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THE POOK'S HILL COUNTRY.

The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No. 33

MARCH, 1935

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News and Notes

AS our illustration in this number we give a view of one of the prettiest bits of Sussex scenery connected with Kipling's work. The photograph is taken from the lane above Bateman's, looking towards Brightling Beacon and Pook's Hill. This is part of the Forest Ridge, those irregular hills that *lie* between the North and South Downs ; for a fuller description and some delightful pictures of this locality we refer our readers to Mr. Donald Maxwell's excellent little book, " A Detective in Sussex." The Index for the year 1934 is also given.

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Before passing on to our quarterly news, we wish to direct the attention of Members to the advertisements. It has been decided to offer the inside front and back covers for this purpose, and, though primarily intended as an aid for those looking for Kipling items, this space is also open for anything of a nature in keeping with a literary journal. Small advertisements from those who wish to buy, sell or exchange can be inserted. For further information about these, or larger spaces, apply to the Hon. Editor or Hon. Librarian.

An advertisement draws attention to Major Tapp's book about the United Services College, Westward Ho ! We strongly advise all Members who have not already acquired a copy of this little history to obtain one before it is too late. " Stalky and Co.," though not strictly autobiographical, contains so much that reveals the mind and personality of its author that any further and more detailed information about

the scene of the story must assuredly be very welcome. And it contains an uncollected and very typical speech by Kipling.

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The second Meeting of the Session was held at the Rembrandt Hotel, at 8.30 p.m. on December 27th, 1934. In spite of the calls of the Festive Season, a large audience came to hear Lt.-Col. R. V. K. Applin on "Kipling and the Children." Colonel Sir Arthur R. Holbrook, K.B.E., J.P., was in the Chair and briefly introduced the lecturer: "May I mention that Colonel Applin is not only a great soldier, but a very eminent and prominent politician. He is gifted with a great deal of energy, and, when I was standing for Parliament, he, as one of my constituents, volunteered to help with the campaign; he travelled about and helped me tremendously. He is a great lecturer, and the last time he came to a Meeting of this Society he was pressed to give this subject, showing Kipling's references to children in his various books; I am quite sure that you will find him most interesting." Mr. H. Austen Hall, in proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, said:—"I wish to say how much all of us here have enjoyed hearing Colonel Applin in the character, not of a politician, but of someone who, I am bound to believe, is nearer his heart. I think it is impossible in this room to say anything about Kipling which you have not heard, but does everyone know this story; he was asked, at a dinner party, if he hadn't noticed that the only word in the English Language commencing 'SU' and pronounced 'SH' is sugar; Mr. Kipling's reply was 'Sure!' " The vote of thanks was seconded by Mr. C. Richardson.

In the musical part of the programme, Miss Margaret McIntyre charmed us once again with her delightful renderings of "Have you any news of my Boy Jack?" (Edward German) and "Mother Seal's Song" (Dora Bright) in the first part, and afterwards with "Mother Seal's Lullaby" (Liza Lehmann) and "A Tree Song" (Florence Aylward). Mr. Terence Ford was new to us; his very pleasing tenor voice was much enjoyed in his four songs—"The Camel's Hump," "There never was a Queen like Balkis" and "Morrow Down" (Edward German); and "The Sweepers" (Elgar). Miss Barbara Seymour is an old favourite; her recitations were given in her usual finished manner. By special request she recited the "Ode to Australia," written by Kipling for the Melbourne Shrine of Remembrance Dedication Ceremony; this was followed by "A Charm" and "Dinah in Heaven," concluding with "Road Song of the Bandar-Log," (by request). Mr.

Arthur A. Paramor, well known to us all, accompanied the singers in his usual efficient manner. A most enjoyable evening ended with the singing of " God Save the King." Mr. Earnshaw proposed and Mr. Grammer seconded a very hearty vote of thanks to the artistes.

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The Third Meeting of the 1934-1935 Session of the Kipling Society was held on Wednesday, 13th February, 1935, at the Hotel Rubens, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.I. There were about 100 members and guests present. The Meeting was opened by Lady Cunynghame with an announcement that the French Ambassador had been prevented from coming owing to an urgent call to the Foreign Office. In introducing the Lecturer, Lady Cunynghame said :—" I felt that it was a great privilege when I was asked to preside at this Meeting this afternoon. I say this because by having M. Henry D. Davray with us to-day we have undoubtedly laid one more stone in uniting his country with ours. You who are attending this Meeting must know how much he has done in helping the people of France to become familiar with the works of Rudyard Kipling. I believe I am right in saying that it was the ' Jungle Books ' that conquered the public in France, and they at once pressed for translations of other works of Rudyard Kipling. To commence with this was thought to be an impossible task. M. Davray and a group of friends proved otherwise. They have enabled the French to gain great insight into our character and our country. I feel we owe a great debt to M. Davray for giving people an opportunity of being inspired by the work of Rudyard Kipling in his own country as they have been in ours. I now have great pleasure in calling upon M. Davray to address you, and I am sure you will accord him a great welcome here this afternoon." The following vote of thanks **to the** lecturer was proposed by Mr. S. A. Courtauld :—" I have very much pleasure in proposing a most hearty vote of thanks to M. Davray. You will remember that he began by speaking of the motto, ' When the wine is poured out we have to drink it.' There is no question of being ' got ' to drink it; we have been most happy to listen to him. This sentence of his puts us in mind of one of Kipling's best stories, ' The Bull That Thought.' Kipling, somewhere in France, meets a very important Frenchman, in connection with a motor-car race, who gives him a wonderful bottle of Champagne which Kipling describes in marvellous language. Asking why such Champagne cannot be got in England he is told, ' We growers exchange these real wines among ourselves.' The lecturer has been good enough not to keep his wine

in France, but to come over here and give us the benefit of his talk about Kipling." Captain E. D. Preston seconded the vote.

During the afternoon Miss Gwenydd Gatrell sang four Kipling songs : " The Children's Song " (J. B. Miles), " Heffle Cuckoo Fair " (Martin Shaw), " The Dawn Wind " (Charles Green), and " Neighbours " (H. Walford Davis) ; good in all, Miss Gatrell was particularly effective in the last-named. Miss Mavis Walker of the Central School of Speech Training, recited " The Explorer " and " The Way through the Woods ;" in response to an enthusiastic encore, she gave " The Looking Glass." The accompaniments were admirably played by Miss Jane Crews Pool, L.R.A.M. A vote of thanks to the entertainers was proposed by Mr. G. C. Beresford :—" We were all very glad and very happy to listen to the songs and recitations, and to the accompanist, and I am sure that all in this room will be very glad to join in this vote." Mr. W. G. B. Maitland seconded :—" It gives me immense pleasure to second this vote. I do not think I remember enjoying myself more than I have this afternoon." The Meeting terminated with the " Marsellaise " and " God Save the King," played by Miss Jane Crews Pool.

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From the other side of the Atlantic a reader sends us the following paragraph and poem ; in a San Francisco magazine called " The Book-Lover " (November 1900) there was a reprint of Kipling's article, " My First Book," and an article about an author named Richard Hovey wherein is a verse which states that Mr. Hovey wrote these lines for *The Saturday Evening Post*. The article says :—" Only a little while before his death Mr. Hovey wrote for *The Saturday Evening Post*, the following lines addressed to Mr. Kipling which are now printed for the first time." From this it seems that they were not published by the *Post*.

TO RUDYARD KIPLING

What need have you of praising ? Could I find
 Some lonely poet no one praises yet
 I rather would choose him, that he might know
 A fellow-craftsman knew him, marked him, loved.
 But you—the whole world praises you. What need
 Have you of any speech I have to give ?
 Yet for the craft's sake I must not be dumb ;
 And for the craft's sake you will pardon me.
 But I had rather meet you face to face,
 And talk of other and indifferent things,
 And say no word of all that I would say
 (Praise and thanksgiving for your splendid song,
 Praise and the pride of Empires of the Blood),
 But leave you, silent, as we English do—
 And you would know, and you would understand.

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In our " Reviews " page in No. 31, we commented on and mentioned a number of editions of Kipling in French. Just recently another has come to our notice, though it was published in 1920. This is a translation of " Barrack Room Ballads " by M. Albert Savine *et* Michel Georges-Michel, with a foreword by M. Pierre Mac Orlan, from the House of L'Edition Française Illustrée, with illustrations by M. Daragnès. This book differs considerably from the previous translation of these poems ; here we have " Tommy " : —

J'entrai dans une taverne pour demander une pinte de biere.

Le troquet se levé et me dit : ' Ici on ne sert pas les habits rouges.'

Compare the same two first lines with the translation of M. L. H. Nouveau (quoted by M. Marcel Brion) :

Je suis entré d'dans un listri pour boire un' chop et biere.

L'patron s'a l've pis y a dit : ' On sert pas l'militaire.'

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Mr. N. Lawson Lewis of the Rowfant Club, Cleveland, U.S.A. draws our attention to the clever verses, " To R. K.," by the late J. K. Stephen (died 1892). In the hope that these may be new to some of our readers, we quote them in full ; they first appeared in that author's book of verse entitled "Lapsus Calami," and later in " An Anthology of Humorous Verse," published by Hutchinson and Co.

Will there never come a season
Which shall rid us from the curse
Of a prose which knows no reason
And an unmelodious verse :
When the world shall cease to wonder
At the genius of an ass,
And a boy's eccentric blunder
Shall not bring success to pass :
When mankind shall be delivered
From the clash of magazines,
And the inkstand shall be shivered
Into countless smithereens :
When there stands a muzzled stripling,
Mute, beside a muzzled bore :
When the Rudyards cease from Kipling
And the Haggards ride no more ?

Mr. Stephen must have belonged to a high-brow and new-clever school of his day ; he differs from the bright young writers of to-day in that he wrote cleverly.

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Those who like to secure every possible Kipling item will be well advised to obtain the *Sunday Times* for February 3rd, 1935, which contains a long letter from Kipling on " The Case of Davy's Sow."

It is a delightfully humorous bit of writing, the final paragraph being particularly joyous :—" Let us no longer blacken her character down the ages merely because she furnishes an easily-mouthed simile. Let us, rather, set ourselves to discover who was the inspired genius that gave us that jewel five words long—' Drunk as a Boiled Owl'—to describe, for all time, the glazed, dumb, immobile, stertorous, penultimate phase of intoxication."

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Another little item to be collected is the hitherto unpublished verse for a war plaque, intended to be placed on the Cenotaph at Sudbury, Ontario ; unfortunately, it arrived after the plaque had been cast. The verse consists of four typically Kipling lines, which are given below —

We, giving all, gained all.
Neither lament us nor praise ;
Only, in all things recall,
It is fear, not death, that slays.

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Thanks to our Hon. Librarian, we have another Kipling " find " to give—two verses in a naval magazine called the " Repulse " Magazine, for Christmas 1918, published for the personnel of H.M.S. Repulse. A paragraph in the Editorial is as follows :—" Our grateful thanks are due to Mr. Rudyard Kipling for allowing us to publish the two verses he so kindly wrote last year for our Gun-room Christmas cards." The verses are as follows :—

To all our people now on land
We men at sea must write,
Because the work we have on hand
Withholds us from your sight ;
And if you ask us what we do—
We keep the seas, and Christmas too.

In every home we used to know
Hang up with liberal hands
The Holly and the mistletoe
That Christmastide commands,
And though we may not present be
Keep Christmas while we keep the sea !

Rudyard Kipling.

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We regret to hear that Colonel Hugh Alaric Bray died recently at his home at Chilcombe, Winchester : he was a contemporary of Mr. Kipling at the United Services College, Westward Ho ! and a Member of the Society. Another U.S.C. contemporary has also passed away— Captain M. A. E. White.

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Comment has often been made in these columns on the bad habit (and bad manners) of misquoting an author's lines ; in its issue dated January 5th, the *Methodist Recorder*, in an article by George Jackson entitled " A Parson's Log," rebukes a writer for this fault. We give the offending lines in full, as they are typical of this kind of *gaucherie* ; it will be seen by comparing them with Kipling's Dedication to " The Light That Failed " that the offence is very glaring :—

If I were hung on the highest hill,
I know whose love would follow me still ;
If I were drowned in the deepest sea ;
I know whose heart would reach down to me ;
If I were damned in body and soul,
I know whose kiss would make me whole—
Mother o' mine.

Mr. Jackson says :—" That is what I call a literary outrage of the first order. Not only is the power of the little poem weakened immeasurably by the omission of the haunting repetition, " Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine !" but in the remaining six lines, though he has the courage to call them familiar, the quoter of them has managed to make no less than five blunders !" We share the indignation of this critic. It is hard to say which of the blunders sounds the worst : ' kiss ' for ' prayers ' is nauseating, suggestive of the cheap and sloppy love film ; but ' hung ' for ' hanged ' gives a totally different meaning, the first indicating a leg of mutton in a butcher's shop, the second pointing to an execution. In regard to Mr. Kipling's work, our French friends are notorious for the great care they take to get their quotations correct, down to the last comma ; although they were writing in a foreign language, both M. Davray and M. Maurois gave all their extracts word for word perfect. Other French writers who quote Kipling are equally careful, so it would appear, to use the old saying, that they do some things better in France.

Kipling and the Children

By LT.-COL. R. V. K. APPLIN, D.S.O., M.P.

OUR very energetic Secretary approached me some time ago and asked me if I would lecture on the 27th December on "Kipling and the Children." It seemed to me mere child's play ! and I accepted with pleasure. Well, I forgot all about it towards Christmas and a public man has much correspondence at Christmas-time—particularly the writing of cheques—so I entirely forgot about the lecture until I went to stay for Christmas with a kind friend who is here to-night; then I suddenly said, "Good Heavens !" I have got to lecture on "Kipling and the Children" on the 27th December ; whatever shall I do ?" He replied "There is the library ; there are the whole of Kipling's works," and I have been confined to that library and a desk for the last three days. I never knew Mr. Kipling had so many children. It is perfectly astonishing, but I must ask you to forgive me to-night if I mix these children up a little bit, and if I have to pause and hesitate to find my places in these very many volumes which I have brought with me in order to be able to give you our great poet's own words. No word anyone else could speak could have the force of his, and I will endeavour to give you some idea of what Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written on children.

I have purposely left out the works that he wrote for children—three in number—and although I am going to quote two of them to illustrate my points I shall not deal with the other. I should like to say, in the first place, that I can only deal to-night with a few of the typical children but sufficient to illustrate the diversity of his creations while showing his love and understanding for the children. There is no doubt that a patriot must love children, because a patriot wants to leave something to hand on to somebody else and this he is going to hand on to his country. So he must, if he is lover of his country, be a lover of the children. A schoolboy was once asked what was the derivation of the word "patriotism" and he said : "Sir, it comes from pater, meaning 'father,'"—and he wasn't so very far wrong. It is that spirit of the father, it is that spirit of the home, it is that home life which after all spreads from the home to the nation and from the nation to the Empire. As we all heard on Christmas afternoon, H.M. The King gave the message that he was the head of a great family and he was speaking to his children throughout the world, and there we were all listening after all to one who is in the position of a father.

In creating his children, Kipling created them with a view to our past, and on our past he hoped to build our future. He realised that we passed like shadows and very soon make room for others, and that it is our children through whom we perpetuate what we leave behind. Let us then see what Kipling has to say about the child mind. He says that the child mind is a white sheet of paper upon which its environments, its associations, draw pictures, write lessons and leave impressions indelibly stamped thereon which the child carries through life and upon which character is built up. Kipling emphasises this characteristic of childhood in all his writings. I think it is Loyola, the great Jesuit, who said: "Give me the child until he is 7 and I care not who has him after." Nothing can be truer. You will notice that most of Kipling's children begin in infancy; nearly all his children are tiny ones when he begins and in one of two cases he traces them from childhood to manhood and he emphasises how in every case the influence of childhood is carried on into man or womanhood. That is the note which Kipling strikes all through and carries right the way through all his characters, and Kipling does not ignore biology. He recognises the law of breeding and in many cases he shows that the child carries to manhood or womanhood the breeding, the birth, which controlled its development. I propose presently to illustrate what I am saying by quotations from the various works of Kipling. I think perhaps one of the best illustrations of the environment of the child is that of Georgie Cottar, but before I deal with this I should like to give a small poem of Kipling's which deals with the child. This is the "Children's Song," but I think it will make an environment for the rest of my talk which will help me where I stumble.

(Col. Applin here quoted the above-mentioned poem).

Now I think that is an excellent introduction to the children of Kipling because it gives that one note I want to emphasise to-night, the note which carries with it that the child is father of the man, and all through his works he emphasises that fact above all others.

Now that is illustrated very strongly both from birth and from environment and from the early impressions of childhood by Georgie Cottar. I daresay you remember the story of the Brushwood Boy, and I do not think one could find anything, except possibly Mowgli the wild boy, that shows how environment affects the child in his after life.

In the opening words of the Brushwood Boy, George is a child of three, sitting up in bed screaming at the top of his voice, his fists clenched, his eyes filled with terror.

(Col. Applin then spoke of the story of the Brushwood Boy and went on to say) : Then we have the son coming home and we see why he has succeeded, why he was a great soldier, why he went straight away to the top of the tree—because it was bred in the bone. His father had done it before because of the environment.

I have mentioned this 'story at length because I think it shows so clearly Kipling's idea of the child being father to the man. But Kipling's children are always children, they are never precocious, they are never little prigs. It is something to be thankful for in these days. They are always natural, normal, healthy-minded boys and girls, for he never forgets that one day they will be men and women and in the near future must take their place in the world and in our Empire.

(Col. Applin mentioned here the story called " The Tomb of his Ancestors.")

Here we have the child in India, the *baba sahib*, who is the *Chota Rajah* of the compound, worshipped by the swarm of servants, but jealously guarded by his ayah, backed by the *Khitmutgar*, or bearer, who allow none of the lower servants personal contact, though they may worship at a distance. Hindustani is the mother tongue of the *baba sahib*, and he seldom uses his own language in his early years. He learns to ride as soon as he can walk—and his pony and syce—an old white-haired servant—past the more strenuous world of polo-ponies or pig-stickers, carry him round cantonment and bazaar in the cool of the early morning. The people of Hindustan, be they Musulman, or Hindu, Rajah, Ryt or Rajput, Afghan or Bhil, love children, and the *baba-sahib* is obeyed, petted and spoiled by his devoted attendants. Let us turn to another child, perhaps the greatest of all Kipling's creations—Kim. He is not a child that we know, but when we have read that wonder book we all seem to know and love Kim. You remember when we first meet Kim in Lahore (where Kipling lived as child and man), and he was sitting on the gun, the great Zam Zammah gun which stands outside the museum and he had been playing " King of the Castle."

Here we have again a glimpse of the child in India and the story is again very well worth reading. Time will not allow me to do it now.

Now I suppose everybody is wondering why I have not come to Dan and Una. Obviously the two children who at once crop up in our minds when we think of Kipling and children are these two. They are our most delightful children ; they are carried through two whole books and they are to my mind typically English country children. The typical son and daughter of the local squire, simple, unaffected, truthful, full of

fun, always out of doors, thoroughly enjoying the country and countryside, friends of all the working people on the estate and just the people who in the past have grown up in our country and have gone out to our Great Empire and built it up on the lines of the old home. I think whatever part of that book I read illustrates in a remarkable way that trait in their character. And then Puck—one cannot leave out Puck because Puck, whether of Pook's Hill or in the other book, which I have here, " Rewards and Fairies "—Puck is a child too, a child with the knowledge of 3,000 years behind him, the eternal child and just as childish as any of the others, but with that deep knowledge of human nature which both Shakespeare and Kipling have—and I couple them together meaningly. Puck is the fairy child or the child-like fairy. Surely he is the spirit of eternal youth.

Time will not permit me to talk more ; one more story and then, I must finish ; and the story I want to take to-night is the story known as " Gloriana." I like it very much and I am going to read you the introduction because it illustrates in a way I cannot illustrate the two children, Dan and Una.

(Col. Applin read here the commencement of " Gloriana.")

Well, I must not go on. I think that this story is one of the most delightful of all the stories in which Dan and Una appear. You will remember the rest of the story and how Dan always flashed out the right thing from his little heart.

That is the charm of Kipling and the reason he has written those stories is not to amuse you and me. These stories are written for our children ; they are written to produce children like Dan and Una and I believe those children who read them grow up with these fine ideas, that idea of sacrifice for your country, adventure, service and loyalty, which after all is the great characteristic of our people, and now let me end by quoting from the poem, " The Recall."

DISCUSSION (Applin's Paper).

Mr. G. C. Beresford. " We have to thank Colonel Applin very much for his lecture. It was very useful to me. It points out all sorts of things I would not have noticed. Kipling as a schoolboy was not a bit like that. He was utterly different, more in the nature of a Burne Jones person. Where he grew this more robust mentality is rather a mystery, but he got it somehow, and of course I want all those sort of things pointed out to me. Colonel Applin has enabled us to see a good many things which would otherwise escape us, and I wish to thank him very much."

Mr. Austen Hall : "I am sure that we are all extremely sorry that Colonel Applin has lost three days of his holiday in preparing this lecture. We must congratulate him on the excellent way in which he spent them. I very much enjoyed hearing him distinguish between works about children and the minds of children. That is why Kipling is so wonderful—he has got inside the children's minds, most successfully perhaps in *Dan and Una*, and he gives us the story as the children receive it. We are conscious of the childlike atmosphere which is the essence of the charm which they contain."

Mr. Brooking : "I was wondering if Colonel Applin had not run across Kipling's tale of his own early days when his parents brought him home from India and left him at a small seaside town. I wonder if people here remember the references to Bath Olivers. *Dan and Una*, always brought Bath Olivers and cheese. I wrote to the maker, who had never heard of it, and I am rather thankful to say he has never made any advertisement of the matter. Like Bobs, he does not advertise."

Mr. Bazley : "It was a beautiful thought of Colonel Applin's to choose this subject at this time of the year, and he has presented it to us very beautifully. As Mr. Beresford said, we are here to learn, and Colonel Applin has shown us several of the inner meanings of Kipling's writings, which though not stressed, are always there. This love of children in Kipling's work is not a pose ; he really feels it personally, as well as expressing it in his writings. A short time after Kipling visited Brazil, a cousin of mine went out by the boat on which Kipling had travelled and was waited on by the same steward. My cousin asked what he was like. 'I couldn't make much of him,' replied the steward ; * he wouldn't speak to anyone, and the only thing he did all the voyage was to play with some children who were on board.'

Miss Macdonald, a cousin of Rudyard Kipling, spoke of his love for children when he was a schoolboy. She also remembered his telling the "Just So" stories to his children, with appropriate gestures and illustrations."

How Kipling Conquered France

by

M. HENRY D. DAVRAY, C.B.E., LEGION OF HONOUR

WHEN your Secretary made me the flattering suggestion that I should come and talk to you about the famous writer who has given his name to this Society, my first inclination was to decline. Now a witty Frenchman once gave this piece of advice : "Beware"

he said, " of first inclinations ; they are wise ones." I ought, no doubt, to have followed the implied advice ; but I have not done so and therefore I must pursue my task to the bitter end. " When the wine's poured out, we've got to drink it," says another proverb, somewhat more attractive in the promise it suggests.

Not that it is an unwelcome task for me to talk to you of Kipling. Far from it. But I have been rash enough to undertake to do so in English, which, I fear may make the prospect for my listeners not a little bleak. If only I had known before of the existence of the Central School of Speech Training, I might have gone and taken a lesson or two from Miss Mavis Walker. But, it's too late now. At all events, you may console yourselves with the reflection that, after my *causerie*, you will have the compensating pleasure of listening to Miss Walker's perfect diction and to the tuneful numbers of Miss Gwenydd Gatrell.

Well then, I am going to try and tell you " how Kipling conquered France." I myself was a witness of that conquest. I wonder if he himself knows how he did it. I feel pretty sure that I never told him. However, my part in that conquest was an active one . . . on the side of the invader. I ran no risk of being shot for letting the foeman through. In the realm of Art, all are friends.

Kipling's conquest of France may have been slow to start, but, once it began, it was swift and sudden. To continue with my martial metaphor, there was a preliminary skirmish which had no immediate result. That was in 1894. A French friend of mine, called Pierre Mille was making a stay in London. One day, at the Mansion House Station, he pulled up at the bookstall and began to turn over the pages of a collection of short stories entitled *Many Inventions*. The author's name—Rudyard Kipling—was unknown to him. He dipped into the volume here and there and was carried away, but not by his train. Telling me how he made this discovery he said he let at least half a dozen trains go by. Frenchmen have a reputation of unpunctuality and Pierre Mille ran a grave risk of confirming it. However, as he wanted both to keep his appointment and read the book, he bought it and went on reading till he was through with it.

Nay, he did more : he forthwith translated two of the stories into French. His version of one of them appeared soon after in *Le Temps*, and of the other in *La Revue de Paris*. Satisfied at having drawn the attention of the French public to an author endowed with such signal originality, Pierre Mille went back to his own particular labours, and the skirmish ended there. France did not react to this offensive..

In this matter, the case of Pierre Mille is rather exceptional. The circumstances of his life, his experiences and his work make him remarkably akin to the English writer. Like Kipling, he spent long years away from the homeland, in the Colonies, West Africa, Indo-China, Madagascar, Tunisia. Like Kipling, he strove—and he is striving still—to kindle and foster the interest of the Mother Country in her Colonial Empire, and this task he pursues with an insight, an ardour and a sense of humour that prove him a true kinsman of Kipling.

They have yet another point in common. Pierre Mille has written a great many tales which have the Colonies for a background, and he too has created colonial types, French civil servants and colonial soldiers who come of the same stock as Kipling's Anglo-Indians. Private Barnavaux and his friends are the undoubted brothers in arms, the authentic *pals* of the immortal *Soldiers Three*.

Pardon my thus dwelling on Pierre Mille ; but I am anxious to bring before you a writer who represents so many points of resemblance to the subject of this paper that he has sometimes been called the French Kipling.

Moreover, his case enables us, by way of contrasts, to form an idea of the state of French public opinion at the time, and permits us the better to understand why Kipling's work, as it was, up to that point, failed to enlist the sympathies of the French public.

I am not here going to attempt any lofty or impressive critical flights, I will merely give expression to a few general and commonsense considerations.

France is the possessor of a great colonial Empire, second to that of Great Britain alone. She won it almost wholly under the third Republic, but she won it . . . with reluctance. That she did win it, she owes to a small minority of clear sighted and far sighted men who were clever enough to circumvent the resistance of an adverse public opinion.

After the German invasion of 1870-71, France was compelled to pay a crushing war-indemnity to the invader, while the whole of Alsace and a large part of French-speaking Lorraine were also wrested from her. The French people at once addressed themselves to the task of repairing the devastation of war and making good their losses. But for many years they were haunted by the fear of a fresh invasion and undertook huge sacrifices to provide a military force of sufficient strength to repel the invader, were he to come again.

For this reason, when the champions of the colonial policy came

into power and sent out expeditionary forces to Tunisia, Indo-China and Madagascar, they found themselves the object of violent opposition. It was the left group, and particularly the Radicals, led by Clemenceau, who, mainly for political motives, led the assault against the "Opportunists," as they were called, with a great statesman, Jules Ferry, at their head. In Parliament some of the battles were Homeric. Given the smallest opening, Clemenceau would up and smite the Government hip and thigh. So many did he overthrow one after another, that he came to be nicknamed *le tombeur de ministères*, or as you might say in English : " the Cabinet-Breaker."

After a century of wars, after being subject to the defilement of more than one foreign invasion, the people of France had a good excuse for curling up within themselves a little bit, and for thinking, may be even a little narrowly, of their own immediate needs. It was at this time, if ever, that the average Frenchman deserved the description someone gave of him as " the gentleman who eats a lot of bread and knows very little geography."

The upper and lower middle-classes had contracted their horizon. They were no longer as they had been in the 17th and 18th centuries, cosmopolitans and globe-trotters. Colonial ambitions had gone by the board ; and when Léon Daudet talks about " the stupid 19th century " he, at all events, speaks of a period he has been through and which may well seem to him, as it does to us, just a little bit cramped.

In a word, just when Kipling was scoring his earliest successes in England, France was still under the heel of the anti-colonial school and Frenchmen were, on the whole, just as adverse to expansion, as your own " little Englanders." Small wonder, then, that Kipling's success in England had no echo among ourselves, small wonder that Pierre Mille's attempt to give him a foot-hold on French soil came to a dead end. That was not the particular tune to which the French man of the day was at all disposed to dance.

Forgive me if I inflict on you a few personal reminiscences.

Though at the time I knew nothing about Pierre Mille's attempt, I came very near making a similar one myself, with small chance of its meeting with a more encouraging reception. But I confess that Kipling's vocabulary simply swarmed with words that were strange to me and I shrank from the singularly uninviting prospect of having to turn up every other word in the dictionary. True, at that time, I was nourishing ambitions of a different order and had little desire of turning myself into a sort of " bridge over the Channel " for British authors to find

their way across.

I well remember that the first of Kipling's books I ever handled was the collection of stories called *Mine Own People*. It was just out, and had been given me for a birthday present by a lady of my acquaintance. Her father had lived in India for many years and she herself was born there.

What became of the book I do not know. I wish I did. For to-day I imagine it would be worth no small sum. But anyhow, I remember that it had a portrait of the author for a frontispiece and an introduction by Henry James. Could you imagine two authors more dissimilar ?

Looking a little more closely into those bygone days, I confess to a little retrospective remorse. Shall I make a clean breast of it ? "A sin confessed " they say, " is a sin half pardoned." And then I was very young ! Well then, it must be admitted that my attitude in regard to Kipling was neither clear nor courageous. Circumstances at the time conspired to bring me a good deal into the literary circles of the day, in London, and, about Kipling, opinion was sharply divided.

There were those who professed to regard him with a sort of lofty disdain. They said he had no talent and swore his poems were doggerel. Others, in marked contrast to these, praised his genius to the skies, and I joined with a will in the laudatory chorus of which Charles Whibley and W. E. Henley were the enthusiastic leaders. I knew them well and my respect for their opinion of the young author was all the greater from the fact that they were considerably my elders. And so, one fine day, I was emboldened to take up the cudgels in Kipling's defence against the high-brows. So lofty and severe was the punishment meted out to my temerity that I murmured a few apologies, and, after that experience, sang small in the vainglorious desire not to be taken for a " philistine," for in those days to call a man a " philistine " was to inflict on him an ineffaceable insult.

With the appearance of *Barrack Room Ballads* the feud broke out anew. But I took good care to keep out of it. I kept my flag in my pocket. I am not ashamed to confess that I had found them very difficult to read. Occasionally, I came across what seemed like a cryptogram full of strange phrases, similes and cross-allusions of which I could make nothing at all. I asked my friends to explain and often tied them in a knot. And then I had a slice of luck. I got to know a young officer home on leave from India who " put me wise " on a multitude of points.

All the same, I could only think that the *Ballads* are manifestly

intended for home consumption. They don't export extraordinarily well. I don't believe they've had many readers in France, nor in any other non-English speaking country. The great thing was that they struck a new note, a note of originality, an unexpected note, a kind of poetry for which the British public was certainly unprepared and which it alone was able to appreciate.

To return to Kipling's invasion of France, I repeat that it was the purely fortuitous interest aroused by him in a French Colonial that first brought him to the knowledge of the French. Frankly, at first he left them cold. And it is worthy of note that the two stories translated by Pierre Mille appeared in France after the *Jungle Books* had been published in England. We have seen that Pierre Mille had gone back to his own job, and he was far too original a personality to be merely the interpreter of someone else's originality.

Meanwhile Kipling continued to produce books in amazing abundance. Every year he brought out one or two volumes of collected tales and poems which had appeared in reviews and magazines and for which rival editors were ready to offer their weight in gold. What an army he was mustering for the invasion of France !

And then, behold ! another Frenchman re-discovers Kipling. That was the Vicomte Robert d'Humières whose mother was an English-woman and who had himself stayed many times in India. Those who were privileged to know Robert d'Humières retain the memory of a man of uncommon fascination. Physically, he was very attractive, tall and elegant in bearing. A long, fair moustache set off his keenly intellectual features. His whole manner and appearance bespoke a person of distinction ; he was an aristocrat to the finger tips. He had been an officer in the French army and on resigning his commission had devoted himself to art and letters. A few years before the war he had taken over the management of a theatre where he had produced a number of plays by Bernard Shaw. When the war broke out, he returned to the army and was sent to Marseilles to act as liaison officer while the British Indian troops were disembarking. He was afterwards sent to the front, and the day after he arrived in the trenches a bullet from a German sniper struck him full in the forehead. The news of his death was a terrible blow to his friends.

He was a frequent visitor to London and it was during one of his stays there that he read the *Jungle Books*. Back again in France, he commended them with warm admiration to such of his friends as could read English. Then it was that one of those friend?, Louis Fabulet,

suggested a French translation.

They set to work and managed to get a few of the Mowgli stories accepted in some French magazines. Even then, they don't seem to have caught on to any great extent. Nevertheless, d'Humières and Fabulet looked about for a publisher who would put them out in volume form, and incredible as it may seem to-day, they could not find one.

After all, looking back over the years from where we now stand, that is not so wonderful as we thought it was at the time.

I remarked just now that public opinion in France was obstinately opposed to a policy of Colonial conquest. The Frenchman wanted to shut himself up within his own frontiers and to live in peace, and, in order that he might do so, to be strong enough to repel any aggression the risk of which the constant rodomontades of the sabre-rattling kaiser by no means permitted him to forget. For the Frenchman, therefore, Colonial expansion signified a perilous dispersion of forces which had much better be kept intact to ensure his security.

Nevertheless, there were a few who found the adventure tempting, and were curious as to what their neighbours were doing. That is how one accounts for a sort of anglomania which manifested itself at the end of the last century, and sometimes rather strangely. A whole host of shopkeepers began to stick up signs in English or in what they thought was English, with results that were frequently ludicrous. Little unfamiliar tags would, it was hoped, impart an irresistible English air to the Frenchiest of French names.

This wave of Anglomania however was restricted to the Parisian world of fashion, and its conspicuous manifestations on the shopfronts of the hairdressers who boldly called themselves "lavatory" had but a limited significance.

But the movement suddenly assumed a wider import, and the cause of that was a book. A professor named Edmond Demolins it was, who published a book on which he bestowed this significant title; "*A quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons*," "Why are the Anglo-Saxons on top" or "top-dogs." Needless to say the Professor's line of argument stirred up the fiercest controversy. The national vanity was hipped; the conclusions of the author were hotly challenged. His book became, and long remained, a best seller. The demonstration of Anglo-Saxon superiority was extremely well brought out and there was a goodish number of converts. At bottom, it was simple enough: sports, the author maintained, open-air exercise, were indispensable for the proper mental balance of the young. He condemned the French practice of

having lycées and colleges in towns without any playing fields available. Mr. Kipling had not yet flouted the " white-flannelled fools . . . "

Professor Demolins advocated the removal of such educational establishments to the country, and practising what he preached, he set up a school on the model of your English public schools, where the pupils went in regularly for exercises and open air games. That school still flourishes, and there has been an all round improvement in the secondary schools. Although he was much laughed at Demolins stuck to his guns, and for forty years now, the young men and girls of France have become devoted to " *le sport* " and have proved over and over again that they are not a whit inferior to their Anglo-Saxon rivals.

But just when Rudyard Kipling was giving evidence of his very distinctively Anglo-Saxon superiority, French enthusiasm for England and things English was only just beginning. The *Entente Cordiale* was not yet in men's minds. What *was* in men's minds was something very different, for we were in 1898, the year of Fashoda, when I was mobbed by an angry Saturday night crowd in Piccadilly Circus because I was speaking French with . . . a German poet ! . . .

But a truce to embarrassing recollections. A lot of water has flowed under the bridges since then. Besides Fashoda itself is no more. You would not find it on any map. The little township on the muddy banks of the Upper Nile is now called Kodok . . .

But let us return to the peaceful invasion of France that we were preparing for Kipling. Robert d'Humières and Louis Fabulet were still seeking a publisher who should consent to publish their version of the *Jungle Book*.

I don't want to run down the Paris publishers of forty year ago, although I was in the same boat as d'Humières and Fabulet. I had done into French the *Time Machine* and the *War of the Worlds* by H. G. Wells but be hanged if I could find a publisher. I had tried many, and one had sent back the MS of my version with the remark that the stories " lacked imagination."

Whenever I met d'Humières and Fabulet, we told each other of our vain search, and discoursed of the mentality of publishers in language more notable for vigour than amenity : they were, we thought, a stupid white-livered crowd and we said so with emphasis.

Of course, we were wrong. These gentlemen's attitude was doubtlessly based upon experience. They might quite well have argued that it was precisely the originality of our authors that made them hesitate. They were afraid that the conversations of animals, the character of

Mowgli, the background of the Jungle might seem too fantastic, too improbable to please a public that was still eagerly absorbing realistic novels of the Zola or Daudet brand.

Then again, translations had ceased to be in fashion. The fiction of other countries seemed pallid and insipid stuff compared with the super-spicy fare of our own naturalistic school. In the sole collection of translated novels which had weathered the times, the only available specimens of foreign genius were the sort of tame and inoffensive production that might be offered without the smallest hesitation as prizes at a school for young ladies, and these precious volumes were to be had for the magnificent sum of ONE franc each ! There was no room there for the bewildering fantasies of Kipling or the Utopian dreams of Wells.

Calling down curses on the head of those unhappy publishers did not carry us any "further," and yet we were determined not to allow our MSS to linger on our hands.

Still, a day came when we were forced to admit that we should never overcome the resistance of the publishers, never battle down the impregnable fortress of their colossal pig-headedness.

Youth is intolerant and impatient because youth is full of illusions ; and that is as it should be, because without our illusions we should do nothing at all.

And then a brilliant idea occurred to me. "Suppose we do without them ?" I went and called on the editor of the *Mercure de France*, Alfred Vallette, who, for all his youthfulness, was full of gravity and sober sense. He had published my Wells translation in the Review. In those days, the *Mercure de France* was the review of the Youthful Vanguard, it was bold and go-ahead, and anything that was bold and go-ahead and new—even if it was not blindingly original—found a place in it, anything, in a word, that was off the beaten track, in prose or verse.

I gave him a feeling account of my successive reverses and he evinced the most charming sympathy with me in my sufferings. In five or six years he had already acquired a considerable aptitude in refusing manuscripts. I proceeded to unfold to him how absolutely necessary it was that the *Mercure* should publish translations in volume form. He listened to my discourse with patience and again displayed his sympathy, Then he, in his turn, proceeded to demonstrate to me that my suggestion was utterly impracticable. Difficulties of a financial character stood inexorably in the way. True, the *Mercure* published under its imprint and in pamphlet form collections in Poetry or Prose, but in those cases it was the authors who defrayed the cost. Alfred Vallette did not hesitate

to confide in me that he was gravely handicapped by an irritating insufficiency of the sinews of war, and that the turn of the month was too often fraught with the gravest anxiety for him. No doubt, the list of subscribers was growing most satisfactorily but the Banks as yet lacked confidence in the concern and refused to advance funds even on the best security. He went on accumulating reasons, each one more convincing than the last, to explain why he had to refuse, but the soundness of his logic was no solace for my wounded feelings. However, the English have a saying about " never taking NO for an answer," and my illusions were extraordinarily tenacious. I kept pondering on the matter. Since the only difficulty was a monetary one, it was not insurmountable. I was far from being a capitalist, but I had among my relatives an old maid who to a considerable capital united a no less considerable interest . . . in me ! She promised me that in the event of satisfactory arrangements being made, she would come to my assistance. I therefore took myself again to Vallette, this time with a proposal for a partnership which should permit me to publish under the imprint of the *Mercur de France*, a Library of Foreign Authors, the general editorship of which was to be in my hands, and still is. He decided what the amount of my financial contribution would have to be, and to my supreme satisfaction, I found it did not exceed the sum at my disposal. Then, at the age of twenty-four, I found myself in charge of an enterprise from which the biggest guns of the publishing trade in Paris had recoiled in trepidation.

At the very start, a host of problems of a practical nature beset me ; problems which I had never foreseen. It is easy enough to say you are going to publish books ; easy enough to form a company for the purpose, but the questions I was called upon to solve in the process of carrying out the enterprise were formidable posers for my inexperience.

It goes without saying that once the scheme was got going I hastened to let d'Humières and Fabulet into the secret. They promptly sent me their MSS. They were just as innocent as I was and appeared to think they ought to get their proofs by return of post. I had no small ado to restrain their impatience.

Vallette and I had decided that the price of the series should be 3 francs 50 the volume ; that being in those days the customary price for an ordinary novel, whereas the maximum price for a translation was only one franc per volume.

Loftily, I communicated this decision to the booksellers whom I deemed it incumbent upon me to visit in my new rôle as partner in a

publishing concern. Their reception of my announcement went a long way to undermine my airy confidence. Some of them surveyed me with an ironic smile, others with every outward sign of compassion ; the former answered me with a shrug of the shoulders that indicated unspeakable disdain, the latter raised their arms to heaven as if in one despairing invocation to implore the gods to have mercy on such touching innocence. But all, aye, every manjack of 'em assured me, in the clearest and most categorical fashion, that, since the public would never fork out 3 francs 50 for a translation, my scheme was doomed to swift and irretrievable disaster. . . . What was I to do ?

I had gone too far to draw back. Then there was the dread of being laughed at, which makes one do so many foolish things. Thus it was that while the volumes were in course of preparation, I was harassed by some very disagreeable forebodings. To the *First Jungle Book*, and the *Time Machine*, I had added, as a kind of safeguard, a version of Walter Pater's *Imaginary Portraits*, with the idea that the cream of the high-brows to whom this book is addressed would readily pay 3.50 for it.

True, I retained the most unwavering faith in the worth of my authors but so many alleged experts in the book-trade had painted my chances in such gloomy colours, that my native optimism was never more sorely tried.

Well, at last, and a long last, in February 1899, the first three volumes of the now famous *Collection d'Auteurs étrangers du Mercure de France* were simultaneously put on the market.

The French book-trade has adopted the system of sending out books *on sale or return*, that is to say the publishers send out to the various booksellers parcels containing several copies of a given book. After a certain period, which may vary, according to arrangement and to distance, from three months to a year, the copies remaining unsold are returned to the publishers, and not until the unsold copies have been sent back, can one say how many have been sold.

No wonder the time seemed so long !

I knew that the production cost of the three books had pretty well runaway with my modest contribution to the firm's resources. If they did not sell, I was held up at the start; my ship would be wrecked in harbour. I began to understand the misgivings of those publishers I had thought such fools.

For the first few weeks, it looked very much as if the dark prophecies of the book-trade were destined to come to pass. Not one of the three

books had "got a move on." The booksellers had no use for them . . .

And then, all of a sudden, the critics began to talk about the *Jungle Book* and its author. They compared him to La Fontaine, remarking that, in the *Fables*, the animals think and express themselves like human beings, whereas Kipling's animals talk the talk of animals, each giving utterance to sentiments marvellously adapted to its own race and instincts.

Of course, there were adverse views, but that was all to the good, for nothing stimulates the sale of a book like a controversy about it. Taking it all round, the talent of the author and the originality of his work got the praise they deserved, and the *Jungle Book* began to "go." Orders came in from the booksellers all over France. The first edition quickly sold out, and the next, and the next and so on. Success was a certainty ! Kipling was conquering France.

It was at once decided to put the *Second Jungle Book* in hand, d'Humières and Fabulet having, in the meantime, completed their translation. It came out in the following October, and was received by the critics and the public with no less favour than its predecessor. Parents got into the way of giving the two volumes as a not wholly disinterested New Year's present, for they knew that they were also providing a treat for themselves.

Mowgli became so real a character for young folk that one little boy is reported to have looked for him among the animals in Barnum's circus.

Year by year, from that time onwards, down to 1911, and later at longer intervals, the *Mercur's* Library of Foreign Authors added volumes of collected tales, not to mention *Kim*, to its list. At present, it includes eighteen books by Kipling, on which his fame in France is firmly founded. The success thus swiftly won is still maintained and successive generations of young people find an unflinching pleasure in his books. Among them all, the *Jungle Books* remain by far the favourites. There have been many *de luxe* editions, some with illustrations by famous French artists. One of the finest of these books which was published in a limited edition of one hundred copies at 800 frcs. each in 1919, reached in a sale in 1936 the fabulous price of 25,000 frcs.

If I am inclined to harp a good deal on these *Jungle Books*, the reason is that it is to them that Kipling owes primarily his abiding success in France, and my chronicle of this happy conquest here comes to its natural end.

In England and for the English, Kipling's works as a whole form a sort of paean of the nation's greatness ; they are the proud expression of British sentiment, of the legitimate pride of a race which has played

a mighty part in the civilisation of the world. Naturally this aspect of his work has no special appeal to Frenchmen, but no sooner was it given to them to make acquaintance with the *Jungle Books* whose incomparable art far outshines the merely national and patriotic side that they at once hailed them as a classic.

In an admirable letter in French to the Abbé Desfontaines, his faithful translator, Swift defines an immortal book as one that is written "for all times and for all countries " and he proudly applied this definition to *Gulliver's Travels*. Kipling can just as proudly apply it to his Mowgli stories, and if he does not, we do.

He has conquered France as no one ever did.

DISCUSSION

In answer to a question by Mr. B. M. Bazley : " What is M. Davray's opinion of the translation of " Barrack Room Ballads" by M. Louis Fabulet, M. Davray said that he considered that M. Fabulet had succeeded pretty well ; he always gave of his very best when dealing with Kipling's works, but that this was extremely difficult indeed. To translate poetry of that type was almost impossible, but it was well done

In answer to a question as to whether he had personally translated any works of Kipling, M. Davray said he had written an introduction to " Plain Tales from the Hills " and had also translated a Collection of Short Stories taken here and there. " Besides the eighteen volumes which were published in our series of Foreign Authors, there are a great many other translations of Kipling in French. A large part of his early work was not copyright, so, as soon as ' The Jungle Book ' had any success, all sorts of sporadic editions came out. Some were very badly done indeed. We had a subscriber to the *Mercure de France* whom we used to wish in China ! And he was ! being a naval officer on a cruiser stationed in the Far East. He used to buy all the translations of Kipling, and he wrote extremely long letters to the Editor pointing out mistakes of translation. I have kept them and have them somewhere. Some are extremely funny."

Mrs. E. R. Russell then asked if M. Davray could give the titles of soldier books by Pierre Mille to compare with " Soldiers Three ?" M. Davray gave the following list : Books by Pierre Mille, the French Kipling, in which figure colonial types, soldiers, civilians, officials, etc., *Barnavaux et Quelques Femmes* ; *Louise et Barnavaux* ; *Sur La Vaste Terre* and *L'Illustre Bartonneau*.

In answer to a question asked by Mr. Simpson, President of the Poets' Club, as to whether the books still sell in the same way in France M. Davray said : " They do, but we have to take into account the crisis, and the books are not selling as much as they ought to from the translator's point of view. *The Jungle Books* certainly continue to sell. The others less so. But for the last two years they sell much less on account of people spending less . . . "

Mr. Bazley instanced some of his experiences in France, as follows:- " I would like to mention, Mr. Chairman,—of course I do not know how Kipling's books are selling in France—but when I was over in Rouen last Summer, I came across many translations. I was very glad to get one by M. Davray and by Mme. Vernon jointly. In each there is a most admirable introduction ; one is a critical study, the other a kind of bibliography ; but both are well worth reading as Kipling literature. M. Davray has told us about the conquest of France by Kipling. It is more, it is an ' occupation ! ' At this late day one finds all these fresh translations. Then we have the phenomenal success of *Souvenirs de France* in French, which has gone to a 5th edition.

A Soldier's Phrase Book

by

RUDYARD KIPLING

YEARS ago almost before time was, Rudyard Kipling wrote for an Indian paper* the following " Campaigning Phrase-book," a typical instance of the humorous and uncannily contrived mixture of English and Hindustani, with which the good Atkins, then, as now, is apt to carry on his conversation with such denizens of the East as he meets in course of his military occasions.

Shortly after its first appearance, it was reclaimed from the limbo of so many of those Kipling's writings, which even their author has long forgotten, by the Editor of *The Foghorn*. What was the *Foghorn* ? *The Foghorn* was a journal, humorous and stimulating, for the entertainment of all and sundry, that two lively young officers at Cawnpore thought might enliven life and duty. It aimed, with considerable success, at combining the grace and wit of *Punch* with the humour of the *Pink 'un*. For a short while it actually achieved its purpose, in the days when the *Pink 'un* was the great chastener of those devoid of humour, the *Pink 'un* in all its glory, of Master, Shifter, and Dwarf of the Blood. The

Editor of this enterprising publication was given permission, some forty years ago, to reproduce the *Phrase Book* which is given below. Colonel Andrew Irving of Rye, one of the joint editors of *The Foghorn* has placed the ' phrases ' at the disposal of the *Kipling Journal*, and we hope the author will be as pleased as the members of the Society, to see this early achievement, among those who, especially if of the old Army, will appreciate it.

The vicissitudes of Army Life were too much alas ! for the journalistic enterprise that gives it to us again. The happening of the Relief of Chitral in 1895, took the Editor-in-Chief's regiment to the frontier cantonment of the Malakand, and since uprooting by many thousand miles of a new journal, and the dispersion of its staff, added to the exigencies of frontier soldiering, are too great a trial for young life, *The Foghorn* perforce wilted and died. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

GEORGE MACMUNN.

The Campaigning Phrase Book

We cannot help stealing the following phrases for the use of T. Atkins from an old paper :—

1. Who is this person ?
Kone O, tum yonder ?
2. Where is the enemy ?
Kidderabouts Paythan ?
3. Is he in that nullah ?
Nullah mallum ? Kooch anybody there hai ?
4. Is he behind that mountain ?
Lumber hill woller junter ? T'other side ooper hai ?
5. Is he in force ?
Kitna them beggars ?
6. Is he going to fight ?
Shindy ho-jaiga ?
7. Indicate his position.
Just you bloomin' well butlao !
8. Your information is incorrect.
You're a bloomin' jute bart woller, you are.
9. You are not a *Malik*, and I cannot treat with you.
Mullick be damned hai ! Orf'cer Keparas ow, an' 'e'll mullick yer !

10. Be good enough to stop.
Hi yi ! *Tyro* ! Halt there ! *Baito*, or I'll blow yer hugly 'ead orf.
11. Drop your gun at once.
Bundook let go, slippy !
12. I am not going to kill you.
Hum naymarrega.

**The Pioneer*, October 23, 1888.

13. Are you afraid ? I shall not hurt you, unless you run away.
Durro tum ? Boat eh ? Boat acchy ! Don't you *dowro* an I won't *marrow*. But if you *dowro* I'll *marrow* you *Jehannum ki marfick*. *Sumjer ?*
14. Private of a Gurkha Regiment, kindly direct me to the refreshments.
Hi you, Johnny ! Canteen *kidder ?* Come along.
15. I am hungry.
Khanna hai ? Grub got it ? All right, *chupatti'll* do.
16. I want a sheep.
Baba mankta. Ba-ba !
17. Have you not got a fat sheep ? I will pay for it.
Baba not hai ? Paisa hai. *Kissiwasty no baba ?* D'you take me for *achor ?*
18. That sheep is urgently required.
Just you *dado a baba—moter waller* an' none o' your lip !
19. Why have you brought me a child ?
Kissiwasty lurker hai ? Take 'im away.
20. Why do you fly from me ?
Kyko cuttin' about *ither-uther ? Phere ow !* I ain't goin' to *marrow* you.
21. Take your women away from this place
Nickle-jow bibi-log. *Pulton owega*. Ah ! *that laoed* you.
22. Are you wounded ? I will get you water.
Bullet got it, inside 'im ? *Boat acchy ! Hum pani hai*. *Tum bait*.
23. Put up your hands.
Chor do that chury. *Ooper you—your sneakin"ands ! Issimafik*.
More *ooper*, or you don't get no *pani !*

24. You must not shoot at a man who is giving you water when you are wounded.
Dekko ! Yee bundook hai ; yee your big thick head hai ; yee pani hai. Now which'll you 'ave ?
25. You are still obstreperous ; you must be quiet.
Abby dick givin', eh ? You baito choop.
26. I am going to deprive you of your arms.
Bundook broke hai. Pistol no use hai. Chury hum smashega; an' there you are.
27. You must come into camp as my prisoner.
Sung ow ! Isturruf ! Quick march, Paythan. Tum puckrow hai. Hum puckrower. Iswasti chello !
28. There is a camel, load him up.
Hi ! Dekko this old 'ummin'-bird oont ! Uski portmanteau pack kurro.
29. He is loaded all on one side and too tightly roped.
Sub cockeye, slow jam hai. Arsty with that there russey. D'you want to cut 'im in order ?
30. Does he always make this disgusting noise ?
Ham'sher bubbly squeak bolter ? Wot a jarnwar !,
31. The camels are blocking the path of the Infantry.
Hi you oont-wollers argee ! 'Ole bloomin' campaignkiwasty 'ere baitega ? Charing Cross nay hai ; picnic nay hai ? Hokee chell !
32. This campaign is now concluded.
Can't you larrai kurro no better than this—jat? Hum barrickko jaiger. Tum choop or we'll be back phere an' make you sit ooper, Salaam !

R. K.

Note.—When " A Campaigning Phrase Book appeared in *The Pioneer*, Oct. 23, 1888, it was headed as follows :—" The German Government are distributing to the Austrian and German armies a Special German, Polish and Russian dictionary with the pronunciation in use in campaigning—*Vide Home Paper*. Then followed this prefatory statement :—" The Indian Government, we understand, have in the press a somewhat similar dictionary intended for the use of the British soldier in his little expeditions. We are enabled to publish a few extracts from ' The Manual of Conversation,' which it will be seen is compiled for the most part in Regimental Volapük."

E. W. M.

When we Remember

TO R.K.

When lesser voices fade and cease,
When shibboleths that touch our peace,
And sentimental theories pass
Like fleeting shadows on the grass ;
When once again we dare to see
Clear eyed, the stark reality
Of Life and Death, and Right and Wrong,
The dream behind the fact. A song
Of brave endeavour men must face
Unselfishly, to aid their race,
Will like a trumpet storm again
The erring hearts of wayward men.

We have been great, and great must be,
Our ships have furrowed every sea,
Men of our race in every age
Have built for us a heritage
World wide, with tears, and toil, and pain,
Selfhood forgot, their loss, our gain !

Our fathers held the Battle-front,
They faced the storm, they bore the brunt,
And through the unrewarded years
Strove for our good with blood and tears,
Adventuring far to build the roads
We travel now with easy loads,
Forgetful that each step we go
Was wrought by those who made it so.

Not only our Imperial lot
But lovely things we had forgot,
Of happy childhood's cloudless days,
And birds and beasts and all their ways.
The magic of the " Old, Old Trail "
'Neath Southern stars, the crash and hurl

Of mighty combers, ships that pass
 And sunny days on South Down grass.
 The soul of England, deep, ah, deep,
 Old as Her flowers, and kind as sleep,
 The spirit of the dear Home-land
 No stranger's heart can understand.

When we remember, as we must,
 All that we hold, and keep on trust,
 Kipling, your songs will move again
 The hearts of grateful Englishmen !

J. W. NORGROVE. January, 193:

Letter Bag

The December number of the Journal has just reached me. Brigadier-General Edwards's letter about "Gunga Din" has caused me also to remember the song which he quotes, which I have not heard for many years. It was popular in India, to the best of my recollection, in the early 'nineties : I don't know when it was published, but I certainly heard it first some time after I had read "Barrack-Room Ballads," in which I first saw Kipling's "Gunga Din." The song was a parody a once popular, now probably quite forgotten, ditty about "My Bonnie Jean."

Some of the verses in "Barrack-Room Ballads" were published before the book itself ; I don't know if "Gunga Din" was one of these. In any case, it seems to me highly improbable that Kipling would have taken the song (itself a parody) as a model.

E. DAWSON, Major.

Note.—"Gunga Din" first appeared in the *Scots Observer* of June 7th, 1890, two years before the book.

Editor, K. J.

Message

from

MAJOR GENERAL L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B., C.S.I.
President, The Kipling Society, London.

To the President, Officers and Members of the Victoria B.C. Branch of the Kipling Society :

On the occasion of the conveyance of the approval and authority of Council to the formation of the Victoria B.C. Branch of the Kipling Society as set forth in the Charter which accompanies this message, I desire personally to extend a hearty welcome to you all as Members of this, the first Branch of the Society, to be formed since its inception.

I herewith offer you my best wishes for the long continued success of the Branch, and of your efforts to do honour to, and extend the influence of, Rudyard Kipling and his works.

G.F.M.

NOTE.—The above message was sent with the Charter to the Founder of the Victoria B.C. Branch.

Postscript. As we go to press, we receive a new Kipling poem which appeared in *The Engineer* of March 15th ; it is interesting to note that this is the first time poetry of any kind has been published in this paper. The poem is entitled, " Hymn of Breaking Strain," and our readers may judge of its quality and style from the verse quoted below :

The careful text-books measure
 (Let all who build beware !)
 The load, the shock, the pressure
 Material can bear.
 So, when the faulty girder
 Lets down the grinding span,
 The blame of loss, or murder,
 Is laid upon the man.

Not on the stuff—the Man !

(The poem also appears in *The Daily Telegraph* of March 16th).

Secretary's Announcements.

- (1) *Meetings*—*Session* 1934-35. The remaining are :—
 4th. 10th April, 1935 (Wednesday). Rembrandt Rooms, 8.30p.m.
Lecturer : Commander O. Locker-Lampson, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.N.V.R.,
 M.P.
Subject : " Kipling and the Sailors."
In the Chair: The Rt. Hon. Lord Moynihan, K.C.M.G., C.B., LL.D.
- 5th (Special). 12th June, 1935 (Wednesday). Rembrandt Rooms, 8.30 p.m.
 (Evening before the Annual Luncheon.)
Lecturer: The President.
- (2). **Annual Conference and Luncheon**, 13th June, 1935 (Thursday).
 Rembrandt Rooms, South Kensington, S.W.7.
Note—All the above dates are subject to confirmation by card as usual.
 Guests of members always welcome.
- (3). *Journals*. With this number goes an Index for the year 1934 (Nos. 29-32). Members wishing to complete their volumes, or to have them bound, are referred to my announcements in Journal No. 32, page 132. The present low price of back numbers will not continue for long.
- (4). With this issue goes a new " Yellow List " of members brought up to date.

C. BAILEY, Colonel, General Secretary.

ROLL OF NEW MEMBERS TO MARCH, 1935

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