

*The*  
KIPLING  
JOURNAL

*The*  
Organ  
of the  
KIPLING  
SOCIETY

No. 44

DECEMBER, 1937

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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



THEY PASSED OUT OF THE SERAI

# *The Kipling Journal*

The Organ of the Kipling Society

QUARTERLY

No. 44

DECEMBER, 1937

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## *News and Notes*

THE very charming plate in this number is a suggestion for an illustration to "Kim," depicting the departure of Kim and the lama from the Kashmir Serai at Lahore, at the end of chapter I. There is no signature to the picture, as the artist desires to remain anonymous for the present.

x      x      x      x      x

The first Meeting of the 1937-38 Session was held at the Washington Hotel, Curzon Street, W., on Wednesday, October 27th at 8.30 p.m. Owing to illness, our Vice-President, Sir Walter Lawrence, G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B., was unable to take the chair, which was filled by Sir Alexander Gibb, G.B.E., C.B., F.R.S. Opening the Meeting, the Chairman read the remarks which Sir Walter would have made, had he been present, and with characteristic modesty said nothing himself, except "Now I have the honour to introduce Mrs. Fleming." Sir Walter's letter is as follows :—"The Society has honoured me by asking me to take the Chair on this very special occasion. In the 'eighties of the last century I was a young Under-Secretary in Simla and I worked in a room in Cowmeadow's shop opening on the Mall. In those days the Government of the Punjab was up in Simla on sufferance, so we had no regular offices. My friends used to push in ; Rudyard Kipling was one of these visitors, and he would take me out for a walk on the Mall. One evening he sent me word that he was coming, but he did not turn up till very late, It was getting dusk ;

we walked down the Mall together, and on the right hand side of the road there was an old wall; he looked over this wall on to a desolate, deserted British cemetery and paused without speaking. When he had finished his ruminations, I said : ' So you brought me here in the dusk and drizzle as a fine setting for your reflections.' ' No,' he said ; ' it was not that. I came out late as I did not want to be seen ; I have a Delhi sore.' I consoled with him, and he said : ' Well, I thank God for one thing—that it came to me and not to Trixie.' Trixie was his sister, the lady who is going to charm and delight you as she charmed and delighted me ' merry and long ago ' by her conversation. She delighted me too, by her book, ' A Pinchbeck Goddess,' which I always thought the best and brightest description of our strange and ever-changing life in India. Then, about 34 years ago, she and her mother (who used to be called the wittiest woman in India, though I always thought that her daughter ran her very close for the title) wrote a book of poems, and they gave me a copy. I owe much to that book, for one of the poems entitled ' Spion Kop (Jan. 24, 1900),' helped me and others. I remember the poem even now ; if I blunder Mrs. Fleming may correct me, and I feel sure that she will forgive me :—

Young Never-Grow-Old, with your heart of gold,  
 And the dear boy's face upon you ;  
 It's hard to tell, though we know it well,  
 That the grass is growing upon you.  
 Flowers and grass, and the graveyard mould,  
 Over the eyes of you, Never-Grow-Old,  
 Over the heart of you, over each part of you,  
 All your dear body, our Never-Grow-Old.

# # #

Never-Grow-Old, your curly head  
 Will never streak with grey ;  
 Young Always-Young, your springing tread  
 Will never pass away.  
 The morning glory of your eyes  
 Will light you now and ever ;  
 You keep your boyhood in the skies,  
 The other side the River ;  
 River that flows by the City of Gold,  
 River of Healing, dear Never-Grow-Old

I could quote the whole poem, but that is enough. It helped many mothers who lost their boys in the Great War. I know this because they wrote and told me."

During the Meeting those present were delighted by some songs, the names of which appear in the report of the Discussion, by Madame Ffrangcon-Davies ; the singer combined exquisite vocal quality and perfect technique with faultlessly clear enunciation, singing the songs as one who understood and loved them.

The proceedings terminated with the singing of " God Save the King."

x        x        x        x        x

A certain amount of distortion is apparently deemed necessary when rendering a Kipling story on the films ; the cinema public *may* like it, though such distortion is bad art—possibly, even bad business. We must, however, protest against the comments of a journalist in the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* (18th October), who writes as follows :—" We (*sic*) Willie Winkie " is one of the plainer tales from the hills, agreeably free from Kipling's besetting sins of brassy epigram and flatulent humour. But no negative virtues can disguise the fact that it is a pretty thin story." Apropos to this a Member, Mr. A. E. Hanford, writes :—" What is the bug that bites a certain type of person almost immediately a great man dies, and compels him or her to perseveringly 'debunk' the great man's work ? Is it that while the great man is alive an inferiority complex vexes, and the 'debunking' is the expression of relief ? I think so. Galsworthy said somewhere that some people always look down on a man above them, or words to that effect." A short time before the above comment was printed, there appeared a critique, in one of our Educational journals, on the film of " Elephant Boy," which, as the lama might have said, acquired merit by omitting to mention either Kipling or " Toomai of the Elephants." Perhaps this second critic did not know of either !

x        x        x        x        x

Another attempt at 'debunking' comes from Mr. Hilton Brown who is reported by the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* (20th Oct.) as saying that " Kipling told England that South India was a dud place altogether." Now, Kipling is generally accused of annoying people because he is so annoyingly right ; he did not see much of Southern India, so he did not write much about it. But, when he does write about that country (place is not quite the word), he is just as accurate

as he is when dealing with the Punjab. True, most of his remarks on the South are in the uncollected work, but surely there is sympathetic knowledge shown in that wonderful story "William the Conqueror."

x        x        x        x        x        x

As showing the extraordinary standards by which our Master's work is judged, we give the following short paragraph from the *Observer* (10th Oct.) ; "Broadstairs has decided to efface, 'as a contribution to world peace,' the Kipling lines, 'Lest we forget,' from a Lusitania raft on the pier. Any contribution to world peace is to be welcomed, but it is odd that this step should be taken against the least provocative poem that Kipling ever wrote. When he warned us against forgetting it was not an exhortation to vindictiveness : it was exactly the opposite, a prayer against the 'frantic boast and foolish word.' 'Lest we forget'—but it was not the War we were not to forget, but God' So many misunderstandings happen through quoting phrases apart from their context." We commend this piece of news, with the *Observer's* comment on this curious mental attitude, to those of Kipling's critics who have failed to grow up.

x        x        x        x        x

After these necessary corrections it will be pleasant to turn to more cheerful topics. Here are a few extracts from an excellent article in the *Evening Herald* of Dublin (27th Oct.) entitled "A Kipling Saga." Here we get appreciation without adulation and criticism with understanding, as will be seen from the following paragraphs :—"Kipling was intensely English in every way and at every period of his life. And yet America can justly claim kinship with him. . . \* America made a tremendous first impression on Kipling, but its only effect on his writings is discernible in '*Captains Courageous*,' which can almost be classed as American Literature. America inspired it, and it is essentially American. It lives as one of the greatest word-pictures of the sea ever written. Telling the story of the men who fish the Newfoundland Banks, Kipling ranged himself beside Conrad and Masefield as a lover of the sea and a brilliant interpreter of its every mood. He understood, too, the hardy race of men who live and die in a bitter wilderness of fog, iceberg, and sea-fury a thousand miles from their firesides. . . . Kipling knew them, and respected these sailors' queer mixed love and hatred of the sea. He blended them deftly into '*Captains Courageous*,' and caught, with masterly cunning, the majestic moods of the vast ocean which took so many of their

brethren to itself. Uncanny beauty of calm and storm, sunlight and fog, and a rich, warm understanding of men go to make up this sweeping canvas of Kipling's—a giant seascape of power strength and loveliness. ' *Captains Courageous* ' alone among his works would have placed Kipling with the immortals. . . . Adversity was a Muse and a help to Kipling, as it has been to many of the world's great men. It put him among the great writers of the sea, a goodly company and a fit one."

x            x            x            x            x

Under the heading ' Kipling Character Really Lived,' the *Star* (22nd Oct.) gives some details about Jacob, the original of F. Marion Crawford's "*Mr. Isaacs*" and Kipling's "*Kim—Lurgan Sahib*." These are narrated by Mr. Imre Schwaiger, the celebrated Hungarian antiquarian expert and collector :—" He, (Jacob) knew most of the Eastern languages, and dabbled in philosophy and occultism. He once went to Mecca disguised as a Mohammedan. He had a flair for precious stones, was friend and counsellor to the Viceroys and the Maharajahs of his time, and astonished those who met him by his magnetism." All who remember the description of "*Lurgan Sahib* " of Delhi, to whom Kim was sent for final polish, will notice how true Kipling's portrait is to the original.

x            x            x            x            x

Here are two short summaries of Kipling's character, one from a signature, the other from a ' doodle.' *The Queen* (9th Sept.) prints a facsimile signature with this estimate underneath :—" Rudyard Kipling, world-famous as poet and author, bears in his warm, small signature, with its carefully dotted 'i's,' the expression of his own warm personality. His love of children is shown in the size and colouring of his writing, and his care for detail, idealism, and progress in the placing of the ' i ' dots. The first dot is skied, showing idealism, slightly forward from the letter, showing progress and slight aggression. The second dot is nearer the letter, but well in advance of it, indicating by its shape that indomitable courage which he expresses so well in many of his poems."

The 'doodle' the *Evening Standard* (11th Sept.) tells us, was scribbled on an odd scrap of paper while listening to some speeches at a meeting. With the reproduction is given this analysis :—" Drawings show a steady tendency to increasing complexity. Here is a nature unwilling to leave a subject until it has been recorded from all possible

angles, a nature which is thorough and ingenious. Is not impulsive and will not leave a thing until he understands it. His emotions and thoughts are very much under control. The whole thing indicates a capacity to see things unwind and a delight in working out an idea."

x        x        x        x        x

A letter from Mr. Victor Bonney in our last issue identified two of the books—"one blue and fat," the other "brown and fat"—which inspired out Master when a child. Mr. Ian Colvin, who wrote a fine Tribute to Rudyard Kipling in the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* (17th Nov), has been able to find out something about "*The Hope of the Katzekopfs*, a Fairy Tale by William Churne of Staffordshire," published at Rugeley in 1844 (see the Autobiography, p.7.) Mr. Colvin gives us some interesting information:—" 'William Churne' was obviously a pseudonym, but it gave me my first clue. The real William Churne is only known through a verse in famous poem "*Farewell to the Fairies*," by Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich, who died in 1635 :

' To William Churne of Staffordshire,  
Give laud and praises due  
Who, every meale, can mend your cheare  
With Tales both old and true.'

From the first stanza of this poem, '*Farewell, Rewards and Fairies*.' Kipling took the title of his famous book. As I was ignorant who was the author, I had not previously been able to find the book in the British Museum catalogue. But William Churne is duly listed, with a cross reference to the real author, Francis Edward Paget, who was born in 1806 and died in 1882. . . . The tale itself, is as Kipling says, of a severely moral tendency. The 'Hope' is Prince Eigenwillig, the heir of King Katzekopf, who was so spoiled by his mamma, Queen Ninnilinda, that he had to be chastened severely by his fairy godmother the Lady Abracadabra. In the end he learned to conquer self, and became a model king."

x        x        x        x        x

Mr. Michael R. P. Taylor sent us a contribution some years back but, owing to the sudden death of our late Secretary, Col. Bailey, his letter and enclosure were mislaid. Mr. Taylor sent an illustration from an unnamed paper, of the then new road-slagging machine and drew attention in his note to the connection between this and the

Kipling story, " *As Easy as A.B.C.*" We have often referred in these notes to that marvellous tale of the future, and to its companion and predecessor, " *With the Night Mail*," commenting on the extraordinary accuracy of the forecasts contained in both. The wonderful flair that our Master had for prophecy may be seen again here, for the note under the picture of this machine reads :—" This machine is a new invention for rapid road repairs. It melts the old road surface to a depth of 1 in., and replaces it by material embodying the debris that has been removed, at the rate of seven square yards in six minutes. Now compare this with the description in the tale :—" We could hear the sputter and crackle of road-surfacing machines—the cheap Western type which uses stone and rubbish into lava-like ribbed glass for their rough country roads. Three or four surfacers worked on each side of a square of ruins. The brick and stone wreckage crumbled, slid forward, and presently spread out into white-hot pools of sticky slag, which the levelling rods smoothed more or less flat." This story, be it remembered, was published in 1912, more than twenty years before the machine described appeared among the road-makers.

x      x      x      x      x

The *Morning Post* (6th Aug.) tells us of a novel Kipling memorial to be erected in the Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, California, U.S.A. Mr. Anson Boyd, an American architect, called on the Vicar of Rottingdean and asked permission to reproduce the Church in America. " It seemed," says the Vicar, " that he had been to Burwash, but had not considered that the Village Church there would lend itself to reproduction. He then thought of Rottingdean, and I gladly acceded to his request. He took the most exact measurements of the Church, and was in touch with the local builders, who gave him further technical details. Since he returned to America I have heard from him, and it appears as though an exact replica of St. Margaret's, Rottingdean, is soon to be erected at Glendale."

x      x      x      x      x

" A Burwash Boy and Rudyard Kipling," an article in the *Sussex County Magazine* (Aug. 1937), by P. G. Maude-Roxby gives some pleasing reminiscences of Kipling at Burwash. Mr. Maude-Roxby's anecdotes show us that love for children which may justly be denominated the distinguishing characteristic of our Author's heart :—" With my brother and sister I often enjoyed going through his estate,

when he would take us along the banks of the Dudwell, that pretty stream that wends its way near his house. He must have been fond of children, for he seemed to love to tell us long stories about the glittering Nile—as he termed it—and about India, the land of his youth, and of his struggles for fame. Perhaps, however, I should not use the word 'fame', for Kipling scorned all titles and publicity and was content to live a quiet life at his country home, Bateman's. . . . He took a boyish interest in any new kind of machine or gadget. One day I came on him trying out a motor-fire engine which he had got for Bateman's and which his chauffeur had started up. Mr. Kipling had tried out the hose to such purpose that he had knocked off several tiles from the roof. He was thrilled by the immense force of the water whatever he may have been by the mishap to the roof! . . . . The times that I spent with this kind and unobtrusive gentleman were some of the happiest times of my life. I am sure that I shall always cherish the days when we walked or played in company with the great Rudyard Kipling."

x      x      x      x      x

In our hurried age the art of reading aloud has almost been lost. It is, therefore, with especial pleasure that we make our compliments to Mr. Ronald Simpson of the B.B.C, whose readings from Kipling's works have so often given joy to listeners ; particular mention must be made of the superb rendering of "*The Maltese Cat*." It is true that Kipling's tales and poems gain a new intensity when read aloud well ; it is also true, unfortunately, that many exponents of this lost art seem to lack all the essential qualifications, including understanding of what they try to read. The gratitude of all Kipling lovers is due to Mr. Simpson, for he gives the subject in a way that makes us think that Kipling himself is speaking.

### *Branch Reports*

**Victoria, B.C., Canada.** The first summer outing took place on August 25th, to the Prince of Wales's Fairbridge Farm School at Courcham Station, Vancouver Island. In the absence of the Principal, the party were received by Miss Thurnam, the Matron, and Mr. P. B. Fowler, Vice-Chairman of B.C. Committee ; they were shown over the cottages, each presided over by a house mother, the school, the dining hull, the farm buildings and dairy. A picnic supper was served

in the dining hall, and the party left for home at 7 p.m. The situation of the farm is delightful. The children, hatless and barefoot, looked sturdy and happy. Since the visit paid by the Society, 28 more children all under 10 (many from London), have arrived from England ; another party will soon be on the way. Knowing the over-crowded conditions of the big cities, we must be thankful for such men of vision as Kingsley Fairbridge and for all those who have made his vision a reality.

### *Books and Reviews*

**Rudyard Kipling's Vermont Feud.** By Frederick F. van de Water, illus. By Bernadine Custer.) (The Countryman Press, Weston, Vermont, U.S.A.)

In many ways an interesting book of personalities, set down without malice. But we are of the opinion that quarrels of this kind were better consigned to the limbo of forgetfulness, unless they have a direct bearing upon the author's literary work.

Messrs. Elkin & Co., have published three settings of Kipling lyrics by Victor Hely-Hutchinson : "*Cuckoo Song*" "*The Queen's Men*," and "*Cities and Thrones and Powers*." The *Musical Times* says that "they are all interesting songs which make no great technical demands on the performers, their freshness lying in phrasing and interval rather than in harmonic mannerisms." It is good to hear this last, for quite a number of our Author's best poems have been spoilt by composers trying to be too clever in their settings.

### *The Kipling Memorial Fund Dinner*

THAT Kipling is still a living influence was amply demonstrated by the wonderful gathering on November 17th, when a company 942 strong, assembled to honour the memory of the greatest writer of our time. The *Observer* (21st Nov.) gives a good introduction "The heart of any writer must have swelled with pride at the tribute to his profession afforded by the magnificent attendance at the Memorial dinner to Kipling, held last Wednesday under the chairmanship of the Earl of Athlone. Not only was Royalty present but alongside representatives of the Empire were ranged the fighting forces, the diplomatic world, the Church, Society, and, of course, literature and

the arts. Naturally, such a tribute could only be paid to a writer who was not only a classic during his lifetime but who did embody for the whole Empire its aspiration to light and truth."

The Earl of Athlone, who was accompanied by H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, presided over a distinguished assembly. The Guests of Honour were our President ("Stalky") and Mr. G. C. Beresford ("M'Turk"). Tables were arranged for the Kipling Society, the Royal Society of Literature, the Royal Empire Society, the Irish Guards, the Royal Engineers, the R.N.V.R., the Poetry Society, Devon, Sussex, India, and the Dominions. Among others present were :—The Brazilian Ambassador, Lord Londonderry, Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lord Plymouth (who proposed the toast of the Chairman) and Lady Plymouth, Lord Bearsted, Lord Desborough, Lord Greenwood (who proposed the toast of the Guests) and Lady Greenwood, Lord and Lady Nuffield, Lord and Lady Askwith, Lord and Lady Iliffe, Lord and Lady Apsley, Lord and Lady Kenilworth, Lord Buckmaster, Lord Cavan and Lady Cavan, Lord and Lady Chaplin, Lord and Lady Courtown, Lord and Lady Curzon, Col. Lord Dillon, Lord Devonport, Lord and Lady Fortescue, Lord and Lady Gleichen, Lord and Lady Elibank, Lord and Lady Kennet, Lord Leconfield, Lord and Lady Leigh, Lady Listowel, Lord and Lady Plender, Lord and Lady Rennell, Lord Stonehaven, Mrs. Dunsterville, Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, Mr. L. Tollemache (Headmaster of the I.S.C.), Canon Hannay, Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, Sir Alexander Gibb, Sir Alexander Godley and Lady Godley, Adm. Sir Roger Keyes, M.P., Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., Sir William Arbuthnot Lane and Lady Lane, Sir Michael and Lady O'Dwyer, Col. John Gretton, M.P., Capt. Derrick Gunston, M.P., Capt. Victor Cazalet, M.P., and Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P.

The Kipling Society was represented by :—Mr. S. A. Courtauld (Chairman of Council and Member of the Memorial Fund Council), Mr. J. H. C. Brooking (Founder) and Mrs. Brooking, Mr. John Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. Harbord, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Kipling, Mrs. Mends-Gibson (Arthur Hood), the Hon. Editor, the Hon. Librarian, and many others.

The objects of the Fund are the provision of Bursaries at the Imperial Service College, Windsor, for 50 boys, the sons of men in Government and Public Services throughout the Empire, of a value of two-thirds of the ordinary fees of the College ; the foundation of

a Kipling Library at the I.S.C. ; and suitable memorials at Windsor and Westward Ho !

Immediately after the Royal toast, Lord Athlone read a message from H.M. the King : " I am glad to know that representatives of all parts of the Empire are united in planning a fitting memorial to Rudyard Kipling, whose genius is the common heritage of all who speak the English tongue." Messages were sent from the Dominions and America. Mrs. Kipling wrote :—" I deeply appreciate your wish to commemorate my husband's work and send many thanks for your kindly message to me."

The toast of the Rudyard Kipling Memorial Fund was proposed by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, CH., P.C., M.P., in a manner which suggested that he has succeeded, as the *Observer* remarked, to the place left vacant by Lord Rosebery of Public Orator to the Empire :—" We meet here tonight for a twofold purpose : first, to honour the memory of a writer, of a man, and of a force ; and, secondly, to perpetuate his service from one generation to another by the establishment of a foundation bearing his name, from which a long succession of boys will be sent into the world with the honourable distinction of having been Kipling Scholars. Kipling holds one of the foremost places in the last century of English letters. There seems to be no gallery of human activity which he could not enter easily and unchallenged and which, having entered, he could not illuminate with a light unexpected, piercing, enchanting, and all his own. There have been in our own time greater poets and sages, more vehement and sentient interpreters of pathos and passion, more fertile imaginations, and certainly more orthodox stylists than Rudyard Kipling. But in the glittering rank which he took by Right Divine there has never been anyone like him. No-one has ever written like Kipling before, and his work has been successfully imitated by none. He was unique and irreplaceable. The light of genius expressed in literature does not fail with the death of the Author. But the magic key which could have opened new ones to our eager desire has gone for ever. Let us, then, guard the treasures which he has bequeathed. Even should the British Empire in India pass from life into history, the works of Kipling will remain to prove that while we were there we did our best for all. The whole Empire which had sprung from the will and stamina of our ancestors excited his lively interest. The tables round this room pay their tribute from English counties and far-off Dominions to the service which he rendered.

Much that has happened since the War filled him with sorrow. But whatever may befall nothing can deprive him of the gratitude which Britons all over the world owe him for the inspiration of his prime, or of the homage which English-speaking peoples through long generations of delighted readers will render to the genius of his pen."

In reply to this toast Lord Athlone said that it mattered little to most people that Kipling was born in India ; it mattered that his school was at Westward Ho ! ; it mattered everything to all that when he passed the Empire stood in sorrowful silence. By the scheme afoot there would be a group of scholarships bearing his name, at the Imperial Service College, lineal successor to the United Services College at Westward Ho ! so that Kipling scholars would be found wherever the British flag flew. He hoped that they would spare nothing in their determination that the name of Rudyard Kipling should not only be written large in the page of history but written in letters of indelible gold.

In reply to the toast of the Guests Major-General Dunsterville said :—" In the tales called ' Stalky & Co.,' there can be no doubt that the characters of Beetle, M'Turk and Stalky were based upon three actual individuals—Kipling, Beresford and myself—but the events must not be regarded as history. These were for the most part pure fiction, and it is very embarrassing to undergo a cross-examination on the incidents described. I do not think that we could select a more suitable tribute to Kipling's memory than the triple proposal now put before the public. The arrangements made to purchase and maintain in perpetuity the Kipling Tors at Westward Ho !, while naturally of less importance than the main object, appeal strongly to Beresford and to me on sentimental grounds. Neither of us suffer from undue sentimentality, but we should like to think that that spot, rendered sacred to us by the memories of those happy days of huts out-of-bounds in the thick furze bushes had been saved for all time from the ruthless hand of the devastating builder."

Mr. Beresford also replied to the toast :—" At school Kipling was by no means the dark horse that he is sometimes represented as being. It was obvious that he would be well to the front as a writer, more especially in verse; in that he excelled. He made a deep impression in those wonderful days, so I remember a good deal about him. No one could have foreseen his propaganda of Empire, as he seemed to be heading for the usual decorative verse in the well-known moon and nightingale manner. A notable fact about his Imperial pro-

clivities, and his understandable preference for a big and strong state rather than a small and weak one, was that the matter was not fed into him by his pastors and masters at Westward Ho ! ; the leading masters were lukewarm on the Imperial issue ; Kipling's Imperialism was largely an aftergrowth—of course none the worse for that. As boys we were shy about patriotism ; in a formal debate that we held as to which was the better profession, the Army or the Navy, the Army won—because, in the Army one wore a prettier uniform, had better meals, better beds, and did not get up so early ! At Kipling's holiday resort, quite a little hot-bed of Home-rule and separation, the lads there—Burne-Jones, Morris & Co.,—turned a lack-lustre eye on the good old British Hon and his performances round the globe. Kipling apparently was not much impressed politically by his guides and guardians, but had a good look round on his own account at all brands of political opinions and chose what he preferred. As a consequence of knowing most sides of the question his propaganda is cunningly restrained ; he takes little for granted and does not make false assumptions. He seems to avoid words like triumph, victory, renown, hero, glory, fame ; he gets his effects by other means—that was his stalky-ness. Whilst simpler-minded, more narrowly trained patriot bards beat the air almost in vain, it was the above quality that made Kipling's appeal so effective. That, in part, is why we are assembled here to-night."

During the evening the String Band of the Irish Guards played a most attractive selection of music ; Mr. Peter Dawson sang " *The Irish Guards* " and " *A Smuggler's Song*," and Mr. Hugh E. Wright recited. An excellent account of the proceedings appeared in the *Times* of November 18th.

### *A Christmas Card and a Fight*

(We make our acknowledgements to the Editor of the *79th News* of April 1936, for the following interesting Kipling anecdote, which we received through the kindness of Major-General James D. McLachan.)

At Christmas time 1901, during the South African war, a small detachment of H Coy. were holding part of the Blockhouse line at Smut's Nek, in the Magaliesburgs. Round about that time the late Rudyard Kipling was paying a visit to South Africa, and I have no doubt that since the death of that popular soldier's poet the memories

of those who garrisoned No. 7 Blockhouse, who are still in the land of the living, will have been jogged a little.

It was Andrew Belcher's idea that we should send Rudyard Kipling a Christmas card, which raised quite a laugh as to when and how such a thing as a Christmas card could be procured in such an isolated spot as the very top of the Magaliesburg Mountains. But Andrew's imaginative brain had worked it all out ; he first of all demanded a piece of my khaki apron, about eight inches square ; this piece was then washed as clean as hands could make it.

Andra's clever fingers, with a blue indelible pencil, then did their stuff. A scrolly kind of border was sketched round the edge, and, after much scratching of heads for inspiration, three doggerel verses were somehow got together and duly transferred to the centre of the piece of khaki ; a packet of cartridges was then unwrapped and the lining paper extracted, on which Andra's educated pencil got busy, wishing the renowned poet the compliments of the season, and the usual junk that is generally written at Christmas and New Year time ; and as being from the Inhabitants of No. 7 Blockhouse, 1st Cameron Highlanders, Magaliesburg Mountains. Our signatures then followed, but the only names I can remember after this long lapse of time :— Andrew Belcher, Sgt. Bill Clapperton, Louis Baird, Corpl. Dot Crabtree, and wee Tony Williamson, one time officers' servant. A piece of canvas was forked out from somewhere, and our decorated piece of khaki and cartridge paper was well sewn up in the canvas and simply addressed to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, S. Africa. Despite the vagueness of the address, it evidently found its way to its correct destination, for a couple of weeks later a letter arrived addressed to the Inhabitants of No. 7 Blockhouse, Magaliesburg Mountains, C/o Pte. Andrew Belcher, 1st Cameron Highlanders. It contained four pages of interesting matter, with an original verse scribbled on the back of the envelope and autographed. In the letter Rudyard Kipling stated that he very much appreciated the very unique Christmas card we had sent him, and that he would place it amongst his most treasured possessions ; also, on his impending visit to the Transvaal, he would undoubtedly make it his duty to pay a visit to the Inhabitants of No 7 Blockhouse. But the visit did not materialise, as we were recalled to Headquarters in Pretoria about the time of Lord Methuen's mishap, and when Kipling came to the Transvaal the Regiment had started on that long last trek which only ended with the Armistice, and on a spot that should be remembered by all who were present—

for was not a ring pitched, and a mounted man of the column rode eighty miles for a set of boxing gloves, and did not that regimentally famous and unassuming fighter, Alf. Smith, strip off his greasy kilt (he was a Coy. Cook) and step into a pair of bathing pants and uphold the sporting honour of the regiment by knocking spots off that boasting Dutchman, Conductor Erasmus, ex-heavyweight champion of South Africa, by making him cry, hold enough, in two rounds and a half.

Smithy was purely a Regimental product as regards boxing, gaining his knowledge of the noble art under the able tutelage of D Coy's thick ear merchant, Abraham Jones, that Prince of half backs, and who, after leaving his Regiment, was reserve international for England

2911 LIGHT TROOP

### *Another Kipling Examination Paper*

THANKS to the efforts of our Hon. Librarian, Mr. W. G. B.

Maitland, we are able to publish the following interesting item ; we make our grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Eric Parker, the author of the book ; to the Proprietors of the *Cornhill Magazine* ; and to Mr. Charles L. Graves, who compiled the questions. What follows below is an extract from "Memory Looks Forward" by Eric Parker (Seeley, Service and Co., London, 1937.)

"At the *Cornhill* Office at this time (1911) things were going on in pleasant routine. Under the title 'At the Sign of the Plough'—chosen in reference to the well-known cut on the cover of the Magazine—we were publishing week by week examination papers set by well-known writers on authors chosen by themselves. E. V. Lucas set a delightful paper on Lamb ; Owen Seaman questioned *Cornhill* readers on the poetry of Browning ; Andrew Lang's choice was Scott ; and to Charles Graves was awarded the task of examining on Rudyard Kipling. His paper deserves resuscitation from the *Cornhill* files. Here are the questions :

1. Translate *minanderie* into Mulvaneyan dialect.
2. Who wouldn't allow her father to talk of 'the devil's colours' ?
3. Whose husband had his face slapped 'for a bone-idle beggar' ?
4. What sort of champagne was drunk by the Horse Artillery in Egypt ?
5. Who was the 'silvery ghost' that 'rose bolt upright and sighed a weird whistling sigh' ?
6. To what was the landing of a twelve pound salmon as nothing in comparison ?

7. Who said ' It is not good to look at death with a clear eye,' ?
8. Who was ' *the Gadarene Swine*,' ?
9. Who never gets into the middle of the room ?
10. What is ' full of nickel-plated sentiments guaranteed to improve the mind ' ?
11. Whose deaths were triple-headed ?
12. What is the worst rhyme in Mr. Kipling's poems ?

Lucas, with his profound and detailed knowledge of Lamb, beat us all three, but two of us, I remember, would have passed fairly well the Kipling examination, and thought at once, in answer to Question 12, of *Merrow Down* with its ' dressed and rode ' rhyming with ' Western Road,' followed by the stanza, almost incredible in a poem of such haunting beauty :

And here, or hereabouts, they met  
 To hold their racial talks and such—  
 To barter beads for Whitby jet,  
 And tin for gay shell and torques and such."  
 # # #

The answers to these questions will be published in our next issue, but readers are requested not to send their replies to the Hon. Editor—this is not a prize competition.

### *Some Reminiscences of my Brother*

By MRS. R. FLEMING

" Let the grown-up people slide,  
 Let's go back to half-past-three,  
 Finding star-fish by a tide  
 Always new for you and me.  
 Whispering, as you lean more near,  
 ' Does you like it, Sister dear ? ' "

**M**Y brother wrote that some time before I was married, it accompanied one of his frequent gifts—he had a charming way of always sending verses with his gifts.

When it was first suggested to me that our Society might like me to talk to them about the early memories of my brother, that no one now living on earth can share with me, my thoughts went back, even beyond " Baa, Baa, Black Sheep " days, to a time my mother has

often told me of, when a five years old boy, with long, straight, fair hair, like the little Princes in the Tower, deeply set dark blue eyes and a very strong chin, would comfort his sister, aged half-past three, justly punished for yielding to her besetting sin, which at that time, strange to say was profane swearing, by saying " Never mind of those people, Trix, you come along of me, I'll take care of you."

And truly I was ready to follow him anywhere, without stopping to doff pinafore or don sun hat, to the foot of the rainbow, or beyond it. It is perhaps curious—save that his whole life was exceptional—that all the six years he spent in what he called to the end " that hell of a little house in Southsea " never undermined my absolute belief in him, which is the earliest feeling I can remember. " Anti Rosa " openly and avowedly did her best or worst to break his spirit, and part of this process consisted of maligning him to me and holding him up to public ridicule on every occasion. Luckily we saw very few people. Of course, her son helped in this, but its only effect on me was to deepen my dislike for Harry into hatred, and to change my infantile fondness for " Auntie " into distrust and dislike. This sounds odious in a young child, but when I tell you that soon after I was eight years old she began to prepare me for my mother's return by repeated assurances that neither of my parents cared for me in the least, their love being entirely bestowed on my brother, I think you will allow that the odiousness was not all on one side. Luckily, I was fairly intelligent, and I soon learned that Harry, always ready to help in any cruelty—physical or psychical—was impressing the same kind of falsehood, with the part of the favourite child reversed, on my brother, and I despised both him and Auntie as they deserved.

My mother had hoped and planned to return to us in four years, but owing to my father's transfer to Lahore to repeat in the Punjab the miracle—for the creation and organisation of an Art school in the East is little less—which he had accomplished in Bombay, she was not able to return until 1877, when my brother was eleven years old.

Auntie had, therefore, plenty of time to wake me at midnight (I always had to share her room) with warnings that if I left her care my life would be one of neglect and misery, and that I had much better make up my mind to beg my mother as soon as I saw her to " leave me with dear Auntie for always." " Then you shall live with me as my own little girl, and if you are very good and obedient, perhaps when you *grow up* you will be dear Harry's sweet little wife." She also said that she would always take me to Brighton for Christmas.

Happily, the sound common sense of childhood enabled me to affirm repeatedly, even when very sleepy, that I hated Harry because he was cruel and a bully, and that, as Mama wrote to me every week, and sent me lovely presents, I did not believe that she had forgotten me or left off loving me. When I suggested that I would ask Mama in my next letter (we both wrote to Bombay every week) what her real feelings were Auntie always grew very angry ; and, of course, our letters were strictly censored—mine, indeed, were generally dictated—and as I never went away for holidays, as Ruddy used to do, a clandestine letter was impossible. I remember I used to remark firmly that if I found Mama unkind I would ask Papa to send me to school, where there would be other little girls, and that nothing would induce me to stay on in Southsea if Ruddy were not there. " You would soon find you would have to if you were left with me," Auntie would say, and in the light of the night-light her snapping eyes and large teeth made her look like Red Riding Hood's wolf, particularly as she always wore a white crochet hair net nearly as big as a nightcap. My stock reply was, " No, I should run away." This always made her scold me for heartlessness and ingratitude, and I found it the easiest way of changing the subject and being allowed to go to sleep again.

In spite of all that she said, I never seriously considered anything so horrible as the possibility of Mama being unkind ; so above all the shield of faith quenched the fiery darts of the wicked. I am sure she was fond of me, in a jealous, morbid way. She never struck me, or threatened me with bodily punishment, and I am still grateful to her for some of her early teaching. But her cruelty to Ruddy poisoned everything.

After the " Kipling Boom " I was often asked when I had first begun to realise that I had a genius for my only brother. I said I had always known it. I never remember him boasting as either boy or youth ; he never talked of the masterpieces he hoped to write, as so many young people do (talking away their ideas instead of writing them), but I always knew that if he wished to accomplish anything he would do it. Many of the early reviews of his work rang the changes on " conceit and cocksurenness," for to a certain class of mind it was, of course, intolerable that a young writer should be so clever. Even reputable reviewers appeared to accept " Dick " in the " Light that Failed " as a self portrait more accurate than pleasing. One critic fastened upon " the Nilghai's " phrase of " a public who think with their boots and read with their elbows " as a " leading clause in Rud-

yard Kipling's scornful creed," and preached a serious homily upon it. This was particularly pleasing, for the silly little phrase was a spark—struck out by me in the heat of talk and instantly "taken" by Ruddy with the familiar "O ! good, bags I." He has told the world in "Something of Myself" that our mother gave him what is perhaps the most frequently quoted line, "What do they know of England who only England know, ?" but I was surprised to find that he had forgotten his debt to her for "Oh East is East and West is West," etc., and still more to my father for a very great deal of "On Greenhow Hill." A kindly commentator has praised his accurate knowledge of Yorkshire dialect and Yorkshire geography, but the praise belongs to my father—not to my brother ; we were never in Yorkshire before my father came home in 1878, and I think only once in his company.

Even before "Plain Tales" came out in book form I suffered a good deal from the type of person who used to say—at dances generally "I hear you're awfflly clever, Miss Kiplin' and that you write books." The obvious reply, of course, was "You're mistaking me for my brother, he suffers from both these complaints." "O, you're rottin'—what's your line then ?" "Me ?—O, I'm the fool of the family."

This brings me back to the time of which I originally meant to speak—January 1884, when the Bombay mail drew into the brickwork fortress that is Lahore Station, and my mother, always quicker than anyone else in both sight and speech, cried, "Look, look, there's Ruddy—and there's Mrs. Ibbetson, bless her !" Ruddyard looked incredibly grown up to my fifteen year old eyes, with a real moustache, instead of the badly shaved upper lip ordered by the United Services College. His companion was a round faced lady with a delightful smile, wife of the "great and wise civilian who wrote the vilest hand ever seen." and who ultimately became Sir Denzil, and Governor of the Punjab. They were our life-long friends. That was a wonderful home-coming, though the black spot in the poppy was that my father had been summoned to Calcutta to help to organize a big exhibition and did not return for some three weeks. But the beautiful room he had designed for me was waiting me, with its lacquered furniture patterned in graffito, its high dado of Indian cotton, and its charming painted fireplace where my initials were so twined among Persian flowers and arabesques that they seemed part of the design—I had never had a room of my own, really furnished for me, before, and it all seemed part of the magic. My father's pet ravens, Jack and Jill, the little grey squirrels on the 'creeper-covered trellis,' and my brother's

bull terrier Buzz, carried on the enchantment. The ravens were almost too tame—they would sit on my shoulder, and it was some time before I learnt that their long pick-axe beaks were never used to investigate eyes or ears ! The squirrels were bolder ; they would sit on my book, or pull out little tufts of hair for nest lining. It was at Ruddy's suggestion that I hung up a tangle of woollen threads stolen from my mother's workbag. they understood and appreciated our good intentions at once, and selected the most suitable colours for camouflage. In a day or two only bright blue, red and purple threads were left.

My brother and I seldom rode together, for his prophetic eye always saw me returning with some terrible injury, even before I was settled in the saddle. Personally, he was fearless, and in spite of his glasses, he played polo—secretly in order not to alarm my mother. Tennis never attracted him.

I did not know till afterwards that before my parents risked bringing me out to India so young they had made a compact that, though I should not go into society until I was seventeen, I would never be left alone in the evening when my elders went to ball or dinner. I merely thought how nice it was that Ruddy was always disengaged when both parents dined out. Though the games we played on those occasions may not have been very funny in themselves, I have never laughed so much, before or since. On a Shakespeare evening, all talk except quotations from the Bard were forbidden, and my chief difficulty was to check my brother's talent for improvisation ; I grew to mistrust such unassuming lines as—

" My liege of Westmoreland, the pinnace stays  
To give you waftage to the further shore."

When challenged, he would airily refer me to " the Richards " or " the Henrys," and, according to the rules of the game, no volume of Shakespeare might be opened until next morning, so it was difficult to check his references.

Many of our after-dinner games finally found shape in the little volume " Echoes," which I do not think many of you will have seen, but we had great fun in writing it. Many years afterwards, when my brother was asked by a representative of the ever rapacious American public to include " Echoes " in a volume of his early works, he found it difficult to disentangle my work from his. I told him I really could not give up one of my prize efforts—a little poem in the style of Rossetti which he thought was his, and he was quite cross about that.

Another game we played until our parents stopped it, because they said they were gradually losing their brains over it, was *Yadasi*, a singularly charming game which my brother took from an old magazine. One of the rules was that a player must never receive anything from the hands of another without saying, at the moment when he took it, "By my knowledge." It is quite simple, but it goes on all the time, until one of the players dies—or goes mad. It got to such a pitch that finally my father said it must cease; we could hardly help ourselves to dishes at the table without murmuring "By my knowledge."

Another of my happy memories, when I was seventeen, is his taking me to dances. I persuaded him to throw off his schoolboy self-consciousness and learn to dance. I took a good deal of pains to teach him—I think I am right in saying that this did not form part of the curriculum at Westward Ho. His sense of rhythm was perfect, and the footwork was no trouble to him, but steering was always a difficulty.

I was as tall as he was and when he was in any difficulty I used to hastily change over and lead him. He gave me a very pretty bangle for all this. But, of course, he never encouraged vanity on my part, and I remember him once saying to me after a big dance, "Mrs. . . . says I am a much better dancer than you are," to which I replied "She was not one of my partners, ask Captain. . . . for his opinion :—" and he was good enough to say, "One up to you." These nice days went on until about 1887, when my brother was promoted—a rather thrilling promotion—to go to Allahabad to be on the staff of the *Pioneer* there. I was married in 1889, so the best of the young days were over.

I shall never forget these young days, and though they really seem not much to talk about, they are very happy to look back upon.

#### DISCUSSION

**Chairman.** Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I think I may on your behalf tell Mrs. Fleming how much we have enjoyed her address. If I may so say, this is exactly the sort of thing we want—these delightful and very human personal notes of Rudyard Kipling's early life, and her own, are just what we like hearing. It is these little human touches that are so difficult to get, and which are forgotten so soon. Thank you very much indeed, Mrs. Fleming. (This vote of thanks was carried with acclamation).

Two Songs by Madame Ffrangcon Davies—

" The Mother Seal's Lullaby."

" You must not swim till you are six weeks old."

**Chairman.** After these two delightful songs, the meeting is open for discussion, and if there is anybody who would like to say anything, or ask any questions, now is the time to do it. I suggest that speakers should give their names when they get up so that we may all know each other.

Any questions on the administration of the Society, or anything of that sort, will be quite in order ; or I am sure Mrs. Fleming will be pleased to answer any questions.

**Miss MacDonald.** Ladies and Gentlemen, on this night of reminiscences of one who was my cousin, perhaps you will not mind if I give a few that go back about a hundred years or so. There may be some who have not heard these stories. I have at home a letter written in 1869 by my father ; he is writing to his mother and speaks of a visit that his sister Alice (Mrs. Lockwood Kipling) was paying to him at his own home—" Alice is here with her two children. The little girl is a beauty, but Rudyard, aged three, is already a formidable element in the home,"

There is another story about the same time, when I think Rudyard first came from India, where he had been accustomed to large spaces and big rooms, and was taken to his grandfather Macdonald's home. He went straightway through the house, to find that the biggest rooms belonged to his grandparents—" They've taken the best rooms for themselves," he growled.

When we were all a bit older, sometimes he used to stay with us for part of the holidays. His coming was always hailed with great joy in the nursery, though perhaps with less enthusiasm by my mother, who had already six of her own. Rudyard was several years older than we were, and possessed of insatiable curiosity and inexhaustible enterprise ; he would get into all sorts of scrapes. Once, he came in from the railway station in a great rage and went stamping about—I believe sometimes he would throw himself on the floor and roll about a bit. Nurse asked him what was the matter and was told that a porter at the railway station had boxed his ears. " And what had you done ?" asked nurse. " Oh, nothing—I had only cheeked him." He went on growling about it and then got up to go away. When asked where he was going, he said " Back to the station to do it again."

One other story : Before he went back to school my mother gave

him sixpence to go to the hairdressers and have his hair done. When he came back his head was shaved and my mother said to him, "Rudyard, what *have* you done?" "I am sick of all the fuss about a parting," he said; "now there isn't going to be one."

Occasionally my cousin, Mrs. Fleming, stayed with us and she and I shared a room, and I remember my great joy when, as we lay in bed, I would ask her to make poems—I would give her the subject—and she would at once burst into verse. And she was quite a small girl then.

**Mrs. Fleming.** In revenge for that quite unexpected piece of publicity, may I tell a story of that time that refers to my cousin Miss Macdonald—I do not know exactly how old my brother was or how old she was, but I remember my brother saying to her, "You are the prettiest girl in the world—barring my sister." And she said "Why bring in your sister at all?"

**Mr. Beresford** asked whether there was likely to be published any volume on the boyhood of Kipling.

**Mrs. Fleming.** I think Mr. Beresford himself has already written a very charming description of his boyhood days. May I ask Mr. Beresford one thing?—In his book he writes of my brother as being a very sturdy, jolly little chap; but certainly for a time—for the first month or so—he wrote to us, twice or thrice daily (and my mother cried bitterly over the letters) that he could neither eat nor sleep—was he really as Daniel in the den of lions? I remember my mother going in tears to my Aunt, Lady Burne Jones, who told her that her son had written exactly the same sort of letters but was now very happy.

**Mr. Beresford.** The school was, of course, rather hard in way of accommodation, and the meals were poor, except the dinners; only bread and butter for breakfast, and bad coffee. Of course, it was all very poor in comparison with his home life, but he was not bullied; he was in a little boys' house and no-one bullied him.

**Major Dawson.** It has been said that we might mention other matters. Perhaps you will not think it out of order—I think it is a good opportunity—for me to ask if any of the members can enlighten me regarding a little thing written by a friend of mine lately—a query about these lines which appear in a song in **Captains Courageous** :

" My True Love's posy blowing,  
Wheat in the ear, we're going off to sea—  
Wheat in the ear, I left you fit for sowing,  
When I come back, a loaf of bread you'll be,"

Can anyone tell me whether Kipling invented these lines, or whether he picked them up somewhere ? They read to me like an old English provincial song, and it may be that it was an old *New* England song that Kipling had heard.

**Mrs. Fleming.** I am not certain, but I have always been under the impression that these lines were not written by my brother ; that they were a snatch of an old New England sea shanty ; he may have modified them a bit. My mother and I both asked him about them and I think he said he had heard them.

**Mr. Brooking.** A line came to my mind very strongly during Mrs. Fleming's lecture, and that was " He travels fastest who travels alone." I feel sure that if Colonel Fleming had not come along and taken her to himself we should have had a great deal more than we have in this little book " Hand in hand." To those of you who have not seen them I suggest that the poems in it are quite comparable with those of her brother. I think Mrs. Fleming's lecture has also shewn us that great geniuses are often very cheerful and happy in their youth. We know that Rudyard Kipling was a very cheerful boy, and his cheerfulness must have been greatly added to by having such a cheerful and happy, and shall we say lovely, sister. And in his later years I am sure he kept up his boy-like character ; some of us who knew him slightly know how happy and cheerful he was. Mrs. Fleming herself is an example of someone who has kept her youth and I think we must all be very glad indeed to have had these reminiscences of her brother. Miss Macdonald, of course, is also a near relation, and we have been glad very indeed to hear her stories about him straight from the horse's mouth as it were.

**Mrs. Fleming.** In answer to that very kind speech, may I mention one rather unusual thing about my brother was that he was *never* unkind to me. Of course, I can remember him tying my long plaits to the back of my chair and then calling out that he was on fire, and so forth, but he was always very good to me, and even at the age of fifteen, when most boys despise their sisters, he used to send me the most charming verses. The rather well-known " Sudder Bazaar " verses in " Departmental Ditties " were originally written as a letter to me, and I was indignant when it was published, and I found the line, " Oh give me the wet walks of London, and a tramp with my Sister as well," altered to " a tramp with my Sweetheart ". When I remonstrated with him, he said, " Well, one must play to the gallery, you mustn't mind that." He was always very kind, but of course he never flattered me. I remember my first ball, my white frock,

white lilies, everything white. Rudyard walked round looking at me, and then said " Yes, all right, fairly clean, but why have you got no colour except on the tip of your nose ? !"

One of his few early poems that has escaped publication, is one that he wrote to me from the U.S. Coll. It is not dated but I can place the year with certainty, for he thanked me for a photo taken when I was fourteen. He was sixteen then, and I think experimenting in a new metre, writing in cadence without rhyme. It begins thus :—

" The breath of the Springtime comes up from the gorse bloom,  
The scented gorse bloom like pale spiked fire,  
Burning the incense of Springtime, out on the hillside."

I think I must have been telling him some of my small troubles : the kind ladies I lived with at Kensington had rather a high standard of neatness which I did not find easy to live up to, and the poem ends,

' Meanwhile you have all my love, O my sister,  
AH the love that a brother can give you :  
For where is it that I shall find  
Any heart more true than the heart of my sister ?  
Any face more sweet than my sister's face  
Looking down at me out of the jonquils,  
Queen over me and the stately jonquils."

**Mr. Beresford.** In the first number of the Journal it is stated that it was the purest chance in the world that Kipling was put on a newspaper ; that his parents were scratching their heads all the time wondering what to do with him—they thought of making him a station-master, a tea planter, and other things, and at last it dawned on them to put him on a paper. Is there any truth in this ?

**Mrs. Fleming.** None.

**Chairman.** Would it not be a good thing to have this put right in the Journal ? One does not like these things put in if they are not correct, they have a way of going down to posterity.

**Mr. J. P. Collins.** This query has been answered, I think, in the January number of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. Sir George Allen told me that, travelling out to India once, he had Mr. Lockwood Kipling as a fellow passenger—they had met before, frequently—and Mr. Kipling said to him " I do not know what to do with my boy." Sir George Allen asked what he could do—could he write letters ? "He writes such letters as I never saw a boy write," his father replied, " I carry a bundle about with me." He produced them and

Sir George Allen said that no one could have read a page of them without seeing that the boy was a genius. They talked the matter over and he went through a great part of the letters, and his conclusion was that the boy would be a great writer.

*The Pioneer* at that time had no place for a raw boy from school, so he was sent where he was more likely to get an opportunity, and he was very happy there. I think that answers that query. But I would like to put another query to Mrs Fleming—One knows how a man who has done many years of night work on a busy paper feels the strain, and to a boy whose eyes were already terribly poor it must have been very great indeed. I would like to know how he weathered that time with tired eyes, the night work and the reading of proofs. For the compositors would be natives who did not understand a single word ; they could set up the type but it remained for the proof reader to read it over, sometimes three, four, or even five times. That would be Kipling's work ; he faced the whole gamut of correction. I remember one of our contributors who had been given leave of absence sent in an article in which he said that he had arrived at a certain river. " Here," he said, " I managed to get a sampan and rowers to take me across the river." This appeared in the paper as " Here I managed to get a saucepan and saucers to take me across the river." That was the kind of thing Kipling had to contend with and I can hardly understand how he managed, with his aching head, to do all that work, and so brilliantly. I have read through hundreds of copies of those days and in those stories of his have not found a single mistake.

**Mrs. Fleming.** I think the briefest and truest answer to that is " the labour we delight in physics pain." He worked hard but he honestly enjoyed even the mechanical side of his work—merely writing with a pen was a pleasure to him, although he was often very weary of proofs. I remember how we laughed together over the proofs of " Quartette "—a sonnet of my mother's which ought to have been called " Parted " came back headed " Putrid " ! And I am glad to say that in spite of his hard work in that horrible climate—he certainly had a great deal of fever and took it rather badly—it did not seem to affect his eyes ; almost to the very end he wore the same strength of glasses as he wore at Westward Ho ; and he saw more with them than a good many people do with microscopes.

**Dr. Vaughan Bateson.** I rather hesitate to intrude, but I have come probably a further distance than almost anybody to this most enjoyable evening. I am sure the Kipling Society must feel this a

very great red letter day. The lecture has been a revelation to me for I cannot go into breezy reminiscences, not having been one of those gallant young subalterns who used to dance with Mrs. Fleming—not that I could not have fallen in love with her if I had had the chance ! I think we have never had Rudyard Kipling himself with us in body, and it is a very great thing indeed that we should have his sister ; as it has been a very great treat to have had his cousin from time to time giving us information about him. I was asked once, after a lecture about Kipling, what I thought was his chief characteristic. I said I thought it was his tremendous power of love and sympathy with everything in human and animal life : I was tremendously struck with that in his autobiography—he tells us of his almost slavery those years in Lahore, and he describes a little of his home life ; and, in spite of the climate, in spite of everything, there was always that love for his home. I am sure his sister has the same marvellous gifts, the same power as her brother of radiating sympathy and affection. We are extraordinarily fortunate in having her come here and give us such a charming account of a great man whom we, as a society feel the world does not know ; it is our duty to make him known, and this evening we have reached a very high point in the Society which ought to encourage us to go on with the good work of spreading Rudyard Kipling's fame better than it has been done in the past. I should just like to say that we do appreciate tremendously this very charming address.

**Mr. Beresford.** Do you know anything about the poem " The Battle of Assaye ?" It would seem to have been written by a mature journalist but it is said he wrote it as a schoolboy ; it seems impossible that he could have known things, and the conditions, in India as the writer of that poem knew them.

**Mrs. Fleming,** I always understood that he wrote it at school and got a prize for it—being the only competitor. Of course he was absolutely clairvoyant ; if a thing was in the air he knew all about it.

**The Chairman** asked Madame Ffrangcon Davies to sing again and four songs were given.—

" *Night Song in the Jungle.*"

" *Tiger, Tiger.*"

" *Road Song of the Bandar-Log.*"

" *Toomai's Mother.*"

**Sir Christopher Robinson.** I think you may be pleased to hear that we have got rather an interesting new member in the shape of Lord Baldwin.

I would like to call your attention to a particularly pleasant bust of Kipling, done by Madame Bingguely-Lejeune. It has been exhibited in the Paris Salon.

I think the members may like to know quite briefly about the Kipling Memorial Fund, about which we have had a number of enquiries, but it is not a Society memorial. Some time after Kipling's death we did try to start a Memorial Fund ourselves, but after a good deal of consideration we decided to concentrate on a national memorial. The Coronation rather delayed matters but eventually we did not succeed—there were certain technical difficulties in the way. Meanwhile, the National Fund has been started by Mr. Tollemache, the energetic headmaster of Kipling's old school, and his associates, and we are giving the fund our fullest support. Two representative? of ours are on the Executive Committee, General Dunsterville and Mr. Courtauld, the Chairman of our Council. We cordially recommend it to our members for all the support they can give it.

May I propose on your behalf a very hearty vote of thanks to our Chairman, Sir Alexander Gibb. It was extraordinarily kind of him to come at a moment's notice—I only heard this morning that Sir Walter Lawrence was down with "flu," and it was exceedingly good of Sir Alexander to come along; he has added considerably to our pleasure this evening. We are also very grateful indeed to Madame Ffrangcon Davies for her perfectly charming songs. I am sure, Ladies and Gentlemen, that I shall be interpreting your wishes if I ask our popular Editor to second this resolution.

**Mr. Bazley.** I have almost forgotten now what the resolution is, it covers so many things. We are very pleased indeed to see our Chairman and very grateful to him for taking this on and bringing Sir Walter Lawrence's message. Sir Walter Lawrence was an intimate friend of Kipling. There is a book of his, "The India we Served," which contains a letter of Kipling's; it is worth getting if only for the sake of this letter.

As for the singing, there is no need to gild the lily, but, as Madame Ffrangcon Davies herself remarked, in some of the songs the music is hardly equal to the words. There are one or two exceptions, I think, some of Edward German's music for instance, but I daresay you have noticed that in all the really successful songs one might almost

say that the words are the accompaniment to the music. It is very seldom one gets the poetry, for the reason, probably, that the better the poem, the harder it is to set. The poet may have music in his lines, and may have rhythm in his lines, but that does not mean that it will be any easier for the composer. Look how infinitely preferable is the old waltz "Mandalay"—it is a simple tune which does not hide the beauty of the words—to far more scholarly efforts. . . .

I heartily second the vote of thanks to our Chairman ; we thank him very much indeed, and we shall be very happy to see him again. I would say the same to Madame Ffrangcon Davies.

**Chairman.** Thank you very much indeed, Ladies and Gentlemen. I am afraid I have been a rather poor Chairman and I am extremely sorry that Sir Walter Lawrence has not been here tonight. He and I travelled out to India together the December just before Rudyard Kipling died and he spoke a great deal about him and was hoping to stay with him on the way back. I know that he, personally, will be very sorry indeed that he was unable to take the chair.

### *Letter Bag*

May I make a small correction in the September Journal ? On p. 70, speaking about the "Ballinamallard Lodge," Mr. Kerr states that Ballinamallard was the birthplace of the grandmother of Stanley Baldwin and Rudyard Kipling. This is incorrect, as it was the birthplace of our mutual *great*-grandfather, the Rev. James Macdonald, who was born there in June 1761, the first of our family to be born out of Scotland.

(Miss) FLORENCE MACDONALD

In the September issue of the Journal, p. 94, I am reported as having said " . . . if I had been in the service in India," etc. I did not use these-words because I *was* in the Service in India, when I first read "*The Galley Slave*," and therefore I did understand the symbolism of the poem, at the very first glance.

E. DAWSON (*Major*)

Ever and anon since Kipling's poem "*Mandalay*" appeared in 1890 various people have endeavoured to explain *nudum pactum* that the whole poem is meaningless and a direct contradiction of geographical fact. During all this controversy Kipling wisely remained silent, but the explanations and criticisms must have afforded

him many a laugh ! It is interesting therefore, to note that in his Autobiography he explains what should have been obvious to his detractors, had they taken the trouble to study the poem properly, that the repeated line, " On the road to Mandalay," was Tommy Atkin's description of his golden path to romance !

W. G. B. MAITLAND (*Hon. Librarian*)

### *Obituary*

With great regret we chronicle the death, on December 18th, of Mr. Robert W. Bingham, United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Mr. Bingham, who was one of our most distinguished Vice-Presidents, had a wonderful knowledge of Kipling's work ; few of those who were present at the Annual Luncheon in 1934 will forget that gathering, at which he delighted all the guests with a speech, the ending of which was as follows : " But not in England, not in the British Empire, not in the Great Dominions, has he (Kipling) meant more than he has meant to my country and to my countrymen. He belongs, of course, to the great Immortals. What a tremendous tie that does really mean between your country and mine, between your countrymen and mine, that we have this great master of our common speech who speaks to us universally and really eternally. And I should like to say to you what has been better expressed than I could ever hope to approach, just what the real situation is. I urge you to think of the real fundamentals. I ask you to remember that we, the English-Speaking peoples of the World, are the guardians of Liberty and of Democracy." We offer our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Bingham's family in their sorrow ; by his early death, at the age of 66, the Kipling Society also suffers a great loss. R.I.P.

*Secretary's Corner*

At a recent meeting of the Society a very fine bust of Kipling was shown by its creator, Madame Binguely Lejeune. At the suggestion of Lady Bathurst who most kindly subscribed the greater proportion of the amount needed, the bust was purchased by the Society with a view to offering it as a gift to the Nation through the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery. The following were kind enough to make up the full amount of the purchase price :—

Mr. Victor Bonney, Lt-General Sir Sidney Clive, Mr. Russell Colman, Mr. S. A. Courtauld, Major Ernest Dawson, Mrs. Fleming, General Sir Alexander Godley, Mr. R. E. Harbord, Sir Roderick Jones, Major-General J. D. McLachlan, Lt-General Sir George MacMunn, Captain E. W. Martindell, Mr. John Sanderson and Mr. J. R. Turnbull.

On taking up the matter with the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery it seems unlikely that our gift will be accepted, in view of the fact that busts are only accepted where they have been actually done from the living model, which was not the case in this instance. If, as seems likely therefore, the bust will not be accepted, it will be a very prized possession of the Society and will adorn the beautiful Board Room in our new office.

As announced in our last issue the question of our new offices has now been decided. They are situated at No. 45, Gower Street, near the new London University building and within easy reach of Goudge Street tube station and of all the 'buses which use Tottenham Court Road. They are on the first floor up one very easy flight of stairs, and the change has been greeted with great enthusiasm by those members who are in the habit of making regular visits to the office and who will no longer have to face a flight of stairs four stories up.' A further advantage of the move will be that members telephoning to our new office (MUSEUM 1406) may be assured that they will always get a reply between the hours of 9.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. on week-days.

Many members are under the impression that the National Memorial Fund to Rudyard Kipling, of which Lord Athlone is Chairman, has been organised by the Society. Many enquiries have been addressed to us and also requests for seats at the recent dinner. This movement, however, is organised by a Committee with which the Society has no connection, except that we are represented on it by our President, General Dunsterville and by the Chairman of our Council, Mr. S. A. Courtauld and it goes without saying that the National Memorial to Rudyard Kipling has the wholehearted support of the Society. There seems, however, to be a considerable difference of opinion as to how the money raised by subscription should be expended and various efforts have been made to gain our co-operation in a movement to reconsider the scheme on the grounds that Rudyard Kipling was not connected with Windsor and that the Imperial Service College at Windsor, which will benefit most by the scheme, is not really Kipling's old school, which was the United Services College at Westward Ho ! All such advances, however, I have successfully repelled up to date, and I am sure members will agree with me that whilst we, as a Society, cordially support this movement to honour Kipling, it would not be wise of us to take violent sides in a controversy regarding the exact form the memorial should take. Our members, in their private capacity, are of course free to hold and to give expression to their own individual views on the subject.

Members are particularly requested when remitting their subscriptions to return their reminder cards with their cheques or postal orders. In some cases cheques are sent without any clue as to the sender and it is sometimes difficult to decipher the signature ! Our reminder cards bear on the face of them the member's name and address and an indication as to his or her renewal date.

C.H.R.

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