

The
KIPLING
JOURNAL

The
Organ
of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

No. 40

DECEMBER 1936

Price 2s.

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**^{D.} FRIDAY



The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No. 40

DECEMBER, 1936

Contents

Plate: United Services College, 1935

| | | | |
|---------------------------------|-----|-------------------------------|-----|
| News and Notes. | 105 | The True Spirit of Kipling .. | 132 |
| Reviews and New Books . . . | 112 | "Helpful Members" Book . . . | 133 |
| Kipling Prices Current | 117 | Poem—"Rudyard Kipling" . . . | 134 |
| Branch Reports. | 118 | Letter Bag. | 135 |
| Kipling versus Internationalism | 121 | Secretary's Corner. | 136 |
| Kipling Essay. | 128 | | |

News and Notes

IN 1932 we presented a view of the back of the United Services College as it appeared when Kipling was at school—about 1880. Mr. Maitland, our Hon. Librarian, has kindly sent us the picture given in this issue, showing the 'College' in 1935 and a rather more extended view of the surroundings. The structure is much the same externally, but a number of new buildings have sprung up in the direction of Bideford Bay, which has robbed the landscape of something of its old, wild look.

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The first Meeting of the 1936-37 Session was held at the Hotel Washington, Curzon Street, W., on Wednesday, 21st October, at 4.30 p.m. Sir Arnold Wilson, who had consented to take the Chair, was unfortunately prevented by illness from attending the Meeting. Our Secretary, Sir Christopher Robinson, Bart., stepped into the breach and proved an able Chairman; he introduced the lecturer, Captain Victor Cazalet, M.C., M.P., who addressed the audience on "Kipling versus Internationalism." After the lecture Miss Helen Curling sang five Kipling songs: "Pity Poor Fighting Men" and "Old Mother Laidinwool," (Martin Shaw); "Merrow Down" and "Of All the Tribe of Tegumai" (Edward German); and "The Love Song of Har Dyal" (Batten). Mr. Brooking (Founder) moved a Vote of thanks to Captain Cazalet and the entertainers, which was carried by

acclamation ; he also mentioned that Miss Ethel Goddard, author of the ' In Memoriam ' poem in No. 39 and No. 29 in the roll of the Society was present at a Meeting for the first time in her membership. Miss Goddard and his sisters formed a small group called the Rudyardites (see K.J., No. 1, p. 25).

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Readers will find a new feature in this issue, which we are sure will prove of deep interest to all, showing, as it does, that Kipling's influence is spread over the four quarters of the globe. This is a section under the title of " Branch News," wherein will be found particulars of the activities of our various branches.

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Evidence of Kipling's wide leading is shown by the number of unusual quotations and allusions from uncommon sources. A striking example of this is the quotation which he uses at the end of the Stalky story, " The Propagation of Knowledge ;" this comes from Juvenal, Sat. XIV.—" The greatest reverence is due to a child."

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There are many who hold that Kipling had the prophetic gift. In an uncollected article, entitled " New Year's Gifts " (*Week's News* ; 7th January, 1888.), he puts into the mouth of ' Time ' the following words which seem to set a limit to his own length of life :—" I could have gone on talking for fifty years. You would have been dead when I finished."

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Brigadier-General R. F. Edwards sends us this tribute, which he received from a German friend :—" First of all I want to tell you that however much I felt that in the King's passing away all England and all others have lost a good and true friend, the passing away of Kipling came almost as a personal loss, although I did not know him personally, unless one counts meeting him once at some function many, many years ago. But his works have been sort of my companions for near on 40 years. For many years I carried one of the earliest editions of his Departmental Ditties and Barrack Room Ballads about with me wherever I went, and his Plain Tales from the Hills, Black and White, Under the Deodars were equally constant companions. The Man Who Was I knew almost by heart as well as " The Drums of the Fore and Aft," and so on, and to all to whom he has been a companion through a life time this singer of fine songs was something more than

merely a writer with the God-given gift of genius. To me he was one of my dear friends, and I am sure that all Englishmen feel about him the same way. I fully agree with you that he will live with the great ones of England as long as English will be spoken, for he gave power to an already powerful tongue. And—he spoke from and to the heart direct." We print this letter exactly as it has been received.

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All lovers of Kipling will deplore the death of Sir Edward German, who passed away on November nth, aged 74. The gifted composer of "Merrie England," "Tom Jones," the "Henry VIII Dances" and other well known and graceful works, was also eminent as the musician who most successfully set Kipling's verses to music. The twelve songs in the "Just So Song Book" would be no mean achievement for any composer. "The Irish Guards" and the soul-stirring "Have You Any News of My Boy Jack?" are much liked both by artistes and audiences. Kipling is not easy to set to music, for his poems are complete in themselves, not merely frames on which to hang a melody, but in spite of this the partnership was quite as successful as that of Gilbert and Sullivan, though in a smaller way. One might say that Sir Edward-German enhanced what was already perfect in his exquisite melody for the haunting lines, "On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry—The silence and the sun remain."

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The *Sunday Times* (1st November) gives us a note about the Book Exhibition held in October at Dorland Hall:—"And there are two striking souvenirs of Rudyard Kipling (lent by Mrs. Kipling). The first is the gold medal which forms part of the Nobel Prize for Literature. Kipling, who received it in 1907, was the first English author to be awarded this prize. The second is the pewter inkstand which he used until he took to a fountain pen. Underneath the base is scratched 'R. K. his inkpot.'"

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The subjoined excerpt from the Memorial Sermon by the Chief Rabbi (Dr. J. H. Hertz) on King George V is yet another tribute to the lasting greatness of our Master. Dr. Hertz's allusion was particularly happy, as will be seen from his words:—"Mayest thou see eternity in thy lifetime." This amazing blessing was realised in the case of our departed Sovereign. For when one thinks of the strange richness of that royal existence, one recalls the lines which that illustrious singer

who was buried in Westminster Abbey a few days ago sang of King Edward VII in 1910." Here Dr. Hertz gave two stanzas from " The Dead King " those beginning " the peculiar treasure of kings " and "To him came all Captains of Men " following these with the question, " Is not every line of this true of King George as it was of the father?"

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One of our American members, Miss Blanche T. Bigelow of Milton, Mass., has sent us two newspaper cuttings from Boston. The poem we hope to print in a future number ; the short prose article by Wini-fred Black [*Boston American* ; 27th February 1936] has some good sayings which may be read with the remarks of Miss Gerould in our " Book Reviews " section :—" Dear dear ! How nice and kind and tolerant and condescending they are to you, Rudyard Kipling, the little prim and prissy critics—now that you are gone. . . Oh yes, we can quite understand how the men who have never written a line that will live, as hundreds of your lines have lived and will live for generations to come, must have felt about you and your kind. Oh, well, you must be smiling a bit ironically yourself. Have you come up with Charles Dickens yet, Mr. Kipling ? He was old-fashioned too, out of date and out-worn. Yet to this day you can't go into Westminster Abbey without seeing a wreath of fresh flowers on the grave of this forgotten, out-worn man, Dickens, who made us remember the poor, the forsaken, the lonely, and the broken-hearted. And they buried you in the Abbey after all, Rudyard Kipling, even if you did write about ' The Widow of Windsor.' Well, I wonder if any of your kind, condescending critics ever will rest there."

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Major-General J. C. Rimington calls our attention to an article by Mr. C. F. Hooper in the *Saturday Review* (7th March, 1936). Mr. Hooper was with the firm of Thacker, Spink and Co., just before Kipling left India ; he tells us the story of the beginning of our Author's European reputation, when he persuaded the then editor of the ' Saturday ' to read and review " Plain Tales." He also tells us that Kipling called on him and asked him to return the visit :—" You'll easily find the place. There's a sausage shop on the ground floor and sausages are always frying in the window." Here are Mr. Hooper's own words, which will clear up a matter that has been much debated :—" Sidney Low was editing the *St. James's Gazette* at that time and Kipling became a regular contributor to that paper. A great deal of what he published in the *St. James's Gazette* was humorous. One item

I remember in particular called 'The Battle of Rupert Square.' I have never seen this reproduced in any of his collections of stories. If it has been lost, it should be rescued from oblivion. It described a fight between a hansom cab driver and his fare. Also the driver's efforts to get rid of the man inside ; culminating in his getting a hose pipe from the crossing sweeper, putting the nozzle through the trap door at the top, and literally washing the unwanted man out. The description of the fight as set out in Kipling's unequalled language, was Homeric." We also learn that those two great tales of London life :—"The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot " and "Brugglesmith " are taken almost direct from life. We hope that Mr. Hooper will give us some more of his reminiscences. Anent the above, Sir George MacMunn sends the following note : "I have 'The Battle of Rupert Square' and will give it to the Library. I cut it out of the 'St. James' Gazette.' The man inside was the cabbie's brother."

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One of our members in India, Mr. Ten-Broeke, sends us cuttings from the *Sunday Statesman* of Calcutta (9th February, 1936), with two articles on Kipling. The first, called "Kipling's First Book," is by Hemendra Prasad Ghose, and tells of India's influence on our Author ; it ends with this striking passage :—"He was an Englishman born in India. Heredity, education and environment combined to fit him for the preaching of his message to the English-speaking world. It was a message of duty, the obligation of the strong to help the weak, the latest phrasing of the old-time saying that he who would be greatest must be servant of all." The second article, by Frances Stewart, bears the title of "The Last Suttee " and describes Bundi in Rajputana, the scene of the poem. The city itself and its associations with the grim past are portrayed in "Letters of Marque," and it is interesting to learn that there has been little change here since Kipling's visit :—"Time has stood still in this old stronghold of the Hara Rajputs. The pavilion on the edge of the Jaitsagar Lake is still known as Kipling Khoti, for here Kipling spent the night—a most uncomfortable night one gathers from his reference to it in the 'Letters of Marque.' " There are several more allusions to local sights and customs, all of which go to prove once more the amazing ability of our Master to catch 'atmosphere'—a power rather different from that of the camera lens.

In a letter to the *Times* of July 22nd, Mr. Walter Wood writes that he asked, in a letter to Kipling, what were the Seven Seas ; to this our Author replied : " The expression ' Seven Seas ' is a very old one, and means, of course, all the seas in the world. But the seven which I think about as the seven seas are the North and South Atlantic, North and South Pacific, Indian Ocean, and the Arctic and Antarctic seas." This opinion is not stated here for the first time, but we are repeating it on account of the numbers of questions asked.

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In our No. 3 there appeared some Kipling verses which were written to J. W. Riley, the celebrated American poet of childhood. Thanks to Mr. Alfred Noyes we are able to give the verses written by Riley to Kipling—reprinted in the *Christian Science Monitor* (27th May, 1936). Mr. Noyes writes a few lines and then quotes the verse :—" At Denver, Colorado, in 1891, the older American poet, James Whitcomb Riley, wrote some lines of thanks to Rudyard Kipling, in which the following stanza occurs (an unusually prophetic one as addressed to a writer so young) :—

So, poet and romancer, old as young,
And wise as artless, masterful as mild,
If there be sweet in any song I've sung
'Twas savoured for thy palate, O my child !
For thee the lisping of the children all ;
For thee the youthful voices of old years ;
For thee all chords untamed or musical ;
For thee the laughter, and for thee the tears."

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From the *Aeroplane* (17th June, 1936) we take the following paragraphs, which pay tribute to our Master's wonderful prophetic gift :—" Rudyard Kipling, something over thirty years ago, wrote a story called " With the Night Mail." In it he visualised an airship service between London and New York which would allow one to leave London in the evening and get to New York the following morning. Also he visualised all sorts of things which are gradually coming to pass. He even visualised the existence of aviation newspapers and the kinds of advertisements they would publish. And the technique of the handling of the ships, as he imagined it, was just as prophetic as the rest of the story, . . . To those unfortunate young and middle-aged people who have not been brought up on Kipling I strongly recommend that they hunt up ' With the Night Mail,' and its companion story 'As Easy as A.B.C.'" which gives a prophetic vision of a World which is entirely under the thumb of the Aerial Board of Control, just as the bus business

is under the heel of the London Passenger Transport Board. Remember that Kipling wrote these stories long before Communism had taken control anywhere, and many years before anybody visualised Capitalist collectivism as an alternative to it." We have often drawn attention in our columns to these tales ; if they were better known, it might make for enlightenment in a world that is full of foolish slogans and " avenues of approach."

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The President sends us a poem by Clayton Hamilton, published in the *New York Herald Tribune* of May 1st, under the heading 'On reading Rudyard Kipling's Last Story—"Teem"—A Treasure Hunter.' From this we quote a couple of verses and the little refrain :—

When Rudyard marched to Paradise
 In answer to the Call,
 He summoned all his Company
 Because 'e liked 'em all ;
 His children, his women,
 His animals, his men,
 He marched them with him through the gates
 That never ope again.

Because the Call came suddenly,
 With little time for packing,
 He scarce had time to look around
 To see if aught was lacking.
 And so he left behind him,
 By an unlucky chance,
 One single tiny creature,
 A little dog of France,—
 A little dog, a little dog,
 A little dog of France.

Teem was an Artist,
 Who dreamt the Artist's dream.
 Teem was an Artist,
 A Follower of the Gleam.

Golfing (June, 1936) publishes a view of the Kipling Memorial Area in Sussex, with the subjoined note :—" Mr. Victor Riley is among the most devout of Kipling-worshippers. That is why, when he learned that 300 acres of Sussex downland, in the neighbourhood of Cuckmere Haven valley, might be preserved as a national memorial to R.K., he thought he'd like to get a picture of the place. He dispatched a photographer to the locality, in a Riley Adelphi saloon, and thus secured the first study of this most fitting memorial which I have seen, one so redolent of the scene, so racy of the soil, that I feel obliged to make space for it. One of the many remarkable things about Kipling's work was the manner in which it ' bit ' people whom one would never in the

ordinary way, suspect of being deep, studious readers, even when they are rather fierce engineers, like Victor Riley, and Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, the Founder of the Kipling Society." This is followed by a paragraph about the Society. The view shows the winding Cuckmere River a little way above its mouth ; the whole scene makes a most charming picture.

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We hear from the *Times* (6th June, 1936) that Ypres, Belgium, a street which is a continuation of the Avenue Maréchal French, named Avenue Kipling. Mrs. Kipling sent an acceptance of the honour through H.E. the Belgian Ambassador.

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For some time past we have been Jacking space for the publication of many interesting items. That which follows comes from the Calcutta *Sunday Statesman* (29th December, 1935), and is taken from an article by Mesrovb J. Seth on the " Zamzamah :"—" The ' Zamzamah ' was used by Ahmad Shah Durrani in the famous battle of Panipat in 1761. After the battle, the Afghan invader on his way back to Kabul left it at Lahore with his Governor, Khwaja Ubed, as the carriage to take it to Kabul was not ready. The other gun he took with him but it was lost in his passage of the River Chenab. After the departure of Ahmad Shah Durrani, the great gun came into the possession of the Sikh Sardars. . . . It came to be regarded as a talisman of supremacy among the Sikhs. Eventually it came into the possession of the famous Ranjit Singh, and it was used by him at the siege of Mooltan in 1818. . .

Kipling seems to have been impressed with this 18th Century unique gun, for he has used an illustration of it as a frontispiece to his 'Kim.'

Reviews and New Books

We have received a momentous and interesting piece of news from the *Morning Post* (November 16th) : early in the New Year the oldest of our daily papers will publish serially Rudyard Kipling's Auto-biography ; the announcement reads as follows :—" This autobiography is the final work from Kipling's hand. It was written in the last year of his life and was finished only a few days before his death. It will be found of absorbing interest, for, as a narrative, it touches the top of an inspired story teller's performance. It gives vivid glances of his experiences, from early childhood and school-days, through journalism,

to literature and world-wide fame. It tells of travel on many lands ; of contact with many events and famous persons. It also touches in with a master hand the more homely scenes and characters amid which, by choice, the author's long working life was spent. In writing this Finale to his splendid contribution to the literature of his age, Kipling has not feared to be intimate in his confidences. He reveals the provenance of some of his most famous stories, and his methods of working ; and, in passing, he is outspoken in criticism both of persons and of policies. His likes and dislikes, his faith and his distrust are equally unconcealed. Nobody can read this Autobiography without realising that it is a Kipling masterpiece."

Another very important announcement comes from Messrs. Macmillan and Co. Ltd., who have decided (subject to sufficient support being received) to publish the later volumes of Kipling's works. Four volumes will be issued in the Bombay Edition at 31s. 6d. each : " Letters of Travel and Souvenirs of France," " Land and Sea Tales and Thy Servant a Dog," " A Book of Words," and " Limits and Renewals." In the well known and deservedly popular Edition de Luxe there will be three volumes : " Land and Sea Tales and Thy Servant a Dog," " A Book of Words and Souvenirs of France," and " Limits and Renewals." These volumes will be published at 21s. each. Publication will take place about March 1st, 1937. (As sufficient support is not forthcoming, Macmillans are not publishing these volumes. I have just heard this, I regret to say. E.W.M.)

A book on Kipling from the pen of our Hon. Treasurer, Lt.-General Sir George MacMunn, is also an event to be chronicled. The title and exact date of publication have not yet been divulged, but we hear most favourable comment from those who have been privileged to read the work in manuscript. Sir George came into the light on November 3rd, in the *Evening News*, with an article entitled " The Decline of the Wild Oat," an amusing retrospect of social customs, with many allusions to Kipling.

Owing to pressure on our limited space since No. 37, we have been compelled to omit reference to many articles published during the last ten months. Thanks are due to Admiral Chandler for sending us a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* of New York, which contains an article by Edmonia Hill on " The Young Kipling." Mrs. Hill was

the wife of ' the Professor ' in " From Sea to Sea," so, as may be imagined, she has much to tell. Her story is penned in the form of a diary, the first date being December, 1887 :—" Mr. Kipling looks about forty, as he is beginning to be bald, but he is in reality just twenty-two. He was animation itself, telling his stories admirably, so that those about him were kept in gales of laughter. He fairly scintillated, but when more sober topics were discussed he was posted all along the line." (March, 1888) : " Mr. Kipling's characters as a rule have some foundation in real life. Mrs. Hauksbee is a charming personality who is well known in India. She is wonderfully clever and a great wire-puller. She presented him with a Bible early in his Indian career with the advice to study it carefully and follow its literary style." (July, 1888): " I never saw anyone more devoted to children. . . . Dr. and Mrs. Irwin have a darling little girl who is my godchild. When she comes there is nothing that R. will not do to amuse her. He plays bear, crawling over the floor, and he will endure every sort of teasing. On her birthday he wrote to accompany my small gift a gay little verse beginning :—

Imperious wool-booted sage,
Tho' your years as men reckon are three,
You are wiser than ten times your age
And your faithfulest servants are we."

We recommend all who can to obtain a copy of this publication, as it sheds valuable light in our Author's days in India.

In Harper's Magazine (April, 1936) Miss K. F. Gerould has an article called " The Man Who made Mulvaney." This begins with a parody from a New York newspaper of 1899 :—

" Then 'ere's to you, Mr. Kipling, and Columbia avers
You're a pore benighted Briton but the prince of *raconteurs* ;
You may scathe us and may leave us, still in our hearts will stay
The man who made Mulvaney and the Road to Mandalay."

Miss Gerould comments on the curious attitude of the critics here to Kipling :—" So far as I know, no important English critic has ever sat him down to say ' the real right thing ' about Kipling. Kipling has not been held material for serious literary criticism. A more than Egyptian blindness smote the highbrows for nearly forty years." " The extraordinary case of Kipling is enough to damn all English literary criticism of the past thirty years. No careful evaluation of second-rate talents can atone for the critics' misjudgement of England's greatest living writer. For that is what Kipling during our period has been : the greatest living master of English prose. . . . Since the

great Victorians died there has been no consistently first-rate prose in England—except Kipling's. . . . As for his verse, surely no conscientious critic, at such a moment (the hour of his death) would maintain that 'The Dynasts' or 'The Testament of Beauty' or 'The Waste Land' was worth to posterity, one little cluster of Kipling's best lyrics. . . . But a great many of them, I venture to say, had not really read him. They found plenty of easy excuses ; he wrote slangy verse, he wrote stories for children, his politics were deplorable to them, he did not have 'the right ideas,' he refused to practise psychoanalysis, he was a glorified reporter." We have remarked before, in these columns, upon the strange fact that we must go abroad for a true valuation of our Master ; it is also a curious fact that this essentially English and—dare we say it ?—imperial-minded writer is nowhere held in higher estimation than in the two great democracies of the French and American Republics. We commend Miss Gerould's essay to our members and (for the sake of instruction) to the little-self-satisfied band of highbrows here, men and women who were young when the war began, who can no longer put forward, in extenuation of their ignorance, the plea of extreme youth. Perhaps it might be said of them what they always say about Kipling—that they never grew up.

While on the subject of Kipling's Imperialism, we cannot do better than quote the final paragraph in an excellent study which appeared in the *Empire Review* (February, 1936) by Mr. Clive Holland :—" He has left behind him things that will live in British literature, not the least among them "The Recessional," which bore as its original title the single word "After," and the inspiring hymn of his native land, "Land of Our Birth." He searched the world as well as the Empire for his material, and transmuted much of what he found into prose and verse which gripped the reader, whether dealing with humanity in its complexity of phases and races, or mechanical things. To examine all his work or even a small part of it would need a book to itself. What we may say is that his greatest gift to his country and to the Empire was a knowledge of what Empire means, not only in its glory of achievement, but in its duty to the world at large, brought home to the common people as well as those of higher estate."

The *English Review* (February, 1936) has a leading article from which we take the following pregnant summary ;—"The new international-

ism has more than the arrogance of the old imperialism, and differs in having very much less reason for pride. To-day we address hectoring remonstrances to every nation which differs from us in religion or politics without the saving grace of being ready to assume the responsibility of imposing our will on those whose policies we desire to subvert. Kipling's creed assumed a civilising mission divinely ordained and to be discharged only by divine guidance. Translated into terms not of English economic imperialism but of European Christian civilisation, it is a creed of which the world to-day is in sore need. Stripped of its contemporary associations, sometimes vulgar and occasionally worse, Kipling's creed is fundamentally true. Many of our contemporaries will not return to Kipling till the inexorable logic of events has taught them that peace can only be built on justice, and that justice can only rest on authority, and that authority cannot be based on the equal rights of all men or all nations regardless of their abilities or morality. Till then Rudyard Kipling will remain in honour as an incomparable story-teller for children. Only when the children grow up will he be recognised for what he was—a great Englishman."

In the same number of this review Mr. Hugh Kingsmill gives us his views on Kipling, not always accurate in their facts nor in their deductions. From the critical point of view this essay is unimportant, but even critics, whatever their age and however much they may dislike their subject, should try to be moderately correct when quoting. This little idea of an incident from "The Light That Failed" is really worth framing :—"His (Dick's) friends take him to the Sudan, and he is killed by a stray bullet while listening to the slaughter of some natives who have imprudently attacked an armoured train." We always read that Dick Heldar went by himself unknown to those friends and that he was killed *after* his arrival on a camel (not in a train) during a battle. Here is another gem :—"His own knowledge of England, as opposed to his poetic feeling, was superficial. Rich and famous by twenty-five, he saw England in the mellow light in which a country appears to someone sheltered from the buffets of life." (Here is quoted the verse beginning 'Take of English earth as much'). Now this poem did not see the light until 1910—ten years afterwards. And was the knowledge that lies behind the Puck stories and their sequel, and a tale such as "The Wish House" so very much on the surface? Then follows a stern disapproval of the poem in "The Brushwood Boy" (most well-informed people think it rather good)

and a quite unintelligible comment on the tale. There are many more comments, which seem to bear relation neither to Kipling nor to the essay. However, we need say no more, for this 'study' has been well-answered, in the *English Review* (March, 1936) by Lord Charnwood, whose letter has these two sentences in it :—" I am very far from thinking that of the recently dead only favourable words should be spoken, or that a dissonant note in the chorus of praise is necessarily out of place. But I do say that, in the praise or the blame, a competent critic's desire for the truth above all things should be aroused at such a time to its fullest force. In this article, however, Mr. Kingsmill has restrained his zeal to get at the truth of his subject, and done so very severely."

Kipling Prices Current

IT is a long time anything has been said under this heading ; the "din of a troubled year" has excluded all minor matters. Naturally, there are a number of happenings which, though not exactly startling in comparison with those of the boom period of ten or twelve years ago, certainly merit attention. The first item of note is from last May, then the MS. of "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" was sold at Sotheby's for £100 to Mr. Spencer. This price was beaten, however, in July at Christie's : a first edition of "Schoolboy Lyrics," once the property of the author's sister, brought no less than £235. A number of letters have also been sold by auction, prices ruling from about £5 to £25.

Kipling's rare excursions into the field of drama have always excited keen interest. Mr. Andrew Block (4, Bloomsbury Court, W.C.1.) lists a typescript of 90 pages "The Man who Would be King." A Play in Three Acts, by F. Kinsey Peile. The chief feature about this, apart from Kipling plays being uncommon, lies in the fact that there are about 300 alterations (about 2,500 words in all), additions or suggestions, in Kipling's own hand. With this were included three autograph letters referring to the play ("... It seems that the play will be a middling strong one and the last two acts ought to go well,") each signed in full. Dated 1910-11. Mr. Block also offers a Complete Set of the United Services College Chronicle from No. 2 to No. 44 (25 October, 1878 to 31st March, 1890), together with Nos. 50 (nth April, 1892) and 58 (17th December, 1894) ; bound in blue morocco by Riviere, uncut, *t.e.g.* Price, £180. Mr. Block gives the

attached note :—" Kipling was at the United Services College from January, 1878 till July 1882. During his last four terms he was Editor of the Magazine, in which period were published Nos. 4-10, to all of which he contributed. Several other numbers contain contributions by him or are of Kipling interest. The present copy has a specially printed title, and a list of the contributions by Kipling, which are also given in Captain Martindell's Bibliography. Many of these contributions have never been reprinted. The J. W. Ellsworth Copy."

Mr. Hollings (7, Great Turnstile, W.C.1.) has, as usual, many nice things in his list. Foremost in interest is "Plain Tales," Calcutta, 1888. First Edition and first issue with the rare 24-paged catalogue dated December, 1887 bound at the end and the numeral on page 192 misplaced, orig. cloth with design of hills on front cover. Price, £22. " Firsts " of the two Jungle Books in good condition and bright are offered for £15 ; " Soldier Tales " first edition is listed at £3 3s. 0d. ; and " The Absent-minded Beggar " (*Daily Mail* Relief Fund) printed in red and signed by the author, is marked at the same figure. The First Edition of *Inclusive Verse*, 3 Volumes, vellum, special de-luxe issue limited to 100 copies, numbered and signed by the author in each of the three volumes is priced at £15.

A particularly attractive item was bought by Mrs. Bambridge (Mr. Kipling's daughter) for £68 at Sotheby's in July. This was a First Edition of " *Life's Handicap*," inscribed on the back of the dedication page with verses of 17 lines entitled :—" To the esteemed and venerable Miss Audrey Gillon," and signed " Rudyard Kipling. November, 91 : Wellington, N.Z." On page 114 of this issue there is a note in reference to this poem.

Branch Reports

Victoria, B.C., Canada.—This branch, the first to be formed outside the Central Society—the result of the persistent and united efforts of a handful of Kipling enthusiasts—is now well established and in its third year as a recognised society. Evening Meetings are held monthly from September to May inclusive, at the rooms of the Victoria Women's Institute. Previously, the Meetings were held in the homes of the members, but, with increasing membership, this was felt to be too great a tax on their generosity. Twenty-two members are recorded, and there is often a visitor in addition at the Meetings. With the exception of one or two outside speakers the programmes

for the evenings are entirely in the hands of the members. The December Meeting of last year took the form of a Dinner to commemorate Kipling's birthday ; it was followed by a programme of the author's songs and recitations, and was so successful that the Society is planning a similar entertainment this year. At the opening Meeting of 1936-37 Session held in September, after a short business meeting, the members took up the discussion of the recent statement by Oliver Baldwin regarding Kipling's story, "Mary Postgate," and his post-war writings. The story was read to the Meeting by Mrs. W. J. Neal, and discussion followed. The term 'wicked' as applied by Oliver Baldwin was felt to be unjustifiable. There is a ruthlessness about Mary Postgate which seems appalling to us in days of peace; but, as the author brings out in the story, it is the result of her own personal loss, the witnessing of the child's tragic end, and the outcome of her own personality. At the October Meeting Mr. P. R. Leighton, Vice-President of the Branch, took up the matter of Kipling's post-war writings. In a short and lucid paper he gave a summary of the work published by the author since the war, entirely refuting the statement that Kipling's creative power was broken, or that he had concentrated on revenge, giving extracts in prose and verse to verify his remarks. Mr. C. V. Milton read the story, "The Debt," and the poem "Akbar's Bridge;" and Miss M. Joyce read two poems, "Song of the Red War-boat" and the second part of "The Legends of Evil." General discussion followed, led by the President, Mr. A. E. G. Cornwell, and plans were made for the November Meeting. A competition was held during the last Session to find the source of a list of Kipling quotations, the prize being a copy of Kipling's "A Book of Words." A similar competition will be arranged this Session.

MARY NEAL.

Auckland, N.Z.—Major E. Dawson, whom we regard as the godfather of this Branch, was kind enough to send us an address (at our request), which was read at our monthly Meeting on June 30th at the Society of Arts Rooms, their committee allowing us to use these at a nominal rental as kindred artists ; about 35 members and friends were present in spite of bad weather. The tenor of the address was accidentally, but strangely *apropos* to the present course of experimental legislation in this country. Major Dawson, in the course of his address, pointed out that the Members of the Académie Française in their birthday congratulations (of December 25th, 1935) to Rudyard

Kipling praised his teaching of " self-control, ready discipline, tenacity of effort, mistrust of systems, respect for fact, disdain of boasting, and aristocracy of silence." We compared this with our present political situation ; and when the poem, " Bonfires on the Ice " was read, a poem new to all our members, Kipling's prophetic vision of our state was made manifest ; the verses were all applicable to our present and humiliating condition. Kipling seemed to know also the defenceless state of Auckland :—" last, *loneliest*, loveliest." The question of Defence is evaded by our Government in spite of Kipling's prophetic warning, to which we listened with new and awful understanding. Readings from " The Gods of the Copybook Headings " and " Natural Theology " were then given, with reference to present-day policy. A very hearty vote of thanks was called for by the chairman Mr. Townley Little, which was enthusiastically responded to by all present. Mr. Ronald Williams read a paper, with many tragic and amusing illustrations from the author, on " Kipling's Heroes of the Sea."

From the **U.S.A.**—Mr. Peter J. Nolan sends us news: "I send you an account of an address that was delivered on March 17th by Mr. Ellis Ames Ballard, Vice-President of the Society at Philadelphia, in the Library of the University of Pennsylvania. I had the good fortune to be present and have seldom listened to a more scholarly, instructive and witty address on our poet than that given by Mr. Ballard. Many precious items of his world-famous Kipling collection were on exhibit in the Library during the address and remained there for public inspection for a period of one week.

A Memorial Service in honour of Kipling was held at the Providence Methodist Episcopal Church of Philadelphia on February 23rd and was well attended by members of the various British Societies.

Mr. Ballard quoted much from Kipling's poems during his address and gave the following comment : ' It's the fashion to say he wasn't a poet. He wasn't the equal of Keats—but he ranks with David, Homer and Chaucer."

From **Canada**, in addition to the above note from Victoria, we have received several notes. Our readers will remember that the MSS of " Traffics and Discoveries " was presented by the author to McGill University, Toronto ; as an In Memoriam tribute and to chronicle this gift, the *McGill News* Spring Number, 1936, published an excellent

summary and appreciation by G. R. Lomer, M.A., Ph.D., in which occurs this singularly apposite paragraph :—" It is too soon to say upon what Kipling's fame will rest. The present generation is prone to criticism. Even professors of literature keep up with the fashion, and keeping up with the present means too often letting go of the past. The generation that succeeds a great man rarely gives him his due, and it cannot be expected to see him in right perspective. The Imperialists land him for one thing ; the story-tellers for another. For both there is room, for Kipling undeniably contributed to the propaganda of a temporal and national achievement ; but he is greater than a generation or the politics of an empire. To the literature that the world will not willingly let die he has made his noteworthy contribution."

Mr. R. V. Waitt of Winnipeg tells us that at Manitoba's ocean port, Churchill, a solid stone cairn has been erected to the memory of Kipling ; on this cairn, in brass lettering, are several verses of " The Sons of Martha," which words, says Mr. Waitt, " seem to tune in with the place."

Dr. George H. Locke, Chief Librarian of the Public Library of Toronto, sends us some additional information to that which appeared already in our columns one is of a public meeting at that city at which, as Vice-President of the Kipling Society, he made a commemorative address ; the other mentions that the Empire Club of Toronto listened to a special address made by the Rev. Dr. Pigeon, who also on the preceding Sunday evening had spoken to a large congregation in memory of Rudyard Kipling.

Kipling versus Internationalism.

BY CAPTAIN VICTOR CAZALET, M.C., M.P.

I CANNOT pretend like some of you to be a keen student, a learned student, of Kipling's works, although in the course of my long life I have read them all. I re-read " Kim " only the other day, and I believe it to be one of the great classics of the English language. I also believe " The Jungle Books " will rank side by side with " Alice in Wonderland " among the library that every mother wishes her child to have. Further, my excuses must be on other grounds. My first was that I was invited to come here and, therefore, any feelings you may have about the wisdom of that invitation I hope you will not

vent them on me but on your Chairman and Secretary ! Then again I perhaps claim this excuse. Ever since the War right up to the time of Kipling's death every year I, together with members of my family, used to go over to his home, which was near mine, to spend a day with him, and he used to come over to ours, and that is a friendship which no one could value more highly than I do. That alone perhaps entitles me to open this discussion this afternoon.

This is neither the time nor place for a discussion such as we have seen in public print about the private life of this great man, but perhaps you will allow me to start by giving you a short description of a day with Kipling in his home at Burwash. Mr. and Mrs. Kipling were nearly always alone. They liked to entertain a guest or a few guests by themselves so that they could concentrate all their hospitality, attention, sympathy and so on upon that individual guest.

Now to approach the subject of my discussion : as you know, Kipling was born in Bombay in 1865. All his life he was most intimately connected with some part of the Empire. The Empire and Kipling are almost synonymous. He lived, or rather grew to manhood, when the Empire had reached its apotheosis, and may I describe to you in the words of a Frenchman, M. Chevrillon, his idea of what the Empire stood for in the early years of Kipling's life :

" It was the radiant end of a great age, but nothing as yet proclaimed it the end. The prestige of the Crown was unparalleled ; the Queen was the object of an almost religious veneration . . . the whole of the ancient order was undisputed. The authority of the Lords and Commons was unshaken and their essence still oligarchical. The " gentleman " ruled. . . . The splendid scarlet soldiers, erect and impassive under the old banners of Vittoria or Ramillies, seemed the very embodiment of strength and pride. In the statistics of industrial production and commerce England outstripped all competitors. Without method or system she steadily increased the space she occupied on the globe. Almost unwittingly Egypt, Burmah and Zanzibar were added to her possessions. Such was the estate continuously and naturally growing, to which every Englishman was born and which he received as the child steps into its birthplace . . . without thinking about it."

I do not think the Empire and what it stood for and how it appeared to the rest of the world between the Jubilee years 1887 and 1897 could be better described than in those words. This was the era in which Kipling first came into fame. The Empire in those days was

such an assured fact that very few people spoke about it. There were no Empire Societies as there are to-day—in fact except in so far as India was called " The Empire of India " you found few reference to the words " British Empire " in those days and if it ever was spoken about people thought of it as a collection of nations in which the Dominions were most likely to drift away. Colonies were regarded as rather expensive luxuries in which you were always having to fight wars, such as the Afghan, Zulu and Ashanti Wars. Joseph Chamberlain only a few years before had prophesied that if European war did break out the Empire would break up.

Kipling was the first person to make this country " Empire conscious "—" O goodly is our heritage " was the refrain of so many of his poems at that date. In song and verse and rhyme he made men think what was meant by the word he always used, that word he loved so much :—" English "—including, as I say, even some of those who lived north of the Tweed. In this he had something in common with his cousin, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, in this fact that somehow or other he was able to express in words and poems, or as Mr. Baldwin does in speeches, what were the almost unconscious thoughts of a great many ordinary people. When they are expressed many of us say : ' But that is what I thought all the time !'

What was this Empire—this Imperialism—this " consciousness of Empire "—that he put over in the last years of Queen Victoria's reign ? I think the really important point about it is that Kipling gave to the Empire a moral significance. There was no Roman " imperium " about it. It was a community, a clan. He speaks of himself so often as the " Singer of a Clan." Kipling was never a Jingoist. So many people are inclined to think that he represented what is so totally false a view, an interpretation of the raw Imperialist. Lord Milner once said about Imperialism : " It is a mistake to think of Imperialism as principally concerned with the extension of territory, with painting the map red ; it is a question of preserving the unity of a great race." I think that most justly and aptly describes Kipling's attitude towards the British Empire.

Almost as soon as he had made the Empire a reality to the people of this country he foresaw the dangers that threatened it. There were signs of change, the early reverses that we suffered in the South African War, the grumblings and rumblings and criticisms from Berlin. Our industrialists were beginning to find that their monopoly of world trade was being disputed, and what Kipling said in verse and rhyme

was that if we were to keep the Empire then we must be ready to defend it. He never hesitated. He poured scorn on the idler or on him who would not recognise his responsibilities, the "Flannelled Fool," the "Muddied Oaf." I can tell you from personal experience that the rebuke of Kipling was terrible.

Few poems have ever had a greater influence or were more widely read than his great "Recessional" poem of 1897, the apogee of Queen Victoria's reign. What is the gist of it? What are the words of the refrain? "Lest we Forget." Kipling was never blinded by the Empire. He never saw it as an end in itself.

Now, how am I going to connect this with the subject of internationalism? Where am I leading you? I hope to show you. I have just returned from a visit to Russia. If by internationalism is meant the conditions of affairs that I found prevalent in that country, then I think we can quite definitely say that Kipling and internationalism had nothing whatever in common. There is a country in which for the past ten or twenty years religion has disappeared. You might just as well talk to your country farm labourer in this country about Buddha or Confucianism as talk to the modern Russian about God or Christianity. It simply does not exist, neither as a reality nor as an idea. A country in which for the last ten years at any rate private property of every kind has ceased to exist; a country in which there is no privacy by night or by day; a country in which there is scarcely a family in the land that inhabits more than one room; in which there is no political liberty whatsoever; a country in which there is neither racial, sex nor class distinction of any kind. Now it seems to me that Kipling's ideas—love, decency, religion and so on—are very far removed from anything of that kind, and if it meant by internationalism interfering in everybody's lives and affairs without being able to manage your own—no, he would not have supported that policy. But I want to try and show you that Kipling was the very best kind of internationalist. I think we can summarise his ethics of imperialism as follows: conduct and character: discipline and responsibility. You will find those themes through all his writings and his poems.

Kipling had produced a moral law for the guidance of England's Empire. It was not to be founded on the sword nor solely on trade, but on something higher. For the last twenty years or so this depressed Kipling at times—we as a country as a whole have forsaken the obvious and the simple for something that was obscure, something sophisticated, something almost psychological, and we have used it

for an excuse for not doing something we did not want to do or if we did not want to face unpleasant facts. We have smiled, sometimes laughed at those phrases—"The White Man's Burden," "Pukka Sahib." Yet what do they mean? Why is it we have connected these so intimately with Kipling? It is because they are part and parcel of his conception of what Empire ought to be. Look at his poems. "The White Man's Burden" is a theme that he was constantly using :—

"Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease ;
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,
Watch Sloth and heathen tolly
Bring all your hope to nought.

"Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward :
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard. . . .

And then there is the "School Song" with its quotation from Ecclesiasticus :—

Let us now praise famous men—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth. . .
Greater than their knowing !

Some beneath the further stars
Bear a greater burden
Set to serve the lands they rule
(Save he serve no man may rule)
Serve and love the lands they rule
Seeking praise nor guerdon."

These are the themes that go through so many of his songs. I think Kipling made people see that possessions, money, power were not everything in the world. I know so well the effect he always had upon me. I say it quite humbly. He always made me feel I must get out of my comfortable armchair and do something and I think many of you must have felt that when you read his works. If you have not, may be I can make some of you feel it by reading a short passage from an address he gave to McGill University :—

"When, to use a detestable phrase, you go out into 'the battle of life,' you will be confronted by an organised conspiracy which will try to make you believe that the world is governed by the idea of wealth for wealth's sake. . . . Sooner or later you will see some man to whom the idea of wealth as mere wealth does not appeal. . . . At first you will be inclined to laugh at this man and to think that he is

not 'smart' in his ideas. . . . But be sure that, whenever or wherever you meet him, as soon as it comes to a direct issue between you, his little finger will be thicker than your loins. . . . You will find that you have no weapon in your armoury with which you can attack him. . . . If I had a message to deliver to the young men who have the future of their country to mould, I would say with all the force at my command : " Do not be 'smart.' "

To Kipling the ethics of Empire were absolute and universal, not racial nor insular. " There is," he told us again and again, " a duty above the State." Service and submission, but submission on a voluntary basis. Some might say, and some do, " To serve God is to serve man." That I think is an international dictum to which Kipling would have given full support and which I would like to see emblazoned on many of the national mottoes of the countries of Europe to-day. Perhaps this has some bearing on existing conditions *in* Europe to-day. No State allegiance could absolve you from those duties. No reason nor excuse was valid for their neglect. Indeed the harmony, the unity, the very existence of Empire depended upon their practice. To Kipling internationalism is in you yourselves. It is subjective dependent upon neither country nor climate, bounded by no regulation nor frontier but applicable at all times everywhere. to our brother Man as the noblest work of our Creator. If that is Kipling's idea did not he have something important to teach the modern internationalist ? Is this developing into a sermon ? I hope not because I do believe that these were Kipling's ideas, and if they are and if it is true that they are, then I believe that they have just as great a lesson for us to-day as they had for the public thirty or forty years ago.

Lastly, let me say this : " I believe that to-day a new, or rather a different, era is dawning. We have had twenty years of disarmament and pacifism ; a great deal of meddling and a great deal of muddling, and bags full of sentiment. Just as in the early years of this century Kipling said : " You have a great Empire ; realise it, but defend it." I believe that we are back again in the realm of reality ; politely put we have been dreaming and now we are in the process of waking up. In a speech Kipling made as long ago as 1921 at Strasbourg, he said :—

" During the years that have passed since the war, we in England have dreamed many dreams—some good—some bad—many stupid. And a large part of the world has dreamed with us. Now we are waking and we find , , , that the mass of our people desires what the mass of

the people has always desired—Security. That is natural, because after one has dreamed one returns to the life of this world. With us it is even more natural because we have found out what this lack of security has already cost us in every relation of our national, imperial and individual life. And this knowledge has been forced upon us by the instinctive logic of a multitude of simple people who frankly do not understand the fantasies which are offered to them in lieu of that security which they were promised. . . .

Well, to-day democracy is at a discount, but I do not want to come into the realm of politics, especially as Sir Arnold Wilson is not here to put me right ! But it does seem to me that Kipling's ideas, sentiments and ideals are returning. They are meaning more to more people every day. Conduct and character : service and discipline : these I believe alone will save England and perhaps they may save democracy as well. How far they can play a part in solving international problems that I leave perhaps to some of you to hazard an opinion before we leave this room, but at any rate I think we may all agree with that saying of a child at the beginning of this year when she said : " The King has gone to Heaven, and he has taken his Trumpeter with him."

DISCUSSION

Mr. Brooking

I don't want to say anything myself about Captain Cazalet's address except that it is an up-to-date version of what we have previously heard, and compares very well indeed with other talks on Kipling's Imperialism. I would like to tell you what Rudyard Kipling himself said on St. George's Day, 1920, in regard to this subject. (Here Mr. Brooking read an extract from this speech.)

Sir Christopher Robinson, Bart. (Chairman)

You cannot expect me, an Irishman, to sit here and hear that there is nobody in this room who is not prepared to be provocative. What attracts me as the ordinary man in the street who is not a serious student of Kipling, but who only loves him as the ordinary man in the street is not so much his artistic excellence as the principles for which he stood. I do not think that to appreciate Kipling and that point of view one need endorse all his principles. I would suggest that it is not principles that matter so much in these days as the fact of a man having any principles at all ! That is the principles upon which man bases his daily conduct and for which he is prepared to sacrifice,

Mr. Bazley

I have always held that Kipling did move with the times and just as he was the greatest imperialist, so now he is the greatest internationalist. That is not really a contradiction in terms. We have all noted that Kipling had a definite ideal of Empire—not merely a constructive ideal but the ideal that the leaders of it and the meanest of it, all had to work for it. They must do their job and get on with it ! Not to expect praise or reward, but just do it. If you read Kipling carefully you will always find that there is never animus against the individual unless the individual has betrayed humanity. Take our own life here—the attitude of the critics. They will admire the utter rubbish talked by a large number of others, but they will hold Kipling up to ridicule largely on account of his sincerity. Kipling was always rather down on the sex business. He did not like flogging a dead horse. . . . Our literary critics are not so particular. I have talked to some and, really, their knowledge is extraordinarily limited. And here they are put right by a Frenchman. The three best critics of Kipling are all Frenchmen.

Captain Cazalet

I am glad that my few observations have roused somebody to say something ! The answer to my mind is what Kipling has given. Nothing could be more contrary to Kipling's idea that same discipline should be imposed from above. It must be the individual himself who feels that here is something bigger than himself, bigger than the Empire and because of that he will do his duty and his best because for the time being this Empire seems to him to be the best channel through which he may bring a greater measure of happiness to the rest of the world.

Kipling Essay

BY R. N. B. HOLMES

*(Winner of the 1936 Competition at the Imperial Service
College, Windsor).*

1. Dickie—From "The Light That Failed."

Dickie is an artist of no mean talent and when sketching with war correspondents in the Sudan during the native rebellion there, he receives a cut over the head from a sword which proves fatal to his eyesight later on. He makes his money in drawing cheap pictures

for magazines and papers after years of hard struggle. He however, returns to classical pictures he finds, on nearing the end of his greatest work, that he is going blind and has to drink to keep his sight until he has finished it. The agony of Dickie's mind during the period is so perfectly expressed by Kipling, that it is on the part that the whole brilliance of the story rests. Dickie is really strong willed and proud and he gives up drink when he is blind and refuses to see Maisie, the girl he loves again. When Torpenhow, his greatest friend, leaves him and goes out to the Sudan, Dickie follows him and as he reaches Torpenhow an enemy bullet ends his terrible misery.

2. **Maisie—From "The Light that Failed."**

Dickie's playmate when a child she also is an artist. Of an unemotional nature which may account for her poor talent and also for her rejection of Dickie's love. She makes use of Dickie's knowledge as an artist without any return of a real affection. Her views are easily understood, however, as she is so intensely keen on her art and interested in marriage. So we find ourselves, on reading this book, being sorry for both, rather than disliking her. She suffers much more than Dickie when recalled to him when he is blind, but she is heartless in forsaking him altogether although he had no claim on her. Throughout this beautiful story we find ourselves alternatively accusing Maisie and Dickie for their apparent selfishness to each other.

The Maltese Cat

This is the story of a game of polo, the leading character of which being a pony of that name. He was picked up in Malta, when drawing a cart, and trained to play polo. On account of his wonderful intelligence he leads his ponies to victory through his advice. It is a wonderful short story showing fully how much the ponies know about the game and how keen they are. The winning point of the match is scored by the captain who is riding the Cat. Although he broke his collarbone in a fall during the previous period he rides the Cat confidently using his only arm for playing with. He knows the Cat will do the right thing since as he declared the Cat knew more about the game than he did. As a heroic ending the Cat tears a muscle in swerving when the winning shot was played, which ends his career as a polo pony.

Auntie Rosa—From "Baa Baa Black Sheep."

This character has Kipling fashioned so realistically that even to

recall the name makes one think of the many children that must be suffering under cruel guardians. From the time when Punch and Judy are handed over to her care she makes a pet of Judy, and, probably because she is jealous of a rival to her son Harry, she makes Punch's life intolerable. She is a wicked old hypocrite who brings up every small innocent fault of Punch's and magnifies it making him believe that he is bad, giving him a name of " Black Sheep " and making him an outcast in the house. It is because of Punch's innocence that she is so revolting to the mind of the reader. If Punch wanted to be quiet with a book she accused him of showing off. All these small ' naggings ' make us wonder why she did not send him mad. The most wicked thing she does is to try and turn Judy against him. Because of her terrible nature this story puts a strong hold on the reader.

Punch—From "Baa Baa Black Sheep."

He is very young when he leaves India with his little sister to come under the guardianship of the cruel Auntie Rosa. He finds it very difficult to understand her ways. He does everything more or less right and then he gets snapped at, a thing that never happened in India where the whole house obeyed him. The change in Punch's mind under the torments of his horrid aunt are very well made by Kipling who must have studied children a lot. Punch, since he is never given a moment's grace from some correction or other, is puzzled by what is good or evil. The critical part of the story comes on the death of Uncle Harry, his only friend, then the reader fancies there is no hope for him, unless his parents come home. This happily for him, does happen just in time. His mother does not seem to understand him and the way he talks about being evil. Neither does Punch understand why she is so good and loving. But he is at peace once more and that's all that matters to him.

The Brushwood Boy

This is the story of a man who has a dream which persists throughout his life until in the end he meets the principal person of his dream in reality. This dream which has variations each time is so vividly and realistically written that it gives to the book a rather eerie tone. Georgie Cottar is brilliant in all the different stages of his career, from Preparatory School to the army. When home on leave from India after gaining the D.S.O. and promotion to Major he meets his dream. After explaining his dream to her he realises that she also

has had a similar dream and that he was her Brushwood Boy because the dream always started with him near the Brushwood Pile. This is a very amazing story peculiarly fascinating. Georgie Cottar as a man was ideal and loved by all below him.

" Garm—A Hostage."

This is rather a touching story of a magnificent bull-terrier, Garm. He is owned by a private in the Indian Army and because of a friend of his getting him out of trouble when he gets drunk one night, he hands Garm over to him as a hostage for good behaviour. Garm is a beautiful dog with the intelligence of a human being. The tricks he could do made him uncannily human although not at all impossible. He would understand what anybody said. He could kill a man with ease and no dog could stand up to him as shown when he saved Vixen from pariah dogs. A trooper one day tried to steal him but was himself captured by Garm. Although he obeyed implicitly the word of his new master he pined away for Stanley. A re-union is made possible by the generosity of his new master. Both are overjoyed and hug each other for a considerable time.

"The Cat That Walked by Himself."

This story describes in a humorous way how the first man and woman made animals domesticated. That is all the domesticated animals of to-day except the cat. He always walked by himself all places being alike to him. He is content that no one, not even the woman, was as clever as he. He made bargains with the woman whereby he gained the privilege of the comforts of home life. He shows, as is the case, no affection to any human being. The cat has always carried out the bargains he made (mainly to amuse himself) such as playing with babies and catching mice. All places are good enough for him where he can sleep in comfort and drink milk. He does not care who gives it to him. Men and dogs warned him in the beginning that they would be his enemies because of his smug conceit. So he is always harried by them.

Riki-Tiki-Tavi.

A delightful story of a very loyal and affectionate mongoose. Picked up and reared by an English family, in India, having lost his mother when young and so it was instinct alone that taught him how to kill snakes and be warned of their presence. In the garden of the house

he lives in there were two snakes, cobras and throughout the story he carries on a war with them finally killing one and destroying all its eggs. The other he catches in the bathroom while it was waiting to attack a member of the family. He held on to its head until he was senseless with the knocking he got but the master of the house comes in just in time to shoot the snake. He is a very playful little fellow and his feelings are expressed admirably by Kipling who helps his readers in these animal stories, to understand the feelings of their own dumb friends.

Gunga Din

In all his ballads Kipling always touches the heart and conscience of those who hear or read them. The beautiful rhythm of his lines add to the beauty of the themes making them deservedly popular to every one. One of the most well-known is the ballad of Gunga Din. He was a low caste water carrier attached to an Indian Army regiment. He is taken as a typical example of the native porters who although sworn at and whipped carried out their duty regardless of the dangers they were in. Gunga Dun is also an example of the loyalty of Indian servants to their masters even though they are beaten by them for a slight mistake, or for being drunk. Perhaps the beatings if they are from their own masters, tend to make them more loyal and respectful. The point of this ballad is to show how little the bravery of these porters and water carriers is recognised until they are killed in action.

The True Spirit of Kipling

PARAGRAPH No. 5 of the Aims and Objects of the Kipling Society reads : " To do belated honour to, and to extend the influence of the most patriotic, virile and imaginative of writers, who upholds the ideals of the English-speaking world." This sentence though quite clearly expressed appears to have caused some confusion of thought. It has been said that if (or because) Kipling was patriotic this Society is *ipso facto* a political association. There is no foundation for this view : the Kipling Society is not faintly connected with any political party or association; its sole relations are with the societies of purely literary nature like its own for it is a literary society founded in honour of a great literary artist. Kipling was patriotic in the best

sense of the word, but why it should be held that patriotism in an Englishman is a matter for reproach (though praiseworthy in, say, an Egyptian, a German or a Russian) is beyond our comprehension.

The " Aims " paragraph goes on to say that Kipling " upholds the ideals of the English-speaking peoples of the world." This would include the United States of America, so the charge of " prejudiced " patriotism seems to fail. Kipling had a deep affection for the U.S.A. and for France, the two most obviously democratic of the great world states. Unfortunately, no English critic of ability has written at any length on Kipling's ideals, so we must refer our readers to the masterly exposition given by M. Chevrillon in our last number ; we repeat the following short extract :—" 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 acknowledgment.'—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." No one can deny that this is a noble ideal ; that it should be expressed by a foreign literary man of great eminence, who is no politician, is an unanswerable reply to those detractors who twist the truth to make a trap for fools. The acute perception of a French critic has grasped the full meanings of Kipling's messages and ideals ; M. Chevrillon seeks for the author's meaning and avoids dragging bits of lines out of their context. Times changed since the War, say our critics, and Kipling did not change ; we may remind these folk that the hearts of men do not change, and at the same time express a hope that the ideals of the British Empire as set forth in Kipling's work will never change. Should Internationalism ever become an accomplished fact, perhaps Kipling's reading of the state of affairs is more likely to be nearer the truth than that of some of the Genevans of to-day ; to see what he thought about the matter, read the first story in " A Diversity of Creatures " entitled " As Easy as A.B.C." and also the accompanying verse—a Dictator by any other name will smell as vile !

"Helpful Members" Book

Members have been considerably badgered in the past to introduce their friends to membership. This is not an easy or a pleasant job ; in fact, only the thousandth man " is keen enough to want to join the

Kipling Society, and you may not know him. If, however, the percentage of 1. is correct, assuming a population of 40 millions, there are about 40,000 people in the United Kingdom who would like to join our Society, if only they were told about it. The difficulty is to find them.

Occasionally, these people, like fish, come up to breathe, and when you see a public speaker reported as having quoted Kipling, or a signed article or letter in the Press referring to Kipling, you can help that person and the Society by sending the cutting or the necessary information to me to deal with. I shall then put your name at the top of the next vacant page in our *Helpful Members Book* with a record of the transaction. And if the fish bites, you will be duly advised, and a note of your success will be made on your page of the Book. This *Helpful Members Book* will be kept for inspection at all Council and other Meetings, and those members who have pages which contain any items of helpfulness recorded will find their efforts especially appreciated by the Council.

A prize of a volume of Kipling's Verse will be awarded to the member who produces the greatest number of new members between now and the day before the next Annual Conference.

C. H. ROBINSON,
Secretary.

Rudyard Kipling

Singer of Empire, who, for fifty years
 Did charm the world with story and with song !
 Stilled is the voice that spoke brave words and strong,
 The hand that wrote, unrivalled by his peers,
 Tales that compelled our laughter and our tears ;
 That bared men's hearts, in simple words and true
 And with the touch of unmatched genius drew
 Love, hatred, hasty death, cold-handed fears
 The sun-baked plains, the snarl of stormy seas,
 The open veldt, the little fields of home,
 Dark swollen rivers, ribald mirth and ease
 Heart breaking toil, that honour bids be done !
 What though to sorrowing hearts he seems to die,
 All these do spell his immortality.

MARY NEAL.
Victoria, B.C.

Letter Bag

"A Centurion of the Thirtieth," in *Puck of Pook's Hill*." The hero of this story, Parnesius, a young British-born Roman, while still undergoing his training as a Probationer, is promoted by the Emperor Maximus in person to be Centurion of the 7th Cohort of the Thirtieth Legion. This Legion had its headquarters at Anderida (Pevensey) but the 7th Cohort was stationed on the Great Wall, at a town called Hunno (see the story "On the Great Wall."). Parnesius marches from Anderida to Hunno in command of a draft for the Cohort. No record of the Thirtieth Legion having served in Britain was known to historians until five or six years after the publication of "*Puck of Pook's Hill*." There *were* records of other Legions. At that date, a stone was uncovered at Corbridge, some two miles from the supposed site of Hunno, bearing an inscription mentioning the 7th Cohort of the 30th Legion. In 1912, Kipling wrote to a Miss Allen, who had informed him of the discovery, and said that he had been "thrilled" by it. The excavations which uncovered the stone were made by a party of Oxford men, and in recognition of this Kipling presented the MS of "*Puck of Pook's Hill*" to the Bodleian Library. This information had been supplied to me by the Rev. Prebendary John Fowler, Vicar of Rye. He suggests that the numbering of the Cohort and Legion was a "shot" by the Author, and that the bullseye was a fortuitous one. If so, the coincidence is even more remarkable than that of the Pevensey Castle Well, mentioned in Sir George MacMunn's lecture (*Journal* 36, 122) and by Mr. William R. Power (*Journal* 35, 85). But, in relation to Genius, who shall set bounds to the scope or dissect the sources of its knowledge?

E. DAWSON (1107).

Meetings. Members who can sing Kipling songs, or who have friends who can render these items, are requested to communicate with the Secretary.

Secretary's Corner

Amongst our forthcoming lectures will be one on "Kipling and Yorkshire" by Dr. Vaughan Bateson on the 13th of January next. The Rev. A. G. B. West, Master Parson, St. Dunstan-in-the-East, will lecture upon Kipling and Children on the 17th February. We shall also hear Mr. Victor Bonney on "Kipling and the Doctors" on the evening of the 15th of June.

Curiously enough, one of the results of our recent circular asking members to make out their cheques and postal orders to the Society and not to individuals has been quite an avalanche of remittances made out to me. I had great trouble over one made out to "Mr. C. Robinson," when it took me quite an amount of valuable time proving to the Bank that this cheque was intended for the Society. Members would really help a lot if they would follow the simple rule of making all remittances payable to "The Kipling Society."

The Council is greatly indebted to a number of members who responded to our appeal to send us Bankers Orders for their subscriptions. If members only realised what an enormous amount of labour and time these Bankers Orders save us, I am sure the response would have been much larger. It is, however, never too late!

The Council is particularly grateful to Mrs. R. F. Thorp for the beautiful curtains she so kindly made for our office.

We hope to arrange a Reception for those of our Overseas Members who are coming Home to attend the Coronation. We do hope that such members will get into touch with us as soon as possible and that Hon. Secretaries of Branches will help in the matter as the opportunity of meeting some of our overseas colleagues is one to which we greatly look forward. During their visit, we shall be only too glad to be of any service to them we can.

C. H. R.

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