

The
KIPLING
JOURNAL

The
O r g a n
of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

No. 24

DECEMBER, 1932

The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

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News and Notes.

The First Meeting of the 1932-33 Session was held at 5 p.m. on October 20th, at the Hotel Rubens ; the attendance of members and their guests beat all previous records for afternoon meetings, for more than 100 were present. Sir George MacMunn fully justified the expectations of the Chairman, both in regard to his paper and the keen discussion it evoked afterwards. In the absence of the Viscountess Downe, who was unable to be present, Lady Cunynghame kindly took the chair, at short notice, and introduced the lecturer :—

"I am sure that you will all be very sorry to hear that, owing to the serious illness of a child, our chairman for the afternoon is unable to be present, and I find myself in this somewhat unfortunate position. But I am fortunate in one thing—that, in introducing Sir George MacMunn, I know he requires no introduction. From past experience we know how very interesting an address from him can be, and we therefore expect an exceptionally interesting one to-day, especially as we have heard that, in addition to his knowledge of the subject, he himself has (says the *Daily Mirror*) "very strong views on women!" (What sort

of views is not revealed). We shall see what is coming. I will now call upon Sir George MacMunn to give us his address on "Kipling's Women," and I know you will give him a very hearty welcome.

After the lecture Miss Eve Maxwell-Lyte, accompanied by Miss Elsie Spooner, sang "Old Mother Laid-in-Wool." This was charming, and as an encore she sang "The Egg Shell," both settings by Martin Shaw. Mr. B. M. Bazley, who kindly stepped into the breach caused by Miss Logan Wright's absence on account of illness, then gave two short recitations—"The Recall" and "The Way Through the Woods"—which were exceedingly well rendered and were listened to with much enjoyment. Then followed another song by Miss Maxwell-Lyte, the very delightful "Shiv and the Grasshopper," set to music by Dora Bright.

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From the Northern News Service comes the interesting information that Kipling has been translated into Serbian. A translation of Kipling's short stories of India, entitled "Pripovetke iz Indije," by Mr. Antunovic Kobliska, has just been published in Belgrade by the "Srpska Knjizevna Zadruga" Society. The book is included in the series of six, annually published by this society, and is well produced, the price of the series being 100 dinars each (about 7/6). The selection is made from "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Jungle Book," "Actions and Reactions," etc. Mr. Kobliska is a member of the Committee of the Anglo-American-Jugoslav Club in Belgrade.

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The above news is all the more interesting because, in his own country, Kipling is being bombarded with a veritable fusillade of journalistic shells which, like some war-time ammunition, fall short of the mark. Two critics, who shall be nameless, give us the remarks quoted below. One of them, in an effort entitled "Six Persons I Despise," tells the readers of the *Daily Dispatch* that Kipling "is responsible for more lines reeking with nauseous and fictitious sentiment than all the other living poets combined. The vast majority of his verse is redolent with bad taste. His attitude towards love is squalid and narrow." This piece of "criticism" may be bracketed with that by a writer in *John Bull*, on Kipling and India :—"Almost all you could write about

guides to a sound understanding of matters that are often wrongly estimated by the lay mind.

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In the Preface to his great "Summary," Admiral Chandler says that there is among Kipling's writings "something for every phase of knowledge, for every experience, and for every feeling or mood." Speaking at Bristol on October 6th, Mr. Gr. E. Fox said that a study of the works of this great living writer, particularly some of his poetry, revealed a depth of wisdom, an intimate grasp of the science of conduct, which would amply repay every intelligent man and woman to pay heed to. Mr. Fox tells us that many of his audience said they had no idea of that side of Kipling's mind. It is a pity that Mr. Fox could not be employed as a tutor for some of the "New-Clever" tribe of modern critics, who ascribe to Kipling ideas that our author never intended, by the simple though lazy process of taking one or two lines out of their context and then writing an essay on their apparent falsity. Mr. Fox, of course, differs from these critics in that he knows his subject. "A little learning," etc.

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To another of our Members, Major F. H. Trent, we are indebted for a most interesting gift to the Library; this is the original of the article entitled "An English School," which has been collected in *Land and Sea Tales*. It first saw the light in a U.S.A. journal called *The Youth's Companion*, dated October 19th, 1893; this paper is to-day practically unobtainable, so that we may congratulate ourselves on this valuable acquisition. The article has three illustrations: a reproduction of the coat-of-arms of the United Services College, and two sketches of Westward Ho!

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From Admiral Chandler we hear that a young friend of his, who has recently joined the Society, has written a short but pithy letter about things. Although an American, he was at school at Harrow, afterwards entering the U.S.A. Naval Academy. Later on, he married, settled down on a farm, and writes as under:—"I am sending you my application for membership together with the necessary cheque. If I weren't 'stoney' I'd send one for \$26.00' (Life Membership), but

that might look like side, altho' I should rate it, as I've been a Kipling 'fan' since Harrow days, and while I can't boast of having read everything Le wrote, I do believe I've read nearly everything in general circulation at least once, but unlike reading Shakespeare, one can't claim much credit for reading Kipling. I suspect it's a disease which is incurable. It's particularly pleasant to find others so affected, as some of my friends with highbrow pretensions have told me it showed an uncultivated taste. I'll bet that's 'rot.' All (?) great writers who have lasted were immensely popular in their time, I suspect, because they put great thoughts simply and well. As you once said, Kipling has touched about every human activity somewhere if you can find it. To the uninitiated, farming seems pitiful, and its real charm is quite unexplainable by most of us, but I think R.K. gets it on paper in 'Alnaschar and the Oxen.' It's nearly perfect. I say 'nearly' because I'm interested in Guernseys, which are a milk breed, and he's writing about beef cattle—but that isn't Kipling's fault."

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A Kipling illustration is always to be treasured, especially when it is by a well known artist. The cover of the *Times Weekly Edition* (Special Christmas Number) shows a four-masted sailing ship, in charge of a tug, entering a harbour in the moonlight. Mr. Charles Pears, R.O.I., has given a wonderful presentment of the scene, and the reproduction in colours is well worthy of a place on the wall. The picture illustrates a quotation from "The Merchantmen" in *The Seven Seas*:—"Coastwise—cross-seas—round the world and back again."

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The latest portrait of Mr. Kipling is a drawing by Sir William Rothenstein, which was exhibited at the Agnew Gallery in New Bond Street; a small but excellent reproduction of this clever study appeared in the *Illustrated London News* for October 29th, 1932.

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There is a short note, about three pages long, by Kipling, in the *Journal of the African Society* for October 1932, on Mary Kingsley, the famous African explorer, niece of Charles and Henry Kingsley; it is she who is commemorated in the

line in "Dirge of Dead Sisters"—" Her that fell at Simon's Town in service on our foes." Writing of her death, which was caused by overwork in nursing Boer prisoners, Kipling says in this note:—" All this sort of thing helped to kill her, for she was weakened by malaria and worn down by lack of help, and could not resist when typhoid developed. But even during the short time that she served there, all who had come in contact with her, from Admirals to orderlies, knew and adored her as ' Mary ' ; there being but one of her mould."

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Our first illustration in this number shows " The Woolsack," Kipling's house at Rosebank, Cape Town. Formerly called " Eksteen," after the family of that name, it took its present title from its later owners, the Sampsons—' Wools ' being one of their family names ; the late Col. Sir Aubrey Wools Sampson (who raised and commanded the Imperial Light Horse in the second Boer War), and the Hon. Mr. Justice Sampson of the Supreme Court of South Africa, are the best known members of the family. Cecil Rhodes acquired the estate in the 'nineties and partially rebuilt the old house to the plans of Sir Herbert Baker. The Woolsack adjoins " Groote Schuur," Rhodes' Cape Town Estate, and is very close to the new Cape Town University on the lower slopes of the Table Mountain Range. Rhodes was a great admirer of Kipling's work, and highly valued its sturdy Imperialism. He gave a life-tenancy of the house to Kipling, and up to about 1907 the latter was frequently in residence. To-day The Woolsack is the home of Mr. F. B. Phillip M.B.E., Secretary of the Chartered Agency, which represents the old British South Africa Company. We thank Mr L. Ussher for this illustration.

Our second plate is a view of the backs of " twelve bleak houses by the shore," which formed the buildings of the United Services College at Westward Ho ! For this we are indebted to Captain H. A. Tapp; the original is a photograph taken by " King " about 1880, when Kipling was at school there.

With No. 25 we shall present a complete index to the first twenty-four numbers of the *Kipling Journal* as a supplement.

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In his study of " Moreton Frewen," Shane Leslie includes part of a letter from Kipling, who, he says, wrote all that was

needed for an epitaph ; the conclusion of this is rather fine :—
 " Later on, when you have explained how wrong his Bimetal-
 tallism was, you may see Wisdom justified of her amazing child
 in this particular ; also, which does not count for much now,
 of course, he was wholly a Sahib."

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Kipling's prophecies have a way of coming true, and the *Morning Post* of November 24th gives an apposite example of this :—' I have just come across a prophecy made by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in a lecture he delivered to the Royal Geographical Society in 1914, which is of particular interest to-day. In the course of his lecture he described mind-pictures of travel called up by old sail and steamship travellers to South Africa, and discussed the future of the " way-signs " that would come naturally to the aviator of the future. " His (the airman's) way-sign," he said, " will be one straight line slightly inclined from left to right—fifty-one nothing North to thirty-three South and fifteen (whatever it is), East." If you take out an atlas you will find that the route chosen by Mrs. Mollison follows closely that which Mr. Kipling had worked out for future travellers in the air in his lecture of 18 years ago.'

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In catalogue No. 578 of Messrs. Maggs Bros., an unusually attractive item is listed : the correspondence concerning the repurchase by Mr. Kipling of the copyright of his " Departmental Ditties." We quote the details of this from the advertisement:—" In 1897 Mr. Kipling wished to repurchase this copyright, which was sold many years before for a trifling sum to the Indian publishers, Messrs. Thacker and Co. He thereupon commissioned his agent, A. P. Watt, to enter into negotiations. Mr. Watt was not successful in coming to terms with Thacker and Co., whereupon he stopped negotiating personally and recommenced negotiations through a third party, Gay and Bird, and finally the sum of £2,000 was agreed upon for Mr. Kipling to pay to Thacker and Co."

Kipling's Women.

BY LT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

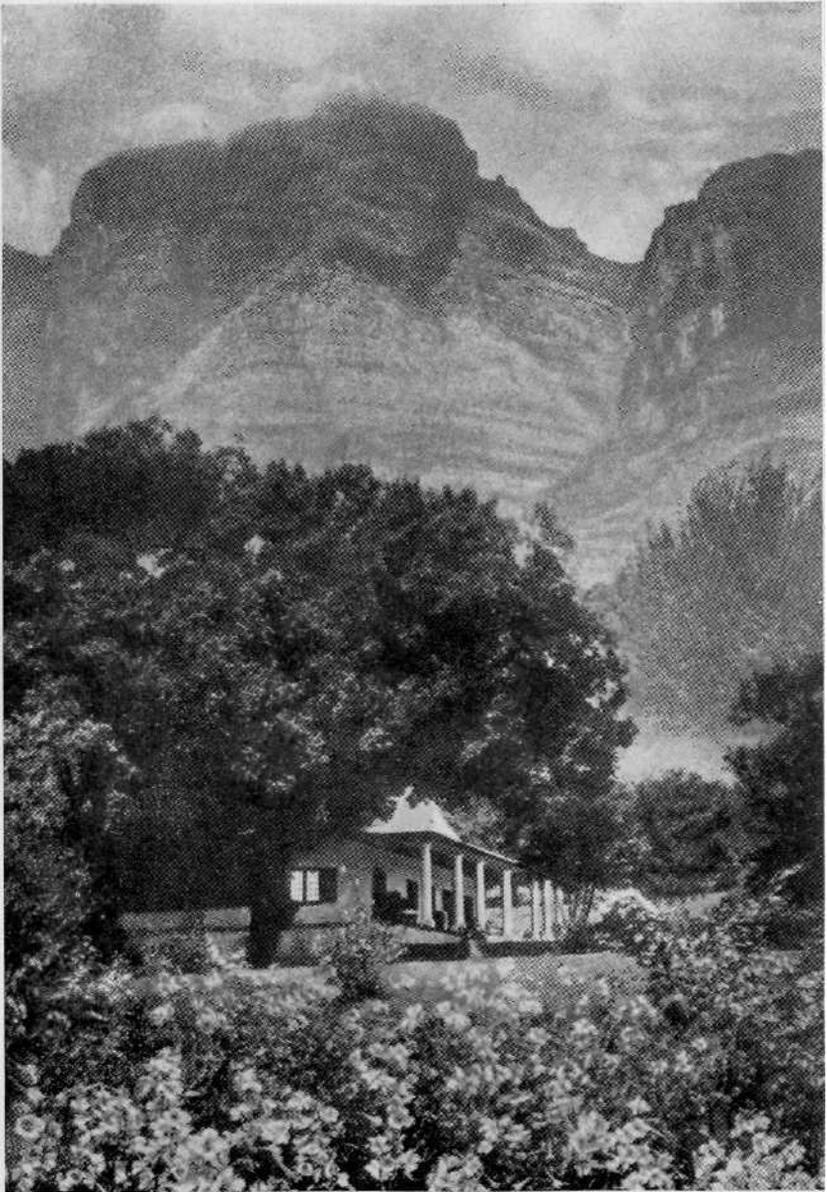
WE are all members of this Society because we admire Mr. Kipling and his wonderful gifts and his great outlook. He has that gift of getting to the bottom of things, that gift of portraying characters—their traits, their turns of pathos and camaraderie—that gift of getting inside out of things like a railway engine, a polo pony, or a marine engine. It is not to be wondered at that his power as a writer is most graphic perhaps when describing a woman's character and life and getting to its real side.

I must first say a few words about the things of women that Mr. Kipling does *not* write about. He does not touch on the modern problem of women of to-day—probably because it is not the milieu in which he works. And perhaps it is just as well, but there are many phases of tragedy, pathos and glory which we would like to have illuminated by his enlivening pen.

Not for him are the wells lonely or the answers dusty, but when he first wrote, his ideas, which we should now consider fit for both the grandmothers to read, were thought very advanced. By Clapham of thirty or forty years ago he was criticised as "the bard of adultery." The generations at Clapham are quite different now.

An interesting thing to remember is that people sometimes said, "What horrible women Kipling portrays, and what a bad impression he gives of women in India." Well, here I must remind you that Kipling is, first and foremost, a short story writer, and has so to crowd action and romance into a short space that some of his ladies are, quite naturally, of the exciting and stimulating variety such as Mrs. Hauksbee in the glory of her career as leader of fashion in Simla. Now that was some fifty years ago, and, reading these stories to-day, we don't notice that times have changed much. Kipling must, therefore, have struck a true view of the eternal feminine character.

I was lately staying with a senior officer who said: "My mother was Mrs. Hauksbee, who like his own mother Kipling described as "the wittiest woman in India." It was he, he said who was the foundation for "Wee Willie Winkie," and he in military uniform rode about a frontier station when his father commanded a cavalry corps. There is a photo-



THE WOOLSACK, RONDEBOSCH, CAPE TOWN.

graph of his mother which I might perhaps be able to get for reproduction in the Journal. But the character may be a mosaic of several.

Mrs. Hauksbee figures in about five stories, and only in one story could one pass her under the least criticism. If you remember, Mrs. Cusack-Bremmil allows herself to become thin and grief-stricken after the death of her child and lets her husband come under the charm of Mrs. Hauksbee, who promptly annexes him. At a ball to which Mrs. Bremmil knows her husband is going with Mrs. Hauksbee, she suddenly turn up well-dressed and radiant. Cusack-Bremmil is struck with wonder—he had forgotten that this beautiful woman was his wife. He begs for the favour of a dance, is asked to show his programme, and three numbers with ' H ' against them are struck out and her own pet name substituted. A triumphal evening for the wife ! But this is the only story in which one can criticise this " wittiest lady." In all the other stories she is shown as a great character.

Kipling has rarely drawn for us a bad or inferior woman. He puts women on a very high pedestal, and stresses their camaraderie and their understanding. If he studied them in all their phases of companionship to-day still more would he sing of their qualities. The only bad women he gives us is Mrs. Reiver, and he hardly says why she was bad.

I will now turn to that phase of life which Kipling often treats with pathos—that of love. The only person who knows anything about women with a big ' W ' is man (women only know where they get their dress, hats and hair). Mr. Kipling seems to know about Women with a big ' W ' more than any else of us. As you read Kipling carefully through and glean some of the tragedy and pathos in some of his stories, perhaps you will agree that this is so. One of the interesting lights on love he portrays is that of memory and illusion. In " On the Strength of a Likeness," Hannasyde comes to Simla, is struck with Mrs. Landys-Haggert because she reminds him (something in her hair, her beauty), of Alice Chisane, whom he loved very dearly. He makes love to this stalking horse dummy and, in the end, has to admit that he does not care for her. Later, after seeing much more of her, he suddenly realises that she is no longer a lay figure, a mere ghost of Alice Chisane, and when, on leaving, she remarks, " I go home

in the Spring, and perhaps I may meet you in Town," he very earnestly and adoringly replies, " I hope to Heaven I shall never see your face again." Perhaps you will all conjure up some similar story out of your own experience. I am sure most wives have thought, " Now I wonder what George sees in that woman?" George knows very well what he sees, although to the other woman she may appear but " a rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

A story which is remarkable in its trait or memories is " Mrs. Bathurst." Mrs. Bathurst, you remember, and her black silk dress, who kept a house of call for respectable men of the sea at Auckland, N.Z., who had the gift of being all good things to all good men. Well, Mr. Pyecroft in Cape Town tells about the disappearance of a Petty Officer of the Navy named Vickery, who had stood him a seat in the Cinematograph—then a very new thing—largely topical. " Home and Friends " came on and, in one of the scenes a train comes into Paddington and out of it steps Mrs. Bathurst. Vickery is struck dumb. After the film is finished Vickery walks Pyecroft about all night long, and they go back every night to see Mrs. Bathurst.

The point of the story is the extraordinary fascination the memory of Mrs. Bathurst had for a man, so that he must go and see her every day—see her merely step out of a train. Her fascination was evidently remarkable. Men could remember every time that they had seen Mrs. Bathurst, and it wasn't only that she remembered your " particular " and always had it ready for you—even after five years—and it wasn't just beauty, or good talk. It was just ' It ' of a homely kind. Some of you may be happy enough to know a Mrs. Bathurst with this indescribable ' It,' with the gift of making all the world happy and at home.

Kipling lays great stress upon staunchness as an essential quality of women's character. All his women are tremendous comrades. In this connection " William the Conqueror " comes in as a good example. A truly wonderful comrade was Willum. I hope a good many women would like to think that they were like Willum.

In " The Gardener," another side is stressed, the pathos and tragedy underlying the fact that women with the mothering instinct cannot become mothers at will. It is the story of the woman who goes over to France to visit graves. She

does this for business reasons, but really goes because she wants to visit again and again a grave which she has no right to visit. She meets in some inn Miss Helen Turrell (the real heroine), whose nephew was killed and missing for a very long time. This is her brother's son, whom she had brought up from babyhood following her brother's death. Several years after the War, when the boy's body is identified and placed in a grave, she makes a pilgrimage over to the cemetery in France. "What grave do you want?" she is asked by the man tending the graves whom she supposes to be the gardener. "My nephew's." And, with infinite compassion, he answers, "Come with me, and I will show you where your son lies," the supposed Gardener, of course, was not the gardener at all, but Our Lord Himself.

In "Mary Postgate" we are shown the devotion of an elderly woman with a face like a horse, for her employer's wild young nephew, whom she has tended since a child, who calls her all sorts of names, "Gatepost," "Postey," or "Packthread." He becomes a rather arrogant young officer, and is afterwards killed in a flying accident before he even gets to France. Mary Postgate prepares a funeral pyre of all his toys, books, etc., in the garden, and goes down to the village to buy paraffin. There this quite ordinary, everyday woman, sees a nine years' old little girl torn in pieces by a bomb from a Boche aeroplane and, on getting home discovers a Boche airman lying almost unconscious at the bottom of the garden, who keeps on asking for help. "No, no, I have seen the dead child," she replies, and won't help. (Are we to suppose that she actually puts him on the pyre?). The point is the realisation of a pathetic woman who lives all her life with women, a woman who is not good enough for men, and has given all her mother instinct to this dead lad.

"The Wish House" is another story illustrating in a short and effective way, staunchness of character. If you remember, Mrs. Ashcroft, that elderly woman, and Mrs. Fettle, whom the bus brings on a visit from thirty miles away, get talking. Mrs. Ashcroft is making a rush basket for her grandson to put food in for a picnic. Up he comes, aged sixteen, snatches the basket, and goes off with the girl he has in attendance. As he goes, the way he carries his head reminds Mrs. Fettle of a woman, Polly Batten, who went for Mrs. Ash-

croft at " the haymaking " for " stealin' her man." The grandson might be " Jim Batten come to life again." They exchange confidences, and, as a reward for confidences, Mrs. Ashcroft tells her story. Mrs. Ashcroft, by the way, is quite an important woman. She has a cancer in her leg and feels set up because the nurse has dressed it one hundred and three times. Obviously she is an important sort of woman! Well, having looked after her husband while he was in **bed**, when he was dead she went back to service. While on holiday she suddenly ' clicks ' with a labourer who afterwards comes up to town to work in a stable near to her, and the two live together; and then the man gets bored and sheers off, and the aging lady is left broken hearted and her health is very much affected in consequence. During one of her attacks of bad headache, the charlady's daughter, little Sophy Ellis, comes in, says she knows how to take the headache off her, and leaves the house for a short time. During her absence the headache lifts, but the child returns looking very ill. She tells how she has been to a Wish House (a house that has long-been empty), how she rang the bell and asked the Token or Ghost, to take away Mrs. Ashcroft's headache and give it to her, and how anyone can do this for anyone they love. The old lady is very impressed and, later, when she again meets Harry Mockler and finds him in an advanced stage of illness, she goes and finds the Wish House, calls up the Token and asks to take over Harry's ills. Whenever he is ill, her leg gets bad, when he gets better her leg gets a little better, but gradually a cancer develops—a wonderful example of staunchness and love. She remains staunch to him although he had returned not to another love, but back to single freedom.

" The Madonna of the Trenches " is a remarkable story of an elderly sergeant who must have " lied like a patriot " to get into the trenches, and a young lance corporal, who knew each other so well at home that the boy calls him ' Uncle.' As the War rolls on the lance corporal is sent to tell the sergeant he is for leave home and, as he goes to do so, he sees his Auntie and, after a moment, meets ' Uncle ' with two charcoal braziers in his hand—tells him he was foolish enough to think he had seen his Auntie, to which the Sergeant replies, " Did *you* see her too?" They now both see the aunt again, who responds by gesture to all that her old friend says, and

it is obvious from " that look on her face " that a wonderful love exists between these two. " Why, Bella, this must be only the second time we've been alone together in all these years," says he. The Sergeant goes into the dugout with the braziers, the Aunt goes with him, and the door is shut and wedged from the inside. In the morning he is found asphyxiated.

What a remarkable long story this could make, this tribute to the most wonderful qualities of woman. For it is evident from what one builds up from the halting story of the shell-shocked nephew, which is told in a Masonic Lodge, that a truly remarkable love had existed between these two elderly people— . . . "Fancy! Me own Auntie " . . . a love that had given the boy such a vision of what the real thing is, that he is being sued for breach of promise by the girl to whom he was formerly engaged, and for whom he cannot feel this true and constant devotion.

Kipling certainly shows an understanding of human nature and of the inherent good in women. (Unlike Chesterton, who thinks that they should be kept in a hutch at the bottom of the garden!). Ethel Manning and Edith Sitwell write as if they had just discovered ' the problem of women.' Isaiah puts it across them all right when he accuses them, amongst other things, of walking with stretched forth necks and mincing gait, and makes a list of the whimples, the crisping pins and the changeable apparel . . . Herodotus paid a visit to Babylon when it was one of the greatest cities in the world, and describes what he saw there, but in the drama and tragedy of plain women, " Mary Postgate " touches the same key. Herodotus came into the market place and saw many handsome young women being put up for auction, and young men were bidding for them; and the highest bidder got the girl, if she was willing (after which they were duly married before a magistrate—no hankey pankey affair!). Then the doors opened and out came the plain girls. These went to whoever would take the smallest sum of money for taking them, paid from what the handsome girls fetched. Herodotus said: " I thought this a very wise and human arrangement." So, you see, the story is a very old one.

Kipling is really a short story writer, but he has written two novels, " The Light that Failed," and " The Naulahka." " The Light that Failed " was very much criticised and con-

demned as a poor book, and the critics were bold enough to tear him to pieces. I have often had the privilege of reading it, and think it is a very good book. There is Maisie mad on her career with a big 'C,' as an artist, but she is no genius. She and Dick Helder have been boy and girl chums in an Indian children's home, and then do not meet for a long time. When they do, Dick, who always has the most tender memories of Maisie, proposes that they marry. She refuses, wants to be an artist, and sees only a little of him. Then there is the green-eyed girl who works with her, and who is mad on Dick, and who scolds Maisie for neglecting such a chance. Dick, after some very successful painting in London, suddenly goes blind, and his great friend dashes over to Paris to bring Maisie back, confident that they will get married. She turns away. Whether she does so because she is afraid her resolution to stick to her career will weaken out of pity, or because she is really very hard hearted, it is difficult to say. Another interesting character is the hungry street-walker, little Bessie, who was brought into the Studio by chance, wet and starving, and settles down as housekeeper, and Dick Helder takes her on as his model and paints her as Melancholia. After he has gone blind she recognises the whole of her own life depicted in the face, and destroys it. Dick is left alone by his friends, and Bessie, who has become a reputable barmaid, finding him blind and desolate and uncared for, returns to take him in hand. Marriage is talked of, but when Dick hears that she has destroyed his great work, he leaves her, to die by an Arab bullet in the Sudan.

These three characters, Maisie, who would be an artist and careerist, the red-haired girl, that green-eyed amoureuse, who would give her hair if Dick would have her, and the rather disreputable little street urchin, all stand out with that sure touch which is Kipling's especial gift.

In "The Naulahka" Kate Sheriff devotes her life in an effort to better the condition of the women of India. She has heard the Angel of the Lord calling her to this task. She trains as a doctor, but she is not a careerist, she is a *dévoté*.

Nicholas Tarvin is devoted to her but cannot turn her aside from her calling. He follows her to Rhatore. The story tells much of Indian life and Kate is not the only woman portrayed. A great character is that of the Gipsy Queen who is running the

State in place of the elder Queen and is plotting to put her own son on the throne. This character is drawn with great power, and there is a charming secondary character, the Rajput peasant woman, who stands out very clearly from the paper.

The lesson I have tried to make out for you is that Kipling puts women on a pedestal of devotion to duty. It is rather boring sometimes. He stresses their innate staunchness and the inherent greatness of their character, even when eccentric and difficult, while it is to the pathetic side of many women's lives to which his hand always strays. His drawing of Indian women—the Black Velvet—is fascinating and powerful, but always with the gift of understanding and the higher recognition.

DISCUSSION.

Sir George agreed with Major Cameron, who opened the discussion, that in illustrating staunchness of character Badalia Herodsfoot should not have been omitted. It was that afternoon purely a question of time and "The Detroit Free Press" expressed his own views when it had said, many years ago, that this story was a truly remarkable feat of writing in that it transferred beauty into a London slum after its writer had been so lately steeped in the colour and excitement of Indian bazaar life.

After a spirited attack from Lady MacMunn, who didn't agree that men know more about women than women, it was asked whether Mr. Kipling had not been made to change the end of "The Light that Failed," and was told that the publishers had originally forced a happy ending, but that when Kipling produced it on his own he wrote the ending dramatic as he had originally planned. The question raised by Mr. Bazley as to the inner tragedy of Maisie's life—that she was not a vampire but simply one of those women who has no feeling, who cannot possibly fall in love—was left undecided. Sir George proposed that perhaps Kipling did not mean Maisie to be entirely heartless. Some women, like Bryant and May's matches, only strike on a particular box! It was also suggested that the real reason for Bessie smashing the picture was to revenge herself on Dick for Torp's being sent away, and from the way the audience responded this was evidently the general opinion.

A point in the discussion drew forth the following story from the lecturer. There was a very old Trumpeter of the Regular Army, a man who had served twenty-four years as such, and he was up before his Commanding Officer charged with

having broken his trumpet. The excuse was that he had found a Bombardier with his arm round his wife and had broken it over his head. But he had to pay for the trumpet. "I'll have no damned selfishness in this Battery," said the C.O.

Mr. L. Ussher (South Africa) then proposed a vote of thanks to the Entertainers and, from his personal knowledge of Kipling, gave us two incidents which illustrate his character. When with Mr. and Mrs. Kipling he had once asked, "Haven't you ever written any love poetry? Didn't you ever write any to *her*?" He was told, "Why should I write silly poetry when I could write decent prose?" Then there was the incident when Nicholson, the artist, was painting his portrait for inclusion in a monthly review for a series, the two first of which had been Queen Victoria and Lord Roberts. Nicholson asked him to write something for an Almanac of Sport which he had to illustrate and Kipling did not intend to but, later, on leaving with Nicholson for a walk, he saw the artist dash behind the door to kiss his wife. Kipling said, "Now I like a man who kisses his wife, and so I wrote that story."

Brig.-General R. F. Edwards, who explained that this was the first meeting he had ever had the opportunity of attending, and how he would have gladly remained a spectator in the background, nevertheless asked us all to join with him in giving a very hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer, not only for the extraordinarily interesting lecture, but also for reminding him of some characters which he had forgotten. He thought Kipling had written some love poems. What about "Deep Sea Cables?" And he told of being on a ship with Kipling, who was making a sentimental journey across to America just to meet "her."

In acknowledging the vote of thanks, Sir George asked for hearty thanks to be given to Lady Cunynghame for so kindly taking the chair and conducting the meeting.

Obituary.

We regret to learn that two of our members have recently passed away—Mr. Charles Wells, of Bristol; and Mr. C. P. F. Fromm, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, U.S.A. Both were keenly interested in the progress of the Society, and well-read in Kipling's works.

Kipling Poems Set to Music.

COMPILED BY F. W. MACKENZIE-SKUES.

<i>Title.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>Publisher.</i>	<i>Place.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Key.</i>	<i>Compass.</i>
Anchor Song (Solo)	Annie Whitehorne	Boosey	London	1897	D	A—D
" (Part Song)	Rev. J. S. L. D. Bennett	—	—	1920		
" " " "	Paul Edmunds	Curwen	"			
" " " "	Percy Aldridge Grainger	Schott & Co.	"	1922		
Absent Minded Beggar	Sir Arthur Sullivan	Enoch & Sons	"	1899	D	A—E
Special Edition-de-luxe, being a fac-simile reproduction of the original MSS. of the setting, by	Sir Arthur Sullivan	Ridgeway's Ltd.	"	1899		
Back to the Army Again	G. F. Cobb	Bayley & Fergusson	London & Glasgow		F	C—D
(In Scottish Students' Song Book)	G. F. Cobb	Cramer	London	1898		
" " " "	J. F. Bridge	Novello	"	1899	D	A—E
Ballad of the Ciampertown (Cantata)	Sir Edward German	Chappell	"	1916		
Be Well Assured	G. F. Cobb	Chas. Sheard	"	1897	F & G	C—D
(Same words as Fates Discourtesy see Fringes of the Fleet)	Maurice Bell	Boosey	"	1909	B flat & E	B flat—D
Belts (B.R.B.)	E. Elgar	Metzler	"	1911	C & D	D—D
Barrack Ballad	W. Ward Higgs	Sheard	"	1906	G	B—D
(Same words as Follow Me 'ome)	L. Dampier	Phillips & Page	"	1900	F min	C—D(F)
Big Steamers (History of England)	J. P. McCall	Swan	"	1928	D min	C—D flat
Bill 'Awkins	Martin Shaw	Curwen	"	1919	C	C—E
Birds of Prey March	Sir E. German	Macmillan	"	1903	E flat	C—E flat
Boots						
Brookland Road						
Camel's Hump, The (J.S.S.B.) by (Also published separately)						

<i>Title.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>Publisher.</i>	<i>Place.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Key.</i>	<i>Compass.</i>
Cells	G. F. Cobb	Chas. Sheard Swann & Co.	London	1893	G	B—C
"	P. McCall	Weekes	"	1930	D	B flat—D
Children's Song, The (Hymn)	E. Agassiz		"	1915		
(Anthem in National Chorallist No. 58)	B. Blamires		"	1898		
(Song)	R. J. C. Chanter		"	1910		
(Hymn)	G. Crompton	Children's Newspaper	"			
(Song)	J. A. Gaccon	G. Schirmer	Boston U.S.	1913		
(2 Part Song)	G. P. Harris	V. Novello	London	1909		
(Hymn Card)	Joseph Mainzer	Curwen	"	1908		
(101 Union Songs)	J. B. Miles	"	"	1916		
(647 Church Hymnary—Tune Jubilee)	Phillip Ames	Humphrey Milford	"	1929		
(Ditto Truro from Psalmody Evan- gelica)	"	"	"			
(128 Church and School Hymnal ditto ditto)	"	"	"			
(Oxford Choral Songs No. 33)	W. G. Whittaker	S.P.C.K.	"	1925	(unison)	
(4 Part Song)	Leonard Geo. Winter	Oxford Un. Press	"	1914		
Unison with Acpt. or S.A.T.B.	Riley	Kipling Journal	"	1929		
Hymn 230 Songs of Praise Tune	W. C. Gore	Novello	"			
Richard Morfydd Owen...	"	"	"			
Coastwise Lights of England		Humphrey Milford	"	1918		
See Song of the English						
Danny Deever (B.B.)	G. F. Cobb	Chas. Sheard	"	1893	E flat	Bflat-Eflat
" with Chorus	Walter Damosch	John Church Co.	Cin.	1897	G min	D—D flat
" with Chorus	W. Ward Higgs	Chas. Sheard	London	1906	F min	C—C
" Men's Double Chorus						
and Orchestra or Baritone Solo and Chorus ...	P. A. Grainger	Schott & Co.	"	1924	A flat	C—E flat
Dawn Wind, The ...	Chas. Green	"	"	1923		

<i>Title.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>Publisher.</i>	<i>Place.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Key.</i>	<i>Compass.</i>
Dedication (Mother o' Mine) <i>See</i> Mother o' Mine
Drums of the Fore and Aft ... (Words by Clement Scott on Kipling's Story)	MoHoy	Boosey	London	1897	F	A—D
Egg-Shell, The (Part Song) ...	Martin Shaw	Curwen	"	1919		
England's Answer (P. Song of the English)	Raymond Hunt	Boosey	"		F	F—F
Fall of the Stone, The Mixed Chorus and 10 Instruments	Percy A. Grainger	Schott & Co.	"	1924		
Fate's Discourtesy. <i>See</i> Fringes of the Fleet
First Friend, The (J.S.B.) ...	Sir E. German	Macmillan	"	1903	G	D—E
Flag of England, The (Cantata)	J. Bridge	Novello, Ewer & Co.	"	1897		
Follow me 'ome. <i>See</i> Barrack Ballad	Bell
" " " "	W. Ward Higgs
Ford o' Kabul River ...	G. F. Cobb	Chas. Sheard	"	1906	G	G—E
For to Admire and For to See (in Scottish Students' Song Book)...	...	"	"	1893	E flat	E flat, 3 flat
Four Songs from Fringes of the Fleet.	Ed. Elgar	Bayley Fergusson	Glasgow	1897	G	D—E
1. The Lovestoft Boat ...	"	Enoch & Son	London	1915		
2. Fate's Discourtesy ...	"	"	"	1917	B flat	E flat—D
3. Submarines ...	"	"	"		B flat	D—D
4. The Sweepers ...	"	"	"		B flat	C—E
Fuzzy-Wuzzy (B.R.B.) ...	G. F. Cobb	Chas. Sheard	"	1892	D	A—D
" " " "	Oley Speaks	John Church Co.	New York	1924	C, D, F	B—E
Gunga Din ...	G. F. Cobb	Chas. Sheard	London	1897	G, A	D—D
" " " "	Chas. Gilbert Spross	John Church Co.	New York	1925	C, E flat	C—C
" " " " and Chorus ...	R. S. Flagler	H. Flammer	"	1927		

<i>Title.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>Publisher.</i>	<i>Place.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Key.</i>	<i>Compass.</i>
Songs from Fringes of the Fleet, arranged as Four Part Songs in Church Choir Series edited by ...	R. D. Metcalfe	Enoch & Sons	London			
No. 30 The Lowestoft Boat ...	"	"	"			
No. 31 Fate's Discourtesy ...	"	"	"			
No. 32 Submarines ...	"	"	"			
No. 33 The Sweepers ...	"	"	"			
The Camel's Hump ...	Sir E. German	Novello	"	1911	D, E flat & F	
Songs from The Just So Stories, set as Part Songs ...	Sir E. German	"	"			
The Camel's Hump (2 Part) 8vo. Edn. 2 Part Songs No. 229 for Female or Boys' Voices ...	"	"	"	1926		
The Camel's Hump (4 Part). Part Song Book, 2nd Series, No. 1432 ...	"	"	"	1926		
The Camel's Hump (4 Part). Tonic Solfa Book, 2nd Series, No. 2537 ...	"	"	"	1927		
Rolling Down to Rio ...	"	"	"	1916		
Part Songs for Male Voices, T.T.B.B. Tenor Lead, No. 551, Orpheus New Series ...	"	"	"			
Novello's Part Songs, 2nd Series, S.A.T.B., No. 1357 ...	"	"	"	1918		
Novello's Part Songs, Male Voices, Tonic Solfa, No. 2353 ...	"	"	"	1916		
Novello's Part Songs, Mixed Voices, Tonic Solfa, No. 2303 ...	"	"	"	1919		
Solos from Just So Song Book The First Friend ...	"	"	"	1904		
Morrow Down ...	"	"	"	1904		
Rolling Down to Rio ...	"	"	"	1909		



U.S.C. WESTWARD HO ! IN 1880.

Early Indian Sources.

CONCERNING LUCIA.

It may be of interest to know that the " Captain Jno. Clements " mentioned as lying buried in the South Park Street Cemetery in Calcutta, is recorded in the Appendix to " The Original Calcutta Annual Directory and Calendar for 1812 " as being " a mariner and the commander and managing owner of the Bussorah Packet, a ship of 300 tons built at Pegu."

THE GANGES PILOT.

The author of the poem " The Ganges Pilot " was Dr. Norman Chevers, of the Medical Establishment in Calcutta in 1869, the year in which the poem first saw the light of day. Sir Joseph Fayrer referred to Dr. Chevers as "a man of erudition and experience, famous alike as a physician, a medical jurist, and an antiquarian, a man of wide and varied culture, and of a most amiable disposition." In "The Light That Failed" Nilghai stated that he got the song from a " tombstone in a distant land." The late Dr. H. E. Busteed, author of "Echoes of Old Calcutta," has definitely proved that the poem appeared in *The Englishman* in July 1869, immediately below an announcement regarding a tombstone with an epitaph relating to one Joseph Townsend, Pilot of the Ganges, which had just been unearthed, but the poem did not form any part of the inscription on the tombstone. Dr. Busteed was in Calcutta at the time, and saw the tombstone in St. John's Graveyard, on which the only inscription was as follows:—" Here lyes the body of Joseph Townsend, Pilot of the Ganges, Skillful and Industrious ; A Kind Father and a useful friend, who departed this life 26th June, 1738, Aged 85 years."

On the same day that he saw the tombstone, Dr. Busteed went up to see Dr. Chevers at the Medical College and spoke to him about the verses, when Dr. Chevers smiled and said, " Of course they are merely a gloss on the times in which the old fellow lived, and on the moving accidents by flood and field, which he and his companions may have encountered—and on the stories more or less traditional which have come down to us." In an article by Mr. J. C. Lyell (who was also in Calcutta in July 1869), which appeared several years ago in the *Hampshire Chronicle*, we get further corroborative evidence of Dr. Busteed's statements.

E.W.M.

New Kipling Books and Reviews.

REALLY, one might call our President "The Happy Warrior," for, in addition to his achievements as a soldier, he seems always to be able to get the best out of everything. This characteristic runs through all his books, especially this last, "*Stalky Settles Down* (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.). We learn with regret that it his 'last,' unless Fate tempts him to 'reminisce' a little more. To Members of the Kipling-Society, this book makes a strong appeal: there is much of interest dealing with the early days of the Society and its growth, while a high tribute is paid to Mr. J. H. C. Brooking for his energy and perseverance in those early and discouraging times. There are some good remarks about Mr. Kipling, who does not actively dislike us as much as some people think; his attitude may be summed up in a letter from him, quoted in this book:—"How would *you* like to be turned into an anatomical specimen, before you were dead, and shown upon a table once a quarter." Later on, a further reference will be found, relating to his schooldays:—"It was amusing to find a notice-board leading to a path along the cliffs informing visitors that this was called 'Kipling's Walk'—the very path along which that precocious boy had often fled with conscious guilt from pursuing myrmidons, some fifty years ago. 'Kipling's Run' would have been a better name for it." To read a book like this, in a period when Literature, in common with the other Arts, has sunk to a level of dull and morbid superficiality, braces one like a tonic; "Stalky's" cheeriness in times when everything went wrong should encourage us to grin at, as well as bear, the ills of to-day: the incidents of war are sharp and tragic, but the mills of peace grind slowly but exceedingly small. Here it is all set down for us—without evasion or mental reservation of any kind; General Dunster-ville says in effect:—"Don't imagine you're the only sufferer—I've been there too!" Lest we should be tempted to take a gloomy view of life—not an easy matter while reading his book—he tells us about the superior domestic who has seen 'better days':—"My advice to people is never to see better days, they make all the others so much worse." There are many more amusing and apposite comments of this sort, cheek by jowl with terse remarks on pertinent topics of the day: how to feel rich, "people never care much for what they get

for nothing," the grimness of certain games, Bolshevism, education in Sweden and elsewhere, and so forth; and the author quotes a delicious parody of "Oonts," by the late T. W. H. Crosland. In fine, a book which should add greatly to human happiness.

There are some people who still think highly of Kipling's verse, to judge by two fairly recent articles. In the *Allahabad University Magazine* for the last quarter of 1931 the Editor has a long article on "Kipling as Poet," from which we quote some points of interest:—"His poems will inevitably be matter-of-fact, practical, business-like; they will treat of familiar matter of to-day, they will not imagine so much as observe. There will be room, indeed, for humour, for pathos, for tears; they will be a leaf out of the book of life." Again:—"No English poet has written of India **with** such intimate knowledge." The author, Mr. Amarantha Jha, gives out two of the many examples of Kipling's use of Indian Legend:—"Shiv and the Grasshopper" and "A Song of Kabir," after which he says:—"These two poems are enough to show how thoroughly Kipling has entered into the spirit of Hindu tradition and how faithfully he is able to depict the Hindu mind." (Can it be that the "New Clever," including the writer in *John Bull*, are wrong? Here is an Indian with rather a different opinion). Dealing with the accusation of "Jingoism" he asks:—"Is his Imperialism of an offensive kind? . . . 'The Song of the Cities'; 'The Houses'; 'The Young Queen'—these are all stirring verses with no arrogance in them." This excellent article concludes with a much-needed admonition to the democracy of to-day:—"The poet who teaches us that the game is more than the player, and the ship is more than the crew is uttering a new note to which the poor modern needs to listen. That is Kipling's main contribution. Loyalty to devotion, to duty, to the cause one holds sacred, each working for the joy of the working, each having his own lode-star, working for the God of Things as They are—there speaks all through this poet, a compelling voice."

The second of these articles appears in the *University of Toronto Quarterly*, from the pen of Professor Lionel Stevenson; it is called "The Ideas in Kipling's Poetry" and attacks "the conspiracy of misrepresentation and suppression against him in the current anthologies and critical pronouncements." "His skill and technique are often impugned by the statement that he

is a rough-and-ready balladist, a music-hall poet, using vigorous poster effects, but lacking in any subtlety of feeling or delicacy of artistic sense. Familiarity with the whole range of his work" (this is where the New Clever fail) "suffices to disprove such a view." It is then pointed out how Kipling began at the beginning, and that "his skill in forceful images and swinging metres was not wholly an instinct; like practically every successful poet, he laboured long and hard in preparation for apparent spontaneity . . . we need not be surprised, therefore, that Kipling has written the only sestina in English that has poetic merit." Of the "intolerant and jingoistic vein," Professor Stevenson writes breezily:—"It is not usually, however, held a sin in a poet to be a good patriot . . . for Kipling, though the proportion of bad poems is no greater (than in Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley and many others), there is no leniency. The fact too often overlooked is that Kipling, instead of being a mouthpiece of jingoistic imperialism, is a vigorous critic of it. His intense devotion to his empire and his high ideal for it make him all the more uncomfortable to the orthodox exponents of British supremacy. The whole caste of Anglo-Indian army and civil service officers . . . are prone to insinuate that he was subversely sympathetic with the native life." Equally good are the remarks on Kipling's tolerance:—"As a matter of fact, tolerance is the very foundation stone of his creed, and human brotherhood is his ideal—not, to be sure, the apotheosis of mediocrity implied in communistic doctrines, but a brotherhood which admits individualism. His opposition to socialistic levelling, as uttered in *Macdonough's Song*, *A Servant when he Reigneth*, and one or two other poems, arises from his conviction that such a government would be more intolerant and oppressive than any other." On the ethical code we read:—"In Kipling's system, the greatest virile is active fulfilment of one's duty; service is the watchword, but service based on individual choice, not external compulsion . . . above all—refusal to be swayed by the will of the mob." The men of "common clay"—M'Andrew, Sir Anthony Gloster, various soldiers—are thus interpreted:—"By conventional morality they are guilty of many sins—wine and women, blasphemy and pride; but by the Kipling code they are glorified by contrast with the talkers, the shirkers, the negative souls, whom the poet torments with unholy glee—Pagett, M.P., sweltering through an Indian August, or Tomlinson, the re-

spectable citizen, excluded from both Heaven and Hell because he has never done anything on his own initiative." "Just as each human being must live his own life, so he must bear his own sufferings. Thus it is made plain that the service to one's fellow men, which is celebrated in the poems previously mentioned, has to be unobtrusive, even unrecognised, and never officious or insistent." "It is ironical that the critics who condemn the Victorian poets for being too didactic and abstract in their philosophies are inclined to condemn Kipling for lacking intellect just because he avoids such solemn preaching."

We have given rather longer extracts from Professor Stevenson's article than is usual, but a plea of justification may be entered. Seldom has any writer (save, perhaps, in France) summed up the sins of the critics in so deadly a fashion ; seldom has there been so excellent a summary of the spirit of Kipling's poems—without adulation or zeal ; just clear, cool reasoning applied to a subject where "fools rush in" with idle babble, while wise men pause to digest.

There are some Kipling allusions in a delightful book of parodies—*Nimplys and Satires*, by Rachel Ferguson, (Benn. 7/6) ; one of these is "Biff," from which we give four lines :—

If you can make a heap by all your winnings,
Risky on outsiders backed at Kempton Park,
Don't think that you will always get your innings.
And kiss your boss's daughter in the dark.

The book is thoroughly amusing all the way through. It is impossible to name all the pieces that make for mirth—the list would be something like a copy of the contents. Perhaps the most alluring are the sketches that are dubbed 'theatrical,' though the 'literary' pages run them close. "The Autobiography of Margot Asquith" will set all readers laughing—and keep them chuckling. On the jacket is a clever coloured caricature of a group of authors, with Kipling and Shaw in the centre.

Kipling Prices Current.

Prices of rare editions of Kipling's books have dropped, as is the case with other scarce volumes. Messrs. Hodgson sold a copy of *Echoes* recently for £40—£10 less than the same work

realised in the Spring ; of the less rare books the supply has not kept pace with the demand, so prices for these have not fallen so greatly as the more valuable items. A number of interesting lots are catalogued by the big dealers, such as Kipling's correspondence with Thacker & Co. (referred to in News and Notes) in Messrs. Maggs Bros.' list. Messrs. Sotheby sold the original of one of the early poems for £90. A tour round the bookshops is well worth while at present; for example, a nearly complete set of the Edition de Luxe is being offered by the Standard Book Shop, Clapham Junction, at an average of 8/6 a volume. Messrs. Dobell, of Charing Cross, have a good selection of "firsts" at moderate prices, including *American Notes* in the original blue paper covers for 15/-. Messrs. Foyle are offering a first *Departmental Ditties* in the original paper wrappers for £12, together with a row of less scarce books. Messrs. Fletcher, of Bloomsbury Street, offer a curious first of *Plain Tales* of 1887, but bound in the English cloth, for £4, *The City of Dreadful Night and Other Places* for £7, *White Horses* in the original lilac wrappers for £12 10s. ; it is interesting to note that *Captains Courageous* and *Just So Stories* are listed at £4 4s. and £3 respectively, showing a very slight falling-off. Messrs. Davey, of Theobalds Road, have the first edition in German of *The Jungle Book*, well illustrated by a German artist, for 5/-.

On the other side of the Atlantic, Walter Hill, of Chicago, had *Barrack-Room Ballads* (Eng. first) for 20 dollars, *The Light that Failed* for 80, and *They* for 20, both English copies. Some of the Indian firsts were in the American Art Association's sale list, with several books containing signatures and autograph letters.

Letter Bag.

Heading an article, in a monthly magazine, on Sir Walter Scott's Journal, recently, I found a reference to Jane Austen and Scott's admiration of her work expressed in an entry in the Journal under date 1826, ten years after Jane's death. This brought to mind Mr. Rudyard Kipling's verses entitled "Jane's Marriage," which follows his story "The Janeites," in "Debits and Credits," published in 1926, exactly one hundred years later than Sir Walter's appreciation was penned. Readers will remember the lines, commencing

Jane went to Paradise:
 That was only fair.
 Good Sir Walter met her first,
 And led her up the stair.

Now as good Sir Walter ascended to Heaven in 1832, some 16 years later than Jane, *place aux dames*, it would be Jane who welcomed Sir Walter and led him where Fielding, Smollett and Cervantes stood awaiting the advent of their distinguished confrère. I do not recollect having seen any note of this anachronism in any contemporary critiques. It may be of some interest to those who, as I did, overlooked it.—*G. H. Rayner.*

As a U.S.C. boy for six years I would like to draw your attention to an error in the September Journal regarding my old friend, Horace Hutchinson. He is reported as joining in September, 1894 and leaving in 1897. Now, as matter of fact, he was one of the original prefects in the first term the school opened (I am never sure of the date, was it 1873—or 1874?). The first roll-call began with Widdecombe, Empson, Butler (all old Halleyburians), and I think Hoace was the Junior Prefect. I myself joined the school in the second term, was in Crofts' house for six years, and passed into Sandhurst 1880, getting my Commission May 10th, 1882. I was head of the school when I left and Captain of the 1st fifteen. I played three-quarter back for Devon while still at the school. I must be one of the oldest boys left. With regard to Sergt. Schofield, we always thought him a bit of a freak, and much preferred old "bottle-nose" Kearney, the first Sergeant.—*Ernest A. Snow, Major, Kitchener, Ontario.*

(*Note.*—This error was due to a slip in the original typescript. Major O. C. C. Nicolls (another old U.S.C.) and others have written making the same correction.—*Editor K.J.*)

A misquotation of "A Tree Song" has twice appeared in print. First, in the "Sunday Observer" over the initials "B.T." the following was perpetrated—

Ellum she hateth
 Mankind and waiteth
 Till every breeze be still
 To drop a limb
 On the head of him
 Who doubteth her sovereign will.

Following this a correspondent to the "Daily News" of 28th November, 1931, wrote "Sir W. Beach Thomas is right as to the treachery of the elm, which Kipling has described—

Old ellum she hateth mankind—and waiteth
 Till all the world be still,
 Then droppeth a limb on the head of him
 Who doubteth her sovereign will."

Could anything be worse? I wrote to the papers mentioned, but received no acknowledgment, public or private. Kipling has been accused of writing doggerel, but at his poetic nadir he is incapable of such bosh. The sovereignty of anybody or anything may be doubted, but the doubting of an elm tree's "will," sovereign or subject, is a mental process equally impossible inside or outside a mental home. Will our members ridicule this misquotation wherever they find it?—*T. E. Elwell, Liverpool.*

Query.—*Mr. J. H. Griffith (O.W.H.), of Vancouver, B.C.,* writes to say that the centre boy in the group round "Foxy" in our September issue is C. H. Townsend. Can any member identify the other two? Or any of the boys who appear in the plate in this number.

Secretary's Announcements.

1. Meetings. Session 1932-33.

3rd 15 February, 1933 (Wednesday), Hotel Rubens, 4.30 p.m. *Lecturer:* Commander O. Locker-Lampson, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.N.V.R., M.P.
Subject: "Kipling's Sixth Sense."

4th 27 April, 1933 (Thursday), Rembrandt Rooms, 8 p.m. *Lecturer:* Robert Stokes, Esq. *Subject:* "Kipling and the Spirit of the Age."

5th (Special). 20 June, 1933 (day before the Annual Luncheon), Rembrandt Rooms, 8 p.m.

Above dates are subject to confirmation by card as usual. Guests are very welcome.

2. *Annual Conference and Luncheon, 1933.* This has been definitely fixed for Wednesday, 21 June, 1933, at the Rembrandt Rooms.

3. *Library.* Owing to lack of attendance the opening of the Bookcase at the Rubens Hotel on certain dates (vide card circulated to United Kingdom Members) is cancelled. As before, the Bookcase will be opened one hour before a Meeting at the Rubens, and otherwise by arrangement with the Hon. Librarian.

1. *Lecture: Fulham Central Library.* Mr. B. M. Bazley (Hon. Editor) will lecture here on Thursday, 23 February, at 8 p.m. Address: 598, Fulham Road, S.W.6. (Parsons Green Station or Buses 14 or 96). Subject: "Rudyard Kipling." Admission Free. Members of the Society will be welcome.

5. Mrs. K. Hyett has a few miscellaneous First Editions to dispose of. If interested, please communicate with her direct at The Studio, Sutton-on-Sea, Lincs.

6. *Journals: Binding.* Members desirous of adopting the "Standard" binding for Journals are referred to page 128, Journal No. 20 or page 127, Journal No. 16.

7. *Journals.* With reference to the notice on page 64, Journal No. 22—and until further notice—Members requiring one copy of back numbers No. 1 (Reprint)—or No. 10 to date, can have them free on receipt by the Secretary of postage at the rate of one penny per copy ordered. Price of other back numbers or extra copies of those above remain as at present.

ROLL OF NEW MEMBERS TO DECEMBER, 1932.

Nos 1114 to 1125.

1114 E. G. White	London	1120 Mrs. H. de C. O Grady	London
1115 Miss S. Leeds	London	1121 Miss K. McCormac	Hereford
1116 Lt.-Col. E. B. Scott	Holt	1122 John W. Privett	Clacton-on-Sea
1117 Major F. H. Trent	Southsea	1123 Dr. Charles J. Fox	Clacton-on-Sea
1118t Countess Bathurst	Cirencester	1124 F. F. Baldwin	U.S.A. (Tempy. Geneva
1119* Mark Packer	Chatham	1125t C A. Jones, Junr.	Norfolk

New Associate Member.

A34 Miss Penelope Mills	Cambridge
	tLife Member.
	*Donor Member.

