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of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

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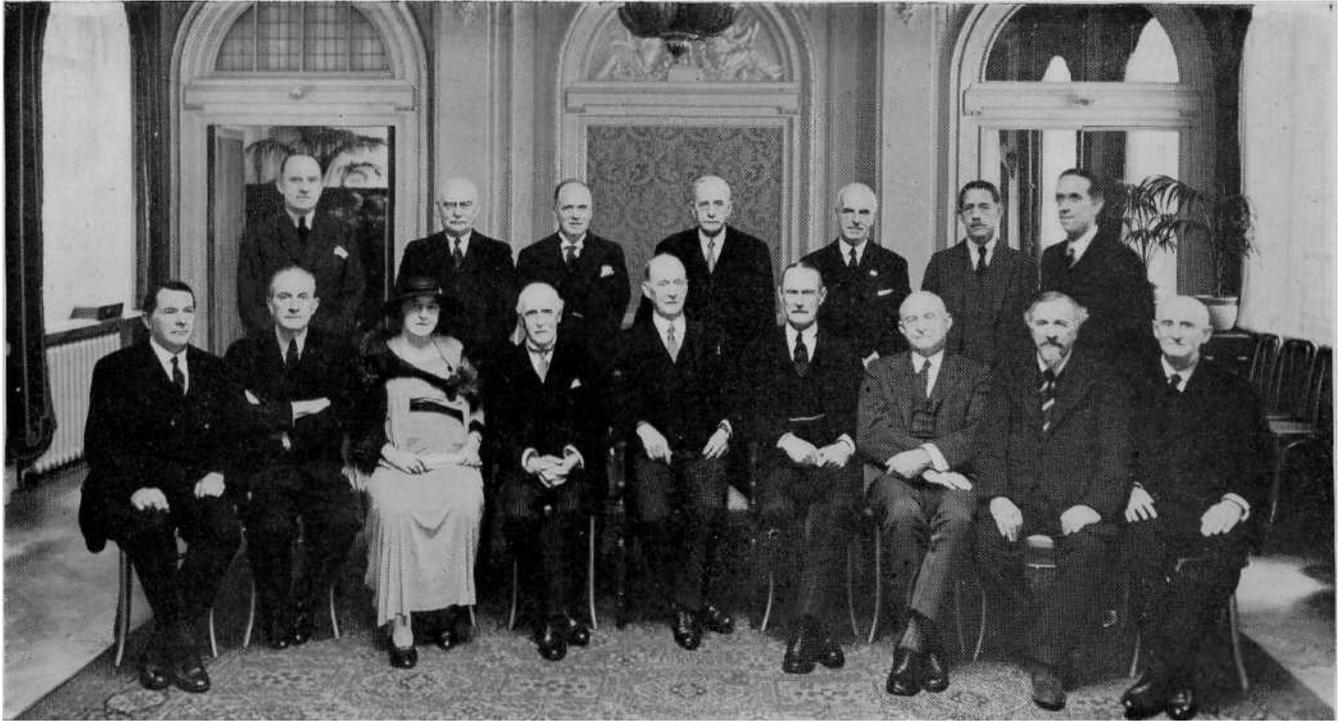
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THE OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY, 1935.

The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No. 35

SEPTEMBER, 1935

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News and Notes

WITH this number we give a reproduction of the photograph of the Officers of the Society; this group was taken just before the Annual Luncheon, 1935. The names of those in the picture are as follows:—*Back Row, left to right.*—Mr. H. Austen Hall (Council); Colonel C. H. Milburn, O.B.E., D.L., J.P., M.B. (Vice-President); Mr. J. R. Turnbull, M.C., CA. (Council); Colonel C. Bailey (Secretary); Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, M.I.E.E. (Founder—Council); Mr. J. G. Griffin, M.I.E.E. (Council); Mr. W. G. B. Maitland (Hon. Librarian—Council). *Front Row, left to right.*—Mr. B. M. Bazley, (Hon. Editor—Council); Commander O. Locker-Lampson, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.N.V.R., M.P. (Vice-President); Lady Cunynghame (Vice-President—Council); Lord Rennell, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O. (Vice-President); Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. (President, "Stalky"); Lieutenant-General Sir Alex J. Godley, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C. (Vice-President); Lieutenant-General Sir G. F. MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O., R.A. (Vice-President—Chairman of Council—Hon. Treasurer); Mr. G. C. Beresford (Vice-President—Council, "M'Turk"); Major-General J. D. McLachlan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Vice-President—Council).

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News comes from Mr. R. Beauchamp that the Victoria B.C. Branch has increased its membership to 17; it has many activities, making

up a full programme of events for the oncoming year. The Annual General Meeting was held last July, at which Mr. A. E. G. Cornwell, President and Founder, said that the foundation of the Victoria branch, now entering its second year, was firmly laid ; Kipling's birthday was celebrated by a social and programme of Kipling songs, this festivity to be an annual event ; he thanked all those who had entertained the members at the meetings of the society during the past season. After the election of officers Major W. E. Tayler gave an address, recalling anecdotes and reminiscences of his acquaintance with Mr. Kipling during the war; Major Tayler, then a captain in "Kitchener's Army," saw much of Kipling, who in those days was writing " A New Army in the Making" for the *Daily Telegraph*. The members were also told of Kipling's unflinching and generous activities on behalf of the soldiers during the war.

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Kipling has made yet another conquest—Film-land. We read in the *Morning Post* :—" Six of his most famous books are now in various stages of preparation in British and American studies. Other Kipling works are being considered for translation to the screen. No other author can lay claim to such a record. The six pictures are : in America—" Kim," " Captains Courageous " (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) ; " The Light that Failed " (Paramount) ; in England—" Soldiers Three " (Gaumont-British) ; " Toomai of the Elephants " (London Film Productions) ; and " His Apologies " (Famous Films). The total cost is estimated at over half-a-million, and special efforts have been made to obtain the correct atmosphere for the Indian scenes, most of those for " Soldiers Three " being set in the Khyber Pass. We hear that Mr. Kipling has been whole-hearted in his help with the scripts; he did not, however, like his full-blooded characters to use milk-and-water language, for, on finding the word " wretchedly " in some quite inappropriate setting, he promptly and firmly altered it to " damnably." ' It is rumoured that "Just So Stories" will be the next subject undertaken for the screen.

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Mr. Kipling made one of his rare public appearances on August 13th at Eastbourne. The occasion was a gathering of 84 boys and girls from secondary schools in Canada, who were in England on a six weeks' visit under the auspices of the Overseas Education League. He was at once on friendly terms with them all, asking them questions and

answering theirs on his own experiences in the great Dominion. In spite of the fact that he had stipulated that he was not to make a speech, he did actually say a few words :—" England is as much a possession of Canada as Canada is a possession of England. For this land is your own by full right as much as it is ours. You must not look upon it as in any way apart from yours except for the matter of distance, which is becoming less and less. Be welcome, and, as the school goes on, may your children be welcome, too."

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Knowing, and respecting, Mr. Kipling's dislike of personal publicity, we always try to avoid giving details about him that are not related to his works. We feel sure, however, that he will forgive us for referring to his visit to Marienbad (Czecho-Slovakia), where he is taking the cure. It will be remembered that it was reported in the Press that he was in poor health, etc. Our readers will be glad to learn that, although his health in the early part of this year was not too good, Mr. Kipling is now fully restored to his former energy and vitality, and that, so far from being the conventional confirmed invalid, he has been able to take long walks—long for a man of his years—and to get through a large amount of literary work.

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Below we give Mr. Kipling's tribute to the late Sir William Watson :
" He did magnificent work. He never wrote a bad line. His work has gone to the general account and will never be lost."

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In our last number we gave some remarks about Kipling's work by " Sentinel " of the *Morning Post*. On August 3rd we read of a few more in an article entitled " Epigrams Old and New," from the same pen :— 'Once more we must resort to Kipling for war-epigrams which an Athenian might conceivably have written during the Peloponnesian War, which was exactly like our Great War in essentials, though on a much smaller scale. " The Coward " might be the work of a Spartan for whom cowardice was the one unpardonable vice :

I could not look on Death, which being known
Men led me to him, blindfold and alone.

" Bombed in London ;"

On land and sea I strove with anxious care
To escape conscription. It was in the air !

might have been written by one of the later Greek epigrammatists (*circa* A.D. 300). But most grimly Greek of all is the indictment of the politicians who deliberately deceived our people as to Germany's manifest intentions :

If any question why we died,
Tell them, because our fathers lied.'

Mr. A. E. O. Slocock draws attention in the same paper to another, which he rightly calls one of the most pungent and concise epigrams of modern times :

I could not dig : I dared not rob :
Therefore I lied to please the mob.

There are four more lines to this epitaph, quoted by M. André Chevrillon in his wonderful study of Kipling, where they are called " Those heartrending little poems."

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A nice little story appears in the columns of "Vaudeville Days," a book of reminiscences by Mr. W. H. Boardman, a music hall manager for over forty years ; it refers to the time when the late Sir Herbert Tree was touring with the one-act play adapted from "The Man Who Was," which was ' done ' at music halls as well as theatres :—

Two cross-talk comedians were watching him (Tree) from the wings one night, the stage manager standing near them. They admired the phraseology and the grandiloquent gesturing of Sir Herbert.

" Who wrote that stuff for His Nibs ?" they asked.

" Kipling," said the stage manager.

" Blimey ! Do yer think he'd write a bit of patter for us for the Manchester Panto ?"

We are indebted to *John o' London's Weekly* for the above anecdote.

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Here is a reference to Kipling's days in India, from the *Sunday Pictorial* :—Mr. Charles Gerrard, R.A., the famous artist who is Assistant Director of Art in Bombay, went for a holiday to a bungalow in the hills, where he made a good many portrait studies of natives. He was puzzled by the inordinate respect with which he was treated ; even allowing for the vanity which people feel when sitting for a portrait at the request of the artist, it was inexplicable. The older men, in particular, almost worshipped him. One day he was let into the secret. The bungalow belonged to Rudyard Kipling over thirty year

ago. He was worshipped by the natives, and they, believing in re-incarnation, thought the famous poet had died and returned in the form of Charles Gerrard.

" Even when I assured them I wasn't, and that the poet was still alive, the older ones refused to believe me," Mr. Gerrard wrote to a friend in England. " I could only convince them by procuring copies of contemporary English newspapers containing photographs of Kipling."

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This note from the *Bystander* is of interest to all who realise how chary Mr. Kipling is about giving his autograph.

' Lady Moira Combe told us a delicious story about Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whom she met when staying on the Berengaria last week to see the Naval Review. She asked him for two copies of his signature for her autograph-mad children. " I'd better give you three—one for ' swaps,' " he replied.

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The *Daily Telegraph* gives the following information about the sounding of Last Post at Loos :—" Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose son, Lieutenant John Kipling, of the Irish Guards, is commemorated on the Memorial to the Missing at Loos, has announced his intention to provide an endowment so that ' Last Post ' may be sounded there nightly for all time. Up to the present he has provided the necessary funds for the call to be blown each night, and he is now taking steps to render this custom permanent. The memorial stands in a cemetery placed on high ground above the village of Loos (Dud Corner), and many thousands of people will thus be reminded of the sacrifices of the British Empire during the Great War. ' Last Post ' is also sounded every night at the Menin Gate, Ypres."

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All who know that delicious tale in " Land and Sea Tales" called " His Gift " will find here another piece of evidence of our author's wide reading. " But William sat wrapped in visions, his hands twitching sympathetically to Mr. Marsh's wizardry among the pots and pans. He knew now what the name of Glasse signified ; for he had spent an hour at the back of the baker's shop reading, in a brown leather book dated 1767 A.D. and called *The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy* by a Lady, and that lady's name, as it appeared in facsimile at

the head of Chapter I, was 'H. Glasse.' Torture would not have persuaded him (or Mr. Marsh), by that time, that she was not his direct ancestress ; but, as a matter of form, he intended to ask his uncle." A recent letter to the *Daily Telegraph* informs us that the first edition of this book, which is no invention, came out in 1747 ; after this, until the year 1803, there were fifty-two more editions of Mrs. Glasse's book. The reference to it in the story is a wonderful bit of accurate and apposite detail.

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It is always amusing, though not instructive, to hear the younger and more ignorant High-Brows saying that Kipling has been forgotten ; in their own very small world he is very probably not known at all, a distinction shared by many eminent writers. Yet the announcement that he has produced a new work, however trifling in size or matter, is an event to the world at large ; and his most ordinary travels are duly chronicled in the popular Press for the very good and sound reason that he and his doings are " news." Witness the number of " pars." referring to his visit to Marienbad ; also, those in regard to his stay in the south of France in July. During that month there appeared in the *Daily Mirror* quite a long article for an illustrated paper, full of that sort of harmless and trivial detail so beloved by the average reader. In this we learn that "Mr. Kipling has a little green Rolls-Royce. One meets it on the roads of Provence." Unimportant, this statement ; but one which shows that the subject is very much in the minds of the majority of the English people. The article, which is very readable, ends thus :—" This ' World to come ' . . . its citizens will owe much to Kipling, who will have been, for them, more than a poet and a philosopher, a ' prophet of true joy.' "

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The Chamberlain Club, the number of whose members is limited by the number of years that have elapsed since the late Joseph Chamberlain inaugurated his Tariff Reform campaign, has recently elected Mr. Kipling and Lord Hailsham to fill two vacancies.

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The source-matter of great works is always a fascinating investigation, so the following two items may be of service to those who like to know-how things came about. From the *Daily Mirror* (8 July) we cull this quotation:—"It was from Lord Bathurst and servants at the Vale of White Horse kennels that Mr. Rudyard Kipling gathered incidents

which he incorporated some years ago in ' Thy Servant a Dog. ' '

The second item is more high-brow in character, and refers to " Our Lady of the Sackcloth," which a learned Benedictine father described as " the most beautiful poem I have ever read." The MS. from the subject is taken is no poetical invention ; it really exists in the British Museum and is described as written on vellum in a fine character of the XVth Century, by two scribes. We are greatly indebted to a correspondent for this and some further information : in 1928 Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., issued the " Miracles of the Blessed Virgin Mary " by Johannes Herolt, called Discipulus (1435-1440), translated from the Latin, with a preface and notes by C. C. Swinton Bland ; No. 93 of these legends is interesting in its resemblance to Kipling's poem, so we give it below in full :—" There was a certain half-witted priest who knew no mass but that of the Blessed Lady Mary. Celebrating this mass every day and being accused of so doing, he was forbidden by the Bishop to celebrate any mass in future. Being in trouble and need, he called upon the Blessed Virgin and she appeared to him saying : ' Go to the Bishop and tell him from me to restore your office to you.' The priest replied : ' Our Lady, I am a poor man and a person of no account. He will not listen to me, nor shall I be allowed to approach him.' Then the Blessed Virgin added : ' Go, and I will prepare the way for you.' He said : ' O Lady Virgin Mary, he will not believe me.' And she replied : ' You shall say to him, as a sign, that at such an hour and in such a place, while he was mending his hair shirt, I held it on one side to help him, and he will at once believe you.' In the morning entering without hindrance, the priest came to the Bishop carrying the message of the Blessed Mother of God. When he said : ' How am I to believe that you are sent by her,' he added that sign relating to the hair shirt. Hearing this the prelate in amazement and alarm replied : ' Behold I allow you again to celebrate and repeat the mass for Our Lady the Blessed Virgin and that alone ; and pray for me.' " Mr. Swinton Bland adds a note that this legend is one of the " *Ad laudem* group " and gives the undermentioned comment in his preface : " The oldest of all the collections (of Mary legends), going back even to the eleventh century . . . is a group of seventeen legends. Both the home and the author of the group are unknown, but the author took his material from the Lives of the Saints and from cloister chronicles . . . This group of seventeen legends became so universally popular as to be found embedded wholly or in part in most of the later collections."

We have placed these two sources side by side to illustrate our author's immense range of subject ; his own line, in " My New-Cut Ashlar " rings true :—"I saw nought common on Thy Earth."

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Below we give an exceedingly clever verse which appeared in the *Bystander* on March 20th :—

PEN-PUSHERS

No 23.—**Rudyard Kipling.**

The Ruler of Rolling Rhythms,
The Lord of the Long-drawn Line,
He writes of the Empire's outposts,
The palm and the stately pine ;
He sings of the English country,
Of the oak and ash and thorn,
And the legions which press close after
Wherever the Flag is borne.

In poem and prose he praises
The men of the *Sahib* clan
" From the Four-Mile Radius, roughly,
To the plains of Hindustan."
Great Lover of Miss Britannia,
He still has the urge to see
Her realms at last transformed to
An Imperial R.K.dy.

The Chanter-in-Chief of Empire
Has long had the skill to please
With songs of the camp and barracks
In Five Nations and Seven Seas.
Some say that his verse is hackneyed,
Lacking true poesy's flow-
But what do they know of Kipling
Who only his " If " do know ?

B. W.

x x x x x

To a Member, Mrs. E. R. Russell, we owe this early tribute to Kipling, taking us back nearly forty years ; the following verse appeared in the *Times* on March 10th, 1899 :—

RUDYARD KIPLING'S ILLNESS

To Rudyard Kipling, Esq., from Thos. Atkins

There's a reg'lar run on papers since we 'eard that you was ill ;
 An' you might be in a 'orspital, the barricks is so still ;
 We' ave all been mighty anxious, since we 'eard it on parade ;
 An' we aint no cowards neither, but I own we was afraid.

An' we all prayed 'ard and earnest :
 " O Gawd, don't take 'im yet !
 Just let 'im stop and 'elp us :
 An' warn, 'lest we forget!'"

The sergeant said : ' E' won't get round. It's ' three rounds blank
 for im !

'E won't write no more stories !" And our 'opes was blooming dim.
 But you 'ad always 'elped T. Atkins, an' though things did look blue
 Well ! we aint much 'ands at prayin', but we did our best for you.

" ' E must'nt die ; we want 'im !
 O Gawd, don't take 'im yet ;
 Spare 'im a little longer !
 'E wrote 'Lest we forget!'"

We 'eard that you was fightin' 'ard—just as we knew you would ;
 But we 'ardly 'oped you'd turn 'is flank ; they said you 'ardly could.
 But the news 'as come this morning, an' I'm writin' 'ere to say,
 There's no British son more 'appy, than your old friend Thomas A.

" O Gawd, we're all so grateful
 You 'ave left 'im with us yet,
 To 'old us in, and 'alt us,
 Lest we, Lest we forget !"

J. O. C.

West Derby, Liverpool, March 6th, 1899.

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Of great interest to Greek scholars (and a compliment to its author) is the translations of " Hymn of Breaking Strain " into Classical Greek verse. The translator, Mr. A. Neville St. John-Mildmay, presented a copy of the work to our President, who has very kindly given it to the Library. The poem, in English and in Greek, appears in the *National Review* for August, 1935 ; the translator appends a short introductory note, which we quote below :—

' Mr. Rudyard Kipling seemed to me to share with Plato and with Homer (alone of all poets) the power of "descending" to details—even fastidiously minute details—without the least danger of getting into a nose-dive or falling from the great heights of music, mightily planned and convincing, into mere *bathos*. His motto seems to be that of the Rolls-Royce works at Derby—" Whatever is well done, however mean, has achieved nobility." Hence this attempt at a version in Homeric hexameters.'

A. NEVILLE ST. JOHN-MILDMAY.

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Through Major E. Dawson we have received a splendid Paper, " Kipling and the Kipling Society," by Mrs. Archibald Buchanan of Auckland, N.Z., a Member of the Society ; we much regret that our limited space will not allow us to print it, but it will be available for Members in the Library. We are glad to hear that a Kipling Group is forming in the North Island, and congratulate Miss Newman, Mrs. Choyce, Mrs. Buchanan and Mrs. Dickens upon the success of their Meeting, convened by Mrs. Lewins.

A Gift to the Library

WE take this opportunity of tendering sincere thanks, from the President, Council, and all Members of the Society, to Mr. A. E. O. Slocock for his generosity in presenting to our Library the valuable collection described below ; we give the wording as it appears in Messrs. Sotheby and Co's sale list :—

" THE PIONEER. A daily newspaper published in Allahabad, containing contributions by Rudyard Kipling. A collection comprising the complete issues of the newspaper in the daily numbers for the six years 1885 to 1890, excepting 30, of which only 5 are recorded as containing Kipling items, which are missing. 1,831 numbers in all containing 188 known contributions in prose and verse by Rudyard Kipling, being the first appearance in print of his earliest work upon which his reputation was founded. Each issue laid in a folder of cellophane for protection and the issues of each month are preserved in a book-form red buckram case with a fall-down back, title and dates lettered on the back in gold, 72 in all, 1885—1890.

" An index of the Kipling contributions for the period so far as possible complete accompanies the cases ; but the exact extent of Mr. Kipling's contributions while on the staff of the *Pioneer* is undisclosed and there are doubtless others not yet noted by any bibliographer.

"As is natural in the case of a daily newspaper published in the climate of India, long runs of the numbers are almost non-existent. We can trace no previous sale of a series similar to this." From the above it will be seen that this collection is one of great value and interest.

Reviews and New Books

FRANCE has just given us another fine translation of Kipling—a collection of nineteen poems :—"Rudyard Kipling : *Poèmes, texte en vers français d'Antoinette Soulas. Denoel et Steele, Paris.*" This exceedingly well-produced book contains a very varied selection, but one that exhibits our Author at his best ; among those included are :—"Tomlinson," "Eddi's Service," "The Puzzler," "The Thousandth Man," "Gethsemane," "The Sons of Martha," and "The Fires." Naturally, "France" is one of those selected ; we also find "A Legend of Truth" and that peculiarly English little poem, "A Charm." This is a wonderful book ; Madame Soulas gets the very spirit of Kipling, even in lines that would generally be deemed untranslatable. This is her rendering of the final verse of "The Thousandth Man" :—

*Son droit?—Ton droit.—Sa Cause?—Tienne.—
En saison et hors de saison.
Debout, et que tu le soutiennes
Avec "ça" pour seule raison.
Mille, sauf un, craignent la gêne
Du rire, la honte, l'éclat.
Mais Luite suivra seul jusqu'au pied même
De la Potence, et au-delà . . .*

This is the third verse of "Eddi's Service" :—

*"Détestable temps pour marcher,
Dit Eddy. Mais je dois me rendre
A la chappelle et y prêcher
Pour ceux qui veulent bien m'entendre."*

St. Peter's rebuke in "Tomlinson," when that luckless wight is consigned to outer darkness, would lose its force in French, if translated by a careless hand ; Mme. Soulas rises grandly to the occasion with ringing verse :—

*"Tu as su ? Tu as vu ?—Pardieu, tu encombres les Saintes portes.
Il n'y a pas de place aux deux pour l'inutile de ta sorte."*

So on, throughout the book ; the high level is maintained all through, nor does the translator ever lose the sense of a poem or a phrase. Doubtless, here and there, you will find phrases that you would prefer expressed differently, but something must be allowed to the point of view of the translator ; to us, however, it appears that the work has been done in a most careful and scholarly manner, and with a true appreciation of the meaning of each poem in its native tongue. If objection be made that the strict literal translation has not been adhered to, it must be borne in mind that the book is intended for French readers who are always more interested in the thought behind the phrase than in the phrase itself, no matter how cleverly that phrase be turned ; that is one reason for the profound admiration that Kipling commands among our friends across *La Manche*. But books of this kind must be judged as a whole, and as a whole Mme. Soulas's book is great. We are glad to note that it has been well reviewed by M. André Fountains in the *Mercure de France* of August 1st. To us of the Kipling Society, this collection makes yet another appeal: it contains a most admirable preface by M. André Maurois, C.B.E., M.C., one of our distinguished French Vice-Presidents. M. Maurois's ideas are expressed so clearly and concisely (he resembles Kipling in this) that it is best to give his words in their own tongue ; their meaning will be plain to anyone who has a very slight knowledge of French ;—

" *Kipling est un grand poète parce qu'il possède naturellement les deux registres. Le rythme ? Kipling entre si aisément dans ce jeu de musique verbale que parfois des vers entiers, chez lui, sont rythme pur, onomatopée scandée, chant de sauvage, sans un mot articulé. La magie primitive ? Aucun écrivain ne l'a retrouvée mieux que lui: dans Kipling les dieux rodent autour des hommes, comme ils, ont fait tout au long de l'histoire ; les animaux parlent, comme dans les fables et dans les rêves des enfants ; à la faveur d'une majuscule, le sentiment abstrait devient génie, divinité. En Kipling, le passé le plus lointain des hommes, toujours mêlé au présent, rend au réel sa troisième dimension. . . . Mme. Soulas a dominé ces difficultés avec une habileté et un bonheur qu'explique seul un travail de plusieurs années.*" No collector of Kipling's work should allow himself to be without this book.

Amid the various celebrations of His Majesty's Silver Jubilee most of us felt that but one thing was needed to complete the list—a poem by Kipling. We were not disappointed, for " The King and the Sea "

was published by the *Morning Post* on July 17th. Even looked at from other view-points than ours it is a great poem and a noble tribute to a noble character. It is not possible to give it in full, but a few lines will suffice to convey its power :—

After His Realms and States were moved
 To bare their hearts to the King they loved,
 Tendering themselves in homage and devotion,
 The Tide Wave up the Channel spoke
 To all those eager, exultant folk :—
 " *Hear now what Man was given you by the Ocean !*

* * *

" Thus I schooled him to go and come—
 To speak at the word—at a sign be dumb ;
 To stand to his task, not seeking others to aid him ;
 To share in honour what praise might fall
 For the task accomplished—over all—
 To swallow rebuke in silence. This I made him "

* * *

" Wherefore, when he came to be crowned,
 Strength in Duty held him bound,
 So that not Power misled nor ease ensnared him
 Who had spared himself no more than his seas had
 spared him !"

Some of the critics observed that this was not a " Recessional," meaning to make the odious comparison. It may be suggested to them that, although they are always charging the author with living in a past age, he has moved with the times gracefully. There is a certain resemblance between the Jubilee work and " The Dead King," which was the finest of all the poetic tributes to the late King Edward VII. " Kipling has not lost his touch," wrote a business man (not a Member), an opinion which we pass on to the critics. The *World's Press News* states:—"The Press Association was entrusted by Mr. Rudyard Kipling with the distribution to the Press of his Silver Jubilee poem . . . Mr. Kipling waived the copyright the world over on condition that the poem appeared in the Press exactly as he had written it, and in the form in which he desired it to appear."

Main Currents in Modern Literature by A. R. Read, M.A. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson Ltd., 4s. 6d). Although primarily intended

as a text book (it is one of a series entitled the University Extension Library) this is the best book on the Literature of to-day that we have read. All lovers of Kipling will enjoy it, for there are many references to our author in the body of the book and the first chapter is devoted to him, under the heading of "Imperialism and Rudyard Kipling." The tone and quality of Mr. Reade's admirable and concise volume may be judged from a few lines taken from his Introduction :—"From a study of the columns of certain papers (where authors review each others' books) one might easily get the impression that little literature of importance is being produced to-day apart from the sex novel and that the authors and authoresses of many of these novels would have but little to fear from a comparison of their work with that of Shakespeare." The dominating quality of Mr. Reade's book is fairness ; even on 'political' questions he is just to his subjects. Take this :—"Behind some of these stories a certain arrogance as of a conquering race is undoubtedly present. Kipling believes that in every age, there are some nations born to lead and some to be led, and that to refuse to recognise this is sheer sentimentalism. But while a nation born to lead should accept its destiny unashamedly, it has no warrant for using its power selfishly. It is itself subject to the moral law and has great responsibility towards the peoples it leads. Naturally, this ideal attitude is not always attained." This summary may be commended to the Little Englander, and the following excerpt to our Socialists :—"The section of the Anglo-Indian community which Kipling studies with the greatest affection is the British private. This love of the common man in his work is worth emphasising in view of his (Kipling's) reputation as a reactionary. Kipling has never been democratic in a political sense. But he knows and cares for the common man far more than do most professional democrats, and his books are noteworthy as having brought him into literature." The English note is mentioned—"It is significant that Kipling speaks of the Saga of the English. The Scotch, the Welsh and the Irish all fare handsomely at his hands But he knew and expressed what they (the English) stood for ; he could interpret their silences ; they recognised him as their spokesman. He has left their memorial in literature." Nor does Mr. Reade accuse Kipling of fostering old animosities:—"Kipling, in 'The Settler,' pictures the English and Dutch, their strife ended, uniting to make their common land fertile and fruitful and combining against their common enemies, the flood and the frosts and the locusts. Another figure dear to

Whitman and Kipling alike as performing faithfully and intelligently the rough work of the world, is the mechanic and engineer." On France:—"English and French history, he says, are intertwined. The two nations have fought each other, from the time when they lay, yet unborn, 'fretting in the womb of Rome'. . . . To-day they are linked in common resistance to the threat of new powers, whose faith is Blood and Iron, and in defence of the European civilisation of which they were pioneers." That Kipling is a war-monger is thus answered:—"There is much in common between the attitudes of the two poets (Whitman and Kipling). In neither is there more than a fleeting glimpse of the glory of war ; in each there is much about its suffering and loss." Sympathy for the Under-dog is duly acknowledged:—"Though no democrat in politics he furthered the cause of essential democracy by his enthusiasm for working-class characters and working-class speech. . . . In an age of change and crisis he has helped to keep the English true to much that is fine in their tradition." This is a book to buy and keep ; it is interesting all through ; it is provocative of thought ; it is sober in tone ; and—it is fair.

The attractive format of "The Complete Stalky and Co." and "The Two Jungle Books" will be remembered. Macmillan and Co. now announce *All the Puck Stones* (Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. in cloth, 12s. 6d. in leather). Mr. H. R. Millar, who has done the illustrations for "Puck," has contributed a new frontispiece in colour ; the pictures for the "Rewards and Fairies" Tales are by Mr. Charles E. Brock, R.I. These two ever-popular books will be doubly welcome in their new and handier form.

A Schoolmate of Kipling

UNDER the heading of "A Schoolmate of Kipling" an article appeared in *The Winnipeg Evening Tribune* of August 21, 1930, and as it contains some interesting details about Kipling's school life, a corner may perhaps be found for it in the *Journal*. "A Schoolmate of Rudyard Kipling" died in the General Hospital at Brandon on Tuesday in the person of Hon. George Huntley Malcolm, former member of the legislature . . . and Minister of Agriculture from 1920 till his retirement in 1922 from the public life of the province. Malcolm was the son of Colonel George Malcolm of the Border Regiment, having been born at Kussowlie in India, and was 11 years old when he

was sent to Westward Ho ! in 1876. He found himself among a couple of hundred boys, including Lionel Charles Dunsterville, who was 11 years old, too, and Rudyard Kipling, who had attained the same mature age. Young Malcolm was five years at Westward Ho ! To quote his own words about his school days he said to the writer of the article, Mr. W. J. Healy :—' I remember that my number in the school was 108. I was in King's House, which figures so largely in Kipling's book. Kipling's bad eyesight kept him out of some of the school activities, but he more than made up for it in the part he took in others. His closest chum was Dunsterville, who was a boy of resourceful leadership, lull of plans and schemes, and often in trouble. . . . It was a rough life we had at Westward Ho ! On account of his eyes the future author of " The Light That Failed " had to be excused from games (which were compulsory). That must have been at first hard for him, indeed. We were all young, and most of us far from home, and a lot of young barbarians, I am afraid, in our treatment of one another. Duckings, tossing in the blanket and all that sort of thing there was a good deal of. Kipling hated cricket and football and the other compulsory games and all the to-do there was over them—his feeling in that regard shows itself in " Stalky and Co.," as it did many years later in his poem, in which the lines about " flannelled fools at the wicket and muddied oafs in the goal" gave a great deal of offence in some quarters in England. He was fond of rambling about the cliffs in such jaunts as he has described so well in " Stalky and Co." The school was run largely on army lines and Sergeant Fox as he is described in the book, is drawn from life. Some years after I came to Manitoba I had a letter from Kipling about a subscription for the Sergeant, who had grown old and was retiring. When Cornell Price, who was headmaster in my time and for a good many years after, fell into ill health and had to retire, the old boys got up a subscription for him too. Kipling has always taken an interest in the school and I have had several letters from him about Westward Ho ! matters.'

' Speaking of Major-General Dunsterville, Hon. Malcolm said : "It is Dunsterville, to tell you the truth, whom I remember best. He was the head and guiding spirit of Stalky, McTurk and Beetle. Kipling was chiefly remarkable as Stalky's closest chum. None of us, I am sure, had the slightest idea that in his person we had a great genius among us.' "

E. W. M.

Pevensy Castle and "Puck".

BY WILLIAM R. POWER

ONE of Kipling's most fascinating features is his historical accuracy. I had an interesting example a few years ago, following on an exploration of the Saxon Shore Forts on the east coast, which were built by the Romans. Among them is Anderida, or Pevensy, the Pevensy around which Kipling wrote his story of 'Puck of Pook's Hill,' and I set down hereunder an abstract of the book which has particular application to what is the tale I want to set down :

"What is to do?" said Hugh. "I have no keep at Dallington, and if we buried it, whom could we trust?"

"Me" said De Aquila. "Pevensy walls are strong. No man but Jehan, who is my dog, knows what is between them." He drew a curtain by the shot-window and showed us the shaft of a well in the thickness of the wall.

"I made it for a drinking-well" he said, "but we found salt water, and it rises and falls with the tide. Hark!" We heard the water whistle and blow at the bottom. "Will it serve?" said he.

"Needs must" said Hugh. "Our lives are in thy hands." So we lowered all the gold down except one small chest of it by De Aquila's bed.

On my first visit here (after it had been taken over by H.M. Office of Works), I had a conversation with the Custodian, asking whether during the excavations and repairs, the Well in the north turret of the Keep (mentioned in the story "Old Men at Pevensy") had been found. The reply was: "I wish Kipling had never written 'Puck of Pook's Hill!!!' for everyone visiting the ruins asks to be shown this Well." The Norman Keep at the time of my visit had not been touched and was practically buried under grass and soil, and had been so for two or three hundred years, in fact it was quite easy to walk over the top of it from one side to the other. When revisiting the site (1934), the excavations and repairs to the Keep had been completed, the walls of same rising some 20 feet above ground level. After making a careful survey of the recently excavated ruins, I again talked with the Custodian; he most kindly shewed me the latest finds and one of the most extraordinary in the whole of the ruins. I was taken to the North Turret of the Keep and here raising some wooden planks he disclosed a square well 4 foot by 4 foot, which had been sunk in the thickness of the wall, 14 to 15 inches through. The Well, to all seeming, was that referred

to by Kipling in his story. Now comes an astonishing point. When Kipling wrote ' Puck of Pook's Hill ' in 1906, the existence of this well was unknown. Was its existence therefore (as narrated by Kipling) a pure invention of Kipling's fertile brain ? or was he just in possession of information that others had not come upon ? However, it remains, that there is the well sunk in the thickness of the wall in the North Turret of the Keep at Pevensey Castle, exactly as described by the Master in his story, " Old Men at Pevensey."

[Mr. Power asks us to state that the information on which he founded the above account was sent to him by R. N. Rowell, Esq., of Ivy Dene Cottage, Chipping Norton.—*Hon. Editor, K.J.*].

Two Parodies of "If"

THE number of parodies of " If " is legion, and many of these are of poor quality. It will probably be conceded, however, that the two pieces given below are of superior merit.

IF (from the *Irish Times*).

" Mr. De Valera intervened to say that he was being misrepresented. He had a privilege to object to his words being twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools."

If I had known what now I know about you
I'd not have thought the things I used to think ;
Or let suspicion's mind one moment doubt you,
Or say you spent too much on words and ink.
If I had known you really liked Old England,
Her language and her literature and laws,
And read her Kipling, steeped in love of England,
The knowledge, Eamonn, would have made me pause.
I did not know. I thought that when debating
You cared no whit for language or for rules,
But now you quote the line, when remonstrating,
" Twisted by knaves to make a trap for Fools."
You quote from " If," that poem every stripling
With British blood loves first and best of all.
Congratulations, Sir, on bringing Kipling
Within the sacred precincts of An Dail.

P.O.P.

The second parody is from the *Yorkshire Evening Post* of April 23rd ;

it is one of a series entitled " Poets at Contract Bridge."

After a Bridge Drive.

If you can keep your head while some glib dummy
Talks films and fashions to your partner fair,
Who does not hide her preference for " rummy."
And takes what seems a fortnight to declare ;
If you can watch her hum and haw and falter,
And miss the game which she had cards to win,
And say" Hard lines ! this luck must surely alter !"
Maintaining all the while a cheerful grin ;

If having been dealt " stumer " after " stumer,"
At length you get a really perfect hand,
And hear your partner, make still one more "bloomer."
Giving a thoughtless " No " to your demand.
Or see the cards you've laid upon the table—
A glorious lot—ingloriously played.
With penalties accruing, and are able
E'en so to keep on struggling undismayed ;

If you have learned the " Cuthbertson " tradition,
The " Two Clubs " and " The Barton," but can spot
By some uncanny gift of intuition,
The crucial moment when to scrap the lot :
If you can meet with triumph or disaster.
And further knowledge from them both derive
You will be hailed the world's great Contract-Master,
In fact you'll be too good to be alive !

Kipling's Psychic Phenomena

By WINIFRED SEWELL

YOU are probably well acquainted with the many stories and incidents in which Kipling has touched upon psychic problems and on queer happenings of ghostly or eerie interest.

Ghost stories are usually popular, especially in Christmas Numbers, and lots of people turn them out very well, but it isn't everyone that writes a spook tale who has investigated the subject from a serious point of view. There's a good deal more in the psychic world than the clanking chains of Marley's Ghost or the well-known type of spectre which carries a head under its arm or has a sword stuck through its vitals.

Whether Kipling believes in ghosts or not I don't know, but with the thoroughness with which he masters the technicalities of ship-building or cod-fishing, he has clearly made a study of the question of psychic phenomena in many of its aspects.

I feel rather on my own ground in discussing some of his examples, as I have had similar experiences. I shall take this opportunity, though, of saying that I am not a spiritualist ; I disagree with their methods altogether. I am hoping that some of those present may be interested to discover that they have also shared in such experiences as he describes as this will further prove him to be justified in certain statements which many readers consider pure invention..

I will not deal at length with his simpler ghost stories, of which he has written a fair number and in which the haunting is due to a dying desire for revenge as in " The Lost Legion," or to unrequited love as in " The Phantom Rickshaw." So many people have met with instances of this kind that the tales do not need comment.

At the same time, perhaps I had better refer briefly to the theory which is usually held to explain such appearances, in case some of you have not gone into the matter at all. As the wretched Jack Pansay of " The Phantom Rickshaw " exclaims, " One may see ghosts of men and women, but surely never of coolies and carriages."

The idea is that when people die with some matter of great importance on their minds—a desire to explain how they were killed or where some object has been concealed—or when the memory of some overwhelmingly poignant incident is their last living thought, that thought or desire becomes projected upon the scene of the occurrence, and if a person is possessed of psychic senses he will see or hear or feel that projected memory. Sometimes one has only one of these psychic senses, you can see but you can't hear, or *vice versa*, or you are only able to feel the presence without hearing or seeing it. This peculiarity has been duly noted by Kipling, for in "The Return of Imray" the narrator can hear the unquiet spirit but cannot see it, while in " The Phantom Rickshaw " Jack Pansay both sees and hears Agnes Wessington.

Sometimes this projected memory, this psychic " talking film," is reinforced by the presence of the unquiet spirit itself, and then the recipient of the experience has actual conversation or contact with the projector of the thought, as in the case of Jack Pansay, or in " They " when the narrator sees and hears the spirit of the children and feels

the kiss of his own dead child.

Perhaps, as first-hand evidence is considered useful, I might remark here that I have myself experienced phenomena with all three psychic senses mentioned.

We will now go on to the more unusual type of psychic phenomena, and I will take first the affair of the death of Hummil, in the tale "At the End of the Passage," in "Life's Handicap," a tale which I have heard described as a perfectly preposterous bit of fantasy. You will remember that four men exhausted by overwork during a summer in the Plains, meet at Hummil's station. All are nervy, but Hummil has been so haunted by nightmare that he puts spurs in his bed to prick him awake if he should fall asleep. His nightmare is always that of a blind, weeping face which chases him down corridors. His servant Chuma knows of his use of the spur, and says that men of his own race do the same with thorns when they fight with fear and dare not sleep. Hummil dies, officially of heat-apoplexy, actually of fright, for he had slept at last and the Fear had caught him. Now comes the fantastic but physically possible culmination. Spurstow, his friend, sees something in the pupils of the dead man's eyes. He photographs them. Here is Kipling's description of what follows :

"After breakfast they smoked a pipe in silence to the memory of the dead. Then Spurstow said absently, "Tisn't in medical science." "What?" "Things in a dead man's eyes."

"For goodness sake leave that horror alone!" said Lowndes. "I've seen a native die of pure fright when a tiger chivvied him. I know what killed Hummil."

"The deuce you do! I'm going to try and see." And the doctor retreated into the bathroom with a Kodak camera. After a few minutes there was the sound of something being hammered to pieces, and he emerged, very white indeed.

"Have you got a picture?" said Mottram. "What does the thing look like?"

"It was impossible of course. You needn't look Mottram. I've torn up the films. There was nothing there. It was impossible."

"That," said Lowndes very distinctly, watching the shaking hand striving to relight the pipe, "is a damned lie."

Now for the proof that Kipling was not romancing. His tale was published in 1889. On December 8th, 1924 I found this account of a rather similar phenomenon : ..

" Extraordinary proof of the guilt of Angerstein has been provided by a photograph of the eyes of his victim. The eyes of the murdered man were wide open and photographs of them which were taken showed a picture of the murderer with an axe in his hand impressed on the retina." I admit that in this case the murderer was of flesh and blood, but since photographs have been taken of ghostly appearances as well as of material ones there is no reason why the retina of the eye should be less retentive of the image of the ghost than of a murderer. So Kipling's wild tale was based on solid fact.

Another curious truth is contained in his tale, "The Return of Imray" also in "Life's Handicap." In this case the writer describes his visit to the bungalow of Strickland, the District Superintendent of police. The place is haunted by a presence who is never seen but who is always close at hand. " A fluttering, whispering, bolt-fumbling lurking, loitering Someone." This is a simple case of a spirit unquiet because of a desire to explain the cause of death. The most interesting point is that the dog Tietjens will not remain in the house after dark. I will give you Kipling's words :—

" Tietjens made the twilight more interesting by glaring into the darkened rooms with every hair erect, and following the motions of something that I could not see. She never entered the rooms, but her eyes moved interestedly. That was quite sufficient. Only when my servant came to trim the lamp and make all light and habitable she would come in with me and spend her time sitting on her haunches, watching an invisible extra man as he moved about behind my shoulder. Dogs are cheerful companions."

The body of Imray, the previous tenant, is discovered hidden above the ceiling cloth, and after its removal and burial, the house, as usually happens, becomes normal, and Tietjens returns to her place in her master's room.

If Kipling does not believe in ghosts himself he has, at all events, stuck to facts again in this take. I have myself lived for 3½ years in a house haunted by just such a presence, and in my case also it caused a good deal of noise, footfalls, creaking of cane chairs, etc., and it also was invisible. I had not believed much in ghosts, and I might have thought myself deceived then, but our dog and our cat behaved exactly as Tietjens does in the story. The dog fled from the room or hid herself under her master's bed whining and shivering, the cat used to follow the unseen Somebody with his eyes, watching its movements across

the room and sometimes drawing back and swearing, his eyes glaring with terror till I carried him out of the room. This sounds like the Christmas Number, I know, but it is a fact. We were not molested by the presence, so we just went on living there as we liked the house. But Kipling's description of the dog's attitude proves that he knows what he is writing about here.

In his famous story "They," there is a psychic statement which has been doubted, it is not a ghost this time. We *have* the ghosts of the little children who returned to earth to play in the house of the blind woman who loved children, and among them the writer found his little daughter, recognising her by a kiss she gave him in the palm of his hand, part of a loving code they had shared. But the psychic interest of the tale is not so much in the children, they are the usual form of romantic ghost, spirits which cannot rest in the other world because the earth holds more attraction for them, though personally I have never heard of an authentic case of a child haunting any place for love of its little earthly joys. But the great interest in this tale, apart from its beauty is in the experience of the blind woman who can see the Aura, the halo or cloud of colours which emanate from one's personality and which differ according to each person's temperament. I understand that the subject of the Aura and its colours is one of the mysteries of Oriental philosophy and is part of the doctrine of the Rosicrucians. I do not know about all that myself, though very probably Kipling does and they may be the sources of his perfectly correct description. Many people believe the whole thing is superstition or invention, but here again I can vouch for it that he is not romancing, because I have seen the Colours myself. Only on one occasion, when I suppose I happened to be sufficiently perceptive for some reason, but I saw them distinctly. And judging by my knowledge of the characters of the people whose auras I saw, and the colours as described by Kipling's blind woman, the colours I saw were those befitting the natures of the unconscious subjects of my investigation. And I had not read "They" at the time. You may imagine the thrill when I did read it.

We will now leave the ghostly type of psychic phenomena and turn to the question of the sense of personal identity. There is a very interesting account of this in 'Kim.' I will give it in Kipling's words : This incident has been touched upon in Thurston Hopkins' book, "A Literary Appreciation of Rudyard Kipling," in Appendix No. 3, Section II. I have found a good many misconstructions of Kipling's meanings in his book and I think you'll agree that this is one of them.

" We read of the boy's contemplation of the fascinating question of personal identity, and the thousand doubts and fears that spring instant to the clamour of his cry, "Who is Kim—Kim—Kim ?" The awful dread attacks Kim while he is seated in a noisy railway waiting room. For a few intense moments all else in the world fades to impotence, and as each murderous second ticks, he feels that he is getting nearer to the solution of the tremendous puzzle—"Who is Kim?" At last, just as he thinks he is about to solve the problem, all powers of reason desert the child (I may say Kim is now 17 years old !) and he finds himself suddenly wrenched back in the flesh. "Kipling tells us that Kim stood up dazed (he didn't stand up) " pressing his hands before his eyes and shaking his head." A Hindu holy man had been observing the spellbound child as he wrestled for peace with the demons of distress. Perchance the holy man as a child had repeated his own name over and over again in the same way, until the fear numbed itself, and left him outdone and faint.

A little further on in the chapter Kipling tells the reader that this power is possessed by "many Asiatics and a few Europeans." That was *earlier* in the chapter, as you heard, but the point is that I am one of those few Europeans, and from experience I can say that Kim was in no kind of fear or anguish at all, nor does Kipling ever hint that he was. The sensation is one of striving, there is a sort of breathless suspense, a moment when one seems about to reach a summit, one hovers as it were, within a hairsbreadth of the goal, and then comes the rush back to one's ordinary outlook again. So far from being an awful dread, suffered during murderous seconds, it is more like an ecstasy of anticipation on the threshold of Knowledge. I could believe that Kipling himself has known the sensation, he writes of it so vividly, so exactly, but perhaps he has only grasped with wonderful perception what he has been told about it.

Another extraordinary form of psychic perception is referred to in the matter of the Lama's translation into the astral body which takes place at the end of the book, " Kim."

The Lama says to Kim " Upon the second night the wise Soul loosed itself from the silly Body and went free." (I must condense the quotation) " I saw the stupid body of Teshoo Lama lying down Then a voice cried ' What shall come to the boy if thou art dead ?' and I was shaken back and forth in pity for thee, and I said, ' I will return to my *chela* lest he miss the Way.' Upon this my Soul,

which is the Soul of Teshoo Lama, withdrew itself from the Great Soul, with strivings and yearnings and agonies not to be told—and behold I was again in the body of Teshoo Lama."

I have not gone through such an experience myself, but I would like to quote from an article, which describes a remarkably similar incident. It happened some 12 years ago to a Mexican boy who had been in profound meditation. In the article he says :—

" Then, quite suddenly, I felt some force, some spirit, some bodiless body which was a part of me, struggling for release. Struggling painfully with convulsive efforts to escape my body. And then this thing bottled within me left my body. It rose higher and higher, it was immense and all-pervasive, and my consciousness was in that astral body. I could look down on my mortal body crouching there. . . . Then gradually, as if impelled by some unsubstantial yet terrifically strong suction, I felt that immense thing that was myself drawn down and back—against my will, still painfully—and when the throes of entry were over, I was again myself sitting there."

This article appeared in the Motion Picture Magazine of January, 1930, and the Mexican youth is now known as Ramon Novarro, the star of the famous film " Ben-Hur." His description of his experience seems to prove that Kipling has given a perfectly accurate account of this psychic state of translation into the astral body.

Now I want to say a word about the theory of reincarnation. I do not know whether Kipling believes in this at all, or whether the idea merely interests him as being picturesque, but he has used it to build an unusual story, that of Charlie Mears in " The Finest Story in the World "—in " Many Inventions." You will remember that Charlie was a young clerk of no special education or character but given to marvellous dreams of a bygone age. One dealt with a galley slave's experiences at the oars in a Greek galley, the other concerned another galley slave on a Viking ship. In his dreams Charlie became one or other of these two slaves and could describe his adventures afterwards. The writer seemed to believe that the young man was remembering the deeds he had done in two former lives, and that view was shared by a Hindu, Grish Chunder.

This doctrine of reincarnation is very generally believed in by Easterns, and I should like to know whether Kipling really shares their belief. For myself, I can speak again with experience of similar adventures to those of Charlie Mears, but I don't attribute them to

reincarnation. I think that as we inherit the mental as well as physical characteristics of our parents or ancestors, so we may inherit their memories. Perhaps I had better describe one of my dreams to prove this point. I dreamed that I was the Secretary of Charles II. I was a man, of course. We were walking through narrow London lanes towards the Tower, gargoyles spitting rainwater on us from the roofs. We met some rough looking men and while folding my arms I laid a hand on my sword hilt in case of an attack. The King reminded me that while his hated brother James was living no one would try to kill him. That was a favourite joke of his, you know. When we reached the Tower the King told me to wait for him at the inn across the way. There was a sign over it stating that Queen Elizabeth had slept there. As I went to the inn I woke up. Now, I had never seen the Tower at that time, I did not know of any inn there. But I went to look, found the inn and over it the legend that Queen Elizabeth had once stayed there. I was a good deal excited, hunted through histories for the name of Charles II's secretary and found, a year later, that he was indeed a Mr. Sewell. Not myself in a previous life, but my ancestor whose adventure I was remembering. I have had many other such dreams of remembrance, some dating back to the days of ancient Rome, which make this story of Charlie Mears amazingly authentic as a psychic experience, and whether Kipling would call it reincarnation or whether he would accept my view, his grasp of the psychic situation is again proved to be exactly correct.

Before I finish I would like to refer to a remarkable case of double haunting in "The House Surgeon," in *Actions and Reactions*. A house is haunted by a presence which seems to be yearning to make some disclosure. The urge is so great that the occupants of the house can almost hear the voice and will turn to one another saying 'Beg your pardon?' before they realise that it is the unseen who wants to speak. After that sensation has passed it is followed by a living, aching, helpless grief and behind that there is a desire on someone's part to explain something vitally important. There is also a terrible atmosphere of gloom which will suddenly descend, often unexpectedly but also at a certain hour, so that, as Kipling puts it, "it was like a light of darkness turned upon us," as a burning glass might be.

In this affair there is one genuine ghost, that of a woman who had accidentally killed herself by falling out of a window and whose **two** elder sisters believe that she committed suicide. The other haunt is not a true ghost, but it is the thought transference of the mourning

sisters. This is a very interesting and quite authentic form of telepathy. There are certain houses, I have been in one, which are tainted by the sorrows of those who had lived there and whose memories still dwell on the place. I expect you all know of the experience of telepathy, when you feel that someone is thinking of you. Some of us can hear the person's voice call quite audibly if the need is very great. I have often done so. In this case the dead woman was aware of her sisters' belief in her suicide and was always striving to get her message through to them proving her innocence, and the sisters were constantly brooding over the sin, as they believed it, of the dead woman. In the end, you remember, the sisters are induced to revisit their old home, communication is established by telepathy between the living and the dead, and the ghost is laid to rest, the taint of living grief is lifted from the house. The whole tale is a vivid example of the force of thought transference.

Finally, there are two stories relating to what may be called possession. There are several other aspects of psychic phenomena which Kipling has touched upon, such as the affinity question in "The Brushwood Boy," but one cannot embrace the whole of his range in a short article. With regard to this possession, I want someone else to vouch for the possibility of this occurrence. I do not know that Kipling would himself. I have never heard of any authentic instances of it, but the stories are interesting as being another proof of Kipling's wide study of the psychic subject. First we will take the Dog Hervey in "A Diversity of Creatures." This is an extraordinary tale. The dog, Hervey, who has a squint, becomes apparently harmlessly insane, playing weird games as if with an invisible being. He is also imbued with, or possessed by, the personality of the man who loves his mistress, Shend by name. Kipling says: "I was going to turn on the lights when I felt there was somebody in the room whom the short hairs at the back of my neck warned me, I was not in the least anxious to face. There was a mirror on the wall. As I lifted my eyes to it I saw the dog Hervey reflected near the shadow by the closed door. He had reared himself full-length on his hind legs, his head a little on one side to clear a sofa between us, and he was looking at me. The face, with its knitted brows and drawn lips, was the face of a dog, but the look, for the fraction of time that I caught it, was human—wholly and horribly human. When the blood in my body went forward again he had dropped to the floor, and was merely studying me in his usual one-eyed fashion."

Later the writer meets Shend who is a good fellow but given to delirium tremens on occasions. And in one of his bouts he sees the appearance, not of pink rats or blue snakes, but of the dog Hervey, whom he seems to have employed accidentally as his medium. In the end Shend marries the dog's mistress and Hervey ceases to be possessed by a human personality.

The other case of possession, also awaiting someone else's evidence as to its possibility, is that which occurs in the peculiarly horrible but brilliant story, "The Mark of the Beast." in "Life's Handicap." Fleete, while drunk, insults the image of Hanuman, the Monkey God, in its temple, and is thereupon seized and hugged by a leper who lives behind the altar. The priests let Fleete leave the temple alive which astonishes Strickland, our friend the D.S.P. In a few hours Fleete is apparently transformed in spirit into a wolf. It is not hydrophobia but possession. The description of his actions and his howls is a nightmare, and the account of his restoration to humanity through the torture of the leper, who was prowling in the compound, is too horrible to repeat though one must admit that it is marvellously written. But the psychic point is the one we are considering. There are strange legends in most languages of were-wolves, men who transformed themselves in spirit and also in appearance, into wolves and other beasts. Shere Khan the tiger, in "The Jungle Book," is believed by the natives to be one of these. But the were-wolf Fleete was transformed by the exertion of a malign influence upon him. Can anyone support Kipling in the truth of his descriptions of these psychic transformations, brute to human and human to brute? Since all the other instances of his psychic studies which I have quoted have proved to be founded on fact I should not be entirely surprised to find that this type of phenomenon could also be authenticated.

Kipling Prices Current

WITH returning prosperity better prices have been ruling at recent sales; we take this paragraph from the *Bazaar, Exchange and Mart*:—"Kipling appears to be about the strongest living author on the market, his early works published in India arousing keen competition. 'Departmental Ditties' made £32, and 'Plain Tales from the Hills' £24." In August last Mr. Gabriel Wells bought the autograph draft of "Mandalay" for £210; this was a particularly interesting item, with corrections and alternatives in the author's hand.

Going round the bookshops many nice things are to be seen. Joseph in Charing Cross Road has a very good copy of the proper 'first' of "Plain Tales" for £16 and Bickers in Charles Street a set of the English Edition de Luxe for the same price. B. H. Blackwell of Oxford advertise the following Firsts :—"Just So Stories"—£2 2s. ; "Songs of the Sea," coloured illustrations by Donald Maxwell—7s. 6d ; "The Five Nations" and "The Years Between" at 5s. each. Dobell of Charing Cross Road lists a large number of good items, including the "Almanac of Twelve Sports" for 12s; "The Jungle Book" (Detmold illustrated) 7s. 6d ; "They" 6s ; "Barrack-Room Ballads," 10s ; all the foregoing are Firsts. Also in Dobell's list are several Indian 3rd. editions, and a number of other things. Frank Hollings catalogues twenty items, among which are "The Day's Work" with the Kipling wood-block at £4 4s. ; "The Second Jungle Book" at 25s. ; "Soldier Tales" at 35s ; and the pirated "Barrack-Room Ballads" in cover at £3 3s.

A Kipling Chamber

IT will interest Members to learn that Mr. G. R. Britton, landlord of the Bear Hotel at Burwash, who is now a Member of the Society, has opened a special Dining Room in the Hotel which is called "The Kipling Chamber."

In this room he intended to place a Visitors' Book for the use of guests interested in Kipling's works. On hearing this intention, the President and Council decided to present Mr. Britton with a suitable book and a framed portrait of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

The presentation of the Portrait and Book was duly carried out by your Founder, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, who was accompanied on the occasion by Mr. G. C. Beresford and two or three other Members of the Society.

The portrait has been hung in an alcove over a table on which lies the Visitor's Book.

Letter Bag

As an act of justice will you spare me a little space ? I am reported in the June *Journal* as saying "with the words of songs the less you hear the better." Everyone knows that the omission of the word "some," which I used, implies "all." As a lifelong musician and a lover of good poetry how could I say that the words of "The Erl King,"

Herrick's "To Anthea," Masfield's "Sea Fever," Tennyson's "Maud," and hundreds of beautiful lyrics were best unheard ?

WALTER F. GEMMER.

The following might interest the Readers of the *Journal*.

When I was in Valparaiso recently I visited the store of Hegie and MacKenzie, the well-known booksellers, for the purpose of securing, if possible (what a hope !) a copy of "With Number Three" and other stories, which as Kipling lovers know was a pirated issue published by Hume and Co. in Santiago-de-Chile in 1900. Asking Mr. MacKenzie if he had ever heard about it I was interested to get his answer : " I should think I had seeing that I was the man who made it valuable."

Further enquiries elucidated the fact that Mr. Hume published this book of stories and poems not with any idea of making money but purely from patriotic motives thinking to instil into the English speaking youth of Santiago some of Kipling's matchless spirit. The splendid idea never caught on and only a very few copies were sold.

Mr. MacKenzie was a young man in those days and worked for Mr. Hume. Becoming tired of seeing this pile of books only harbouring dust young MacKenzie asked Mr. Hume what he should do with them and on getting the reply that he had better get rid of them, being a conscientious and dutiful employee he burnt the lot. This would be in about 1906.

He asked me to imagine his surprise when he read a couple of **years** afterwards that a copy had been sold in England for, if he remembered correctly, the sum of forty guineas.*

TOM P. JONES.

[*The first copy of the hitherto unknown "With Number Three, Surgical and Medical," that appeared in a sale room in England, was the copy sold on 4th April, 1921, at Sotheby's, which realised £128.—E.W.M.].

I thought that it would interest your readers to know that a film version of "Soldiers Three" is in preparation by the Gaumont British Picture Corporation Ltd. I am given to understand that Kipling himself is collaborating in the production. The battle scenes have just been taken near Landikotal at the summit of the Khyber Pass amid typical Frontier scenery. The troops acting in these scenes have been the 7th Mountain Battery R.A. and the 2nd. Battalion The Welch

Regiment and great efforts were made to have uniforms, arms and equipment resemble as closely as possible those in use in the nineties. I may mention that the course of the battle depicted is typical of frontier fighting and quite in accordance with tactical probability. The enemy were provided by a local tribe of Pathans. I was told that Kipling had specialty insisted on screw guns being included in the picture but this may have been a little harmless flattery on the part of the director. One is naturally a little alarmed at the idea of filming such a masterpiece as "Soldiers Three" lest the picture fall so short of the original as to shock true Kiplingites, but I hope that in this case any such fears are groundless.

B. J. BEWLEY, Major, R.A.
Landikotal.

Obituary

We suffer a severe loss by the death of the Rt. Hon. Lord Amptill, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.; he had a wonderful knowledge of Kipling's works and, though a very busy man, found time to take a great interest in the welfare of the Society.

Secretary's Announcements

- (1) *Meetings—Session 1935-36.* The following dates have been fixed :—
- 1st. 10th October, 1935 (Thursday). Hotel Rubens, 5 p.m.
Lecturer : Lt.-General Sir George F. MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.
Subject : "Kipling and Early English History."
In the Chair : —Lt.-Colonel R. V. K. Applin, D.S.O., M.P.
 - 2nd. 18th December, 1935 (Wednesday). Hotel Rubens (or Rembrandt Rooms), 4.30 p.m.
Lecturer : Sir Frances Goodenough, C.B.E. (Provisionally).
In the Chair : The Dowager Viscountess Downe.
 - 3rd. 9th January, 1936 (Thursday). Rembrandt Rooms, 8.30 p.m.
Lecturer : Miss Pamela Frankau.
Subject :—
 - 4th. 20th February, 1936 (Thursday). Hotel Rubens (or Rembrandt Rooms), 4.30 p.m.
 - 5th. 17th April, 1936 (Friday). Rembrandt Rooms, 8.30 p.m.
 - 6th. (Special) 9th June, 1936 (Tuesday). Rembrandt Rooms, 8.30 p.m. (Evening before the Annual Conference and Luncheon).
Note : Monsieur André Chevrillon, LL.D. has kindly promised to give us a "Talk "on" Kipling's fame and Influence in France," The date will be fixed later.

- (2) *Annual Conference and Luncheon*, 10th June, 1936 (Wednesday). Rembrandt Rooms.
Note : All dates in (1) and (2) above are subject to confirmation by card as usual. Cards for 2nd and 4th (afternoon) meetings will be issued about 10 days before the date of the meeting owing to possible change of place. Guests of members are always welcome at meetings or Luncheon.
- (3) *Journals*. (a) The copy of No 34 (June) sent to one member was found to be incomplete, the second plate opposite page 54 ("Kipling and The Empire") having been omitted. If any other member has received a like copy, will he (or she) kindly inform the Secretary, who will at once replace it. It may interest members, who were not at the Luncheon, to know that this plate is a reproduction of the special design which was on the back of the Annual Luncheon Special Jubilee year souvenir menu card. (I have a few copies of this left if any one would care for one).
- (b) *No. 3 Journal*. There are only 2 numbers of this *Journal* left and it may, or may not, be reprinted. Price is now 10s. each, unless included in purchase of all back numbers to date, in which case it will remain at 4s. (as stated in (c) below).
- (c) *Back Numbers* (*Vide Journal* No. 32). The prices of these at present are :—Nos. 1 and 2 (Reprints) 1/- each. Nos. 3 to 5, 4/- each (but see (b) above for No. 3). Nos 6 to 8, 3/- each. Nos. 9 to 11, 2/- each. Nos 12 to 23, 1/- each. No. 24, 3/- each. Nos. 25 to date 1/- each.
- (4) *Standard Book Plate* (*Vide Journal* No. 32). Prices are :—1d. each up to 100 (8/-) Then 3/- per 100 up to 500, and 2/- per 100 from 600 to 1,000. Per 1,000 £1 10s.0d.
- (5) *Christmas Cards*. It is hoped to be able to exhibit, at the Meeting on 10th October, the design (by Miss D. M. Ardley as usual) for this year's card, which is to be sent, as usual, to all members to convey the good wishes of the Society to them. Members desirous of purchasing extra cards to send to their friends can register for them as early as they like, price 3d. each (including envelope).
- (6) With this number goes a new leaflet.

C. BAILEY, Colonel, *Secretary*.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

ROLL OF NEW MEMBERS TO SEPTEMBER 1935 Nos. 1349 to 1356

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1350	Miss A. H. Day New Zealand.	1354	Kai Hansen (Lieutenant) Denmark.
1351	A. F. Minchin South India.	1355	F. B. Bagshaw Saskatchewan.
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President, 1927 to 1935.

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