



The
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The
Organ
of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

No. 22

JUNE, 1932

The Kipling Journal.

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QUARTERLY

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News and Notes.

On pages 48A-48D Members will find the Annual Report and Statement of Accounts. The Kipling Society, like kindred associations, has been affected by the bad times, but it may be congratulated on its successful passage through "the din of a troubled year."

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The reviews—some are better called comments—on *Limits and Renewals* are of varied kinds. Most of the better sort give high praise tempered with fair criticism, while a few express adulation; a select minority betray weakness of vocabulary by reiteration of the phrase, "schoolboy humour"—this kind of comment is ably analysed by Mr. Philip Harrison in *The Queen*. One of the best remarks occurs in the *New-York Times Book Review* :—"If the King has put off his crown, he is, nevertheless, still a king in mufti."

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In our last issue we printed "Tommy to his Laureate" by the late Edgar Wallace; this was taken from his book, *Writ in Barracks*. In a now rare book (Mr. Wallace's first) called *The Mission That Failed*, published at Cape Town in 1898, the poem is called "A Tommy's Welcome," and has an additional final verse, which appears below:—

" I am delighted to be here to-night as I have the greatest admiration for Kipling's personality, and have had the great honour of seeing him in his home and of going for a walk with him, which is burned in my memory for ever.

" I believe that Kipling's works will live as long as the memory of man. I do not think he is suffering a decline, indeed I am told that his books are sold in America more than ever. If people don't buy new copies it is because they have so many already that they can afford rather to give them away. I am sure that any man in whatever walk of life has a tall bookshelf of Kipling's works.

" I shall have great pleasure in sitting silent and listening to-night, and I will now call upon Mr. Donald Maxwell, whose book " A Detective in Sussex " I have been reading, and who is going to lecture on " Kipling as a Landscape Painter."

After the lecture Mr. Edwin Spencer and Miss Marney Trinder (who kindly filled a breach caused by the absence of Miss Beatrix Gardyne) provided an excellent musical entertainment. Mr. Spencer sang "Boots," set to music by J. P. McCall; this, so ably rendered, seemed really to convey the drumming of feet to us. An encore, " Pity Poor Fighting Men " (Martin Shaw) also received much applause. At the end of the meeting Mr. Spencer sang " Brookland Road " (Martin Shaw) and " Submarines," from " Fringes of the Fleet," which were much appreciated.

Miss Marney Trinder sang " My Boy Jack " (music by Sir Edward German), which Commander Locker Lampson said he considered the best poem written in the war. As encore, " Merrow Down " was charmingly rendered. After the interval Miss Trinder sang " The First Friend " and " Of All the Tribe of Tegumai " (both set by Sir Edward German) with delightful expression.

Mr. John Grammer, in a vote of thanks to the singers, drew special attention to the able accompaniment throughout by Mr. Alan Richardson.

Mr. W. A. Young wished to thank the members of the Society for their very generous gift of books which had been presented to him in remembrance of his services as Hon. Editor of the Journal. He was particularly pleased to have " Rewards and Fairies " which, he discovered, was illustrated by a friend of his.

On June 7th, over 100 members and visitors came to hear Major-General Dunsterville give his amusing and interesting talk on "Stalky's Schooldays" at the Hotel Rembrandt. Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn welcomed the lecturer and voiced the general satisfaction of the company, marked by a record attendance, at being privileged to hear so able and entertaining a speaker. The music was of quality suited to the occasion. Mr. E. Gordon Cleather, the famous baritone of the B.B.C., sang "Merrow Down," "I am the Most Wise Baviaan," and "Rolling down to Rio" by Edward German, also "Seal Lullaby" by Dora Bright; his beautiful voice and artistic renderings would have gratified both author and composer as much as they gratified the audience. Miss Susan Dunsterville recited sympathetically two of Kipling's poems, "The Bee Boy's Song" and "The Post That Fitted." In the absence of Miss Marjorie Parker through bereavement, Miss Madeleine Bosley sang "Our Lady of the Snows" by Walford Davis, and "The First Friend" by Edward German; these were charmingly sung, as was the encore, "This Uninhabited Island." Mr. Arthur A. Paramor accompanied the singers with his usual skill and expression. The proceedings closed with the National Anthem.

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Our illustrations are two more pictures of Kipling's houses: a view of "Bateman's" from the north, as it appears when approached from Burwash; and a woodcut of "The Elms," Rottingdean.

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On account of their rarity and for their sanity of opinion Kipling's utterances on topics of the day are especially welcome in these times of muddled thought and indeterminate leadership. The following lines from a letter written by him to Mr. J. W. Barry, Secretary of the Strollers' Club, appeared in an article by "The Dragoon" in the *Daily Express* of June 14th:—"We are all in deep water, nationally, but we are going to pull out of it in the next two years, and my notion is that the Dominion will have her team out first."

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In the *Colophon* (N.Y.) for February, Mr. J. DeLancey Ferguson, in an article called "Death by Spontaneous Combustion," writes:—"In South Africa in 1904 Kipling's Mrs.

Bathurst and her lover were not only killed but burned completely to charcoal by lightning." Perhaps some of our readers will feel inclined to agree, that Mrs. Bathurst was Vickery's companion on that last trek; but for ourselves the sentence—"The man who was standin' up had the false teeth"—seems to indicate that the one on the ground was likewise of the male sex; there are several reasons why it could not have been Mrs. Bathurst.

ERRATUM.—In the first line of the last verse of "Ichabod" in our last number (21) the word "stump" should read "stirrup" and "and" should be deleted. This and the following line will now read—

"To an iron-bound ring-saddle nail a safety stirrup; then
Stitch a four-foot sofa-cushion just across your abdomen."

New Kipling Books and Reviews.

IN *Limits and Renewals* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. and 6s.) Kipling strikes a somewhat deeper note than is audible in what folk call his "typical" work, whatever they may mean by that. *Debts and Credits* was inclined to the same course, but there was a reflection of post-war feeling which gave the explanation. Here we have, in Kipling's own variety of tones, a series of tales and poems, to which we can apply the late W. J. Locke's phrase—"palpitating with modernity." This modernity is not expressed in the slovenly manner of the "new-clever"; it is very much in touch with the times, but it is, above all, careful, though the meaning often cannot be gathered from hasty reading. Out of fourteen stories covering a range of subject and scene, "Dayspring Mishandled" seems to stand out as the masterpiece, though very high place must be given to the two Pauline narratives—the conclusion to "The Church that was at Antioch" will surely stand out as one of the fine things of literature. "The Tie" is rich comedy; it is better, perhaps, than the mad fun of "Aunt Ellen," in that it is short and direct. The reviewers as a rule seem to like the parrot story, "A Naval Mutiny," but there is more rollicking joyousness, as well as greater scope, in "Beauty Spots"—"Angelique" is drawn

from life. In "Uncovenanted Mercies" we have a setting and theme somewhat similar to "On the Gate"; the idea, however, is novel and the treatment clever. "Unprofessional" and "The Tender Achilles" may be classed as tales that require several readings to be adequately appreciated, but the characters in them both hold us from the first. "The Debt" takes us back to India—a sweeter, cleaner India than modern politics are showing us; it is only a slight sketch, but the telling method which gives a complete summary in little more than a sentence, marks it as a Kipling writing. "The Woman in His Life" is as compelling as "Garm" of thirty years ago, and the dogs are as real and even more lovable. "Fairy Kist," though labelled a detective story on its first appearance in magazine form, is more correctly a psychological study. Very beautifully written, with a delightfully humorous termination, is "The Miracle of St. Jubanus," and the preceding poem is excellent in its restrained pathos. This, and nearly all the other nineteen poems, are new. The Chaucerian manner of "Gertrude's Prayer" is extraordinarily well done—this piece might have been taken from the Oxford Book of English Verse—while "Dinah in Heaven" charms by its very *naïveté*. "Naaman's Song" is a biting and well-deserved satire on the ways and works of film-land, and there is satire, too, in "The Disciple," which proclaims a truth that will be unwelcome to some clergymen. In fine, there may be less "bite" in these tales than in those where our old friends, Mrs. Hauksbee and Terence Mulvaney appear, but there is greater depth of feeling and even more than the old skill in the writing; this is a Kipling with matured judgment, whose powers show no sign of waning.

Some little time ago Messrs. Macmillan re-issued *Rewards and Fairies* with twelve instead of four illustrations. In this new series of pictures, Mr. Charles E. Brock, R.I., has caught the whimsical and elfin spirit of the stories; particularly pleasing are those of Drake, Queen Elizabeth, Culpeper, Napoleon and one-eyed Harold. Every Kipling collection should include this; old friend in its new dress.

Early in September we may expect the new Macmillan *Animal Stories from Rudyard Kipling*. This will be a quarto volume and, as mentioned in our last number, will contain 216 pages with over 80 illustrations to its 11 stories and 8 poems, which have been selected by the author. The price will be 6s.

Probably most of our English readers have obtained the May Pearson's Magazine containing Kipling's new dog poem, *His Apologies*. This is somewhat similar in subject, and in no wise inferior, to the *Supplication of the Black Aberdeen*, but it strikes a rather sadder note in its seven ages of dog. Mr. Cecil Aldin has excelled himself in his illustrations, which greatly enhance the beauty of the verse. This poem, without the first verse, also appeared in Hearst's International and Cosmopolitan Magazine, U.S.A., charmingly illustrated by Marguerite Kirmse, in March.

Have you read *The Adventures of Dunsterforce*? This wonderful account of the little known but brilliant Xenophonic expedition to the Caspian shores during the late war is now issued in pocket form (Arnold—Kingfisher Library, 3s. 6d.). Our President tells his story very modestly; reading it, we get chapter and verse for the doings of Englishmen abroad as portrayed by Kipling, who has set the problem—follows here the example, fully worked out. A very "stalky" story.

The Annual Conference and Luncheon.

The Annual Conference of the Kipling Society was held on June 8th, at the Rembrandt Rooms, South Kensington, S.W., when the President, Maj.-Gen. L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. was in the chair.

The Report for the year ending March 21st, 1932, was read, the live Register showing 447 Members in the United Kingdom, and 217 Overseas (45 "Life" and 39 "Donor" Members).

The Chairman expressed regret at the resignation of Mr. W. A. Young as Hon. Editor of the Journal, and said that as a small token of the Society's appreciation Mr. Young had been presented with five volumes of Kipling's works, in the standard binding with the emblem on the cover and a suitable inscription inside. Mr. Young had expressed his thanks at the Meeting on April 28th, and written regretting his inability to be present and return thanks in person.

Copies of the Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Accounts were laid on the table. A Balance Sheet had become necessary to deal correctly with "Life" Members payments (for

details see Report on p. 48A). Lt.-Gen. Sir G. F. MacMunn (Hon. Treasurer) remarked:—"Those who have studied the accounts will have noticed that we are going to the good every year, and the cash balance of £338 is practically solid cash. Your liabilities, on paper, are those of the "Life" Members and subscriptions paid in advance, so that you are really £338 in hand. That is extremely satisfactory, and we have endeavoured to get enough money in hand to meet any embarrassing period which may arise. A Society like this does not want to go on collecting money for ever unless it is to secure permanent premises, or perhaps to hire suitable quarters. But for the present we shall accept the favourable situation and carry on as we are." Mr. J. Grierson proposed and Mr. L. Ussher seconded the adoption of the Report, Balance Sheet, and Income and Expenditure Accounts; this was carried unanimously.

President.—Sir George MacMunn proposed that Maj.-Gen. L. C. Dunsterville be re-elected President for the current year. Brig.-Gen. McLachlan, seconding this, said:—"The Society is very fortunate in having General Dunsterville as President; I think all of us realise what an immense asset he and his name are to it. A few years ago I was talking to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and he told me how much he admired the ability, energy, tact, and personal charm of our President." The proposition was put to the meeting and carried unanimously with much applause.

Vice-Presidents (as co-opted by Council).—Lady Houston, D.B.E.; Mr. Carl T. Naumberg, U.S.A.; Sir Rennell Rodd, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.; and Mr. W. A. Young (late Hon. Editor).

The above replace the following:—Sir Harry Renwick and Mr. W. A. Carpenter, U.S.A. (died); and Major-General Sir Granville Ryrie (Australia), the Marchioness Townshend, Sir Harry Brittain and the Earl of Derby (resigned).

Members of Council. Mr. G. C. Beresford, Lady Cunyng-hame, and Sir Francis Goodenough offered themselves for re-election. Mr. G. E. Fox proposed and Mr. J. Sanderson seconded the election of the Vice-Presidents and the above three Members of the Executive Council; this was carried unanimously.

Confirmation of Appointments of Executive Officers as made by Council and of the Co-option of Members of that body. Co-opted: Mr. R. E. Harbord, vice Mr. B. M. Bazley, appointed



BATEMAN'S.

Hon. Editor; Mr. J. G. Griffin, vice the late Mr. E. T. Gibson-Fleming; and Mr. J. R. Turnbull, M.C., C.A., to complete-establishment.

Executive Officers (as appointed by Council) : the present Secretary, Colonel C. Bailey; Hon. Treasurer, Sir George Mac-Munn; Hon. Solicitor, Mr. C. A. Cusse; Hon. Librarian, Mr. W. G. B. Maitland; and Hon. Editor, Mr. B. M. Bazley, vice Mr. W. A. Young (resigned).

Captain T. G. Wilson proposed and Mr. A. E. O. Slocock seconded that all the above appointments be confirmed. This was carried unanimously.

Rules. Some slight alterations and additions have been made to the Rules, including items already sanctioned by Conferences of 1930 and 1931, among which are definitions of " circle " and " circle areas." The only real additions are the introduction of a time limit for overdue subscriptions and the power officially given to the Executive Council to co-opt Members as necessary. These alterations are considered very necessary by the Council in the light of experience. The remaining minor alterations were read by the Secretary, who made explanations when needed. The above resolution was proposed by Colonel G. B. Duff, seconded by Mrs. R. F. Thorp, and carried unanimously.

There being no other business, the President then proposed a vote of thanks to the Hon. Treasurer, the Hon. Editors (Mr. W. A. Young and Mr. B. M. Bazley), and the Secretary, for the good work done by them, and to the Chairman and Members of the Executive Council for the excellent manner in which they controlled the affairs of the Society. Carried unanimously.

The proceedings then closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

L. C. Dunsterville, Major-General,
President and Chairman.

C. Bailey, Colonel,

Secretary..

THE LUNCHEON.

The Sixth Annual Luncheon followed the Conference; Major-General Dunsterville presided, and the Chief Guest was H. E. M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador, who was supported by the representatives of six Royal Societies: Sir Richard Lodge,

LL.D., D.Litt., President of the Royal Historical Society; Sir J. H. Stewart-Lockhart, K.C.M.G., LL.D., Hon. Secretary, Royal Asiatic Society; Professor Wagstaff, Hon. Secretary, Royal Society of Literature; W. L. Sclater, Esq., M.A., Hon. Secretary, Royal Geographical Society; Captain E. Altham, C.B., R.N., Secretary, Royal United Service Institution; and G. K. Menzies, M.A., Secretary, Royal Society of Arts.

One hundred and twenty-one were present, and the tables "were decorated in red, white and blue in honour of M. de Fleuriau. Grace was said by the Rev. J. H. Bateson, C.B.E. After the toast of the King, Sir Francis Goodenough proposed " Rudyard Kipling " :—" This toast is at once easy and difficult—easy because we are all lovers of the subject, and difficult because it is impossible for anyone short of an orator to do justice to it. The outstanding thought we have about Kipling is the marvellous range of his genius. Not since Shakespeare have we had a writer with such imaginative insight into human life, which enables him to write with apparent complete knowledge of far more experience than any human being could have been through individually. Kipling displays a knowledge of children and of men and women that is unique in our time. Some say that he has not a thorough understanding of women; anyone who has read " William the Conqueror " or " The Brushwood Boy " knows with what sympathy and understanding Kipling touches the best side of female human nature. Equally wonderful is his knowledge of the supernatural; he writes of fairies and the creatures of the jungle in a way that is truly supernatural. Kipling gives us pathos without bathos—a rare and unusual achievement; his beautiful story " They " is an outstanding example.

" I once spoke to the Society on the debt which the business man owed to Kipling. I said then, and I say again now, that one of the big items in that debt is Kipling's humour, which always re-creates one after a jading, busy day. A delightful thing about his humour is that it is never coarse.

" I think the reason why we love Kipling is his wonderful love of nature, animate and inanimate—the way he brings home to one, without obvious effort, the joys and beauties of the Sussex Downs—and the love of animals that he shows all through his works. Finally I would say that the altars at which Kipling has principally worshipped are those of patriotism and courage. He has always been sincere and inspiring. His ideal of courage

is seen in 'Captains Courageous'—I think every mother and father, and grandmother and grandfather ought to read this delightful and helpful book."

Sir Francis Goodenough then asked the company to drink to the health, prosperity and immortality of Rudyard Kipling; the toast was drunk with hearty enthusiasm.

In proposing "The Kipling Society and its President," Sir Richard Lodge said:—"When I was invited to come to your luncheon party to-day I said to myself, 'What a lark! I've been a member of a Browning Society; I have lived in Scotland for years; I am familiar with Burns Clubs and Walter Scott Clubs. I have even been asked to propose 'The Immortal Memory'—which is the greatest compliment a Scotsman can pay to a Southron. I have addressed the Dickens Fellowship." And now I am going to add a new scalp to my collection—the Kipling Society. I congratulate you on your subject.

"I am here, I suppose, partly through the accident that I am President of the Royal Historical Society. Speaking as a historian, I venture to say that the future historian will quote Kipling just as the historian of the mid-Victorian Age quotes Tennyson. Kipling is the representative man of letters of our age. He is the representative of the Man in the Street; he is the laureate of the British Empire; he is the laureate of children and of the animal world. He is the man who more than any other man presents to this generation the view which this generation wishes to express. And that is what the future-historian of this age will look to Kipling to supply. In the works of Kipling there is a large number of allusions familiar to people like your President and others who know all about Kipling and his history, but which will be obscure to historians in future generations. Your Society, I think, may render a great service to the future and to history if they would collect from time to time in your Journal annotations on the allusions in Kipling's readings which are intelligible now, but which will be extraordinarily difficult to explain in the future.

"Now, I have to couple with this toast the name of your President. I have read one of his works. I gather that he prepared himself for his doings in Asia Minor by drilling volunteer corps at Westward Ho! I understand that he there acquired those qualities which are only acquired by what one speaker has called a lurid past. But I venture to say that

he has justified the unconscious prophecy of Beetle when he said, 'Stalky is a great man!' I give you 'The Kipling Society and its President.' "

The toast was drunk heartily, and all sang, "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Lt.-General Sir George F. MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O., proposed the toast of the Guests:—"Your Excellency, it has fallen to my happy lot to propose this toast. We are all here to-day to pay honour to this great British writer on everything that is best in our tradition, and our guests are no doubt similarly minded. Especially do we revere Rudyard Kipling because he is the poet and writer of all that we admire in the British Empire. We have asked M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador to grace our board because he is also representative of the other great Imperial people. The French Empire around the world is as extensive and varied as our own. In China and Africa especially, vast tracts are being developed and brought on to happiness by the same type of Imperial service and Imperial soldier of the French nation about which Kipling sings so successfully and tells us what we like to think is true about it. Because France is so great a nation and Kipling sympathises with her as much as he does with us, we have ventured to ask M. de Fleuriau to-day.

"If you will look at the back of your programmes you will see the splendid tribute to France which Kipling wrote in 1913, a poem which is full of truth. Now that the Great War has come and gone, and we and France have upheld civilisation and triumphed, it is again up to us and to France to restore the world to prosperity. I ask you to drink the health of our guests."

The toast was drunk heartily, and M. de Fleuriau replied:—"I was very grateful to come here because I myself am an admirer of Kipling, who has expressed himself about my country in terms which have touched us all very much. We in France are very great admirers of the works of Kipling, and I have often tried to understand why. One of the first reasons is that Kipling has the Gift of Life, and in my mind it is a great gift. In France nothing is more difficult than to find the difference between the style of a great writer and that of an ordinary one. Why, we cannot say. The great writer gives

Life to what he writes, and it is because he gives Life that he becomes a great writer. That is the case with Kipling.

" I have heard mentioned Kipling's notions about women. There are a few lines in one of his books which give a very good definition of the peculiarities of the women of the East. His definition is true; I found it true in China. I know that he has not always written stories he knew as being true because they do not appear to be true, and I have found in my life that the truth appears to be farther from the truth than anything. But he has given us a picture which is true.

" I believe him to be a great poet and one of the most wonderful of writers. He is a poet in a wonderful form—a poet in prose, which is more difficult than to be a poet in the recognised form. I thank you very much for your attention to my remarks."

M. de Fleuriau's speech was loudly applauded and was followed by the concluding speech of the afternoon by the President:—" First of all, I wish to thank Sir Richard Lodge very much for the kind way in which he spoke about the Society and myself. We have to-day many distinguished guests; I think I may call your attention to the fact that there are the representatives of six Royal Societies among them.

" As regards you, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my pleasure to extend an official welcome and say how inspiring it is to see such a magnificent gathering in these days of slump and depression. The Kipling Society seems to keep its head up as well as ever; I hope it will always continue to do so.

" I have received several letters from those who have not been able to attend. One is from General Bruche in Australia. He says:—' If I am in time, I send you my best wishes and hope it will be a successful meeting. I shall always remember how splendid those meetings were which took place when I was home.' To make sure of being in time, General Bruche cabled this message to Colonel Bailey:—' Best wishes successful lunch. With you spirit—sorry not body. Special regards President.' I have also had a letter from our French Vice-President, M. Chevrillon. He says:—' Please have the kindness to convey my regards to the Members of the Society. I am with them in my love and admiration of Kipling.'

" As regards the affairs of the Society, we have recently changed the Editor of our Journal, Mr. Young having retired

and handed over to Mr. Bazley, who has very kindly undertaken that arduous task. Mr. Young expressed his thanks to you all for the presentation made to him, and regrets his inability to be present to-day. During the past year it is sad to think that we have lost by death two of our Vice-Presidents, Sir Harry Renwick, and Mr. W. Carpenter, U.S.A., and Mr. Gibson-Fleming, who was for a long time our Hon. Secretary. We welcome as new Vice-Presidents Lady Houston, Sir Rennell Rodd, and Mr. Young (late Hon. Editor).

" The financial crisis has made its impression on the affairs of the Society, but all can help by introducing new Members. Some of our Members have been of very great assistance in this way, particularly Captain H. A. Tapp, who has brought in eleven new Members (Westward Ho! old boys). One of the best ways of getting new Members is to invite friends to come along to the meetings, and, at the right moment, asking them to sign a form.

" With that, I will bring my remarks to an end, just impressing on you once more that we really do want more Members. We have not done too badly, but we shall be delighted to hear of some fresh efforts in that direction."

There was much applause for this speech, and this most enjoyable function closed with the singing of the National Anthem, accompanied by Mrs. Bailey. Photographs were taken by Messrs. Swaine and Co., New Bond Street, W.

Stalky's School-Days.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS BY MAJOR-GENERAL L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B., C.S.I.

(President of the Society and the original of " Stalky ").

I AM afraid I have chosen a very well-worn subject about which to talk to you this evening, and I hope you are not all too tired to be interested. I shall give you details of those happy days of boyhood when Kipling, Beresford and myself showed no signs at all of becoming the highly respectable citizens we now are—quite exemplary and beyond reproach. But a word of warning as to these details. I caused great indignation in the breasts of septuagenarians, octogenarians, nonagenarians and centenarians some years ago by an article in which I said that 60 years was a great age. I went on

to say that the memories of old gentlemen were not to be trusted! Do not accept any of their statements without triple corroboration. So you see that what I am about to tell you may be pure romance, and I hope that Mr. Beresford is in the room to amuse you by contradicting all my 'facts.'

Kipling, however, is more reliable, as he wrote *Stalky & Co.* when he was about 32, before his memory had become blurred. The point of these remarks is this. Kipling and myself have a general agreement in our recollections—though it is natural that certain incidents are more deeply impressed on his mind than mine, and vice versa—the question of saloon pistols, for example. I have not denied many of Beresford's statements yet, because he has not put them down in print. I am waiting till he does so, when I shall be forced to disprove most of his best stories, and our Editor may be able to fill many pages of the Journal with our acrimonious correspondence—if the subject would interest his readers.

Young people in the room will be amazed to hear that the period under discussion is 1875 to 1883, which will seem to them almost like another era. I will start with a few remarks about the book *Stalky & Co.* It has been very widely read in England and America, and I find that most readers make two great mistakes. In the first place they seem to forget that Kipling is a writer of fiction and not of history, and in the second place some of them seem to believe that it was his intention to give a typical picture of public school life in general.

I have suffered a good deal from the first error. I have been identified with "Stalky," and have to accept the praise or blame attached by the reader to that character. I have met people who, assuming me to possess the astuteness and ability of Stalky, have placed me on a pedestal far above my merits. They have been bitterly disappointed at my not giving an immediate display of my supposed talents. On the other hand an old lady friend wrote to me not long ago—"I have read *Stalky & Co.*, I wish I had not!"

It must be remembered that neither Kipling nor I have ever stated that I was Stalky. My own recollection of myself (which may be faulty!) is that of a nice clean little boy, always spotlessly turned out, and with his hair parted neatly in the middle, who was always an example to the race of schoolboys,

and who failed for 7½ weary years to receive the prize for good conduct owing to circumstances over which he had no control.

The truth of the matter is this. Kipling, Beresford and myself were very closely associated during our school careers and, in the later years, shared a study and a common purse. The incidents recorded in the book are of the nature of actual incidents, but cannot be regarded as history. The later life of Stalky is on the lines of my own experience serving with the Sikhs, Dogras and Pathans on the North West Frontier of India, where the barren mountains of the Suleiman Range separate an ordinary civilisation from the haunts of the fierce and independent Pathans; but the heroic episodes of that portion of the book may be taken with a whole cellar-full of salt. The picture is realistic, but the incidents are either purely imaginary or collected from various sources.

To return to the " traditional " characters of the book. It is quite true that we three were leagued together in every sort of evil-doing, though I hope our " evil " may have been tempered with what appeared to our youthful minds to be a feeling of justice, and the sketches of character are not untrue to life. I will ask you to consider as strictly true all the incidents that you consider exhibit the better traits, and as pure fiction anything you don't like about the trio. It is certain that none of the three were quite normal boys, and that the actual three did not make themselves quite as obnoxious to both masters and boys as the three characters in the book.

Admitting, then, that the three characters of Beetle, McTurk and Stalky are based upon the individualities of Kipling, Beresford and myself, I will tell you that we were not successful in all our enterprises, and I might almost add that I bear on my back the proofs of this assertion—the honourable scars of war! Certainly I bore no grudge against the beater, whether master or prefect, feeling a secret exultation in the thought that if I was getting six for a crime discovered, I was escaping fifty-six overdue for undiscovered breaches of the law.

As regards the question of Kipling's intention to hand down to posterity a true picture of normal boys' life in a normal school, no careful reader could make such an assumption. The clear facts are that the boys were not normal boys, the masters (though in many cases highly gifted) were not normal masters, and the school in general was not of a normal type. I remember soon after its publication reading in the papers letters of

Report for the Year ending 31st March, 1932.

1. The Council much regret to record the death of several Vice-Presidents and other Members—including Sir Harry Renwick, Mr. W. A. Carpenter, U.S.A., and Mr. R. T. Gibson-Fleming, our late and valued Hon. Secretary.

2. Enrolments during the year number four Life Members, forty-five Ordinary Members and two Associates—total 51 against 84 last year. The Live Register on 31st March stood at 668, viz., 451 United Kingdom and 217 Overseas. This being a decrease of 80 on the year.

3. The numbers of " Life " Members on 31st March were, enrolled 46, Live Register 44, and " Donor " Members 38. The Council again regret to notice that the response to the " Donor " Scheme has by no means come up to expectations.

4. The falling off of Members—the paucity of new Members and the comparatively small response to the " Donor " Member Scheme can undoubtedly be attributed to the same cause, viz., the present world financial crisis. "We have many promises from resigned Members to return to us, and many would-be new Members to join us, as soon as matters improve.

5. During the financial year five Ordinary Meetings have been held. Of these three belong to 1931-32 Session. Only four will be held this Session (of which two are evening Meetings) against seven last Session. This reduction was made owing to the necessity for economy. There was also a Special Meeting held the evening before the Annual Luncheon—for Admiral Chandler, Hon. Secretary, U.S.A., which was a great success.

6. The " Kipling Journal " is as much appreciated as ever. Council regret the resignation of Mr. W. A. Young as Hon. Editor. This occurred before the issue of No. 20, and the thanks of the Members are due to Mr. Young and to Mr. B. M. Bazley, his successor, for their devoted work. No. 2 Journal is still out of print, and the demand has not, so far, justified a reprint.

7. The Library at the Rubens Hotel is still available to Members on days when there is a Meeting at that Hotel—for an hour or so before the Meeting—and on certain other special occasions. An experiment of opening it on one day in each month when there was no Meeting at the Hotel during that month, at a cost of 10s. a time, did not meet with sufficient support. The question was put to the vote of Members present at the 3rd Meeting, and it was agreed to discontinue it. Members can always arrange with the Hon. Librarian if they wish to use the Library at any time for a special purpose.

The thanks of the Society are due to the following for books, magazines, etc., kindly presented to the Library:—

(Continued on page 48D).

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT.

INCOME.				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Subscriptions (<i>Ordinary Members</i>) at 10s. 6d.									
45	New Members	23	12	6			
5	Members' Renewals, 1930/31	2	12	6			
564	Members' Renewals, 1931/32	296	2	0			
							322	7	0
,, <i>Payments (Life Members).</i>									
31	Received in advance at 31/3/31	155	5	0			
2	Deceased during 1931/32	9	9	0			
							9	9	0
29	145	16	0			
15	Received during 1931/32	86	17	0			
							232	13	0
<i>Less amount carried forward in advance at</i>									
	31/3/32	207	13	6			
							24	19	6
,, <i>Subscriptions (Associate Members).</i>									
2	New Members at 5s.	10	0				
6	Members' Renewals at 5s.	1	10	0			
4	Members' Renewals at 1s.	4	0				
							2	4	0
,, <i>Subscriptions (Donor Members).—Extra to</i>									
<i>ordinary Subscriptions.</i>									
2	at £4 14s. 6d.	9	9	0			
1	at £4 4s. 6d.	4	4	6			
2	at £1 11s. 6d.	3	3	0			
1	at £1 9s. 6d.	1	9	6			
1	at 14s. 6d.	14	6				
31	at 10s. 6d.	16	5	6			
							35	6	0
,, <i>Donations (Miscellaneous)</i> 3 1 10									
,, <i>War Loan Interest</i> 7 10 0									
,, <i>Miscellaneous Income.</i>									
	Luncheon Tickets sold	30	17	6			
	Journals sold	6	19	8			
	Xmas Cards sold	1	11	8			
	Emblems sold	18	0				
							40	6	10
							£445	4	2

TEAR ENDED 31ST MARCH, 1932.

EXPENDITURE.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By	<i>Printing and Despatch of Kipling Journal</i> (including Honorary Editor's Expenses)				103	18	0
,	<i>Printing and Stationery (General)</i> (including Xmas Cards and Secretary's disbursements, but excluding Meetings)				28	10	11
..	<i>Library Expenses</i>				2	5	4
..	<i>Emblems</i>				1	2	9
..	<i>Expenses of Functions held:</i>						
	Annual Luncheon	36	4	9			
	*Extra and Special Meeting for Admiral Chandler, U.S.N.	12	15	0			
	*Five other Meetings	41	6	9			
					<u>90</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>6</u>
	*(Including all printing and stationery, postage, typing programmes, and despatching cards).						
..	<i>Advertising and Propaganda</i>				9	1	3
..	<i>Secretary's Honorarium</i>				105	0	0
..	<i>Accountancy</i>				8	8	0
..	<i>Secretary's Disbursements.</i>						
	Postages (not including cards for Meetings) ...	20	17	5			
	Typing and Clerical assistance (not including Meetings)	13	7	11			
	Sundries (including telephone, fares, etc.) ...	5	11	10			
					<u>39</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>2</u>
..	<i>Hon. Treasurer's Expenses</i> (including Bank charges)				1	0	9
..	<i>Commission, Admiral Chandler, U.S.N.</i>				3	9	0
	TOTAL EXPENDITURE FOR YEAR				£392	19	8
..	<i>Excess of Income over Expenditure</i> for year ended 31st March, 1932				52	4	6
					<u>£445</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>2</u>

Annual report (continued from page 48A).

Admiral Chandler, U.S.A.—" List of First Lines of Verses " (by himself), The Mark Twain Society, U.S.A.—" France at War " (U.S.A. Edition), and Mr. B. M. Bazley, Admiral Chandler and Mr. W. H. M. Floyd for various gifts.

8. *Midland Circle.* It has been decided to close this circle for the present, owing to lack of support. The thanks of the Members are due to Mr. J. E. B. Fairclough for his work as Hon. Secretary.

9. *Officers.*

(a) You will be asked to confirm the following appointments:—

(1) (*As co-opted by Council*).

Vice-Presidents.—Mr. W. A. Young, Lady Houston, D.B.E.,
and Mr. Carl T. Naumburg, U.S.A.

Council.—Mr. E. E. Harbord, Mr. J. G. Griffin, and
Mr. J. B. Turnbull, M.C.C.A.

(2) (*Appointed by Council*).

The Executive Officers for the year.

(b) To elect according to rule.

(1) The President.

(2) The following three Members of the Council who retire by rotation, and are eligible, and willing, to continue to serve, and offer themselves for re-election.—Sir Francis Goodenough, Mr. G. C. Beresford and Lady Cunyngame.

(c) The Council regret to report the resignation of Mr. J. H. C. Brooking as " Hon. Organizer," and the thanks of the Members are due to him for his work whilst holding that appointment. It has been decided to keep this appointment in abeyance for the present. Mr. Brooking reverts to his original office, as a Member of the Council.

10. The Council have considered methods of economy necessary to cope with the present conditions, and efforts have been made to reduce expenses to a minimum during the year. The results of these efforts may be said to be satisfactory in view of the exceptional circumstances. The Balance Sheet shows a Credit Cash Balance of £338 8s. 7d., and this includes a second £100 of 5 per cent. War Loan Stock purchased during the year.

This year we have presented a Balance Sheet in which the balance of payments of Life Members are shown as a Liability, after deducting 10 per cent. annually from each—for transfer to Revenue Account. It must be noted that in the Receipts and Expenditure Account for the year, only Subscriptions for the current year are shown, whether received actually during the year or in advance last year, and this will always be done in future.

G. F. MACMUNN, Lt.-Gen. (Acting Chairman and Hon. Treasurer).
C. BAILEY, Col. (Secretary).

protest from better behaved youths of bigger and more famous public schools, in which they complained that the book was a travesty of public school life. Perhaps such letters did good by accentuating the very fact that Kipling wished to bring out, that this was a story of three rather *odd* boys in rather odd circumstances.

Do not think I am maintaining that there is any merit in abnormality. If God made you that way, you will stay like that. That is to say, the "abnormality" will remain, but there is nothing to prevent an abnormally bad boy from becoming an abnormally good one. Abnormal people are generally interesting, but it is the normal ones who are the salt of the earth. Kipling is said to have written on the fly-leaf of a presentation copy:—"It is in the nature of a moral tract—only a perverse generation insists on calling it comic, and a boy's book, and a lot of other things which it isn't." Regard it if you like as a confession—a rather candid one. Then, if you highly disapprove of it, just try to imagine what your own confession of those early years of boyhood would be like if you had the courage to make it. If you want to get a moral out of it, it might be "Don't despair. A bad start doesn't mean that you are out of the race." As Kipling says, it is not a boy's book, yet alas! it is eagerly devoured by both boys and girls. I hope they get no greater harm from it than a little-needed incentive to plague their masters. The fact of my own family having read it makes it rather hard for me to apply the ordinary rules of discipline. But masters and grown-ups can perhaps get by its means some help in judging boys' character and realising that, right or wrong, there *is* a child's point of view that must be considered if you want to get real control, not the control that is based on endeavours to terrorise.

Westward Ho! is, as most of you know, on the wild North Devon coast, in Bideford Bay, facing the broad Atlantic. The famous Pebble Ridge skirts the bay in front of the college, a wonderful ridge of grey boulders thrown up by the fierce gales on the flat land that is called "The Burrows," which is really the delta of the rivers Taw and Torridge. Here lie the celebrated golf links, among the rush covered sand dunes that shelter every variety of sea bird. There was a famous pond on the Burrows called Goosey Pool, famous only to us and probably no more than a dirty pool to the casual observer. The

North Coast of Devon forms a great contrast to the South; the former wild and bracing, the latter mild and relaxing. If *Westward Ho!* had been on the south coast we might perhaps have been less unruly; as it was, our spirits were in keeping with our surroundings. Quite a Darwinian example of "adaptation to environment"; bad characters always blame circumstances for their shortcomings.

Now to come to the school itself. The Royal United Services College was founded about 1870 by several Admirals and Generals who found, as soldiers and sailors generally do, that their slender means would not suffice to pay the expenses of their boys' education at the bigger public schools. The idea was to form a sort of Limited Liability Company on a co-operative system, to cut out all "frills" and get the best educational value they could for their money. It was a very sound enterprise and success seemed assured; under the guidance of that very able Headmaster, Cornell Price, the first fifteen years more than fulfilled the hopes of the parents. The cost of our education was very small and the standard was at least as high as that of any other public school.

I was unable to follow its history in later years, as I went straight from school to Sandhurst and joined my regiment, the Royal Sussex, at Malta a year later, remaining abroad for eleven years. On my return to England I found to my sorrow that the old place had been given up and the school transferred to Harpenden, whence it was again moved and finally incorporated with St. Mark's College at Windsor.

As my father was one of the founders I was destined for the school from the first, though, as I was only five when the school started, I had to wait for five years. The site was an ideal one for a school. A splendid bracing climate with no large towns in the neighbourhood, and an atmosphere of the best period of English history reminiscent of the romantic adventures of the days of Queen Elizabeth. *Westward Ho!* had originally been planned to attract holiday visitors, but its distance from London and rather bleak climate had made it a dead failure. There was a magnificent pier, two splendid baths, several grand hotels and a very fine terrace of houses waiting for boarders who never came.

The Headmaster of the school, Mr. Cornell Price, was a man of exceptional ability with a rare insight into human nature, especially boy-psychology. I have never known any boy who

was at the college in his time speak of him except in terms of the greatest respect and affection, though with many of us the only bond between us and the Head had been the cane deftly administered. Prout, the housemaster mentioned in the book, was a thoroughly sound, good, large and healthy man, but his failure to understand boy-mentality laid him open to much trouble. Children are very unmerciful when they find a weak spot in their elders. King was also a housemaster and a splendid classical scholar with a gift for teaching, handicapped by a too-evident loathing for boys. Hartopp was one of the very best, level-headed, clever and sympathetic, but his enthusiasm for Natural History led him on to dangerous ground. The Chaplain was a broad-minded generous soul of a type that would appeal to boys in all ages.

Taking the masters as a whole, they were a most capable lot of men, but the school having only recently been founded had not had time to develop that most valuable asset of a public school, "tradition," either in the Common Room or among the boys. Looking back on those years, I can imagine what a difficult team those masters must have been for the Head to* drive. The boys, too, had come from every corner of the earth. With very few exceptions, of whom Kipling was one, we were all sons of officers of the Navy or Army, so we represented a more or less homogeneous type, but that fact merely accentuated the individuality of those who diverged from type. Mr. Price came to us from Haileybury and brought with him a small nucleus of Haileybury boys; there was a small proportion of over-aged crammers' failures—not a desirable lot to have among the seniors of a school, and as there was no preparatory school we dwindled down at the tail end to boys like myself of ten years¹ old. When I joined the school it had only been in existence for five years and Kipling did not join till two years later. There were about two hundred of us altogether.

This brief description of the conditions will enable you to understand the ground work of Kipling's book—the conditions were abnormal and produced abnormal results. But in the matter of forcibly driving education into dull and unwilling brains the school was phenomenally successful. We were most of us destined for the Navy or Army, and in those days competition was very keen—there often being 500 candidates for

80 vacancies at Sandhurst—yet in some extraordinary way, without actual cramming, Mr. Price managed to land us all, with very few exceptions, in the careers for which our fathers had destined us.

We had spiritual assets that counted for much. Westward Ho! was distinctly a clean school, and, with all our pranks, there was a strong feeling of loyalty to the head and to the masters as a whole. The honour of the school was at all times paramount in our minds. We were rougher than the boys of the present day, but it was a rougher age. We were freely beaten and it did us good. When I noticed the patterns of criss-cross weals on my epidermis I regarded them with slight interest, and I am sure my father would have been much more inclined to say "give him another six for luck" than to bring an action through the S.P.C.C. against the brutal master for having injured his dear little boy. Of recent years one has seen such prosecutions in the minor schools of England, but I do not think the disease has spread to the public schools. Still, even in the public schools there seems to be a tendency to replace the invigorating, and sufficiently deterrent tingle of the cane by impositions and moral suasion. Owing to the disparity in ages of the boys and a variety of other causes, there was a good deal of bullying in the school in the early years; I suffered a good deal from it, but it did no harm to my robust temperament. But bullying is a vile thing, and may do incalculable harm—it is good to know there is so little of it in our public schools to-day. However, in the end, it got on my nerves, and I made up my mind to run away and go to sea.

After several attempts to get on board a ship—nobody seemed to want an odd-job boy—I turned my steps homeward on the third day; I was captured and led before the Head by Sergeant Schofield. I was hungry, but still defiant, and ready to stand any amount of beatings so long as I got some food. But Cormell Price's treatment of the case showed his knowledge of boy-character, and quite broke down what little bravado I had left. To my horror and despair he seemed not to know me. After what seemed to me a long pause, he asked the sergeant why he had brought in this funny and disreputable boy; the sergeant explained that I was the boy who had run away, which seemed to surprise the Head very much. At first he seemed very surprised, as he explained to the sergeant

that when I ran away my name had been erased from the school list, and that I wasn't wanted any more. This was altogether too much, and reduced me (as the cane would not have done) to copious tears. For many years I had posed, as most schoolboys do, as a leading comedian and humourist. I invented practical jokes of the most original description, and only found out later in life that all schoolboy jokes are just the same now as they were in the days of the Druids. What a terrible thing it must be to be a schoolmaster, and have to endure term after term the deadly staleness of these original jokes. A master's position is an extremely difficult one, and my sympathy goes out to all who occupy that position, but in no respect more sincerely than in this wearisome endurance of youthful presumption and infantile wit. I was brilliant enough to score off the masters on several occasions, but they were brilliant enough to score off me on many more occasions. And their efforts at scoring were more effective than my efforts at being funny. When we three were promoted to a study, we started under Kipling's guidance to interest ourselves in literature, and under his sway the Chronicle made its first appearance. Some of Kipling's earliest efforts were of course published in the U.S.C.C, which has therefore become extremely valuable, A collection of the Chronicles was sold at Sotheby's long ago for £160. In our study we studied everything but what we should—certainly a course of Ruskin did us no harm. Then the Chronicle occupied a good deal of our time, the rest being taken in brewing and consuming large quantities of tea and cocoa.

When Beresford and myself were boys we could not have the necessary perspective to realise to the full what a marvel Kipling was even in those days. Cormell Price knew what was coming, but I doubt if any of the other masters read the signs aright, though Crofts may have had an inkling. I can certainly remember his writing startlingly good prose and poetry at the age of 15. He seemed to have been born with a wonderful intuition that was the equivalent of a long life of experience. Though thoroughly boyish in his pranks he was mentally on a par with a middle-aged man, and intellectually superior to most of the grown-ups who had the difficult task of controlling or guiding his early youth. His sight was always hopelessly bad; in fact, without his glasses, he was practically blind. I meanly took advantage of this, and in **our**

frequent combats I always made a point of darting for his spectacles and removing them, after which victory was easy for me. This gave me a great advantage, as, although he was no athlete, he was particularly tough and muscular.

In conclusion I would say a word as to Mr. Kipling's attitude to our Society. From his own lips I have no message for you, though I have had the pleasure of seeing him lately, looking strong and robust you will be glad to hear. But if he could be prevailed on to send you a message, it would be this, and I give it you entirely from my own fertile and perhaps senile imagination:—"I cannot be displeased at your admiration of my works, but I may find the *expression* of your admiration rather harassing, and I am already sufficiently harassed, as you may guess. Please leave me alone." Looked at from this point of view, I do not think we have much to blame ourselves for, and we insist on our right to live. In spite of our enthusiasm we are extremely well-behaved, and we are completely unobtrusive.

DISCUSSION.

Mr. G. C. Beresford discoursed amusingly about the inaccuracy of General Dunsterville's reminiscences. He pointed out that occasions for beating Stalky did not arise as often as was inferred in the lecture. Mr. Beresford also said that the speaker, far from being the "low-brow" he described himself, in his schooldays actually read many books, such as Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and the words of Carlyle and Macaulay, all high-brow. The three heroes of "Stalky & Co." rarely smoked because they seldom had the chance. The portrait of Mr. Price, the headmaster, was accurate, but the other masters had in reality more nebulous characters. Kipling certainly wrote articles for the local papers, but he would be seriously annoyed if anyone tried to find them now. General Dunsterville's story of his running away was also told from the wrong angle. Not he, but the system was at fault if a boy of ten could be so much knocked about that he must escape. The masters, he maintained, never got the better of the boys, because most of the boys' schemes were formed in imagination and were seldom acted upon.

Major-General Dunsterville expressed his pleasure at the large attendance, and said that he felt sure the Founder must feel gratified by the realisation that this was due to his own efforts.

originally. It was a remarkable fact that no less than eleven new members had lately joined through the endeavours of one person.

Mr. G. E. Fox proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, in which he said that it was unusual for the speaker to thank his audience, but in this case typical. It had been a great pleasure to see Stalky " in the flesh " and to learn so much about the history, fiction and fact of those schooldays. He expressed the appreciation of the audience at the way in which the President had left " the turmoil of country life " to speak to them, and for the whole of his work for the Society. Brigadier-General C. Rattray seconded the vote of thanks. Mr. W. F. Gemmer proposed a vote of thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who had entertained us with song and verse. He drew particular attention to the excellent elocution of all the performers—an essential feature (rare nowadays) in the rendering of Kipling's songs.

Captain E. D. Preston seconded the vote of thanks to the entertainers.

Kipling as a Landscape Painter.

BY MR. DONALD MAXWELL.

I WAS rung up by a newspaper the other day and was asked whether all the pictures to be exhibited to-night were done by Mr. Rudyard Kipling or had X had a hand in some of them. I told them that in speaking of Rudyard Kipling as a landscape painter I used the expression in a Pickwickian sense. Kipling's father was, of course, an artist, and Kipling has himself considerable skill. Indeed people have often confused him with his father, and think that he is a working painter as well as a writer.

I went to see Mr. Kipling the other day, and he was laughing at a story against himself. You know he was driven out of Rottingdean by trippers, and he went to a quieter spot—Burwash. He saw that if people were allowed to roam about and look over his fence more trippers would come, so he told the youngsters of the place to keep to the other side of the fence. One day some of these were playing too close, so he went to give them a hint. By this time they had retreated to the other

side of the stream, and on being told that he wanted privacy and that this side of the land was his, they replied, " Yes, sir, but *this* side is ours!"

In these days when such extraordinarily varied types of work are shown as art, I think it is as well to define some sense in which I am going to speak of Kipling as a landscape painter. There are two kinds of painting, and one is of the older school. This, whatever it did, was an attempt to see with the eye. Leonardo de Vinci said that you should be able to stand your picture beside the mirror and your picture should be like the object in the mirror.

Some of the present-day pictures could not stand this test, but to be fair to these artists, they do not attempt to represent it as it is usually seen. A modern picture of Napoleon may look like a railway accident, and this would be explained by the fact that Napoleon lived in disturbed times.

To return to Mr. Kipling and his relationship to painting, I am talking now of the old-fashioned representation of landscape. To go back to ancient times, we know little of Greek paintings, though we read stories of them, but it seems that then landscape was an art that had not been thought of by painters, except in an explanatory nature for pictures of heroes and personalities. Plato in his " Republic " stupidly remarks that landscape painters are dangerous to the State because they teach people what is not true. He said that a painter will represent a tree at a great distance as smaller than one that is near, thus causing disturbance in people's minds.

Then we have Mediaeval painters. In the National Gallery you will find, in the works of Early English painters, some sort of view, but chiefly to explain what people are doing. John Bollini's picture " The Agony in the Garden " makes a fine-landscape with its wonderful sunset, but this is only when the figures are covered up, and the landscape is subordinate. So to Corbett, and more landscape, but always artificial, until we reach the time of Turner. A sudden change took place when industrialism came in and people crowded into cities. The cult of landscape began then, until we get to the modern feel for landscape, which is exceedingly strong. The moment we begin to live artificial lives we think it exciting to live in untrammelled surroundings.



THE ELMS, ROTTINGDEAN, SUSSEX.

Now Kipling is a marvellous painter of the thought of untrammelled nature. So with that preliminary of what I mean by "landscape" I would like to take you through Mr. Kipling's works to show you what a great painter he is. These things are so vivid from a purely pictorial point of view that you could paint a picture from them (as I have tried to do). He paints not only nature but a particular view of nature.

"The Bell Buoy" is a veritable Turner. It has the vividness of Turner's sea-pictures, all grey, with little actual colour.

One picture which I did before I wrote my book "Sea and Sussex," recalls how I broached the subject of pictures to Kipling, suggesting that I should do an anthology of his works in illustration. I wanted to see if a mind sympathetic to his view of nature could translate his poems into paint. I made an interpretation in colour of the looms and chimneys which Kipling described in "The Coastwise Lights."

Then you have "Cruisers"—

"Across the grey ridges all crisped and curled

To join the long dance round the curve of the world."

You could make a design of that.

Here is another which I had been reading one day when mine-sweeping off the Tyne, and had thought how wonderful these lines were ("The Destroyers"). Just as we came out of the Tees—"off-shore, where sea and sky-line blend"—the destroyers came home—grey-green sea, long oily roll, no light or colour—it was exactly what Kipling described. I scribbled it on to an envelope, and put it into my book "Sea and Sussex."

In "White Horses" is a truly Greek description of what might be chariot horses.

Here is one, black-and-white, with no colour: "The Deep-Sea Cable")—

"There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of
the deep,"

and

"Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind,
white sea-snakes are."

Then these lines from "A Three-Part Song":

"I've buried my heart in a ferny hill

Twix' a liddle low shaw an' a great high gill.

Oh hop-bine yaller an' wood-smoke blue,
I reckon you'll keep her middling true!"

There is a landscape at the back of Mr. Kipling's house at Burwash.

In that poem "Sussex" there is a pencil drawing—

"No tender-hearted garden crowns,
No bosomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs"

and a leaden-coloured picture of a dirty day—

"Here leaps ashore the full sou' west
All heavy-winged with brine"

I don't know if you remember the frontispiece of my book "In Sussex." It was done in conjunction with Mr. Kipling. You notice the echo—"the *sheep*-bells and the *ship*-bells." They seem extraordinarily poetic in the drawing of the picture.

Again in "Sussex" we have—

"We have no waters to delight
Our broad and brookless vales—
Only the dewpond on the height
Unfed, that never fails."

The beauty of this lies in the contrast between that broad hollow and the dewpond on the height.

Here is another delightful piece—"Three-Part Song").

"I'm just in love with all these three,
The Weald and the Marsh and the Down countrie"

I can tell you a secret, which is that the only place in Sussex where you can see the weald and the marsh is Lewes, on a little bit of upland, and that is where I got that drawing which you will find in "Sea and Sussex."

As a little tailpiece to these notes I will read you a small thing I wrote, in a way, at Mr. Kipling's request. He suggested that I should camouflage it so that charabancs of trippers should not come and look for it. So I promised to disguise it so that only Kipling lovers would recognise it.

(Mr. Maxwell ended with his own delightful imaginative story "The Clue to the Magician's Valley," from "A Detective in Sussex," which is based on Kipling's own home).

DISCUSSION.

Mr. Gr. C. Beresford said that the trouble was not that people leant against Kipling's garden wall and looked over it, making remarks about the inmate, as he went about his lawful occasions, within his domains. As the wall was ten feet high, 'bus drivers used to bring their vehicles close up to the wall—for a consideration, so that people could stand on the top of the 'bus and look over. This was done in summer about 5 o'clock, when the family were taking tea on the lawn, the drivers pointing Kipling out with their whips, and declaiming in a loud voice: " That's 'im—the cove what's liftin' up 'is tea-cup, an' that's 'er wot's 'andlin' the teapot. Them little nippers is 'is kids." As Kipling got tired of this performance, he made tracks for a quieter spot. In regard to Kipling's artistic ability, he was debarred from outdoor work owing to his short sight; he could do drawings out of his head, and did little drawings of figures, but no landscapes as such. His work is seen in the *Just So Stories*. His favourite subjects were grotesques with a fine revealing outline and no shading; in allegorical subjects one drawing may be remembered—a portly figure with webbed feet, sharp claws and an enormous corporation, seated on bags of coin, with the subscription:—"There is no god but money, and cent. per cent. is his profit."

The Rev. W. ff. Sheppard told the story of a woman tripper who was staring in at the dining room window and, when Mr. Kipling drew down the blind, remarked " How very rude!"

Mr. Bazley appreciated Mr. Maxwell's remarks about art as Mr. Bazley was himself of the old school. Gaston Latouche had a library of colour to which he would refer whenever he wished to portray a certain shade. He would dab down any particular shade in landscape, and from this he drew the wonderful colour for his pictures. Kipling has the same gift and catches us with his wonderful accuracy. This accuracy appears in "Romney Level and Brenzett Reeds": the Marsh of Romney is a " level," and the finest bulrushes are found at Brenzett. This shows how he always gets to the heart of the English countryside.

Mr. W. A. Young drew attention to the colour described in " Bridge Guard in the Karoo."

Mr. Brooking (Founder) suggested that Mr. Maxwell had missed a great opportunity by not depicting in his pictures.

the garden and lawn behind Kipling's house at Burwash. He felt that the Society would be indebted to Mr. Maxwell for more paintings of the house so much revered by the members.

Mr. Maxwell replied that he had tried to portray it in "Sea and Sussex," and in "A Detective in Sussex" ("The Magician's House"). He would be delighted to be commissioned to paint any amount of pictures of Kipling's house.

QUERIES.

Commander Locker Lampson asked, with regard to "The Brushwood Boy," whether the chain of lamps was outside the house at Rottingdean.

Mr. Maitland (Librarian) replied that this was impossible, as the date of the story; was 1895.

The Rev. W. ff. Sheppard wished to know whether in "They" Kipling was supposed to see phantoms.

Mr. Maitland replied that it was a matter of personal opinion.

Mr. W. A. Young was of the opinion that on this occasion "genius did not come to the top."

Commander Locker Lampson quoted fragments from two of Kipling's poems which appeared in "The Daily Mail" 20 years ago, but could glean no further information as to their context.

Mr. Bazley, at Mr. Brooking's request, read a new poem, "His Apology," of Mr. Kipling's, which would appear next day in "Pearson's Magazine" for the first time, in England, although it had already appeared in America.

Mr. Mackenzie Skues in proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, said that an artist was the most suitable person to present such a subject. Mr. Donald Maxwell had delivered a very interesting lecture on Mr. Kipling's portrayal of landscape. He had shown a comparatively new idea of Kipling's work, which is generally considered rather a portrayal of action than of landscape. In 1921 or 1922 Mr. Mackenzie Skues had seen a gallery in Camberwell which gave an exhibition of "the pictures of Rudyard Kipling." There were about a dozen pictures, many of them landscapes, but he had been unable to trace any further information about this exhibition.

Mr. Harbord proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, expressing the welcome of the Society to a very busy man.

*Toast List at a Banquet of the Hope and Perseverance
Lodge, No. 782, at Lahore, 1 January, 1929.
(This was a Lodge to which Mr. Rudyard Kipling once belonged).*

- I charge you charge your glasses
"The Song of the sons ' R.K.
1. The King-Emperor and the Craft.
Robed, crowned and throned he weaves his spell
" *The King.*" R.K.
 2. The M.W. the Grand Master.
With him are the keys of the secret things.
" *Kim*" R.K.
 3. The R.W. the D.G.M. and the D.G.L.
Keep ye the law, be swift in all obedience.
" *The Song of the English!*" R.K.
 4. The Wor. Master and his Officers.
And they shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at
all. " *L'Envoi.*" R.K.
Proposed by Wor. Bro. J. Ferguson.
 5. The I.P M and the Outgoing Officers.
We shall rest and faith we'll need it lie down for an aëon or two.
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work
anew. " *L'Envoi.*" R.K.
Proposed by the WM.
 6. The Visiting Brethren.
Deeper than speech our love, Stronger than life our Tether,
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together,
" *England's Answer*" R.K.
Proposed by Wor. Bro A Gilbert.
 7. Punjab Masonic Charities.
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need
" *L' Envoi*" R.K
Proposed by Wor. Bro H. B. Tilden.
 8. Absent Members
But I wish that I might meet them,
In my Mother Lodge once more
" *The Mother Lodge*" R.K.
Proposed by Wor. Bro. A. W Dyer.
 9. The Non-Masonic Guests.
To the Legion of the lost ones,
Who will send us as good as ourselves.
" *The Lost Legion* " R.K.
Proposed by Wor. Bro. C. Grey.
 10. The Tyler's Toast.
" So it's knock out your pipe an' follow me,
" Follow me—follow me home."
" *Follow me 'ome.*" R K.
Proposed by The Tyler. 1390—Rup Lal Sud.

The Kipling Society Library.

SINCE the day when the Kipling Society was formed the Library has steadily grown, and those members who do not possess a complete set of Kipling's works will find one on its shelves. We are indebted to Messrs. Macmillan, Methuen, and Hodder and Stoughton for the standard English editions of prose and verse; our thanks, too, are due to the many members who have so generously presented copies of foreign editions and scarce items. Though the Library lacks the more rare and expensive "Kipling's," it can boast of some interesting things. Notable amongst these are the six Indian Railway Library Rupee Books, published by A. H. Wheeler and Co., of Allahabad, and reprinted in English by Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston and Co. One of these is a third Indian edition, two others being first English issues; as these were published in 1888-9, they are fast becoming scarce, especially with the original paper covers. Of first editions there are a few: one is the address entitled *Doctors*; others are—*A Fleet in Being*, *France at War*, and *Fringes of the Fleet*. Recently Mr. Kipling's latest volumes—*Humorous Tales* and *East of Suez*—have been added to the collection. The two bibliographers of Kipling, Captain E. W. Martindell and Mrs. Luther Livingstone, have each presented a copy of their respective works; these two books, together with Rear Admiral Chandler's *A Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling*, form a very useful trio for the collector and student.

In addition to a very good collection of volumes by Kipling, there are some interesting books about him. *War's Brighter Side*, by Julian Ralph, contains much uncollected matter. Kipling, as is well known, spent a considerable time in South Africa during the Boer War, and, at the invitation of Ralph, joined the staff of *The Friend* at Bloemfontein as Associate Editor. To this newspaper, published primarily for the troops, he contributed many pieces of prose and verse, most of which are included in Ralph's book. Among other pieces of criticism are two articles by Mr. J. DeLancey Ferguson—*Rudyard Kipling's Revision of His Published Work*, and *The Education of Rudyard Kipling*; both these articles are original and instructive.

Letter Bag.

Kipling and the Bible. I would add, from "Sussex," "The lot has fallen to me." Psalms 16 (6). *The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.*—William R. Power.

I should like to add another item—" Our sister toileth overmuch, our little maid that hath no breasts " from the Nursing Sister. *Song of Solomon* 8 (8). *We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts.*—Dr. H. G. Pesel.

A new Kipling Crypticism. Yes, cordite is a distinctly unstable mixture, as it contains nitrocotton, which cannot be obtained in an absolutely stable condition. Nitrocotton, and cordite made with it, decompose so slowly that batches may be quite safe for ten or twelve years. Two things follow: first, that the shooting qualities of cordite may improve for a time (I have no other authority than Ortheris) and then fall away; and secondly, that old cordite becomes dangerous eventually—witness some terrible naval disasters. Not only can old stuff " go off " on its own, but it may change the nature of its actual " explosion " from the usual burning (quiet to an explosives man) to real " detonation "—5000 to 10000 metres per second—thus accounting for the bursting of the Lee Metford.

An unplaced query. " The Woman of Devizes " (Black Jack in *Soldiers Three*). A Devizes woman went shopping and tendered a sovereign (or a note) for a purchase, as she wanted change. The salesman was short of change, and asked her if she had not the correct amount. " No," came the answer; the woman fell dead on the spot. In her purse was found the exact money for the purchase.—A. H. Bateman.

" *A Pinchbeck Goddess.*" With reference to the talented authoress of " *A Pinchbeck Goddess* " mentioned in No. 21 of the Journal, it may not be generally known that more than 20 years ago there appeared in *Temple Bar* a poem on Rose Aylmer's Grave—Walter Savage Landor's *Rose Aylmer*—by " A.M.F." (Mrs. Fleming—Rudyard Kipling's sister ' Trix '). The poem begins :—

" An English grave 'neath Indian skies
Marked by a sullen stone;
And this is where Rose Aylmer lies
Fair, flowerless and alone."

Mrs. Fleming, who resided for some years in Calcutta, also wrote a poem on " *Some Old Calcutta Graveyards of more than a hundred years ago,*" the opening lines of which are as follows:—

" Here they rest by the world forgotten,
Under sarcophagus, pillar, and urn,
Stones are crumbled and rails rust rotten
Since they trod the path that has no return.

They, from England, so far removed here,
 They would not dream how we come and go,
 Those who ruled and who lived and loved here—
 More than a hundred years ago."

E. W. Martindell.

Secretary's Announcements.

(1) Reference Journal No. 17. The present prices of back numbers of the Journal are:—No. 1 (reprint), 2s. each; Nos. 3 to 8 (inclusive), 4s. each; Nos. 9 to 11 (inclusive), 3s. each; Nos. 12 to 22, 2s. each. There are very few of 3 to 8 left. The requests for a reprint of No. 2 do not yet justify it, but the Secretary has three copies of No. 2 available at 10s. per copy.

(2) Messrs. Swaine, of 146, New Bond Street, W.1., took two photos of the Luncheon on 8th June from different angles, "A" and "B": also a group of the President and some of the Vice-Presidents and Council. They have reduced the price of these to 3s. 6d. unmounted, or 5s. 6d. mounted. Please apply direct if required.

(3) With this number goes a copy of the Rules as amended by the Conference of 8th June, 1932. Especial attention is invited to Rules concerning "Life" and "Donor" memberships, and also to Clause 2 of Rule VI., re resignations.

ROLL OF NEW MEMBERS TO JUNE, 1932.
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