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Organ  
of the  
KIPLING  
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# *The* Spectator

THE PREDOMINANT WEEKLY

EVERY thoughtful person to-day realises the importance of keeping adequately informed on public questions, both domestic and foreign. But it is by no means easy. Life is crowded and public affairs are increasingly complex. Some clarification and explanation is needed. *The Spectator* exists to provide that. Independent in its outlook, standing for ordered progress but associated with no political party, it discusses the chief issues of the day, political, industrial, economic, scientific, religious, social and literary, both in editorial articles and notes and in signed contributions by writers of recognised authority.

To busy people who have little time to read the daily press, *The Spectator* is especially useful. Its aim is to insure readers against missing the true bearing of any event

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

EVERY **6<sup>D.</sup>** FRIDAY



" FORT AMARA."

# The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No. 39

SEPTEMBER, 1936

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## News and Notes

OUR illustration in this number shows the Main Guard Gate House and Archway, Fort Lahore. This is the "Fort Amara" of "With the Main Guard," in which tale it is thus described :— " The time was one o'clock of a stifling June night, and the place was the main gate of Fort Amara, most desolate and least desirable of all the fortresses in India. . . . The heat under the bricked archway was terrifying." We express our gratitude to our Hon. Treasurer, Sir George MacMunn, for this fine picture of a Kipling scene.

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Another interesting feature in this issue is a short article on Kipling's Father and Mother from the pen of Miss Florence Macdonald, a first cousin to Rudyard Kipling. In a covering note Miss Macdonald says :—" I am glad to have the opportunity of stating the truth as to 'The Wittiest Woman in India,' because there have been other claimants. I got the truth in black and white from Rudyard's sister last week." Our readers will remember that many people hold that his was intended for the original of Mrs. Hauksbee. By a curious coincidence our President has written a letter asking for information on this subject.

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The broadcasting of Kipling's works has begun ; a varied selection

has been given from time to time, with readings of the " Just So Stories " in the Children's Hour, greatly to the enjoyment of the listeners.

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We offer our sincere apologies to Mr. James Insch, whose name was mis-spelt in the list of new members in No. 38. The fire at our printers' works caused a great deal of trouble, both to them and to us.

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It is not the custom in the pages of this Journal to give further advertisement to those seeking publicity, but the curious attack on Kipling by his second cousin, Mr. Oliver Baldwin, demands brief mention here, in view of the notoriety caused by these remarks. The more startling statements, given in a lecture to some teachers of elocution, are set out in the *Daily Telegraph* of July 29 :—" In September, 1915, his son was posted as missing at the battle of Loos. From that date Kipling became an entirely different man. . . . It broke him up completely. He shut up like a clam. All the lovely side of his nature—all the 'jungle book,' all the playing with children, all the love for people—went like that. . . . He wrote the wickedest short story ever written in the history of the world—the story of Mary Postgate." These and other remarks uttered at the same time have been suitably answered in the same newspaper by individuals more competent to speak on the character of Kipling ; we give a selection below.

**Captain E. D. Preston** : " One wonders how Mr. Oliver Baldwin can seek publicity by attacking Rudyard Kipling. Why did he not make his statements while Kipling was alive and could have denied or endorsed his assertions ?"

" E. V." " ' Mary Postgate ' is a wonderfully vivid and accurate picture of a quite possible frame of mind. . . . But it is not wicked, it is merely true to life."

**Mr. G. C. Beresford** : " Mr. Baldwin is wrong in saying that after the death of his son Kipling's Imperialism stopped dead within him. Among many writings that disprove this statement are Kipling's History of the Irish Guards and his imperishable ode written for the Victoria Centenary Celebrations of 1934."

Commander **Oliver Locker-Lampson** : " It is entirely wrong to suggest that Kipling became soured by sorrow, or that his post-war work was behind his pre-war work either in intelligence or sympathy.

Probably Kipling's greatest sorrow was when he lost his daughter in America, but it was subsequent to that that he wrote some of his most beautiful and spirited poems."

**General Sir Alexander Godley** : " From what I saw of Rudyard Kipling after the war I think that revenge and vindictiveness were the last characteristics that could be attributed to him."

**Mr. E. H. Blakeney** : " ' Mary Postgate ' is one of Kipling's subtlest psychological studies. It is amazing that this point should be missed. As for trying to make out that his hand had lost its cunning, there is that short, poignant story, ' The Gardener.' If everything else he had written were blotted out, that story would remain as one of the loveliest ever written."

**Lady Apsley**, after commenting upon Kipling's delight in children (1934) : " But, Sir, would anyone seriously attend to Mr. Oliver Baldwin's criticism did the latter not own his father's name ? I think most of the Labour Party agree with—Yours etc."

**Major-General Dunsterville** : " Then as to the tragic death of his only son in the early days of the Great War, I was in distant lands when I heard the news, and I at once wrote a letter of sympathy. His reply was couched in language of beautiful simplicity, and the gist of it was : ' I have lost what I treasured most on earth, but I can only fold my hands and bow my head. When I look round and see what others have suffered I am silent.' There was not one word reviling the enemy or suggesting for one moment a desire for revenge, and I know that at all times such a feeling would have been most repugnant to his nature."

**Mrs. Bambridge** (Mr. Kipling's daughter) is brief and to the point : " With reference to the supposed intimate knowledge of my father, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, by Mr. Oliver Baldwin, I should like to point out that my father had not seen or spoken to him for certainly 10 years prior to his death. It is therefore clear that Mr. Oliver Baldwin's statements about my father and his feelings are of little value."

Finally, the Editor of *Nash's Pall Mall Magazine*, in which " Mary Postgate " first appeared, September, 1915, states that this tale was published on August 25th and must have been written at least a month before.

These refutations elicited from the author of the lecture the statement (*Star*, 7 August, 1936) that " the whole matter is dead and finished. I hate arguing and I am not going to reopen the matter now." He also said (*Evening News*, 30 July, 1936) : " The criticisms are

amusing enough without my troubling to reply to them." To this Mr. Brooking wittily replied :—" A splendid answer to something which he is conscious that he cannot answer properly." We think that the foregoing quotations will render any editorial comment superfluous.

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Reticence—a rare literary feature nowadays—is always noticeable in Kipling's verse and prose, particularly in his avoidance of dogmatic utterances about life after death. In her recent Paper to the Society (No. 38, p. 48), Miss Pamela Frankau said :—" I think that poem (' Jane's Marriage ') is perhaps a matter of immortality, and I have searched through the last poems of this book for Rudyard Kipling's own views on immortality. I don't think he was much occupied with it." Kipling certainly was never occupied in forcing on his readers his views about the other side of that mysterious veil which the eye of human reason cannot penetrate ; this is plainly evident from what he said to Madame Scheikevitch, quoted in her book, " Time Past " (Butterworth) :—" If one looks at the world with simplicity, but attentively, under the external semblance there gradually appear the secret designs of Providence, like the music of an orchestra. That is the real, the marvellous Jungle where we may meet our friends, if we face life courageously and fervently." This is just what one would expect ; tolerance is often a synonym for charity. Further to this point, in a lecture to the Westminster Fellowship on Kipling's prose, Mr. L. E. Rees said that there were no class barriers or bigotry of creed in Kipling's writing.

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While the form of the main Kipling Memorial is still under consideration, we are to be able to chronicle two very felicitous instances of commemoration. The first is in the U.S.A. ; in the *Morning Post* we read that " Naulakha, the house in which Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling lived here (Brattleboro', Vermont) for four years, has been opened to the public every afternoon, on payment of a small fee. The Kiplings lived here from 1892 until 1896, and the author did a considerable amount of work here. Most of his furniture was left behind in the house, with the evident intention that the family would one day return. But they never did."

The second is a gift of 310 acres in the Cuckmere Valley in Kipling's Sussex, to be preserved for ever as an open space, dedicated to his memory.

The Kipling Memorial issue of the Imperial Service College Chronicle is the subject of a *Times* leading article (12th May), from which we quote the following lines :—' Since the object of all the mature Kipling's thought and passion was the service of the Empire, not with a man's blood only but also with brain and nerve, imagination and reason, with all that he was and all that he had, it is a comely thing that the purpose of his old school should have widened towards his own conception of service. . . . Rudyard Kipling was first and last an artist, a writer ; and out of his insatiable desire for right form and for true knowledge grew, in his maturity, his vision of Imperial service." In view of the foregoing, it was peculiarly appropriate that H.R.H. Field Marshal the Duke of Connaught consented to distribute the Prizes at the College on July 25th.

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Major General J. D. McLachlan sends us the following interesting extract from " From Jungle to Jutland " by Major Claude Wallace :—  
" As the deadly miasma of negative thought spread itself over my consciousness, until I found four lines of a poem repeating themselves in my brain :—

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them : ' Hold on! '

I do not hope to convince anyone of the literally miraculous effect the indwelling, spiritual meaning of these lines had upon me as I sat upon a fungus-covered tree-trunk in the pungent gloom of that African forest. If I say that my despair was thick as the thickest fog on a bitter winter day, and that the effect of Rudyard Kipling's message was akin to that of a fresh breeze sweeping it instantaneously away and leaving me basking in brilliant sunshine—well, that conveys something of the quality of the change that was wrought in my mood by the recollection of those four lines. That experience taught me that poetry can have upon a fainting spirit a beneficent influence precisely similar to that which champagne has upon a fainting body."

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At this year's Luncheon our President gave the toast—" To the Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling." That Kipling's work has the qualities which make for permanence has already been noted by the discerning all over the world. In this connection the remarks of Mr. Henry Bett in the *London Quarterly and Holborn Review* (April, 1936)

are apposite :—" The achievement of Kipling is undoubtedly a great one. The finest romance about India that has ever been written, half-a-dozen of the most charming children's books in existence, a dozen of the finest short stories in the world, and a handful of lyrics that will be remembered as long as the English language lasts—these are more than enough to give the name of Rudyard Kipling a secure place in the history of English letters."

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Our Hon. Secretary in the U.S.A., Mr. Carl T. Naumburg, has very kindly sent us an account of a Kipling Memorial Meeting held in New York last March, under the auspices of the English-Speaking Union, when he gave the following address :—" No great figure in the world of literature or art belongs to a single nation, race or language. But it seems fitting that the English-Speaking Union, an association whose purpose it is to bring closer those nations which have a common language, literature and tradition should make possible this gathering to do honour to the memory of Rudyard Kipling, whose genius adorned our language. It is difficult to properly evaluate an author during his lifetime. Many of the greatest names in the history of English Literature have received scant attention during their lives, and later and fulsome appreciation has come too late to compensate for a career of hardships, privation and frustration. Kipling enjoyed an early and full recognition which is, perhaps, one of the great tributes to, and proofs, if any be needed, of his genius. Shortly before the turn of the century a new name was suddenly added to our literary annals. A young Englishman, born in India, who had received his education in England, returned to the East. Despite the arduous duties of a sub-editorship on an Indian newspaper, he found time to write prose and poetry of a most amazing quality and interest. His verse and narratives commanded immediate notice, their interest was compelling, and they were altogether different from anything that had ever been written. In an amazingly short time his fame had progressed from India to the homeland and across the seas. Most of his best-known and best-beloved prose and poetry was written before he was thirty years old. Few, if any, authors, have achieved lasting fame so startlingly and so rapidly. Biography and Bibliography are out of place among those who are here to-night to do honour to his memory. His place in our literature is unique and secure, and the most fulsome praise or the most carping criticism can neither add to nor detract

from his stature. One of the most intelligent commentators has rightly said that Kipling in the centuries to come will occupy the same position in the literature of the future that Chaucer holds among us to-day.

Kipling's versatility scarcely needs mention among those who know his works. What author of our time, or perhaps of any age, could write a story of India such as 'Kim,' and with equal care, truthfulness and accuracy of background write a story of the Grand Banks such as "Captains Courageous?" And then, as further proof of his versatility and genius to write what may properly be called the forerunner of the psychological novel "The Light that Failed." Within that same short span of years he gave us a study in contrasts in "Barrack Room Ballads" and "The Recessional," and to further demonstrate the breadth of his genius we have his "Soldiers Tales" and his stories of our mechanistic age, his tales of a mystic strain which in some respects crown his literary career. The greatest authority on Kipling and Kiplingiana in the foreword of his book has this to say:—"The answer is that Mr. Kipling somewhere and somehow has something that appeals to every man, woman and child, to every art, profession and occupation; to every mood, to every feeling and to every experience." In the noble tribute to Lord Roberts we read:—

"But before his eyes grew dim  
He had seen the faces of the sons  
Whose sires had served with him."

And Kipling lived to see the children, and even grandchildren, of those who first read and rejoiced in "The Just So Stories" and "The Jungle Books" enjoy these same stories that had helped make their parents' early reading happy and memorable.

No comment, however brief, would be complete without reference to Kipling's deep seated and reverent love of England and the English countryside, a love that was a part of his being. His descriptive passages wherever they occur abound with feeling for the quiet, beauty of the landscape of his country and denote a veneration that is in itself one of the highest and most exalted forms of patriotism.

It is not my purpose to either praise or eulogize—to do so would be neither fitting nor modest, many great minds have done both before and since the 18th of January. It is my privilege, however, to read to you a message from one of Kipling's closest and lifelong friends, Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, "Stalky" of "Stalky and Co.," an author in his own right, a soldier of the King, one of the United Services Colleges "Famous Men" and the honoured and beloved

President of the Kipling Society. I give you General Dunsterville's message for this special occasion with a heartfelt vote of thanks from the members of the Kipling Society to the English Speaking Union for having made this evening possible":

'Poet and prophet for all the human race, and in a more special sense for the English-Speaking portion of humanity—he has left us and we shall not look on his like again. An unbroken friendship enduring for fifty-seven years from the days of care-free boyhood has ended with a suddenness that leaves me unable to express in fitting terms my sense of loss, communal and personal. I make no endeavour to appraise his works ; there are many, both in the British Empire and in the United States, far more competent than I to undertake such a task. My mind takes me back to the scenes of boyhood and early manhood. If I call up a vision of our great writer, it is not as such that he appears to me, but as the trusted companion of schoolboy escapades, and as the keen young reporter on the staff of the Civil and Military Gazette in Lahore. There is a current idea with reference to his early days that needs correction, and that is expressed by a headline I read the other day : " The man that never was a boy." Such an idea is quite erroneous. Although it is true that at the age of fourteen, he had the mind of a man of thirty, he managed, in some inexplicable way, to counter-balance this by extreme boyishness. He took as keen a delight as any of us in our youthful adventures, and was always bubbling over with mirth and the joy of living. So let that estimate of his too-grown-up boyhood be for the future regarded as entirely false. His message to the world in general and to all the English-speaking peoples in particular was clean living, wholesome ambition and a chastened pride in our great inheritance. The seas divide this great community, but they also unite, and unless the two great sections of these people learn to understand and trust each other, there seems no hope for this white civilisation. Let us, in his memory, devote ourselves to making this great truth known to the unthinking millions who form the great majority of our citizens on both sides of the Atlantic. In this task the English-Speaking Union and the Kipling Society stand side by side, both aiming at maintaining and strengthening those ties that already exist between us. As President of the Kipling Society I am deputed to convey to you their most hearty greetings.'

L. C. DUNSTERVILLE,  
PRESIDENT.

*Obituary*

With deep regret we chronicle the passing of Lord Moynihan, K.C.M.G., C.B., L.L.D., on September 7th. In him the Society loses a valued Vice-President, learned in Kipling's work. We shall greatly miss his clever, witty speeches and his genial presence at our Meetings.

*Reviews and New Books*

**The Maltese Cat.** Illustrated by Lionel Edwards, R.I. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.). Some years ago, ' 'They ' ' was issued, with coloured illustrations, as a volume by itself ; in 1907 a similar honour was paid to " The Brushwood Boy." If ever a Kipling tale deserved this compliment, " The Maltese Cat " is one that any discerning critic would select. Mr. Lionel Edwards, whose studies of horses and sport in general are well known, has contributed twenty-eight pictures to this issue, four of which are in colour ; the book is bound in white linen, gilt, to match the preceding single-story issues. Messrs. Macmillan are to be congratulated on the publication of this great animal story in such charming form.

**Kipling.** André Chevrillon. (Paris ; Librairie Plon, 1936). M. André Chevrillon has collected his previous writings about Kipling and made some additions and corrections in this recent publication. The book is divided into two parts, the first dealing with Kipling's prose and the second with his verse. M. Chevrillon's knowledge of **his** subject is inexhaustible, and the sympathetic manner in which he handles it is extraordinary when we consider that he is not an Englishman. Speaking of Kipling's versatility he says:—"There are many contrasts in the work of Kipling, disconcerting for anyone who would attempt to trace the diverse traits to some fundamental characteristic, which would explain them all. He writes at times as a pagan, at times with the august words of the old English Bible. The romantic unrest is in him, and he is fixed to immutable certainties. He exalts human free-will and he shows it dominated by inescapable fatalities. He is the poet of action, and he opens out to us all the world of imagination and vision. No Englishman is more English, and he metamorphoses himself into a Hindoo. His seriousness reaches severity, his merriment attains extravagance." Of Kipling's artistry he says :—" His presentation of visible nature is done by abridgements snapped as if

by instantaneous photography and yet which partakes of the reality of actual vision. It is reality condensed, more intense, more real, than the real and much better co-ordinated, more filled with stirring meaning. It is by this faculty that Kipling is so great an artist. . . . "Kipling's procedure is the same in his delineation of character. His characters are reduced to their essential traits, but which suggest all other traits. Life with him is concentrated. Here again the artist alters nature only the better to produce the illusion of Nature. . . . Such a talent, which could not be acquired by any amount of work, escapes analysis." The author speaks generally of his poetry thus :—" Not only does the poetic work of this master extend over the third of a century, not only does it run parallel to the whole of his prose work, so much of which, like the " Arabian Nights," enchants men of all races, but it is closely bound up with the life of England throughout this eventful period ; it follows or foretells its great moments, its crises and dangers : it seems the direct expression of this life in the course of all these years, of its triumphs, presentiments, anxieties and anguish—for such was the process of history. . . . He is an Englishman of the Empire, not of England. . . . Deep down beneath all the lasting impressions he has received from India, a faith remains to him, hidden in the daily round of life, but revealed at the decisive moments, faith in the imperative law which commands effort and devotion." Dealing with Kipling's views on Imperialism he remarks :—" The lesson he had learnt to practise at seventeen in his Lahore office all English India repeats to him, as he himself tells us : 'As to my notions of Imperialism, I learned them from men who mostly cursed their work, but always carried it through to the end, in difficult surroundings, without help or the hope of acknowledgement.' . . . Kipling's idea is quite clear ; the Empire in his Poetry stands for defence, not conquest. . . . He proclaims not the supremacy, but the brotherhood of the English throughout the world. . . . The great aspects of the English world as developed by the English Soul—that soul itself with its deeply rooted characteristics and its peculiar reactions—such was the theme of the poet of " The Seven Seas." M. Chevrillon points out how essentially **the** poetry of Kipling is English :—" The quality which gave these poems of the first period their essentially English character is a certain fulness and tension of spiritual energy. . . . This it is which makes Kipling's poetry so healthy. . . . It is instinct with action and will, with tonic movements ranging from outbursts of joyous invention to sustained accents of enthusiasm and solemn conviction. A man's

voice is heard. . . . In the poems we feel the influence of the Bible. . . . And in Kipling's verse the vocabulary is most intensely English, rich in monosyllabic words and clanking alliterations, like those of the violent Anglo-Saxon poems. . . . In Kipling's poetic work the East plays no such important part as in his tales. . . . No lyric poet has sung so little of flowers and moonlight, so rarely written the word 'love.' But how he has looked at the world, how well he knows the sea. . . . How he reproduces its life and movement in himself and passes them on to us !" Kipling's teaching is thus described :—" Now that the critical spirit has at last made its way into England Kipling of all the great writers of his country stands alone for the absolute in ethics, with a militant faith. . . . For he is not merely the teacher of energy his early works announced ; he is the teacher of *Conduct* . . . free obedience to a recognised law. . . . This is true will power, the basic element in that perfection which the English have made their ideal, the main object of Education in their public schools, which they express by one word : Character. . . . All Kipling's poetry reiterates the strong religion of duty. . . . And here he reveals the warm humanity of a mind we might have supposed to be purely aristocratic and stoical. Those he loves, those he claims as his brethren, are the men who toil together with other men, the ' Sons of Martha,' as distinguished from the ' Sons of Mary '—all those obscure millions whose daily labour strengthens and augments the achievement of our race. . .

In many famous stories he has shown us how strong is the idea of professional duty, how true the loyalty of the man to his task and his team, how steadfast the sentiment that devotes an administrator to his struggle against famine, a doctor against disease, a journalist to his newspaper, an officer to his regiment, a sailor to his ship. He has shown us effort maintained to exhaustion, to the breaking point, and sacrifice culminating in death. . . . And the significant trait in these stories is that this faithfulness to one's task is taken for granted." Service to his country and its people is ever in his conception of patriotism, as M. Chevrillon notes :—" It was Kipling's patriotism that impelled him to denounce democracy. Scathing are the accusations implied in the images of 'The City of Brass,' the story of a people, or rather of *The People*, Demos, whose folly has hurled them into the abyss." The summing-up of Kipling's spirit is very fine :—" Better than any in our days he has represented the ancient culture, faith and ideal of this England. More than any he has feared and looked ahead for her, and when the hour of trial came he embodied her anguish and

her will. Posterity looking back and beholding the poet against the tragic background of our period, will see that his was the soul of his people." The *Times* has said of M. Chevrillon that he knows England better, perhaps, than any living Frenchman. I should like to go further and say, better perhaps, than most Englishmen. This work stands out as a classic and ought to be read and re-read by anyone who takes the slightest interest in Kipling and in England.

E. W. M.

### *Epitaphs by Rudyard Kipling*

COLLECTED BY COL. C. H. MILBURN, O.B.E.

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THE Dictionary definition of an Epitaph is as follows :—" An inscription on a tomb or a monument in honour of the dead ;" or alternatively, " A sentiment in prose or verse, written as if for inscription on a tomb," and these definitions are fulfilled, I think, by the following examples which have been either composed directly by Rudyard Kipling, taken from his works, or approved by him, as a member of the Imperial War Graves Commission.

My interest in this subject started last summer (1935), when after a visit I paid to the Orkney and Shetland Islands, I learned that I had missed seeing a Kipling Epitaph. It was described in one of the London daily papers of August 20th, 1935, in an article by Mr. H. V. Morton, called " In search of the Northern Isles," and numbered 5, in a series. In this one, he describes a visit he paid to the old Kirk-yard of Lyness, on the Island of Hoy, opposite to the Isle of Fara, Orkney, and in it he says :—

"As we passed slowly between the lines of graves . . . directed my attention to a Cross, which bore the inscription :

'ARTHUR STACEY, Able Seaman, H.M.S. MELBOURNE,  
Died 18th October, 1916, aged 25 years.'

Beneath, rendered savage in its bitterness by the place in which it was written, was Kipling's verse that ends :

" If blood be the price of Admiralty  
Lord God we ha' paid in full."

" That bit of poetry was banned by the authorities for two years," said my friend. " They would not let it go to the Cross, so for two

years there were no words on it. But they changed their minds, as you see."

The full verse referred to above is verse 8, in "The Song of the Dead," and runs as follows :—

" We have fed our sea for a thousand years  
And she calls us, still unfed,  
Though there's never a wave of all her waves  
But marks our English dead :  
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,  
To the shark and the sheering gull.  
If blood be the price of Admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha' paid in full !"

When I heard of it, of course it was too late for me to visit and inspect it ; but on my way through Edinburgh, I saw the Epitaph composed by Kipling, which commemorates those members of the University who fell in the Great War. It is on the base of the War Memorial in the Central Building, facing the main entrance across the quadrangle of Edinburgh University, and is thus worded :—

" THEY TURNED WITHOUT FEAR OR QUESTION FROM THESE  
GATES OF LEARNING TO THOSE OF THE GRAVE, IN ORDER  
THAT FREE MEN MIGHT STILL CONTINUE TO LEARN FREE-  
DOM."

Rudyard Kipling. 7th July, 1920.

My interest being thus stimulated by reading these two, I began to hunt around for others ; and as a result I found that Mr. Kipling had provided upwards of 48 more, and these are scattered all over the world.

If one attempts to classify them, I think they may be divided up roughly into five classes, *viz* '—

1. Those which were specifically written for the purpose, *e.g.* The Actors.
2. Those quoted from Kipling verses, *e.g.* that in Orkney.
3. Those published in papers, as valedictory appreciations, *e.g.* that to General Joubert.
4. Those composed, and not used, *e.g.* that for Sudbury, Ontario.
5. Those not in the above classes, and indeterminate, *e.g.* that to Sergeant-Major Schofield.

But before going on to describe those which were composed for actual use, I ought to say something about thirty-one others, which will be found in "Rudyard Kipling's Verse. Inclusive Edition, 1885-1926," pages 380 to 385, under the heading of "Epitaphs of the War." I will not quote them in full, but I ought to give the titles, which are as follows :—

1. Equality of Sacrifice.
2. A Servant.
3. A Son.
4. An Only Son.
5. Ex-Clerk.
6. The Wonder.
7. Hindu Sepoy in France.
8. The Coward.
9. Shock.
10. A Grave near Cairo.
11. Pelicans in the Wilderness. (A Grave near Haifa).
12. The Favour.
13. The Beginner.
14. R.A.F. (Aged Eighteen).
15. The Refined Man.
16. Native Water-Carrier. (M. E. F.)
17. Bombed in London.
18. The Sleepy Sentinel.
19. Batteries out of Ammunition.
20. Common Form.
21. A Dead Statesman.
22. The Rebel.
23. The Obedient.
24. A Drifter off Tarentum.
25. Destroyers in Collision.
26. Convoy Escort.
27. Unknown Female Corpse.
28. Raped and Revenged.
29. Salikan Grave.
30. The Bridegroom.
31. V.A.D. (Mediterranean).

It will be observed that the titles of some of the above, are specifically individual, *e.g.* "An Only Son;" "A Dead Statesman," etc., etc., and others appear to refer to some incident in a certain place, *e.g.* "A Grave near Cairo;" "A Drifter off Tarentum," etc., etc., but beyond these titles, there is nothing to indicate who were the individuals so honoured, or the locality of the graves, or whether the Epitaphs are on Memorials. I therefore wrote to Mr. Kipling, telling him I was making a collection of his Epitaphs, and asking him as to the locality of the Memorials on which each Epitaph was inscribed, and whom each one commemorated, with the special circumstances, under which he came to write them. By return of post, I received a reply that

"all the epitaphs in my "Inclusive Verse" to which you refer are altogether imaginary. They deal with forms of death which may very possibly have overtaken men and women in the course of the War, but have neither personal nor geographical basis."

This letter was marked "Private," and so I wrote again, pointing out, that as it was "private," I was not able to use the information

he had given me, and asking if I might be allowed to state that each of these thirty-one did not relate to any specific instance, but might be considered appropriate to a class of which each epitaph is a type. To this (again by return of post) I received a very kind letter, saying that

I " was at liberty to quote and comment on the epitaphs in my book of ' Inclusive Verse,' and to say that you have my assurance that they do not apply to any individual or place."

He also enquired as to the wording of certain Epitaphs in the list I had sent to him, and which he could not place at the time. I was able to give this information, the correspondence finishing with a letter from him on December 9th—neither of us suspecting that he would pass away in six weeks' time.

Before describing in detail, the rest of the Epitaphs which I have collected I feel I ought to say something about the universal Epitaph which is to be found in all the British War Cemeteries throughout Europe : " Their Name liveth for Evermore." In an interesting letter from Major Ian Hay Beith, he tells me that

" When the War Cemeteries and Memorials were first constructed after the War, Kipling was asked by the War Graves Commission to furnish them with a general inscription, to be carved upon the Stone. He selected

" THEIR NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE."

Which is the last line of Ecclesiasticus, Chap. 44, verse 14, the full verse reading :—

" Their bodies are buried in Peace,  
But their name liveth for evermore."

" Kipling is therefore the father of the quotation in question, which is sometimes abbreviated to

" THEIR NAME LIVETH."

And perhaps it may be granted here, that whilst writing on this admirable Epitaph, we cannot find a more suitable and expressive Epitaph for Kipling himself, than a slight paraphrase, making it read  
" HIS NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE."

Now I come to the others, which are to be found in all parts of the world. Perhaps it will be best to take them as far as I can, chronologically, and to do this, it will be necessary to go back to the Boer War;

In 1900, we find that in *The Friend* (a South African paper on which Kipling worked for a time as a sub-Editor) the following lines appeared in the issue of March 24th, in memory of G. W. Steevens, the well-known War correspondent :—

" THROUGH WAR AND PESTILENCE, RED SIEGE AND FIRE,  
SILENT AND SELF-CONTAINED, HE DREW HIS BREATH.  
TOO BRAVE FOR SHOW OF COURAGE—HIS DESIRE  
TRUTH AS HE SAW IT, EVEN TO THE DEATH."

This may be looked upon, either as an Epitaph, or as a Valedictory appreciation.

And later in *The Friend* of March 30th, 1900, there appears the following :—

GENERAL JOUBERT  
(Died March 27th, 1900)

By Rudyard Kipling

With those that bred, with those that loosed the strife,  
He had no part whose hands were clear of gain ;  
But subtle, strong and stubborn, gave his life  
To a lost cause, and knew that gift was vain.

He shall not meet the on sweep of our van  
In the doomed city where we close the score :  
Yet o'er his grave—his grave that holds a man—  
Our deep tongued guns shall answer his once more !"   
(The above also appeared in the *Times* about March 27th, 1900)

I regret I have not the date of the Memorial erected in Kimberley, South Africa, to those who fell during the Siege, but the following are the lines inscribed on it :—

" This for a charge to our children in sign of  
The price we paid.  
The price we paid for freedom, which comes  
Unsoiled to our hand.  
Read, revere and uncover—here are the  
Victors laid  
They who died for the city, being sons of the land."\*

\*Kipling's inscription appeared in *Lloyds Newspaper*, April 21, 1901 and the *Literary World*, April 26, 1901.—E. W. M.

With regard to the Bronze Memorial to Cecil Rhodes in the temple at Cape Town, South Africa, I feel I cannot do better than to quote verbatim, a contribution made by the Hon. Librarian, to the *Kipling Journal* No. 32, page 104, where it says :—

" In describing the discussions regarding the Bronze Memorial to Rhodes, Mr. Herbert Baker, in his book, " Cecil Rhodes ; by his Architect," writes :—

" Of his own vision of the man he (Kipling) sent me these lines :—

" As tho' again—yea, even once again,  
We should rewelcome to our stewardship,  
The rider with the loose flung bridle-rein  
And chance plucked twig for whip.

The down-turned hat brim and the eyes beneath  
Alert, devouring—and the imperious hand  
Ordaining matters swiftly to bequeath  
Perfect the work he planned.

Kipling also composed for us this inscription which was cut deep in great letters in the gigantic wall of the Temple :—

" TO THE SPIRIT AND LIFE WORK OF CECIL JOHN RHODES  
WHO LOVED AND SERVED SOUTH AFRICA,"

and these verses for the pedestal which carries the bronze head :—

" The immense and brooding spirit still  
Shall quicken and control.  
Living he was the land, and dead,  
His soul shall be her soul !"

His hope was, he told me when he sent these words "that those who go up to the Memorial shall come down from the Mountain, with perhaps more strength and belief."

Over a grave in Clewer Churchyard, Windsor, there is a Cross which has on it, the following inscription :—

" In memory of Sergeant-Major George Schofield, late of H.M. 76th Regiment of Foot. Died 28th June, 1907, aged 68 years, from August 1879 to June, 1907, the faithful servant of the U.S.C. Westward Ho, and Windsor.

This Stone was erected in grateful remembrance by the old boys of the College."

" Bless and praise we famous men."

This last quotation is taken from the well-known " School Song," being the first line of the last verse, which runs as follows :—

" Bless and praise we famous men—  
                                   Men of little showing—  
 For their work continueth,  
 And their work continueth,  
 Broad and deep continueth,  
                                   Great beyond their knowing !"

I ought to state that in a letter from Mr. Kipling of November 25th, 1935, he points out that " the words were not supplied by him, but were quotations evidently taken from his verses. So it would appear that they come under an indeterminate heading."

There is a small oval wall-plaque on the South wall of the South aisle of St. Bartholomew's Church, Burwash, on which there is this wording :—

" TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN KIPLING, LIEUTENANT SECOND BATTALION IRISH GUARDS, THE ONLY SON OF RUDYARD AND CAROLINE KIPLING OF BATEMAN'S, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF LOOS, THE 27th OF SEPTEMBER, 1915, AGED EIGHTEEN YEARS AND SIX WEEKS.

' QUI ANTE DIEM PERIIT.' "

These last four words are taken from Sir Henry Newbolt's poem " Clifton Chapel," the last verse of which runs thus :—

" God send you fortune : yet be sure,  
 Among the lights that gleam and pass.  
 You'll live to follow none more pure  
 Than that which glows on yonder brass.  
 " QUI PROCUL HINC," the legend's writ—  
 The frontier-grave is far away—  
 " QUI ANTE DIEM PERIIT :  
                                   SED MILES, SED PRO PATRIA."

The Latin phrasing might be freely translated thus :—

" Only a soldier, who died before his day,  
 But (one who died—understood) for his country."

and this, I think would be the idea in the poet's mind. Lieutenant Kipling is also commemorated on the War Memorial outside and in front of the Church ; his name appears in strict alphabetical order, and in the same size type as the rest.

Now we go across to another hemisphere and we learn that on April 3rd, 1924, the citizens of Saulte St. Marie, Ontario, Canada, wrote to Mr. Kipling stating that they were erecting a Monument to the 350 men of their town who died in the Great War ; also saying :—

" We would deeply appreciate it, if you would write for us a verse or thought to go on the face of the Monument, or indicate

something which you would think suitable. . . . If you feel you could comply with our request it would be greatly appreciated by the fathers and mothers of our absent boys."

To this, Mr. Kipling replied on May 8th, (having been abroad) saying :—

" I send you a tentative inscription for the Memorial to which you refer. It is difficult to do these things at a distance, so if it does not express what you want, please say so."

" To the Glory of God ; the honour  
of the Armies of the Dominion, and  
in proud memory of (here give exact number) our dead who fell  
in the Great War, 1914-1918 ; and whose names are here recorded  
this monument was erected by the  
people of Saulte St. Marie."

" From little towns in a far land, we came  
To save our honour, and a world aflame ;  
By little towns in a far land, we sleep  
And trust those things we won, to you to keep."

Sincerely yours,

Rudyard Kipling."

I have a copy of this correspondence.

Returning to England, the Actors' Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon, is the next in point of date.

In St. Peter's Chapel of the Collegiate Church at Stratford-on-Avon, there is a grey marble tablet, specially designed by Sir George Frampton, called " The Actors' Memorial," and there is on it, the following Epitaph :—

" We counterfeited once for your disport  
Men's joy and sorrow ; but our day has passed.  
We pray you pardon all where we fell short  
Seeing we were your servants to this last."

This Chapel was set apart by the erection of an oak screen and a Reredos, to the memory of the people of Stratford-on-Avon, who were killed in the War ; and the Actors' Memorial in it, is opposite that to the 61st (S. Midland) Division.

At the Dedication Service on August 31st, 1925, those who took part in it, included Sir Johnstone Forbes Robertson, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Madame Navarro, and Mr. Henry Ainley.

" The above tribute to the Stage from Kipling, is in some degree a surprise, for he had little to do—far less than most of our great writers—with the Theatre and its personalities." (*Kipling Journal*, No. 27, pp. 70).

In sequence of time, France has our next Epitaph. The main inscription on the Memorial to the Missing at Loos, reads thus :—

" TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN MEMORY  
OF 20,598 OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE  
FORCES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE WHO  
FELL IN THE BATTLES AT LOOS AND  
BETHUNE AND OTHER ACTIONS IN THIS  
NEIGHBOURHOOD WHOSE NAMES ARE HERE RECORDED  
BUT TO WHOM THE FORTUNE OF WAR  
DENIED THE KNOWN AND HONOURED  
BURIAL GIVEN TO THEIR COMRADES IN  
DEATH."

" This inscription was not compiled directly by Mr. Kipling but it met with his approval. The inscriptions on practically all the memorials erected by the Commission were either written by, or approved by Mr. Kipling as part of his work as a member of the Imperial War Graves Commission." (Extract from a letter—November 8th, 1935—from the Secretary, Imperial War Graves Commission.)

I mentioned previously that I had received from Major Ian Hay Beith some interesting information about the universal Epitaph. " Their name liveth for evermore ;" in connection with this, it is a point to note that Edinbro' contains two Memorials, on which Kipling has, directly or indirectly, supplied the Epitaph. In addition to that already described in Edinburgh University, there is that wonderful and unique building, the Scottish National War Memorial, in the Castle, which contains as its central focus, the Stone of Remembrance ; and upon the face of this Stone is cut the Cross of Sacrifice, surmounted by the inscription :

" THEIR NAME LIVETH."

It will be noted that this is the abbreviated form of the universal War Epitaph. To anyone who has not seen this splendid Memorial, I can only suggest that it is one of the wonders of the world, and a visit should be paid at the earliest opportunity. And it would be a great help in understanding it to have previously read Major Beith's book, entitled " Their name liveth."

In England, the Journalists' Memorial is the next on our list, for on November 10th, 1928, Major-General Sir Fabian Ware, K.C.V.O., Permanent Vice-Chairman of the Imperial War Graves Commission unveiled a panel in the Hall of the Institute of Journalists, 2-4, Tudor-

street, London, E.C.4. as a memorial to journalists of the British Empire, who fell in the Great War. The bronze panel is let into the oak mantelpiece of the Hall, and inset in this is a wooden cross, from the grave of an unknown soldier. The usual method of disposing of these crosses, when they are replaced by headstones, is to burn them and scatter the ashes upon the graves. Exceptions to this rule are few, but the Imperial War Graves Commission considered the Institute's application for a cross could be entertained, subject to the general suitability of the design for the memorial.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was asked for a short phrase for inscription in the panel, which was only revealed at the unveiling ceremony ; and nothing more appropriate could have been given than this Epitaph :

" WE HAVE SERVED OUR DAY."

As regards the following Epitaph, I do not think I can do better than quote from a letter I received from the Registrar of the Imperial War Graves Commission, respecting the Epitaph and the subject generally :—

" It is true that Mr. Kipling gave devoted service to this Commission, and that every inscription of a general nature was composed or approved by him. In particular he composed in 1931, the general inscription to be placed on a stone at Baghdad (North Gate) War Cemetery in front of the plots containing the British graves brought from the Prison Camp Cemeteries of Asia Minor. The wording is as follows :—

HERE HAVE BEEN RECOVERED  
AND INTERRED  
THE BODIES OF  
BRITISH OFFICERS AND MEN  
WHO AFTER THE FALL OF KUT  
BEING PRISONERS IN THE HANDS OF THE TURKS  
PERISHED DURING THE MARCH  
FROM KUT  
OR IN THE PRISON CAMPS  
OF ANATOLIA  
  
THESE ARE THEY WHO CAME  
OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION.

These last two lines are taken from Rev. vii. 14.

The next Epitaph is not connected with the War, but commemorates a far reaching and most important Empire event. Affixed to the outside wall of St. Mildred's Church, in Bread Street, in the City of London is the largest Bronze Memorial—and the only one of its kind—fixed to the outside of a Church in London. It is the National Historical Memorial to Admiral Arthur Phillip, R.N., the first Governor of Australia. On it is the following inscription :—

## THE KIPLING JOURNAL

IN HONOUR OF  
ADMIRAL ARTHUR PHILLIP, R.N.  
CITIZEN OF LONDON. FOUNDER AND FIRST GOVERNOR  
OF AUSTRALIA. BORN IN THE WARD OF BREAD STREET, 11th  
OCTOBER, 1738. ENTERED THE ROYAL NAVY, 1755, AND  
DIED 31st AUGUST, 1814.

This is followed by a statement, that the Memorial was designed by Mr. Douglas Hope Johnstone (the great grandson of Lt.-Col. George Johnstone, A.D.C. to Governor Phillip) presented by Charles Cheers, Baron Wakefield of Hythe, and unveiled by H.R.H. the Prince George, on December 7th, 1932. Then follow these lines, by direct permission of Mr. Kipling, taken from "A Song of the English (England's Answer)" :—

" So long as the blood endures,  
I shall know that your good is mine :  
Ye shall feel that my strength is yours."

Kipling.

Following this Epitaph are the names of various officials and others taking part in the proceedings at the unveiling ; and then finally is this sentence :—

" The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

I Corinthians X. 26.

I can strongly recommend anyone who has not seen this Memorial to visit it. It contains a large amount of most interesting detail which cannot be described in a paper of this nature.

This Ode, written by Mr. Kipling, at the request of the Government of Victoria, may also be described as an Epitaph :—

" Their own and their land's youth ran side by side,  
Heedless and headlong as their unyoked seas—  
Lavish o'er all, and set in stubborn pride  
Of judgement nurtured by accepted peace.

Thronging as cities throng to watch a game,  
Or their own herds move southward with the year,  
Secretly, swiftly, from their ports they came,  
So that before half earth had heard their name  
Half earth had learned to speak of them with fear.

Because of certain men who strove to reach  
Through the red surf the crest no man might hold  
And gave their name for ever to a beach  
Which shall outlive Troy's tale when Time is old.

Because of horsemen, gathered apart and hid—  
Merciless riders whom Megidido sent forth  
When the outflanking hour struck and bid  
Them close and bar the drove-roads to the North.

And those who, when men feared the last March flood  
 Of Western War had risen beyond recall,  
 Stormed through the night from Amiens and made good  
 At their glad cost, the breach that perilled all.

Then they returned to their desired land—  
 The kindly cities and plains where they were bred—  
 Having revealed their Nation in Earth's sight  
 So long as Sacrifice and Honour stand,  
 And their own Sun at the hushed hour shall light  
 The Shrine of these their Dead !

This Ode was read by the Premier of Victoria (Sir Stanley Argyle) at the Dedication Ceremony by the Duke of Gloucester, on Armistice Day, 1934.

The poet had taken great pains to learn as much as possible about the Shrine, but he wrote the last two lines of the original text, in the belief that the ray of light fell on the Rock of Remembrance on Anzac Day. When the error was pointed out to him, he sent two new lines by cable within 24 hours. The Premier has asked the Trustees of the Shrine, to have the Ode cast in bronze, and placed within the Shrine.

It would appear to be more than a coincidence, that in point of time and association, these last two Epitaphs :—*viz* : that commemorating the first Governor of Australia, and that commemorating the part taken by the Men of Australia in the Great War—should be consecutive, and in the words of verses, composed by our Empire poet.

Now, my last Epitaph collected, is one specially written, but which was not used, and it is interesting from more than one point of view. In a letter from Mr. Kipling during the correspondence I had with him in November last, he stated :—

" There is a further epitaph which I wrote for a Canadian Memorial that I cannot at present place. It runs :—

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

I was able to tell him that he had written it for a War Memorial at Sudbury, Ontario ; but unfortunately, it only arrived after the plaque, on which it was intended to be placed, had been cast. Therefore it was not used.

Since writing the above I have been reading a book called " Happy Despatches " by A. B. Paterson ; and a Chapter on pp. 165 to 178 describes a visit of some days paid to Kipling at Rottingdean. He

describes how Rudyard Kipling, in his support of Lord Roberts' campaign for universal military training, "out of his own pocket" bought enough land for a rifle-range, and paid the wages of a retired sergeant-major to teach the yokels drill and musketry. Was he applauded by his neighbours? Not that you would notice it. A local magnate, stodgy as a bale of hay, looked in for afternoon tea, and confided to me that Kipling was undoubtedly a clever man, but too unconventional, "All this business about drilling men," he said, "is just putting wrong ideas into their heads. I wouldn't let my men go." Later on in the Great War, he was to know more about it. Kipling himself lost his only son in the Great War, and was asked to write an Epitaph to be put on a tablet in the centre of the thousands of War Graves. He wrote :—

" Had our fathers not lied to us,  
So many of us would not be here."

And who shall blame him? Needless to say, they did not use it! The Epitaph would therefore come under the same heading as that provided for Sudbury, *i.e.* it was asked for, but not used.

I have thus described as far as possible, the fifty Epitaphs I have been able to collect. There may be others, of which I have not been able to find a record. If there are such known to other members of the Society, I would take it as a great favour if these members would be good enough to communicate with me. But, whether I have found all, or there are others, I feel I am justified in asking the question: "Is there any other poet, who has provided so many Epitaphs for famous men, and in such appropriate and descriptive words?" I know of none.

### *Rudyard Kipling's Other Art*

BY FRANCIS CECIL WHITEHOUSE, Vancouver, B.C.

*(Reprinted by permission from the Journal of the Canadian Bankers, Association Quarterly, number of January, 1936.)*

**O**UTSTANDING ability of an individual in dual arts is by no means unknown. In Michelangelo and Dante Gabriel Rossetti we have two fine examples of men who could lay down the paint brush and pick up the pen, or who could reverse the procedure with equal ease should the mood so take them. I say that these are fine examples: and by this I mean not only for their unquestionable

skill in two arts, but that the world recognizes their dual gifts.

Unfortunately, in the case of Rudyard Kipling, our knowledge as to his dual artistry must be based almost entirely upon that one extraordinary book, "Just So Stories." This belongs to the select but delightful *genre* best described, I think, as "adult-juveniles," and including such other classics as Carroll's "Alice" books and "The Hunting of the Snark" and Barrie's "Peter Pan." Now the peculiarity of such books is that their success depends no more upon the text than upon the illustrations. If these are not the work of a capable artist, and moreover enter into the spirit of the text understandingly and naturally, so far from a gem resulting, the thing is ruined.

Authors of such books, and their publishers, know this full well, as the names of the illustrators of the volumes mentioned clearly indicate. In the case of Charles L. Dodgson with his Lewis Carroll books, so anxious was he in this respect that, served by such outstanding illustrators as John Tenniel, Henry Holiday and Harry Furniss, he proved hard to please and, in the case of the last mentioned, actually criticized his work upon a technical detail. Is it reasonable to suppose that Kipling and his publishers did not know all this when "Just So Stories" was ready? Yet the former was prepared to stake the success of his book, and the publishers their reputation for good judgment, upon the illustrations done by the author himself. Considered calmly and logically in this light, the thing is astonishing. But not more so than the result.

Prior to the appearance of "Just So Stories," the world had known Kipling as a novelist, a short story writer and a poet: an artistic magician of parts. But, without warning, to produce an entirely different art was magic indeed. Some might submit that this was not so surprising from the son of John Lockwood Kipling, the creator of the beautiful illustrations in "The Second Jungle Book" and "Kim." But such argument can only be accepted to the extent of expecting some slight knowledge and interest on the part of the child in the parents' particular form of art. A wilful lady is Art, appearing where she listeth and not where she might be expected. The names of sons and daughters of great authors who have not produced a paragraph worth printing, and of great painters who could not draw a line, would be a voluminous roll. We had no right to *expect* illustrating ability from Rudyard Kipling. Yet, is not that precisely how the matter stands? Has it not been taken for granted, and unremarked?

Opening the pages of "Just So Stories," the first picture is that of "the Whale swallowing the Mariner." This, a most difficult composition, appears to have presented no obstacles. As an imaginative piece of work it is above criticism. Everything flows into the rapacious throat: the water, raft, Mariner and jack-knife—not forgetting the suspenders, so delicately traced. The technique is not a whit less excellent: the portrayal of perspective and form by means of shading. As an example of a somewhat similar problem in illustrating, I turn to that of the Snark that was a Boojum, at the conclusion of "The Hunting of the Snark." An admirer of Henry Holiday's genius, I will not say one word in depreciation of it, but I do say, and with conviction, that the two illustrations can be placed side by side without that of Kipling suffering by the comparison. "The picture of the Leopard and the Ethiopian" is another that depends for its success upon a similar method of treatment.

An entirely different technique is found in "the Elephant's Child going to pull bananas" and "the picture of the Djinn": clean line work and black produce the striking and pleasing contrast. The Camels expression, while eating a twig of acacia, and quite oblivious of the "humph" about to descend, is done with an economy of pen strokes worthy of Phil May. The same effective pen strokes give us the "Wise Bavian."

As to "the Elephant's Child having his nose pulled by the Crocodile," I find it difficult to concentrate upon this as a product of pen and ink for a counter attraction: a striving to visualise the mirth-racked author in the course of its creation. Books of the "adult-juvenile" classification are written, illustrated and read, by the young at heart: the whole atmosphere of the *genre* is that of youthful joyousness. Kipling's facial expression, while sketching into the Elephant's nose the exact amount of elasticity required to convert it into a trunk, is one of those things I shall never see, and which I shall ever regret.

In the "picture of the Cat that Walked by Himself, walking by his wild lone through the Wet Wild Woods and waving his wild tail" the artist's daring solid-black and white treatment is coldly realistic: leafless trees on a late November day! Full well he knew that colour could not improve it; and, be it noted, no regret is expressed with regard to this illustration (as it is in a number of them) that he is not allowed to paint it.

For clean decorative design—intended as such—the author used yet another technique, as exemplified by "the picture of Pau Amma the

Crab rising out of the Sea " and " the Whale looking for the little 'Stute Fish." The first mentioned, stern in treatment, is a beautiful piece of work in an artistic sense ; and the second, no less striking as a design, is—and, of course, intentionally so—screamingly funny. The attitude of the little 'Stute Fish, and the half-fearful, half-cunning expression in his eye, is exactly what we should expect from a little 'Stute Fish when hiding from a Whale.

Still to be discussed is the author's ability to picture life in motion ; than which there is no more exacting test of the illustrator's art. It is here that the amateur artist—the term being used in the sense of less than professional skill—would give himself away. He would have two options : either to shirk the task altogether, or, braving it, throw his effort upon the mercy of the Court. Search where one might, it would be difficult to find a more perfect portrayal of *motion* than Kipling's illustration of Old Man Kangaroo, bounding joyfully with his beautiful new hind legs, and the Yellow-Dog Dingo galloping in hot pursuit. Regret over the disallowed " paint box " is expressed by the author as to this picture ; but colour could lend nothing to that splendid draughtsmanship. Conscious of performance, he must have regretted nothing.

And there—wholly convinced so far as I am myself concerned—I rest my case. Personally—and I am sure that there are many thousands with me in this—I am grateful that Rudyard Kipling accepted literature as his calling and worked assiduously in its production, as *his gift* to Mankind.

But, had he not done so, had he never published a line, my belief is that his name would, nevertheless, be well known in association with the graphic arts. The same virile imagination, the same technical skill, the same versatility are so extraordinarily possessions of his, in this, his other art.

### *The Father and Mother of Rudyard Kipling*

BY MISS FLORENCE MACDONALD

THE question of heredity is a debatable point, but it is always interesting to know something of the forbears of people of genius, and perhaps to speculate as to their indebtedness to their parents for their outstanding gifts.

Rudyard Kipling was the son of remarkable parents, each of them being rarely gifted personalities, and their son seems to have inherited

their most striking qualities. He was a grandson of the Manse on both sides—his two grandfathers being Wesleyan Ministers. His father, John Lockwood Kipling, was the son of the Rev. Joseph Kipling, a Yorkshireman of yeoman ancestry. John Lockwood Kipling was an artist, designer and sculptor, with a unique fund of general information, and wide knowledge of literature, and with a mind of distinct originality, and interested in everything. His memory was extraordinary, and his detailed grasp of a variety of subjects was exceptional. An impertinent niece once named him "Enquire within upon everything," and it is true that there were few subjects on which he couldn't speak with authority. In his own work he was an expert.

After a position at South Kensington he was sent out to India by the Government, to form a School of Art in Bombay, and there to develop native arts and crafts ; such as carving, pottery and weaving, and to train teachers to become heads of similar schools in other parts of India. He was soon able to speak to the natives in their own dialects, and his understanding of, and sympathy with, the various races amongst whom he worked, made him a valuable authority on everything connected with their life and art, his knowledge being exhaustive.

The Imperial Institute, and the South Kensington Museum possess many models and drawings of Indian life and art. The Curator of the Museum mentioned in the early chapters of *Kim*, is probably a sketch from life. He illustrated a number of his son's books, some of them by modelling reliefs in clay which were then photographed. He wrote and illustrated one book of his own, "Beast and Man in India," the result of keen observation over thirty years in that country. Modest and unassuming, gentle and kind, he was one of the most lovable men it was possible to meet.

Rudyard's mother was the eldest daughter of the Rev. George Browne Macdonald, a Wesleyan Minister, a man of pure Celtic descent whose forbears came from Skye, many of them having fought for Prince Charlie and after the clans were scattered in 1745, this branch settled in North Ireland, where, judging by some of the qualities of their descendants, some Irish blood must have been introduced into the family.

Alice Macdonald was an accomplished woman, extraordinarily quick-witted, and a brilliant conversationalist and her scintillating epigrams, and rapidities of speech left her hearers breathless. As a rule her wit was kindly and humourous, but should occasion require it, it was a weapon whose thrusts were like a flash of lightning. Her

son dedicated " Plain Tales from the Hills " to her with the words " To the wittiest woman in India." (There have been other claimants to this dedication, but a few weeks ago this fact was verified by his sister, Mrs. Fleming, who told me that in the first copy which he gave his mother he wrote " To the lady of the dedication, from her unworthy son.") Endowed with good looks, she was a woman of great charm, and her shrewd wisdom and understanding heart made her a valued friend. She had a strong literary gift, and wrote many poems and stories, having a very accurate sense of rhythm and of the value of words. She was very musical and a delightful singer, and often set her own verse and that of others to music.

Her daughter Trix—the fourth member of the quartet—also wrote verse from childhood, and she and her mother published a book entitled " Hand in Hand," verses by a Mother and Daughter.

In addition to these outstanding gifts, she was an expert needlewoman and possessed all the domestic qualities necessary to the making of a home.

Her girlhood passed in the Methodist Manse was naturally somewhat restricted in its outlook, but when as a bride she went to India, her receptive and eager nature was ready to respond to the charm and wonder of the East. At the end of the first year in India her son was born, and was given the name of Rudyard, after the little lake in Staffordshire where John Lockwood Kipling and Alice Macdonald first met.

### *A Schoolboy Lyric*

**I**N the Rare Book Division of the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., U.S.A., there is a copy of a book, in the " Batchelder Collection," entitled " Longer English Poems " (edited by J. W. Hales, M.A. ; London, 1878). This book once belonged to Rudyard Kipling ; presumably while he was at the United Services College. At the top of page 176, above Keats' poem "The Eve of St. Agnes," there is written a verse in Kipling's handwriting, a copy of which is given below. The word " Goosey " in the verse probably refers to " Goosey Pool," which is mentioned in " The Son of an Outsider " (1883, uncollected). The verse reads :—

The first day back, ay bitter cold it was  
And I tho' rugged and wrapped was acold.

Like boiled spinach was the playground grass,  
 Yellow our boots, y-clogged with goosey mould,  
 Malarious vapours over *Goosey* rolled.  
 Stale bread, bad butter (*sic*), filled our hungry maw,  
 Damp were the sheets, huddled in frousy fold,  
 Loud voicéd laughter shook the form room floor  
 And pale and pinchéd boys peered down the corridor.

Apparently written on some day when he had just returned from school after a winter holiday. For his interest in the Keats' poem see his story "Wireless."

### *In Memoriam—Rudyard Kipling*

BY ETHEL GODDARD.

The earth laments a poet, in the little thorn-hedged lane,  
 The glamour of the crowded East, the far-flung Western plain,  
 The rigour of the Northern sea, the arid Southern sand,  
 The gentle curves of Sussex hills, the colour of the Rand ;  
 To whom all earth was native land, who knew her through and through  
 And charmed her into verse, as poet, and as lover, too.

From Pole to Pole, from Shore to Shore, across the Seven Seas,  
 The message bear, throughout the air, on every laden breeze.  
 Of every shade of race and creed, how quietly we tread,  
 The Eastern with his shoes in hand the Western bare of head.  
 As one we pay our tribute, from the outcast to the throne,  
 To him who knew his fellow-kind as man is rarely known.

The soldier, ruler, servant, wife and maiden, child and priest,  
 The sailor, hermit, shepherd, from the greatest to the least,  
 He knew us all, and drew us all, in words that cannot fail,  
 And winnowed out our inner lives to weave them in a tale ;  
 Yet notwithstanding loved us, to the ne'er so bitter end,  
 A thousandth man, who found no man too common for a friend.

From household dog to ravening wolf, reptile and beast and bird  
 Mourn silently, for nevermore will he provide the word,  
 Who laid aside his human pride and his superior soul  
 To learn the law of tooth and claw, by cave and water-hole ;  
 Who gave to dumb creation speech, and with a certain hand  
 Wrote out our Way by night and day, that man might understand.

When death's cold breath set wide the door, with humble steps he trod—  
 To join the blessed company of proven sons of God.  
 And they who've sloughed their mortal shroud of pride and shame and  
 sin  
 Stood up to bid him welcome when that gallant soul came in ;  
 They who have served the earth they loved through pain and toil and  
 blood  
 And labour now for love of God—and know their work is good !

*Letter Bag*

On the occasion of the annual lunch this year I referred to the parents of our great writer and expressed a hope that someone might let the world know more of the likes and characters of those two remarkable people.

So far there are no signs of my suggestion being taken up and I am therefore asking you to publish this reminder. A book on this subject would be of great value and interest not only to members of the Kipling Society, but to the general public.

Kipling's genius was so directly inherited from both parents that it becomes a matter of the greatest importance that we should know more of them.

I myself could contribute little, as I saw little of them beyond a short visit to Lahore in 1886, but I have friends who could speak in more detail of the house in Lahore 1888-93, when Kipling was producing the best of his early work.

At this time Kipling *père* was writing that splendid book, "Beast and Man in India," and the *Pioneer* of Allahabad was publishing the remarkable letters of Mrs. Kipling from Simla.

I remember also the issue of a Christmas Annual written by the four members of the family—father, mother, son and daughter (Mrs. Fleming).

L. C. DUNSTERVILLE.

*Sleipner late Thurinda*

It may possibly interest those who have read the above named story in *Abaft the Funnel* to know that "SLEIPNIR" was the name of Odin's grey horse, which had eight legs, and could carry his master over sea as well as land. Odin was the chief god of the Scandinavians. Surely this is another instance of R. K.'s immensely wide reading?

HON. LIBRARIAN.

*A Recantation*

With all the respect due to the opinions of such Authorities on the writings of "R. K." as yourself and Mr. Brooking, I venture on the suggestion that Mr. Kipling had Sir Harry Lauder in his mind when writing "A Recantation."

GEO. H. RAYNER.

*Secretary's Corner*

The move into our new offices in South Molton Street has been successfully accomplished and thanks to the generosity of many members our equipment and furnishing leaves nothing to be desired. The only thing we still need is a set of curtains, without which the office looks a little bare. Our most sincere thanks is offered to our members for their most prompt and effective response to our appeal. We were very fortunate in securing an office in such a convenient and central position. The Bond Street Tube station is at our door whilst an excellent service of buses puts us in direct touch with every part of London.

Just at the time when we were suddenly faced with the problem of finding new offices, a further bombshell was burst upon us in the shape of an indication from the Hotel Victoria that heavy bookings for their Oak Room prevented them from offering us the usual facilities for our meetings at the very modest price which we can afford to pay. We had therefore to institute another hunt for new accommodation which we eventually found at the Hotel Washington, Curzon Street, Mayfair. This hotel is next door to the large Christian Science Church and is within a stone's throw of Piccadilly and the Green Park Tube Station. All meetings will take place there in future, as well as the Annual Luncheon next year. I have had considerable experience of this Hotel in connection with another Society and I have no doubt that members will find that we shall be excellently looked after in our new home. The Library has been moved to our offices in South Molton Street where our collection of books can be inspected by appointment with the Honorary Librarian.

Our roll of new members is making fair progress, but these difficult times also entail a good deal of resignations. Our problem is rather like that of a man trying to fill up a bucket with a number of holes in it. I am afraid that it is beyond our power to stop these "holes" but if all members would do what they can to interest their friends in our work and bring us in new members, we could easily afford to lose a few now and again.

C. H. R.

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