared to dwell among us, and continue to act as our standard bearer, to encourage us at home in things that are best worth while, and to be the well-loved interpreter of the very soul of England to the world at large.

The toast was enthusiastically honoured, and then Mr. John Andrews sang two songs—lyrics from Mr. Kipling's books of verse—namely :—Love Song of Haar Dyal and The Smugglers.

The Toast of The Kipling Society was proposed by the President in the following terms :—

I have felt myself highly honoured by having been elected your President, and only regret that my frequent absences from England have deprived me hitherto of the pleasure of attending the meetings. Without any authority to do so, I will apologise for the absence of Mr. Kipling on this occasion.

If he were in the best of health it would require enormous courage on the part of a man, whose whole life had been spent trying to dodge the limelight, to face the fierce rays of enthusiasm and admiration which he would encounter on this occasion. Mr. Brooking, our Hon. Secretary and Organiser, is a man whose ardour nothing can damp, and he believes that some day we shall have the honour of seeing him in our midst. I am notably an optimist myself, but my optimism fails to reach that point.

I cannot pass on without reminding you that the Society owes everything so far to the untiring energy of Mr. Brooking, who until recently bore the whole burden on his shoulders, but has now been able to get a real live man to help him, in the person of our Hon. Treasurer, Gen. Sir George MacMunn. But these are both busy men, and they would welcome further help from members who have time and energy to spare.

It is due to the splendid organisation of Mr. Brooking that I am limited to ten minutes for my speech. I am grateful to him for this—I enjoy talking, but making speeches terrifies me, and the terror is enhanced when I know that there may be some present who will make a note of what I say and announce it later to the world in general, when I shall be astonished to find I said something I never meant to say—so I have to be very cautious ; one is so liable to be misunderstood.

Here is an example of the kind of thing that happens. A short time ago Mr. Beresford (McTurk) whom we have with us to-day, reminded people that Mr. Kipling was a writer of fiction. Mr. Beresford is a most sincere admirer of the great writer, and merely wished to state a fact so obvious that it ought not to have needed stating. This is how the matter was referred to by a New York newspaper :—

#### SCHOOLMATE OF KIPLING DENIES STORY'S REALISM.

ORIGINAL MCTURK OF " STALKY & Co." TELLS SOCIETY THAT  
AUTHOR USED IMAGINATION.

A newly formed Kipling Society is *taking revenge* on the author for his refusal to have anything to do with the proceedings of his admirers.

This would lead the reader to several quite false assumptions including the obvious one that our quite harmless band of worshippers was inspired with feelings of revenge towards Mr. Kipling, because naturally he retrained from presenting himself in the flesh for his admirers to admire.

My time is too short to indulge in any reminiscences, and I have very little to say on that heading beyond what has already been printed in the Journal. Only one master of our days survives, the Rev. C. W. L. Bode (a member of this Society) whom I had the pleasure of meeting at his beautiful home in Beechmont, Sussex, a few days ago, hale and hearty and still running a preparatory school. It was 44 years since we last met at the Old College, and those years have glided swiftly away.

And in conclusion I would ask everyone present here to be quite clear as to the aims of this Society, and *to* make the situation clear to inquiring friends. I need not quote in full the five headings

from the printed pamphlet, but will summarise them by saying that we are out to testify to our admiration of this great English poet and writer, and to add to the pleasure of our lives by studying his works and aiding one another in that absorbing study by the means of papers and discussions and occasional gatherings such as the present.

I am extremely proud, as one of the companions of Mr. Kipling's youth, to have been elected your President, and to find myself occupying the chair on this occasion. We may congratulate ourselves on a splendid start of this Society, and judging from the enthusiasm of the 120 members gathered here to-day, I think we may feel assured of future success. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the Toast of the Kipling Society.

After an interval for social talk Maj.-Gen. Dunsterville read "Greetings from Oversea Members." Among them:—

*Allahabad* : - Greetings success Society from Editor Staff Pioneer.  
(Edwin Haward).

*Bombay*:— Greetings to the Kipling Society on occasion of annual Luncheon from the Principal Staff and Students of the Bombay School of Art still cherishing gratefully the memory of Mr. Lockwood Kipling and his splendid work for the School. (Capt. Gladstone Solomon).

*Oporto*:— Good hunting all. (J. St. P. Berryman).

*Philadelphia* :— Greetings and regrets. (Fannie Teller).

*Vancouver* :— Greetings and gloats. (Lawrence H. J. Minchin and Julius H. Griffith).

The members began to disperse after the National Anthem had been sung, but the room had been reserved until four o'clock, and many members remained after the formal conclusion of the proceedings. The menu card was a simple affair and bore on the back page stanzas from *Big Steamers* and *Together*.

*Reminiscences of Westward Ho! and its Influence upon  
Rudyard Kipling's Career.*

By G. C. Beresford ("M'Turk" of "Stalky & Co.").

MR. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, the reason why the Committee has dropped on me for the first paper is that I am almost the only one that fully knows what Kipling's boyhood was like and remembers. The other schoolfellows of Rudyard Kipling had not the advantage of having him continuously under the microscope, and their opportunities of observation were fleeting and occasional, and in most cases their memories would be on that account unretentive. Moreover, they would not remember what they did not consider important, for few of them really tumbled to the importance of what they had under their hands. They were blind to the fact that was in my mind from an early period, that the curious creature that was buzzing and bubbling about them was the most precocious boy and the most likely juvenile candidate for literary honours of his period, in short, that Rudyard Kipling had a great future.

Of the masters only two were among the true believers, namely the Head and the Padre; the others expressed infidel sentiments on many occasions. King, the great King (a good writer might fill a volume about King), was a very wonderful person both in and out of the book (*Stalky & Co.*). In fact King is the only true character study in *Stalky & Co.*; he is perfect. Of the other characters, few are meant to be true character studies, and some are much magnified and glorified. Kipling, on the other hand, has lavished all his art on many occasions on King, and has returned to savour him again and again, being loth to desert him and leave him insufficiently dealt with.

Well, King's great historical pronouncement of Kipling's literary future was that our author and poet would die in an attic, "a scurrilous pamphleteer." This is mentioned in *Stalky & Co.* in "Slaves of the Lamp," and is one of the comparatively few actual facts used in the stories. The saying was notorious and often quoted at the school. Kipling's return of the compliment has been to rescue King—Mr. Crofts—from oblivion.

Of course, the masters in a school have not the intimate opportunities of observation that are enjoyed by a boy's chums. They are apt to judge by class-work. In Victorian days they were shut off from a boy's non-class life; they were kept very

much at arm's length, and pains were taken not to enlighten them. To mention other contemporaries of Kipling's boyhood days, we have his cousin, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, who has lately died, and Miss May Morris, of Kelmscott Manor ; both of whom only saw him in his holiday times.

To deal again with the question of the obviousness, or the reverse, of Rudyard Kipling's future career while a boy, we had the discerning article in the first number of our Kipling Journal by Mr. Clive Rattigan, an editor of "The Pioneer." This deals not with his *Westward Ho!* period, but the period in India immediately afterwards, and is so lively and amusing that it makes No. 1 of the Kipling Journal a treasure, and should send it to a premium. It gives a strange and almost unbelievable vision of Kipling at the age of 17, with a clever father and sister and a very clever mother, to be referred to afterwards as "The Wittiest Woman in India," with already one or more small publications to his credit. Yet we see his friends sitting down, cudgelling their brains, and at their wit's ends as to what walk of life to choose for him whether to make him a station master or an indigo planter, and at last by a happy thought shunting him into a newspaper office with a sigh of relief, and rather a hopeless air of finding at least a temporary solution of the problem of dealing with the future of the most precocious youth and the most obvious literary potentiality in the English-speaking world.

To get back to *Westward Ho!* Kipling in his young days struck me as something so different and so strange. I had been to two other schools, and had been a year at the United Services College when he joined. I had never seen boys with his capacity for literary expression ; they may have had a certain power of writing lame descriptions, of making halting verses in a hesitating manner and with single syllable and obvious rhymes, but here was sizzling, fizzling literary impulse—with a small boy tacked on behind.

To descend to details and particulars about the College and neighbourhood. The College building was but a terrace of twelve large houses on an elevation, facing north towards the sea, and a quarter of a mile from it. The ground rose again behind this terrace to a ridge three hundred feet high. The houses were adapted to the uses of the College by freely breaking through partitions and walls to create classrooms and the dormitories. A large hall with an open roof was built at the east end, and served



as gymnasium and general schoolroom, and even chapel. The view from the bow windows looked north, and directly in front were the Northam Burrows, devoted to golf, a desolate uninviting spot, worthy of Dickens' flattest prose, written in his most depressing mood, with stagnant pools and scattered "bleak houses" all complete.

Looking to the west, however, one heard the lyric strain of poesy—Lundy Island, one of Byron's most inspired works, composed with his pen steeped in the romance of the Isles of Greece and their eternal summer : gilded and aflame, when the poet was in the vein, with the gold and purple splendours of incomparable sunsets.

Still more to the left Keats and Swinburne collaborated to produce the rocky, broken line of cliffs, with, at their feet, the "lordly strand of Northumberland," or rather of Devon. Keats has sung into being the gentle wooded seaward-sloping coombes, and from his Grecian Urn has poured Clovelly ; the little town is stepping down into one of Swinburne's untamed tumultuous seas. Poised over the waves are ravens and seamews ; " their cries from windward clanging, make all the cliffs rejoice." Far away jutting into the Atlantic are the faintly blue precipices of Hartland Point, classic and unattainable, a Circean headland above an Ionian sea.

Such was the scene set for the production of the comedies of *Stalky & Co.*, and we come to the questions of the reality or actuality of the incidents and other matters in this seeming biography. I am afraid we can only take a small percentage of the narrative as true ; the rest, as Kipling has said, is pure or impure fiction. The principal characters are framed on actual originals ; almost all the masters are from actual life, modified as occasion required. They are glorified or depreciated according to their friendly or hostile attitude to the author.

Of the multitude of boys depicted or mentioned all but half a dozen are a misty crowd, and seem to have no originals in real life. The trio, or the three boys in a study, had an actual existence, but they were in fact but a pale reflection of what they have become in the printed page. Art and nature have changed places, and the beings of fancy are more real than the actualities. The elaborate series of escapades and practical jokes so lavishly drawn, modelled and painted in *Stalky & Co.* is, I am afraid, not biography. Much as I should like to endorse this radiant succession of achievements,

I frankly cannot claim that the adventures took place substantially as described and according to catalogue.

These carefully designed plots and counter-plots are believed, in some cases, to have taken place somewhere and at some time, but not at Westward Ho ! and not in Kipling's time. They are the special glories of diverse schools and colleges, culled with care, and brought together with craftsmanlike skill to make a coruscating whole. The trio are too good to be true ; such masterful youths would require little further education in this world.

One biographer of Kipling astounds us by saying " the boys were true to life," and further horrifies us by boldly declaring that " there was played a still more amazing series of practical jokes too wicked for type," which brings us at a bound into a region of epic grandeur ; one breathes the atmosphere of the Morte d'Arthur and hears the songs of Roland and Oliver.

As a matter of fact, the real youths were too highbrow for practical jokes with dead cats and catapults. The pranks existed more as an attitude of mind than as deeds done in a material world. No. 5 study was ever " agin the Government." It was something like Chelsea ; it poured contempt on any ideals that had not its hallmark, and refused to enlist under any banner but its own.

If then, we may not believe in the resounding deeds of *Stalky & Co.* as an educative force in Kipling's life, what influence had the College as a whole upon him? It was an institution set up to mollify and humanise the fiery, untamed Anglo-Indian youth. The College was not in business as a complete outfitter and supplier of patriotic aspirations, nor as the provider of an expansionist rig-out, guaranteed to remain bright red, though severely gassed by Little England rhetoric. Certainly the machine could also be reversed and mildly imperialised an "Art and Literature" epicurean. Kipling's traditions being artistic and literary, the school function with regard to him was to wean the infant by a kindly transition. It took him from a London atmosphere with leanings to the aesthetic, and planted him in more bracing surroundings. The diversion from high art to the imperial ideal was not too sudden ; under too rapid a change his genius might have taken alarm and fled.

But it was India that mixed the brew to full potency. It was in the shining East that Kipling's Big Englandism developed to its

fullest extent, for in India he saw the business of life, the opportunity for sacrifice, and the call of duty on a great scale and staged with magnificence. It was this which impressed him, and gave wings to his genius.

Another influence in the general building up of authentic Kipling during his schooldays was the great advantage he enjoyed in his friendship with the Head. To this friendship was due the throwing open of the Head's private and extensive library for Kipling's exclusive use. He was the only boy so privileged, perhaps in the whole history of the school. The favour was especially useful during his editorship of the *College Chronicle*. This is described with beauty and skill in the beginning of the story, "The Last Term":—

"He gave Beetle the run of his brown bound, tobacco-scented library; prohibiting nothing, recommending nothing. There Beetle found a fat armchair, a silver inkstand, and unlimited pens and paper. There were scores and scores of ancient dramatists . . . . Then the Head, drifting in under the pretence of playing censor to the paper, would read here a verse and here another of these poets; opening up avenues. And, slow breathing, with half-shut eyes above his cigar, would he speak of great men living, and journals, long dead, founded in their riotous youth";

—referring here to Morris, Burne-Jones and himself at Exeter College, Oxford, and the alliance afterwards with Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—

"—of years when all the planets were little new-lit stars trying to find their places in the uncaring void, and he, the Head, knew them as young men know one another. So the regular work went to the dogs, Beetle being full of other matters and metres . . . ."

This is authentic autobiography, and is one of the few things that may be safely lifted from *Stalky & Co.* To the Head's library was added the Padre's, and he was invited to sit there reading and reading and perhaps discoursing with the Padre till all hours; even to take away books from it to the study.

Kipling was one on whom such privileges were by no means wasted. He was such an omnivorous reader that two libraries were by no means too large a feast. He read at an enormous speed, holding the book close to his eyes, with his four fingers inserted into the

leaves, ready to turn over a leaf every three seconds. His eyes skimmed down the pages as if the printing were down the page and not across ; five or six lines were read at a time, and yet the meaning of the text was perfectly absorbed, as we frequently proved by snatching the book from his hands and questioning him as to the precise contents of the last six pages.

Kipling's editorship of the *United Services College Chronicle* already referred to was another educative influence. This brought upon him the necessity of producing a reality, and seeing himself occasionally in print, more especially as he wrote everything except the routine portion and the games reports. Most of the work was, of course, in prose ; but with Kipling verse would have its part. However, it was not what he considered his serious inspirations that went into the Chronicle. That poesy was merely the outpourings of his lighter moods. Sufficient unto the groundlings were the slight efforts of the master.

A lesser work suited to the occasion was "The Jampot," a gem modelled on Browning. It described two boys struggling for comestibles. I give one fine stanza :—

" But neither of us shared  
The dainty—that's your plea ;  
Well, neither of us cared,  
I answer. Let me see  
How have your trousers fared."

There was also the address to Queen Victoria after the attempt on her life by Maclean. This also he regarded as a set task, and set tasks were things for which he could not invoke his lofty muse.

With regard to Kipling's début as a great short story writer, it is a strange fact that he was not a great teller of stories at school. Where boys sleep in dormitories it is, or was, generally the custom to tell stories to each other until they are sleepy enough to dose off. One would think that Kipling would shine here when a boy, and that he would be a standing evening dish, a never-failing resource for those who were not inclined *to* sleep ; but truth, which is a strange thing, compels me to say that the construction of thrilling plots and the power of telling breathless tales of his own invention were not part of his mental equipment at that time. His mind must have been building itself up in other directions, and when later the call came to spin yarns the faculty came with it. However, he could retell stories he had read and hold forth generally on Shakespeare and the musical glasses.

What then was it that constituted his literary ability that was so conspicuous? It was his command over versification and rhyme and metrical expression generally, also his knowledge of literature, comprehensive for his age, due to his voluminous and rapid reading. One instance of his command over verse was his writing of the school epic called *Vive La Compagnie*. It was the custom at the breaking up of the Christmas holidays to inflict amateur theatricals and music on our friends and neighbours. I don't know how they survived, the whole entertainment lasting on one occasion, as the Head said, "three mortal hours and yet a half." They were given a whole year to recover. At the conclusion of this massacre of the elderly by the innocents the head boy of the school recited a chanted twenty couplets of doggerel verse, detailing the notable school events of the past twelve months. The refrain, *Vive La Compagnie*, was voiced by the whole school, crashing in at the end of each line, regardless of the obvious wincing of the galled jades. All the school poets were at work on rhyming couplets for weeks before term-end, and the best of these were selected and pieced together.

At the Christmas break-up of 1880 Kipling wrote half the couplets. At the same date in 1881 the whole twenty couplets were the outpouring of his muse alone, the entire school concoction being cast aside as comparatively worthless, to the chagrin of a whole nest of singing birds, leaving them, alas! in the condition of mute inglorious Miltons. But Time, who devours his children, has not left us even a line of Kipling's epic.

*Our President.*

*("Who's Who").*

DUNSTERVILLE, Major-General Lionel Charles, C.B. 1916; C.S.I. 1918; s. of Lt.-Gen. Lionel D'Arcy Dunsterville; b. 1865; m. 1897, Margaret, 2nd d. of Col. W. Keyworth, Bishopsteignton Served Waziristan, 1894-95 (medal with clasp); N.W. Frontier, India, 1897-98 (medal with clasp); China, 1900 (despatches, medal); European War, 1914-19 (C.B., C.S.I.). Publications: *The Adventures of Dunsterforce*, 1920; *And Obey*, 1925.

*(Portrait Facing Page 7).*

*Some Kipling Origins.*

AN evening meeting of the Society was held on May 31 at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, when Sir George MacMunn gave an address entitled : " Some Kipling Origins." He began with the Irish soldier, and showed how true to type is Kipling's great character, Terence Mulvaney. When Ireland had approximately a population of 8,000,000 inhabitants, the European forces of the East India Co., as was disclosed by the names on the battle memorials all over India, were largely composed of Irishmen. Speaking about the exciting adventures of "Snarleyow," Sir George said there actually was such a horse.

Sir George referred next to Mr. Kipling's masonic allusions, and to those passages in which he sometimes made use of the masonic ritual, some of them very beautiful and effective. The Lodge Industry, of which he was a member, was Mr. Kipling's Mother Lodge, and indeed its secretary. A Lodge in India was necessarily very mixed and therefore very interesting, often including Moslems, Mahommedans, Hindus, and Parsees. There were no banquets, as in England, because members could not eat together. The story, *The Man who would be King*, was built on a perfectly possible theory, although it had recently been proved to be wrong that, away in the Himalayas, there was a colony of descendants of Alexander's Greeks. The heroes of that remarkable tale tried to run the country by masonic ritual. They were received like gods and were successful in the first and second degree, but failed in the third, which they had to "fake" as they had not reached it in masonry, and were exposed by the priests. One critic had pointed out that Kipling sometimes struck a wrong note in ignorance, instancing an account of a drunken tramp, who made such an unlikely appeal as "for the sake of your mother and mine." As a matter of fact, as masons would know, that was a masonic appeal.

Sir George went on to show how deep was Kipling's insight into life in India and how accurate were his descriptions and forecasts, as an example, the account of the victim of Adam-Zad, the bear. Coming away from Sipi fair on one occasion he had met, in a wood behind the hills of Simla, a man, with his face torn off—a horrible sight, and just as Kipling had described it. His groom's comment was, "A bear has done that." Referring to Mother Maturin, mentioned in *To be Filed for Reference*, the lecturer said it was disappointing that Kipling had never let us have that story, for

Mother Maturin had a definite origin. Col. Wall, who died recently and had been a member of the Society, had known Kipling, and had told him that the Mother Maturin was a woman who kept a house for sailors in the China Seas. Kipling, so the story ran, kept a basket in which he put particular notes, with the comment, "that is for the Tale of Mother Maturin." Was it too much to hope that Mr. Kipling had not forgotten, and that some day he would give to the world the Story of Mother Maturin ?

After the address, a member of the audience asked Sir George MacMunn the origin of "Lurgan" in Kipling's "Kim." Sir George replied that he thought that he was the same as "Mr. Isaacs" in Marion Crawford's story, namely, an Armenian Jew, living in India, and by trade a jeweller. A vote of thanks to Sir George MacMunn for his address was passed with acclamation.

After an interval for refreshments, Mr. J. C. H. Brooking (Hon. Sec.) made certain announcements. It had been decided to have some music at the luncheon on June 22 at which two of Mr. Kipling's songs would be sung. The Council had been chiefly concerned with the question of premises. What was wanted was the loan of a room within the boundaries of Oxford Street, Park Lane, Pall Mall, and Regent Street. One offer, which might be accepted, had been made, but the position (Redcliffe Gardens), was rather too far out. The Council intended to form a premises committee. Miss Porter had kindly undertaken to do the clerical work of the committee. The membership to date was 350, but if the Society was really to become known and its activities extended, an organiser was required. Someone with plenty of spare time, who could devote about two hours a day to the work. The Council was considering the question of an emblem for notepaper or wear, which matter was in the hands of a well known designer of such things.

The Secretary also reported that Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Methuen had both offered to present sets of their books free of charge. A member asked the Hon. Secretary whether a notice of the Society could not be broadcast, as so many, who would like to join, must still be unaware of its existence. She herself had only

heard of it by chance. Mr. Brooking replied that Sir George MacMunn already had the matter in hand. It was hoped that their President might be able to speak on some occasion when he was in England.

Miss Bloch thought that the time had come for local branches to be formed ; that would be the really attractive way to extend the Society's activities. She suggested that local branches should be formed by Armistice Day, so that it could then be broadcast that there were branches in certain localities.

Mr. Grierson, the Society's only member in the Irish Free State, responding to the Hon. Secretary's invitation, stated that he had lived in India and knew most of the parts mentioned in Kipling's writings. He reminded the audience that " If " was written about Dr. Jameson, who was a schoolfellow of Kipling's. He expressed surprise at the way in which English people at home appreciated " Kim." Mr. Grierson read an amusing parody on "If."

A member suggested that poems or stories of Mr. Kipling's should be read at the meetings.

Miss Porter, Gen. McLachlan, Mr. E. R. Brown, and Mr. R. Stokes agreed to serve on the premises committee. Lady Cunynghame asked whether they would have the power of advertising, adding that an advertisement for premises would incidentally be an advertisement for the Society. Mr. Brooking replied that that would be considered when they sent in their report.

After the meeting some pictures by Mr. Lockwood Kipling, Rudyard Kipling's father, which were in the building, were shown to members of the audience.

### *Acknowledgments.*

The following members are thanked for notes and suggestions on " Uncollected Items " :—Mrs. Evan Nepean (St. Albans), Mrs. Moseley (Woldingham), The Rev. W. A. Kirkman (Garforth), Mrs. Faithful Smith (Windermere), Mr. H. P. Hollings (Kingston-on-Thames). We hope to deal with the points raised in these letters in the next number of the Journal.



*Rudyard Kipling—Shantyman.*

BY EDGAR R. BROWN.

IT is my thesis that the deep sea shanties, which were the traditional working songs peculiar to the sailing ships of the British Merchant Service, have left their influence clearly discernible in Rudyard Kipling's verse. It can hardly be strange that this should be so, for nearly all our shanties show virility, a recurring lift of chorus and, even in drawing-room versions, a fine appreciation of the vernacular which mark them out for such a purpose.

Kipling himself, it should be observed, nowhere uses the oldest spelling of "shanty," but it is a sign of grace to the pedantic that he has progressed, between "The Seven Seas" (1896) and "Land and Sea Tales" (1923) from "chantey" to "chanty." There appear in the earlier of these volumes "The First Chantey" and "The Last Chantey" dated 1892, with "The Merchantmen" of the following year.

"The Last Chantey" makes explicit, if undistinguished, mention of "a Deepsea Chantey such as seamen use at sea," and "The Junk and Dhow" ("Land and Sea Tales"), in telling us that

. . . before and before, and ever so long before

Any sort of chanty crossed our lips,

The Junk and the Dhow, though they look like anyhow,

Were the Mother and the Father of all Ships

goes on to describe the function of the sea shanty in a word or two of *pidgin* :

*Singee all-same pullee lope—haul and belay.*

Here then, in three references, is sufficient to show that Kipling has long been acquainted with the shanty and its use. That he knew also something of the actual words is disclosed in "The Merchantmen," where the first chorus, from no other apparent cause than sheer high spirits, ends with "That's the way we'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots." Paddy, it may be explained, was a Liverpool boarding-master who would amiably chase young seamen round and round a cow's horn which he had erected in his yard, so that they might truthfully claim thereafter to have been "round the Horn many a time."

Let Paddy be allowed, therefore, to carry us on to a late example of the actual influence of the sea shanty upon the style of Kipling's

verse. This gleams convincingly in "Frankie's Trade" (*Rewards and Fairies*), from the first verse :

Old Horn to All Atlantic said :  
 (O-hay O! To me O!)  
 'Now where did Frankie learn his trade ?'  
 For he ran me down with a three-reef mains'le,  
 (All round the Horn !)

to the eleventh and last. In all of them we have repeated likenesses to several shanties. There is similarity of rhythm to "Hauling on the Bowline" and "Dead Horse" in particular, and a reminiscence of "Clear the Track" in its refrain ("Ah-ho, way-ho"), as well as lesser likenesses. It has not to be supposed that all of these were necessarily in the poet's mind as he wrote, for all the shanties have affinities of style and diction, but the general influence at least is marked, and clearly, in these verses. Some words in the second verse : "For he ran me down under all plain canvas," have the genuine shanty ring, though they are not real shanty words. Finally, the whole impression is deepened by the variations of the final lines.

There is, again, a suggestion of the shanty "Rio Grande," which has several versions, in the "Rolling down to Rio" of the "Just So Stories" (1902) and of "Blow the Man Down" in "Columns," from "The Five Nations" (1903). Both show something of the spirit of the shanty. Similarly, "Poor Honest Men," in *Rewards and Fairies*, has a remarkable likeness of rhythm and structure to "Spanish Ladies," though this is not a true shanty, but rather a *naval* song.

Most marked, perhaps, of all, is the similarity between "The Lowestoft Boat" (*Sea Warfare*, 1916) and the glorious old shanty known as "Roving." The tune of the shanty seems to have been derived from an Elizabethan song and it is probably the oldest of all the "heaving" shanties. It would be worth while to examine the two sets of words side by side. The shanty runs :

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,  
 Now mark well what I say,  
 (In Amsterdam there lived a maid)  
 And she was mistress of her trade.  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid,

Another version gives Plymouth for Amsterdam and alters the refrain to "Mind what I do say." Kipling writes :

In Lowestoft a boat was laid,  
Mark well what I do say !  
And she was built for the herring trade,  
But she has gone a-rovin', a-rovin', a-rovin'  
The Lord knows where !

There are, as chorus to the actual shanty, these additional lines:—

A-roving, a-roving, since roving's been my ruin  
I'll go no more a-roving  
With you fair maid.

"The Lowestoft Boat" reflects these, also, in its final lines:—

A-rovin', a-rovin', a-roarin' and a-rovin'  
Round the North Sea rovin'  
The Lord knows where !

In quoting eleven lines of "The Dreadnought" in "Captains Courageous," Kipling calls that shanty an "ancient, ancient ditty" set to a tune "like unto the moaning of winds and the creaking of masts" and, in so far as that feeling is reproduced, may we not sense the influence of these old shanties also in such verses, with their haunting refrains, as are to be found in "Cholera Camp" or "Danny Deever," "Mother o' Mine" or "London Stone" ?

Heh ! Walk her round. Heave, ah, heave her short again !

Over, snatch her over there, and snatch her on the pawl.

Loose all sail, and brace your yards aback and full—

Ready jib to pay her off and heave short all !

Well, ah fare you well ; we can stay no more with you, my love—  
—do not these words give back the old-time seamen's songs ? And the sea shanties themselves, though they may not have in them *all* the mystery and persuasion of the oceans, taste fully indeed of the salt water of the seven seas and in that their contribution to Kipling's verse surely lies.

*The Letter Bag.*

CONTEMPORARY CIRCLE.—My initials are G.L., not J.H. as printed in No. 1.—*G. L. Heastey, Shanklin.*

"Hogan" is believed to be Dury, the son of a friend of ours. He died at Minhla Fort in Burma. His father, a delightful man, was a retired Cavalry officer. I have lost trace of two sisters who I know would be most interested in the Society. I tried to bring about a meeting with the Kiplings when we all lived near Tunbridge Wells, but failed.—*Mrs. Mosely, Woldingham.*

I am not related to the Author, but you may be interested in the following particulars. The family takes its name from the village of that name in N. Yorks, now spelt KIPLIN; the final G was lost about 300 years ago. Its former spelling in Domesday was CHIPELING, subsequently KYPELING, KIPPLINGE, KYPLYN. There is a place in Sweden called KIPLING, derived from a personal name KIPLINGA. It would therefore appear that some Scandinavian colonist settled on the banks of the Swale and gave his name, as was customary, to the homestead, which in the course of years became a village, and gave its name to the family. Rudyard Kipling's great great grandfather came from Redale or Richmond, and my family came from Barnard Castle in Teesdale, where they have been settled for centuries. It is a purely local name; about 15 years ago there were some fifty families of that name scattered through England; a quarter were living in the neighbourhood of Richmond and Barnard Castle.—*Percy F. Kipling, Liverpool.*

Sir,

I was horrified to read in a daily paper that most of the incidents in "Stalky & Co." are not founded on fact. Whether this is a confession which comes from one of the three I do not know, but as a humble devotee I want to say at once that this cannot be allowed. Now that we disciples may become more or less vocal through the formation of the Kipling Society, we must make it quite clear that those who have been elevated to Olympus "behave as such." It is obvious that if any of the founders of any of the religions could return, they would receive bitter persecution from the most devout of their followers, who would at once proceed to confound them from their own writings and sayings. If you will turn to "The Knife and the Naked Chalk" you will find it written



A WESTWARD HO GROUP WITH RUDYARD KIPLING IN THE CENTRE.

*From a negative taken by "Mr. King" in the Middle Eighties.*

that those who behave as Gods must not complain if they are treated as Gods ; we are very sorry for them, but what they have written, is so, and will they please believe it ? Again in " The Finest Story in the World " it is not written that the founders of new faiths are apt to find that their pure truths are overlaid in the course of time with forms and ceremonies which, to say the least of them, slightly cloud the original meanings ? So they cannot say that they did not know. What is related in " Stalky & Co." actually happened, and if anyone says that his conscience will not allow him to deceive posterity, I can only reply with Gallio, —touching your clamour of conscience sake, I care for none of these things !"—I am, Sir, Your obedient servant, *G.B.H.*

Sir,

Hearty congratulations on the production of No. 1 of the Kipling Journal. A very delightful first number. Now that the Kipling Society has at long last been founded, I trust it may be possible to compile a complete list of uncollected Kipling items (not forgetting speeches, for some of these are gems). Captain Martindell gave a valuable list down to late 1923, but it is not complete, and since the Bibliography was published are the following :—

" Empire Building " in The Salvation Army British Empire Exhibition Handbook, 1924.

V The Warfare of Ill-will"—Speech at the Annual Banquet of the United Kingdom Chamber of Shipping, February 20, 1925. Reported in The Times and other newspapers, February 21, 1925.

Speech at Stationers Hall on being enrolled as Hon. Freeman and Liveryman of the Stationers Company, July 3, 1925. Reported in The Times and other papers, July 5, 1925.

" The Art of Fiction "—Speech at the Centenary Banquet of the Royal Society of Literature, July 7, 1926. Reported in The Times and other papers, July 8, 1926, *and published as a pamphlet* by J. A. Allen & Co., 16, Grenville Street, W.C.I.

" A Rector's Memory "—Found in " St. Andrews : Two Poems specially contributed by Rudyard Kipling and Walter de la Mare, with sixteen reproductions from Pencil Drawings and Etchings by Malcolm Patterson." (A. & C. Black, Ltd., 2/6).

Inscription on monument erected in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, to the men of that town who fell in the war.

Inscription on Memorial to Actors in Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon. Yours faithfully, *W. A. Kirkman.*

May I propound a little theory I have formed as to *The Story of Ung*. There can be no doubt that this is a piece of autobiography, and I want to know if it is fanciful to imagine that Terence Mulvaney would have spoken of R.K. as Mr. Kipple-ung, and that the name of "Ung" was derived from this. . . . I have never seen this poem spoken of, or written about, in the way which it appears to me to deserve.—*Gerard E. Fox, Bristol.*

### *Uncollected Kipling Items.*

**O**VER the familiar initials of the Hon. Secretary there appeared in the first issue a short list of R.K. poems described as "Not Yet Collected," with a request for details of the dates when they were first published and where. The following notes collected from various sources will be of service.

**SOME WORK IN THE BALTIC** appeared in *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph* and other daily papers, June 21, 1916. Collected in *Sea Warfare*.

**THE CHOICE** appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* and *The New York Times* April 13th, 1917. Collected in *The Years Between*.

**GREATHEART** appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* February 5, 1919, and in several American papers three days later.

**THE GODS OF THE COPY BOOK HEADINGS** appeared in *The Sunday Pictorial* October 26, 1919, and in *The Boston Post* November 14, 1919.

**THE KING'S PILGRIMAGE** appeared in *The Times* May 15, 1922, and in *The World*, New York, of equal date.

**THE SUPPORTS** appeared in *Hutchinson's Story Magazine*, July, 1919.

**THE SCHOLARS** appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* January 29, 1919.

**A NATIVITY** appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* December 23, 1916. Collected in *The Years Between* and *The Inclusive Edition*.

**A SONG OF THE FRENCH ROADS** appeared in *The Strand Magazine* May 1924. Illustrated by Howard K. Elcock.

**STAINED GLASS IN WESTERN FRANCE** otherwise **CHARTRES WINDOWS** appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* April 15, 1925. It prefaced a two-column article on Chartres by Percival Landon.

*List of Members.**Nos. 101—300 Feb. 28—April 29, 1927.*

- |     |                         |                |     |                       |                   |
|-----|-------------------------|----------------|-----|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 101 | Sir J. Mackenzie,       | Wadhurst       | 128 | Miss R. Batchelor,    | London            |
| 102 | J. MacCullum,           | (cannot trace) | 129 | L. C. Langley,        | London            |
| 103 | Mrs. E. W. Lawrie,      | Bromley        | 130 | A. Lumsdaine,         | Newcastle-on-Tyne |
| 104 | J. R. Hawes,            | Gravesend      | 131 | H. T. Underwood,      | Oxford            |
| 105 | A. K. Chalk,            | Twickenham     | 132 | Miss E. L. Prentice,  | London            |
| 106 | F. Stringer,            | London         | 133 | W. T. Day,            | London            |
| 107 | Lt.-Col. H. E. Boileau, | London         | 134 | F. E. Phillips,       | Bishops Stortford |
| 108 | D. R. C. Boileau,       | London         | 135 | Capt. T. G. Kennedy,  | London            |
| 109 | G. M. Harvey,           | Birmingham     | 136 | Lady Cunynghame,      | London            |
| 110 | Miss M. Robinson,       | Scarborough    | 137 | A. Newell,            | Bearsden          |
| 111 | A. A. Somerville,       | London         | 138 | Sir J. Skevington,    | Windsor           |
| 112 | H. D. Catling,          | Sevenoaks      | 139 | Miss J. Scrivener,    | Cheltenham        |
| 113 | C. Freeman,             | Rugby          | 140 | Sir F. Milner,        | Maidenhead        |
| 114 | Miss E. Leaton,         | Chester        | 141 | Miss F. M. Wiggins,   | London            |
| 115 | Miss L. Heaver,         | Buxton         | 142 | A. S. White,          | London            |
| 116 | C. Oscar Gridley,       | S. Kensington  | 143 | Sir A. Godley,        | Salisbury         |
| 117 | Mrs. K. O. Walbrook,    | Kenley         | 144 | G. L. Heastey,        | London            |
| 118 | John Armstrong,         | London         | 145 | Miss J. Catchpole,    | Blackheath        |
| 119 | Alan Tabor,             | Manchester     | 146 | Walter Lefroy,        | London            |
| 120 | Miss Nobbs,             | London         | 147 | Miss D. M. Macartney, | Twickenham        |
| 121 | Howard Button,          | Uxbridge       | 148 | H. D. Double,         | London            |
| 122 | Dr. C. J. C. Earl,      | Manchester     | 149 | Mrs. W. G. Hill,      | London            |
| 123 | H. G. Ivens,            | Kidderminster  | 150 | G. Seddon,            | Chester           |
| 124 | Major A. L. Bellamy,    | Barton-on-Sea  | 151 | W. Scrimgeour,        | London            |
| 125 | James Burton,           | Manchester     | 152 | Sir Alex. Lawrence,   | London            |
| 126 | Mrs. A. M. Marsden,     | Manchester     | 153 | Capt. H. J. Andrews,  | BARCELONA         |
| 127 | Sir Stanley Batchelor,  | London         | 154 | J. E. Guthe,          | Northallerton     |



- |                              |                     |                              |                |
|------------------------------|---------------------|------------------------------|----------------|
| 155 Mrs. A. Guthe,           | Northallerton       | 185 T. Leadenham,            | Melton Mowbray |
| 156 Mrs. J. H. C. Brooking,  | Slough              | 186 G Lake,                  | Monmouth       |
| 157 R. M. Brock,             | Acton               | 187 T. Marsden,              | Prestbury      |
| 158 Mrs. Glennie,            | London              | 188 Layland Thornber,        | Huddersfield   |
| 159 Col. E. M. Brown,        | Ascot               | 189 W. Randell,              | London         |
| 160 Miss D. M. Ardley,       | Colchester          | 190 H. Campbell,             | Halifax        |
| 161 Mrs. C. Rooke,           | London              | 191 Lt.-Col. M. A. Wolff,    | Edgbaston      |
| 162 Miss E. Taylor,          | Anglesey            | 192 Sir M. Oppenheimer,      | Bracknell      |
| 163 R. Hunter,               | London              | 193 E. J. Okill,             | Ilford         |
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