

The
KIPLING
JOURNAL

The
O r g a n
of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

No. 7

OCTOBER, 1928

The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

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News and Notes.

WE have to thank Mr. Ralph Allan, of the Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., of 41, East 49th Street, New York, for a copy of his company's Catalogue of first Editions. It comprises one hundred and twenty-eight items, some of them extremely rare. Specially notable is No. 2 a run of the United Services College Chronicle—29 numbers in all, one of them a proof copy with corrections by Mr. Kipling. The price asked for this lot was \$2, 250.

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Apropos of the foregoing, the second-hand booksellers are beginning to put a premium upon pre-war magazines containing Kipling items. For *The Fortnightly Review* for May 1890 in which appears the uncollected item " The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood," 35s. was asked. It has never been reprinted. Here are a few other typical items:—•* The Gift of the Sea," in *English Illustrated Magazine*, August, 1890. 5s. " The Last Relief," in *The Ludgate Monthly*, Volume I., original cloth. 1891. 7s. 6d. " An Unqualified Pilot," in *The Windsor Magazine*. February, 1895. 5s. " Winning the Victoria Cross," in *The Windsor Magazine*. June, 1897. 5s. " My Sunday at Home." *First issue* in *The Idler*. April, 1895. "The Ship that Found Herself," *First issue* in *The*

Idler. December, 1895. 5s. "The Destroyers," in *The Windsor Magazine* for June, 1898. 3s. 6d.; and "The Grave of the Hundred Head," in *The Windsor Magazine* 1898. 5s. Stalky stories are rated at a crown a piece.

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The foregoing were noticed in a Newcastle Catalogue where was also advertised two series of *Barrack Room Ballads*, set to music by Gerald Cobb, comprising: "The Young British Soldier; Mandalay; Two Copies, each being separate issue with different cover design and advertisements. Route Marchin'; Soldier, Soldier; Tommy; Troopin'; Ford o' Kabul River; Cells; Danny Deever; Shilling a Day; also the Widow at Windsor, (which is set to music by G. Sutherland). Only one ballad is missing from the two sets, *i.e.* 'Fuzzy Wuzzy.' 12 items, folio, original wrappers, 1892. All in fine state with the exception of one copy of Mandalay which has had a now back-strip. These songs are extremely difficult to secure in good condition on account of their flimsy nature. *The First Separate issues*. £10 10s." These are significant figures which collectors should note; they show the trend and prove that Kiplingiana is a rising market.

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The Medici Society has published the "Supplication of the Black Aberdeen," which appeared in the *Strand Magazine* with Mr G. L. Stampa's drawings as a Christmas or birthday greeting at one shilling in a special envelope. It is produced in the style that one associates with that Society's publications. Copies can be obtained from the booksellers, but the Medici Society will send a copy to members overseas for 1s. 3d., post free. The Society's address is 7, Grafton Street, London, W.1.

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As was indicated in an earlier number, *The Strand Magazine* has come along with another Kipling story. No. 6 was "made up" before the July issue of our contemporary appeared. The title of the new story is "Dayspring Mishandled," and the illustrations, four in number, were by Mr. C. E. Brock, R.I. We will not give the plot away; all the characters are new and there is a typical Kipling interior—a second-hand bookshop and a decidedly literary flavour running throughout.

No apology is needed for introducing into this number two other lists of Twelve Favourite Stories. They have come from so far away that the delay may be excused. Their context shows what a man and a woman in exile are thinking although the hospital sister does "feel horrid to pick out those twelve, for so many are so dear that one feels like a traitor to the ones left." We want to give the poetry lovers a chance now, and call for Twelve Favourite Poems. Will members who reply follow the lead given by Mr. H. P. Rollings in No. 5 and state quite briefly why they have selected each poem.

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The "Rudyardites," whose letter will be found on page 21 are young friends of Mr. Brooking. Their story of a day on and about the Burwash Ridge is printed substantially as written for the edification of "oldsters" and the encouragement of "youngsters" who are taking Kipling as guide to a better understanding of the land of their birth. Mr. Brooking tells us that these keen students are all in their early teens.

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The Birmingham Circle of the Kipling Society is proposing to hold a dinner at the Queen's Hotel in the latter part of October, and has extended invitations to the Officers and Executive Council of the Kipling Society.

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The late Hon. Secretary very much regrets to find that, through some inexplicable oversight for which he is responsible, the name of Mr. G. C. Beresford has not yet appeared on the Roll of Members. Mr. Beresford was one of those who brought the Society into being at the Inaugural Meeting on February 4, 1927, and his subscription was one of the earliest to arrive after this. The mistake may be partly attributable to the rush of members at that time, of dozens per day. No. 1 on the Society's Roll having unexpectedly fallen vacant, this has been allotted to Mr. Beresford by the Executive Council, and we feel sure that members will agree to this method of righting the mistake, in view of Mr. Beresford's great helpfulness to the Society.

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Will members please note that owing to a mis-understanding the inscriptions to the pictures in No. 6 were transposed.

Schoolboy Lyrics and Juvenilia.

MR. G. C. BERESFORD ON A FAMOUS BOOK.

At the meeting of the Kipling Society held at the R.A.C. Rooms on May 24th, "McTurk" read a paper on the origins of *Schoolboy Lyrics*, which he said revealed almost the beginnings of Mr. Kipling's genius. Most of the contents of the Volumes were written in his fourteenth or fifteenth year. Copies of the original Edition were hard to come by and expensive to buy at about £35 a page. The poems in it may be found in the Edition de Luxe where they had been inserted either to preserve or protect the copyright in some way, and not because Kipling held them to be worthy. They were published in 1881 by his parents at Lahore, or rather printed for private circulation. Kipling was sixteen years old at the end of that year. Whether this act of his parents was done with Mr. Kipling's connivance is not known; there is no direct evidence that he was an accomplice. This much in his favour can be set down that although this tiny book appeared a full year before he left school, he breathed no word of its existence to any living soul in Devonshire.

A grown-up might imagine that the author would have proudly handed round copies to his friends at school and have received their congratulations. But a grown-up would be wrong. In Devonshire a deep and ominous silence brooded over the birth of *Schoolboy Lyrics*. It is true that Kipling had already begun to edit the school Chronicle which included mild verses appropriate to the school, but they appeared gradually and by easy stages. The book with its numerous quotable tags **would** have tried everyone's nerves rather too highly. Its strong meat is unfitted for production or administration to a partially insane public; and a schoolboy public *is* partially insane.

What a luxury for King to have poured himself out over such a work! What an advantage to the pedagogue to have had the author himself in class to refer and defer to, and be called upon to explain at length all the doubtful points and allusions. A great Stalky story, or several, might be written on how *Schoolboy Lyrics* struck the school, but on the whole the silence and darkness that shrouded this document was a wise silence.

Of the reception of the book in Lahore where it was printed, how, at this distance of time, is it possible to form an idea? Fifty copies were distributed to friends. The less close friends may have received it thus:—"The Kiplings at the Museum have

sent us a rubbishy little book of poems by their little boy at school in England a horrid little book. He must be the queerest boy, but don't throw the thing into the dust-bin till I have written and told them how much we liked it." People in India move from place to place, from bungalow to bungalow. They have no family mansions where books may accumulate and remain undisturbed for generations, and many of the first recipients must have consigned the little scrap to the waste paper basket. There may be twenty copies left, and it appears they are worth £580 apiece on a rising market.

The whole question of juvenilia is suggested by the *Schoolboy Lyrics*, and some consideration of the exact age at which poems or verses were written is important. With great engines of human creative effort such as the brains of the greater poets, a year makes a great difference. Is Kipling the most precocious poetic genius since Chatterton? Born in 1752 in Bristol and a charity boy, Chatterton might have been a great poet if he had lived, but all his work is juvenilia. His first published poems were written when he was ten years old, and they include a fine hymn for Christmas Day. At sixteen he wrote the celebrated Rowley Poems, a long series of historical poems in what purported to be mediaeval English. They were judged to be forgeries and did something to further his un-doing. Before he was eighteen years of age he had committed suicide by poisoning because he could not readily earn a living by his pen in eighteenth century London. Chatterton—the wonder boy—is easily first as a precocious poetic genius in England, and Dr. Samuel Johnson said after his death, "It is wonderful what the whelp has done."

It is the tendency of the great poets to destroy their extreme juvenilia. Swinburne burned all his M.S.S. before leaving Eton at seventeen, and almost all his M.S.S. written at Oxford up to the age of twenty-two years. The published juvenilia of Tennyson seems without precise dates. Byron was early in the field, and Thomas Moore published at fourteen. There is nothing of Keats before twenty and then his puzzling "Endymion." Browning and Rossetti both published poems at twenty, and their childish efforts are unknown. Kipling cannot aid us with his boyish efforts, but happily the aim is not too high, and there is an absence of high emotional "falutin," and no harm has been done from the author's point of view.

Coming to the book the reader will find that Kipling has no concern with aesthetic themes; there is no dwelling on the beauties of nature and little scenic descriptions; no romance; luminous golden, haze as supplied by Tennyson. Kipling, the boy, side tracks all the old stagey storied world of Morte d'Arthurs, Sagas, Rosamunds, and Atlantas. The poet is concerned with the present-day and dilates upon action; and tinmore violent the action the better the poet likes it. It is the poetry of dynamics, not of statics. Everything is in restless movement. Nobody can keep still; even a corpse under ground becomes quite a chatterbox. It is the verse of the motor car age, a quarter of a century ahead of the advent of the motor.

Poetry has been defined as " Emotion—remembered in Tranquility," which dictum suggests a college don pacing quietly the peaceful alleys of the fellows' garden. Unfortunately that definition rules out Homer and the warlike bards, as well as the Troubadours. Certainly Isaiah and most of the Hebrew writers,

As Kipling began, so he has continued. He tarries but little to consider how things look; colour and form do not detain him. He may dash in his picture with a few vivid strokes, as much as may be necessary, but he does not wait; his own aim is to get busy with the happenings. This concern with action was the first stone to be laid with his patriotic attitude and propaganda. It was a necessary beginning and is devoid of obsession with the heroic . . . the patriot had not yet appeared above the horizon. Kipling's philosophy or outlook on life at this early time did not include the idea of self-sacrifice.

All this despite " Ave Imperatrix," which is apparently full fledged loyalty, patriotism, self-sacrifice complex springing full grown from the brain of our poetic Jove. Now " Ave Imperatrix " had not the full force of conviction behind it; it was not the outcome of personal conviction. I remember, he seemed to compose it in rather an hilarious mood. It was an attempt in a new medium, forced on by an urgent occasion, and in it Kipling first tasted blood. It was inspired by the attempt of the lunatic Maclean to shed Queen Victoria's blood; and he did shed it in a spiritual sense, so far as Kipling was concerned.

It was a first rill, to Kipling, of a great river of patriotic devotion. Our poet became a brand snatched from the burning. It was also the first finding of the man with the necessary words, and he actually came to be a convert to a gospel preached to

him, while still an unbeliever, by his own deep-buried subconscious self. Thus all that I have said in one or two earlier papers about the absence in the early days of any indications of his mature preachments or gospels in the patriotic manner is substantiated by his juvenilia. I wrote these papers before my quite recent acquaintance with *Schoolboy Lyrics* and also my recent re-acquaintance with the *Chronicle Verses*. It follows that my recollection of the distant past is hardly to be impugned and I feel may be relied on.

The other stone to be put into place, or the influence that diverted Kipling's concern with warlike action, thought, and patriotism, was his arrival in India. Those who live on the frontiers of great States, or those who stand on guard at the portals, inevitably come under the patriotic influence to a greater degree than those smug and portly folk who smuggle down in the peaceful interior. Patriotism was born in the City States of antiquity when each citizen was in turn on guard at the gates, where none can afford to give a foot to the foreigner or the enemy.

So Kipling took his ethical rue from his environment when the essential reasonableness and inevitableness of a sane patriotism was borne in upon him. And Kipling brought the exact intellectual equipment necessary to the expression of patriotism, to the place where the patriotic stimulus was most strongly in flower. The combination resulted in his wonderful and stimulating body of verse and in his memorable sayings; "What do they know of England who only England know," and others that have sunk deeply into the consciousness of his countrymen. Here he found his true sphere, and went forward to the greatest career in Empire-building Verse.

Kipling Prices Current.

SINCE the publication of the last issue of the journal a number of special editions have been sold at the Sale Rooms of Sotheby and Co., of New Bond Street, London. On July 19 there were sold from the library of Mr. E. B. Francis, lately of the Indian Civil Service, the following lots:—

KIPLING (RUDYARD) IN BLACK AND WHITE, FIRST EDITION, a few marginal notes in blue pencil, and two or three leaves slightly torn, original cream wrappers, with a design on front mid back wrapper by J. Lockwood Kipling, the back strip

worn away, no. 3 of A. H. Wheeler and Co.'s Indian Railway Library Allahabad [1888] £12.

KIPLING R.) THE PHANTOM 'RICKSHAW AND OTHER TALES, FIRST EDITION, three or four marginal notes in pencil and five or six very slight stains, original green-grey wrappers with a design on front and back by J. Lockwood Kipling, the back-strip slightly defective, no. 5 of A. H. Wheeler and Co.'s Indian Railway Library Allahabad [1888] £7.

KIPLING (RUDYARD) THE SONG OF THE WOMEN, 4 pp. p. 1 containing title, extract from the "Address of the Women of Utterpara to the Countess of Dufferin," stanzas 1-5; p 2, stanzas 6-9 initials (printed) R.K.; pp. 3-4 blank, unbound, AN UNRECORDED ISSUE PROBABLY UNIQUE [10 ⁷/₈in. by 8¹/₂in.] £130.

In a note by the compiler of the catalogue it is recorded that "The Song of the Women," which was entered as another property was included in the privately printed "Helen's Tower" 1892 Mrs. Livingston in her bibliography records two other separate issues, both of extreme rarity. On July 30 a number of valuable printed books, important literary manuscripts, autograph letters, etc., selected from the library of the late Sir Edmund Gosse, C.B., Litt.D., were sold by order of his Executors. Among them were two Kipling items:—

KIPLING (RUDYARD) Departmental Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads and other Verses, PRESENTATION COPY, inscription in the hand-writing of the author, "Edmund Gosse from Rudyard Kipling, 9 Aug : 91," original cloth, g. t. a fine copy cr. 8vo. New York, [1890] £70.

KIPLING (R.) A Collection of Thirteen Magazine Articles and Poems published in English periodicals from 1889 to 1891, half calf 8vo. £130.

Inserted in the second item was an autographed letter from Mr. Kipling containing a poem of 16 lines, commencing:

Men say 'tis wonderous strange to see
 Their children stand about their knee,
 But stranger 'tis for such as rise
 Uncomforted by baby-eyes
 To see in stately order spread
 The lawless offspring of their head.

Also inserted "The National Observer" version of "The Blind Bug," with corrections and variations in the handwriting of the author, with pen drawings on the margins,

ACROSTICS.

RULES.

1. The *World* will every three months give prizes to the three persons who shall have guessed the greatest number of Acrostics.
2. Three prizes will be awarded at the end of the year to the three persons who shall have guessed the greatest number of Acrostics during the twelvemonth.
3. Persons who have won a quarterly prize will not be privileged to win another during the same year; but they will be entitled to win one of the yearly prizes.
4. The value of the first quarterly prize will be \$1., of the second 50c., and of the third 25c.; the value of the first yearly prize will be \$2., of the second \$1., and of the third 50c. The winners, on sending their addresses to the office, will receive cheques to the value of their prizes.
5. Answers to the 'Acrostic' must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor of the *World*, 20 Nassau-road, London, N.W. They must be delivered not later than by the first post on Monday morning.
6. If two or more correspondents 'tie' for one of the prizes, Special Acrostics will be given for guessing of the 'tie'; or the sum of the prize or prizes may be divided amongst the competitors who have 'tied,' as the Acrostic Editor may determine.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 436).

A standard term one *moltie* is, the gift of gab it stays;
 Un-English in its every sense, speech-freedom it betrays.
 The other half is British born, *vide* the daily news;
 At British liberty of tongue it also hacks and hews.

I.

Of France the Nero; gorged with blood and strife,
 Assassins struck him down to please his wife.

II.

This means fidelity to country, friend, or queen,
 At home, abroad, the same; quite out of vogue, I ween.

III.

In Italy I frizzle with the fishes,
 I smooth the waters, temper acrid dishes.

IV.

'Monest us' on this a subject's often brought;
 At Aubusson an industrie well bought.

V.

Use first three letters, take away the
 In Latin, French, or English.

TWO LIVES.

Two lives, one sweet and one most sad, I lead;
 Two lives—and one is joy, the other woe;
 Two lives—one very dear, one loathed indeed;
 Two lives are mine that fur asunder flow.
 In one I live, in one I do but die;
 In one I am, and in the other seem;
 In one I smile, in one I do but sigh;
 In one I toil, and in the other dream.
 One life is strange and full of hot red days,
 Strong Love, that checked at naught, wild hope, mad sin;
 But in the other there are beaten ways
 I traverse steadfastly nor fail therein,
 Yet sometimes wonder, as the long months pass,
 That what I am has e'er been that I was.

R. K.

ARSENICAL BEAUTIES.

ONE of the strangest phenomena of the society in which we live is its taste for poisons. Not to speak of the ever-growing demand for tobacco and alcohol, there is scarcely a noxious drug in the Pharmacopœia that has not been pressed into the service of our artificial existence. The day has passed when the chemist's blue bottle inspired awe. A poison now becomes fashionable, like a *Parisienne* boot, a Pompadour glove, or a long-negle+

"Kipling About" in London for a Week.

BY A HUSTLING AMERICAN.

MY relish for things that pertain to Kipling ranges from photographs as a schoolboy, a cummerbund worn in India, toys brought over from Lahore, up to the manuscript draft of the first of the Jungle stories and a pen and ink sketch of the Dutch compositor, made while R.K. was helping to edit *The Friend* at Bloemfontein, when Lord Roberts' army was resting there a month. I neither defend nor apologize for this state of mind. In his younger days, Kipling was a persistent and efficient digger into everything with which he came into contact, and that's why I call this London week "Kipling About!"

I had allotted seven days to London and my restlessness was such that it led me to fly over from Paris. It took what was left of that day for me to come down to earth again! But the next morning I was on my way. The British Museum was open and doing business quite early in the morning for London. I found that to secure entrance to the newspaper reading-room it was necessary to have a pass from the Director. When, in all innocence, I applied for one for instant use, I was told, in a pained and surprised tone, that ordinarily a request for such a permission was made in advance, by letter! Having thus mildly rebuked my impatience, the Director straightway gave me the necessary pass, for one day, extended it to three days on request, and gave me another a few days later—in fact, did everything I asked, promptly and efficiently. It may not be out of order to say here that during the past ten years I have invaded many a library running down R.K. stuff and that the most courteous and efficient of any is the British Museum,—even if they did tell me one day that the file that I wanted could not be had until the next day and on that next day informed me that they did not have it at all. The Museum overcharged me for taking a photograph, but then relentlessly pursued me until the one and six was refunded. There were three other such incidents in England, one of them in the Kipling Society itself.

The particular thing that I wanted to find was that writing by R.K. for which he first received payment. In an interview in April, 1890, he had said, that the first money he ever received for something that he had written was from *The World*, for a

sonnet. The sonnet was located the first clay and soon copied and sent on the way to be photographed.

In checking up on this sonnet, one of these characteristic incidents occurred, which always surprises the man from the States. Going into a well-known bookshop on Oxford Street, I asked to see a Kipling "Inclusive Verse," explaining that I was not there to buy but to look up a point. They took a casual glance at shelves and said that they had no copy. Talking about Kipling—and other things—it developed that we had a common antipathy to a certain bookseller of America, and, the first thing I knew, they remarked: "Well! there *is* an 'Inclusive Verse' here after all!" I got my information, and, the Verse being a fine copy, I ended by buying the book. There's no use trying to get started with your project in London without first establishing your *bona fides*!

Thereupon, there followed a visit to the ever courteous Ernest Maggs, the bookseller of high repute. He had secured for me a copy of the first edition of "Stalky's Reminiscences" and had kept it for me; and that corking book kept me awake far into the night when I should have been sleeping. Without doubt, it is the most captivating volume that I have come upon for many a day, and one of the finest items of loot with which I am escaping from London is that same first edition, with Stalky's autograph on his picture. He was not displeased that I wanted the autograph and I was tickled pink to get it!

Among my papers was a picture of the building of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, in the form of sketches made by a Chicago newspaper artist, in 1899. These buildings have been demolished since and for a long time I have been wishing to check the accuracy of this alleged reproduction. Fortunately for my peace of mind, General Dunsterville assured me that the picture of the group of buildings was accurate as he remembered it,—that he first saw the place in 1887, while R.K. still was in Lahore.

Last year I happened to secure at Sotheby's a programme of an amateur theatrical performance in Lahore in which R.K. had taken part. The name of the play was "Plot and Passion" and the date of its presentation was December 23rd, 1883. This programme of mine was made by R.K. with pen and ink, and presented to a Mrs. Plowden, who was wife to one of the Legal Judges at Lahore; it contained several sketches and an un-

published poem. The character of "Desmarets," a police officer, was taken by R.K. A man named Ribbentrop, formerly a government forester in India, told the San Francisco newspapers in 1895 that he was present at the giving of "Plot and Passion" and that R.K.'s acting had been so good that he had taken it upon himself to urge him to drop newspapering and take up a new profession. To be sure,—Ribbentrop had assigned to R.K. a part that was taken by another man, but the statement with respect to the quality of his acting is measurably borne out by the review of the play in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of December 25, 1883. This review I located through the kind offices of that genial host at the India Office, Mr. Lloyd Evans; the following is extracted:

Desmarets (R.K.) seemed to be the hero of the evening, and, at the end of the second Act, was loudly recalled.

Ribbentrop was not quite accurate, but his intentions were good! R.K. did not act in any performances after he went to Allahabad in the latter part of 1887, although solicited so to do, there and at Simla.

Over in Arundel Street is the London office of the Allahabad *Pioneer* and the *C. and M. Gazette*. [It is now at 11, Aldwych W.C.2.—EDITOR.] There I found Mr. Day and Mr. Rattigan, who were helpful as well as courteous. They gave me some photographs of what are alleged to be R.K.'s chair, desk and bookcase, but from what they said, and from what the *C. and M. Gazette* of last January also says, it may be conjectured that it is easy to start a legend! That issue of the *C. and M. Gazette*, of which they kindly gave me a copy, told much history of itself, and the *Pioneer* and an India Office issue of that paper cleared up a question that has puzzled me.

R.K.'s application for a job with the *C. and M.* was approved by George Allen, in a telegram reading: "Kipling will do." I had supposed that at the time this was sent Allen was in India, managing the two papers at Allahabad and Lahore. Not so. The *C. and M.* people had previously bought out Allen's *Pioneer* at Allahabad, and he had returned to England. When Lockwood Kipling went to the *C. and M.* people on behalf of his son, Allen was consulted, and finally sent the above telegram from London. It had developed that Allen had had something to do with the success of the *Pioneer*, and they brought him

back to India; he reached there about the time R.K. did,—as shown by the *C. and M.* file of 1882.

Mr. Rattigan believes that it was his father, one of the owners of the *C. and M.* to whom Lockwood Kipling went and who was instrumental in getting R.K. out; the *C. and M. Gazette's* own history pins this on to Sir David Masson, but it is not improbable that Kipling Senior saw them both.

At Allahabad R.K.'s nickname was "Muskrat," for at the Club, where all the British gathered, he was quiet and shy, going rather about the fringe of things and not seeking to make much of a splash. This little fact I picked up in my "Kipling" week, from a former member of the India police, who knew R.K. at Allahabad!

This gentleman also told me that he had personal **knowledge** of the incident which, in his opinion, gave R.K. the idea of "Kim." During the return of the Roberts army from Kandahar to India, a rest of ten days was taken just after coming through the pass. Some of the men discovered an Englishman among the Pathans. He knew no language except Pushtu, and inquiry disclosed that he had been stolen as a babe and raised among the hill people. Curiously enough, an uncle of his was found to be in the British force, but the man elected to stay among the people by whom he had been raised and whom he understood. However, he thought somewhat like an Englishman, and they induced him to tell them how the Pathans thought of the British, and learned that they were considered to be fools and cowards,—fools because they paid for the food for their stock thrice its value and cowards because they had captured Kandahar, but were afraid to hold it! This quite satisfied their curiosity for the moment.

Through the gentlemen at the *Pioneer* office, I found a man who cleared up the obscurity with respect to the Wheeler Railway Library issues of six of the early Kipling books. This gentleman, whose name I am not at liberty to disclose, was with the Wheeler concern, which was the W. H. Smith and Co. of an important section of India.

Part of this story was printed in a newspaper in 1926, but that statement was not clear. The head of the Wheeler concern liked R.K.'s stories in the Indian newspapers, and felt sure that money could be made out of publishing them,—money for R.K. and for himself. This belief he brought to R.K.'s attention, and the series was started in 1888, on an informal verbal under-

standing that in due time the proposed arrangement for publication would be put in writing. That was done, in Calcutta, on March 7, 1889. The "contract" was, in fact, an assignment by R.K. of the copyright in the six books, for the payment down of a certain number of rupees, just enough to make £200, plus a royalty which was provided for. R.K.'s undertaking was clear enough, but the engagements of the other party were not so fully stated, although the down payment was an earnest of good faith. To R.K. at that time £200 seemed much money; he could not guess his future and prospects and he needed cash on the spot!

This Indian publisher believes that it was the expectation of his payment of £200 pounds that enabled R.K. to take the chance of breaking loose from a secure job and of risking his ability to make good in London. It should be remembered in this connection, that Dare, the Business Manager of the *Pioneer*, had agreed to pay for the series of letters that R.K. was to write to his paper while en route to England via China, Japan and America, so that he was assured of some income for a few months, although the amount from that source was probably not large. Before he had been in England long, Kipling found that this Calcutta contract was troublesome and he took steps to recover the copyrights.

The Wheeler man told me that he asked R.K. how he knew native life so intimately. The answer was that he did not play tennis or billiards or poker, and hence had no special popularity among the young officers; that his employment made it possible to be absent on occasion and his knowledge of the principal native tongue was fluent; so that he went about freely, even living among the natives a week at a time. This sounds more reasonable than that other story that there was a period between the date he reached India and the day he took up his work with the *C. and M. Gazette*, during which he wandered loosely among the natives. The Wheeler search carried me out of London on a day full of sunshine, and mentally I was steadily paraphrasing the women who sell roses at the entrance to Charing Cross.

The question, just when Kipling returned to India from school has been an open one. The last record of R.K. in his school paper was July 17, 1882. In 1889, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, who was consulting with his son on the facts to go into the authorised sketch of his life by Norton, said "Spring

1883," and the Livingston Bibliography follows that. The *C. and M. Gazette* of 1882 was not much given to "personal" items, and I did not find that it ran up the flag at the advent of the new Assistant to the Assistant Editor. Fortunately, and thanks again to the India Office and my reckless appetite for anything Kipling, we now know that the *Brindisi* (P. and O. steamer) reached Bombay on October 18th, 1882, and that one of the passengers from London was "Mr. Kipling."

The pursuit of precise facts, which by now had become shameful, led me then to All Souls' Church and the records of the wedding of January 18, 1892. When I asked the verger for the entry that I wanted, he showed surprise and a mild enthusiasm, by gently exclaiming: "Kipling! Do you mean the real Kipling?" (Yet going later to Elliot and Fry's, the well-known photographers, and enquiring for photographs, I was compelled to give the pretty, pink-cheeked girl attendant his initials, and even then the name didn't register with her!)

Wolcott Balestier, brother of the bride and friend of and collaborator with R.K., had died suddenly in Dresden the month before, and the wedding was a very quiet one. By some fiction which I do not understand, the residence of the parties was shown to be at the Rectory of the Church of All Souls; the witnesses were Gosse, Poynter, Heinemann and Henry James, and, curiously enough, the following day I fell upon and gathered in James' autograph account of the affair. He was very fond of Wolcott Balestier and went to Dresden after his death there; characteristically, he wished the young couple well, but registered a slight doubt and referred to the coldness and emptiness of the church and to the ghost of Wolcott! I learn from the newspapers of that period that influenza was very prevalent in London, which perhaps accounts for the absence of Mme. Balestier and her other daughter and all but one of the Kipling relatives.

Still collecting impertinent data,—the British Museum yielded the modest paid-for announcement in the *Times* of a few days later. It seems astonishing now that this Kipling wedding was not an interesting news item, but that appears to have been the case; the three newspapers into which I looked contained no comment. Of course most of R.K.'s reputation came later, but he was not unknown even then and it seems to me that the London papers could hardly be called gushing! The New York papers gave the wedding more attention.

Letters,—yes, I'm always looking for them, but seldom find such as these:

A detailed description of the time, effort and care which was called for in getting the information required for the writing of "The Irish Guards,"

Rebuke to Harmsworth for the publicity which was being given to R.K. by the Daily Mail,

An indirect and slight reference to the unusually sad feature of the loss of his son John in the war,

America a queer land and an uncivilized power,

Instruction to the Brattleboro, Vt., postmaster to forward his mail to his own special office of "Waite."

Then came the unexpected turning up of a letter making a significant reference to Stalky and Co. In that book "Eric" and "St. Winifred's" are referred to several times, and Mc-Turk is made to say:

He read "Eric; or Little by Little," so we gave him "St. Winifred's; or The World of School." They spent all their spare time stealing at St. Winifred's, when they weren't praying or getting drunk at pubs.

This reference did not please Dean Farrar, and evidently he sent a protest to the author in 1889. R.K.'s answer disclaims any intention to pain the Dean but does not disavow his belief that he knew better what boys thought. I wonder what the good that he knew better what boys thought. I wonder what the Dean's reaction would have been if he had happened to see the ribald statement in the Youth's Companion of October 19th, 1893:

There was a boy who had to tell stories in the dormitory night after night, and when his stock ran out he fell back on a book called "Eric, or Little by Little" as comic literature, and read it until the gas was turned off. The boys laughed abominably, and there was some attempt to give selections from it at the meetings of the Reading-Society. That was quashed by authority because it was against discipline.

This, it seems to me, was adding insult to injury.

Between times, came the Elliot and Fry photograph, and the E.K. bust, but all these activities dovetailed and led up to the great event,—the luncheon of the Kipling Society on Tuesday, June 5. It did not seem possible that 200 people could be

gathered together to pay tribute to a living author, who cordially disapproved of the entire affair, but such was the case! And we overseas members met Stalky and McTurk face to face! It did not seem possible either that General Dunsterville could be more engaging in person than in his book, but he was! (I showed him and Beresford R.K.'s letter to his mother of March 9th, 1882, telling what a lot of eats he had been buying for the Stalky three,—and they guessed that it was what we Yankees call "a touch,"—a hint for a further remittance.) There were a surprisingly large number of women present; I met pleasant and cultured people and heard some remarkably good speeches,—The House of Commons that evening was an anti-climax.

And now I am in the midst of another hunt, with a great find already scored,—but that is another story.

London, June, 1928.

The Sussex Scene.

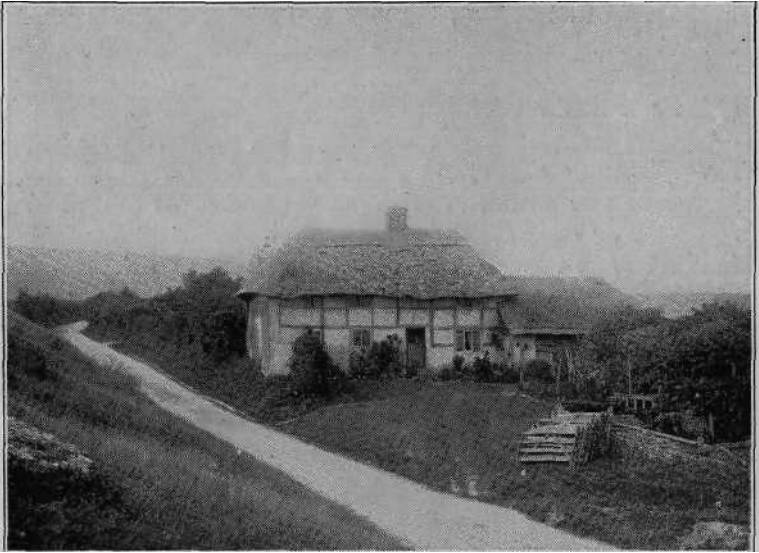
WHAT THE RUDYARDITES FOUND.

ON Monday, August 20, 1928, the Rudyardites paid their first visit to Burwash. That Mr. Kipling has at last obtained the solitude he desired we could hardly doubt when we pored over the time-tables of the company's 'buses. Unless the party were to go by charabanc—which was unthinkable!—four changes of 'buses would be necessary. Can Mr. Kipling have bribed the company, we wondered? At Burwash Common, the Rudyardites decided to walk the rest of the way, as that seemed more appropriate.

Lunch—hard-boiled eggs, biscuits, and salt in an envelope (Mr. Kipling's own idea from "Puck of Pook's Hill") was next on the programme. The Rudyardites camped in a meadow above Burwash, in sight of quite half a dozen places which might have been Bateman's or Pook's Hill or Little Lindens!

The journey continued, affording numerous thrills to the party. Why was it that so many respectable people smiled knowingly at four singularly harmless people tramping along the road? Could they have noticed that their guide books were "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies," that one wore a dress adorned with swastikas, and oak ash and thorn were in their hands? The village street was passed, and round the corner the Rudyardites beheld the old church of "St. Barnabas" and the new War Memorial. The latter first

An Habitation of the Downs.



" Four miles from a station, and so far, as they could judge in the bumpy darkness, twice as far from a road."

" I've given my Soul to the Southdown grass,
And sheep-bells tinkled where you pass.
Oh, Firlle an' Ditchling an' Sails at Sea,
I reckon you keep my Soul for me !"

" Clean of officious fence or hedge, half-wild and wholly tame.'

"I will build a house with deep thatch to shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung and the story of Sussex
be told."

*Verse and two quotations by Rudyard Kipling; final quotation by
Hilaire Belloc.*

claimed attention for the sake of one name:—Lt. John Kipling—" My Son Jack."

Then they entered St. Barnabas's—which is really St. Bartholomew's. Like St. Wilfrid in the story, they wandered round the dim church, " looking at the new stained glass windows and the old memorial tablets," finding among the latter one that was not there in St. Wilfred's days as the story in " Rewards " runs, " To the memory of John Kipling, only son of Rudyard and Caroline Kipling . . . Qui Ante Diem Perit."

Panama corner was found even without the aid of a friendly notice—" ' Orate p. annema Jhone Coline ' in queer long-tailed letters." But where is the altar gate which would not shut, the subject of such a beautiful phrase in " Rewards and Fairies?" Why has it been removed?—or was it never there?

By buying postcards at the village shop with sundry surreptitious questionings, they found the way to Bateman's, the steep down-hill track mentioned in the books. " Off the Beaten Track with Kipling " was the title of an address given to the Kipling Society. They were certainly off the beaten track—but not " with Kipling!" " We would not make way for an Emperor " but this was a different thing." Perhaps they should have said " Hand in the keys of the place on your knees—'tis the dreamers whose dreams come true!" They were; but they didn't.

The glories of Bateman's can best be described by its owner. Once in sight of the place, conversation became disjointed and almost limited to quotations, thus:—" There is a pasture in the valley where the clinging woods divide and a herd lies down and ruminates in peace"—" Hob, what about that river bit?"—" The bull's pulled down simple *flobs* off the bank!"—" The war-cries of our world die out and cease "" If *I* was him, I'd dreen!"—"Let's go and roast potatoes in the oast-house!"—" This is where you consider weighty things—such as Sussex cattle feeding in the dew!"—"Whoever pays the taxes, old Mus' Hobden rules the land!"—"The Weald is good"—" I have only five and twenty, but the principle's the same!"—and all punctuated with the emphatic " Puck's Hill—Pook's Hill—plain as the nose on your face!" of the youngest member!

They left Bateman's and it's owner in peace away from the " War cries of the world," and returned to the village to tea. The difficulty of returning to Pevensy rendered early leaving

imperative—but not before, like Dan and Una of old, the village shop had been raided for peppermints !

So the Rudyardites left Burwash well pleased with their visit and if possible even more enthusiastic than formerly.

For we hold that in all disaster

(and faith ! we have found it true !)

That if only you stand by your master

The gods will stand by you!

The Letter Bag.

ABSTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM MEMBERS ADDRESSED TO THE
HON. SECRETARY OR THE HON. EDITOR.

From Miss E. Moberly, Dulce Dominion Hospital, Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

I have examined the lists of Favourite Stories and notice that "A Habitation Enforced" is in eight out of the twelve. Cannot understand anyone liking "Love 'o Women" and "The Mark of the Beast" though they are very realistic . . . As for R.K.'s works he himself has not the faintest idea of the help he has been to thousands . . . He speaks God's message in language so many can understand. One hardly ever picks up a book or paper that does not have some quotation of his in it . . . Some one asked me once why I was so fond of Kipling's works, and I said because they are so clean and make us see the best side of life. Don't you think I am right? . . . It is hard to choose twelve short stories for I love so many:—

They; Marklake Witches; The Knife and the Naked Chalk ;
The Conversion of St. Wilfred; Simple Simon; The
Brushwood Boy; William the Conqueror; The Maltese Cat;
The Ship that Found Herself; Baa Baa, Black Sheep;
Rikki-Tikki-Tavi; Old Men at Pevensey.

From Mr. W. L. Panton, Port Moresby (2) Papua.

I am proud to be the first member from Papua and think that I can get some more admirers and enthusiasts from this country, but I am handicapped through my isolation, but most of our outside men are Kiplingites . . . Some years ago when two or three enthusiasts got together it usually meant a Kipling night. My contributions were "McAndrews' Hymn" followed by "The Mary Gloster," and then some of the shorter ones with

" Snarleyow " a constant favourite. There was no danger of misquotation, a word incorrect meant a fine . . . Of those who foregathered, one is now dead, and another has got out of touch. If I can locate him, I shall certainly rope him in. If not too late here is my list of twelve favourite stories:—

Bread upon the Waters; The Brushwood Boy; The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat; An Habitation Enforced; The Head of the District; The Horse Marines; The Devil and the Deep Sea; In the Ruhk; The Man who would be King; The Bridge Builders; Soldiers Three with The Captive and The Edge of the Evening.

I hope that some cleverer typewriter than mine may deal faithfully with Mr. Elwell in his further attack on the " Anchor Song." If none of the experts are sufficiently excited over the subject I beg you to allow me a little further space. Anyone can see that Mr. Elwell is an expert in the handling of a sailing ship and no doubt all that he says is technically correct, but has not Mr. Elwell gone off on quite another tack from that on which we first started? I would ask him to luff a bit and get back to Mr. Croom Johnson's dictum that all orders quoted in the " Anchor Song " are pure invention on the part of the poet. Mr. Elwell scarcely recognises this point, and tries to prove our schoolboy friend right about a fault in the poem (if fault it is) at which he does not even hint. Admitting that Mr. Kipling speaks of a cargo-free vessel in one stanza and that vessel in tow, while in the next the conditions could only refer to a fully laden ship under sail, is it stretching poetic licence too much to suggest that it does not detract from the value of the song that each verse should refer to a different ship and a different weighing of anchor? Against this it may be argued that the first verse begins with heaving short, while in the last, Ushant is given the go by. This general continuity, however, need not prevent us from treating each verse as a separate word picture. Anyhow Mr. Elwell acknowledges that the song " conveys the true atmosphere and spirit of a loaded ship's departure," and that is good enough for me. If it does that how can it possibly be sound without sense? No! No! Messrs. Croom Johnson and Elwell. I still emphatically deny that Mr. Kipling ever, let alone " often," prefers sound to sense. You really remind me of the critic who intended to translate Shakespeare so as to make him read of " sermons in

books and stones in the running brooks." Strict technicality may be carried too far at any rate where poetry is concerned.
Gerard E. Fox, Bristol.

I was very much interested in the discussion about the correct pronunciation of .007, in No. 5 issue of the Journal. Perhaps I can be of some help. I don't suppose that .007 was on this road, because he had a hot-box, and " We never have hot-boxes "on the Pennsylvania; they get 'em in New York—same as nervous prostration." But if he had been, if you were to " . . . stand on the bridge across the freight-yard, looking down upon the four-track way . . .when the White Moth . . . tears south with her seven vestibuled cream-white cars . . ." you would hear the towerman report to the dispatcher, " Oh-Oh-Seven down on Three track at two-thirty."

And by the way, if you would like to hear the song Oh-Oh-Seven sung, take your phonograph and play the second half of Franz Liszt' "Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 2." I've heard his brothers sing that, " warbling through the Alleghanies with thirty-seven ore-cars behind," a hundred times. Now I'd like to ask a question. How is The Naulahka pronounced?
Percival M. Sax, Jr., The Pennsylvania Railway, Philadelphia, Pa. U.S.A. _____

I have often wondered whether the idea for " If " did not come to R.K. from the verses by Will Carleton which R.K. quoted in May, 1888, at Rahore. The lines read as follows:—

Is your son a small unbound edition of
Moses and Solomon both ?
Can he compass his spirit with meekness
and strangle a natural oath?
Can he courteously talk to an equal, or
browbeat an impudent dunce?
Can he keep things in apple pie order
and do half a dozen at once?
Does he know when to stir up his virtue ?
Can he put a check rein to his pride ?
Can he carry a gentleman's manners inside
a rhinoceros hide ?
Can he know all and do all and be all, with
cheerfulness, courage and vim ?
If so, then, we'll be making
an Editor outen of him.

The idea was greatly extended when R.K. came to writing his poem,—of course an element of his genius is his ability to pick up something that has been half, or badly, done by someone else and do it very much better. *W. M. Carpenter, Chicago.*

So far, I have seen no mention in the journal of three critical essays on Mr. Kipling by Lionel Johnson, which appeared originally in "The Academy," as follows:—The Light that Failed (4th April 1891) ; Life's Handicap (17th October 1891) ; Barrack Room Ballads (28th May, 1892). You will find them reprinted in Johnson's collected "Reviews and Critical Essays" (Elkin Matthews 1921). Mr. E. T. Raymond also had an essay, "Rudyard Kipling," in his "All and Sundry" (T. Fisher Unwin). There is also a critique of Mr. Kipling's work in Dr. Harold Williams's "Modern English Writers," and in the abridged rearrangement of that work "Outlines of Modern English Literature 1890-1914." The American, "O. Henry" frequently speaks in terms of warm admiration of "Him of Bombay;" though his remarks hardly come under the heading of criticism.

In the region of parody most Kiplingites will know Mr. Max Beerbohm's "P.C. X 36," and Bret Harte's "For Simla Reasons," "A Private's Honour," and "Jungle Folk." *Alfred E. Caddick, Christchurch, New Zealand.*

We spent our holidays again in "Kipling Country." At Pevensey Castle, we could not find the well or the treasure mentioned in "Puck of Pook's Hill," but we visited Burwash and thought Bateman's a most delightful place. Some account of our doings we thought might interest you. We had a lovely and most Kiplingal time—not even forgetting- to go and see the "Long Man of Wilmington looking naked towards the Shires!" *Ethel, Rose, Mary—all Rudyardites.*

Forthcoming Meetings.

Tuesday, 16 October, in R.A.C. at 4.30 p.m. Recital and a paper by J. H. C. Brooking; Chairman, Sir Walter R. Lawrence, Bart., G.C.V.O., G.C.I.E., C.B.

Friday, 16 November, in R.A.C. at 4.30 p.m. Paper by Robert Stokes. Subject, "Kipling's Imperialism;" Chairman, Marchioness Townshend.

Dreams and Visions.

BY MISS E WILLAN.

RUDYARD Kipling has been much admired and extolled for his portrayal of the "day's work"—his descriptions of everyday life in India and at home, of soldiers, of sailors, of machinery, have been greatly praised—yet it is most interesting to note what a great part the supernatural and uncanny plays in his works.

Perhaps the most conspicuous example which comes first to mind is the exquisite story of the "Brushwood Boy"—the tale of a dreamer whose dream came true. "Wireless" and "The Finest Story in the World" both owe their theme to half-remembered fragments of a former incarnation. In the first the chemist's assistant is constrained to write down two of the "five little lines," of which one can say: "These are the pure Magic," and in the other memory brings back the experiences of a galley slave.

"At the End of the Passage" is the story of a man driven to death by some horrible vision, too terrible for description, while the "Mark of the Beast" is concerned with real magic, where a native priest casts a spell over an Englishman, and is only persuaded by means of torture to remove it. "The Wish House," of much more recent date, is another uncanny tale of magic, showing how a woman was able to take upon herself all the troubles, and incidentally an incurable disease, coming to the man she loves. "The Phantom Rickshaw" is the story of a genuine "haunt," and "Bubbling Well Road" of an uncanny experience.

As to actual apparitions, "They" is a most charming story of a vision of children, not of this earth, but of such stuff as dreams are made of. One might also mention the kindly folk who appear to Dan and Una in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, and *Rewards and Fairies*, when the children are given permission "to come and go, and look and know . . . though It shall have happened three thousand year," and in consequence meet all kinds of interesting people, from a Roman Centurion stationed on the Wall, to Nicholas Culpeper, learned Doctor of Herbs and Planets. "A Madonna of the Trenches," from Kipling's latest collection of short stories, might also be termed a "ghost" story, while "The Gardener" is a tale of a miraculous vision in a War Cemetery in Flanders.

With the exception of "The Phantom Rickshaw," "At the End of the Passage," and the "Mark of the Beast," Kipling's ghosts cannot be called sinister, or his magic harmful. On the contrary, his stories of the uncanny and supernatural are told with much sympathy and insight. In the recent issue of the *Kipling Journal* members were asked to name their twelve favourite stories among the works of Kipling, and when the lists were published it was noticeable that "The Brushwood Boy" and "They" stood very high in favour amongst stories that owe their appeal to the fact that they depict "things as they are."

To be Read Thrice.

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU'S TRIBUTE.

THAT well known novelist, Mr. Gilbert Frankau, contributed an article to the *The London Magazine* for August which will afford the admirers of Mr. Kipling considerable pleasure by reason of its sincerity. "If," writes the Author of *Gerald Cranston's Lady* you happen to be a "Frankau fan," as I am told they call themselves, give your thanks to the So Much Greater for whatever good you may discover in the So Much Less." The article is partly based upon an incident which brought the two authors into personal contact some time ago. That we may leave members to discover for themselves; we refer to the article because we would pass on a bit of advice which is clearly prompted by personal experience.

The man is not only patriot, but artist. And being both these, you must read him—if you would understand all of him—at least three times. And since this is the hardest test to which you can put any author (except to parody him), if you can read, say, "The Gardener," (the last tale in *Debits and Credits*) for the third time, and say to yourself at the end of it, "I missed that, and that, and that thought last time," you can consider yourself one of the five thousand people in all Britain who are entitled to say, "My Books" instead of "The Library."

That is, indeed, well said as many people have come to realise without putting their knowledge into words. Mr. Frankau is not the only Briton who has read the books of Rudyard **Kipling** "not three times but thirty times."

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