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The
Organ
of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

No. 47

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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**^{D.} FRIDAY



Gigger as a law boy



Gigger - the study man



Gigger The Editor



McJack - just one of them



Gigger knew his way about



Stolley quietly confident



Dr. Hoff - Paul Joseph



Dr. Hall - with beard



Henry - in the foreground

The Kipling Journal

The Organ of the Kipling Society

QUARTERLY

No. 47

OCTOBER, 1938

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News and Notes

OUR illustration is the original of a picture that appears in the late G. C. Beresford's book, " Schooldays with Kipling," but those who possess that excellent volume may note one or two minor differences ; the picture was touched up a little before it came out in the book. We are grateful to the late author for permission to use this. For those who do not yet own a copy of this intimate study of Kipling we give the names of those shown, reading from the left : top row—three sketches of Kipling ; middle row—M'Turk (Beresford), Gigger (Kipling) and Stalky (Dunsterville); bottom row—Pugh (Prout or the Hefter of Stalky & Co), Cornell Price (the Head of " Stalky & Co)," and Crofts (King of " Stalky & Co.") Most of our readers will know that Kipling was nicknamed " Gigger " on account of the heavy glasses which his bad sight necessitated. This plate may be called, " Stalky Pictures, 1."

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We learn from the *Daily Express* that the block of flats in Villiers Street, Charing Cross, known as Embankment Chambers, is being smartly done-up and in future will be known as " Kipling House." We are glad to hear of this, as there was a persistent rumour that this building—the London home of our Master, in which he wrote " The Light That Failed "—was to be demolished like the historic Adelphi. We must be grateful that this building, sacred to all lovers of Kipling,

is not to be turned into one of those concrete creations which are so depressingly frequent in modern London.

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From the *Sunday Star* (Washington, D.C. ; 17th July, 1938) comes the important news that our Vice-President, Rear-Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler, has presented his wonderful collection of Kipling and Kiplingana to the Library of Congress at Washington. Miss Lucy Salamanca, in her article on this subject, terms the gift " a new national treasure—the incomparable Kipling collection." This description is no misnomer : for some years past we have known that Admiral Chandler has possessed in some form or another everything that Kipling wrote—at least, everything that can be traced so far. One of his objects was to show the variations in the many editions of Kipling's works from their first appearance to their ultimate home in books published all over the world ; another object was to give the history of each separate item, so far as it could be learnt. For this latter purpose many copies of books, etc., were used : for instance, the whole of a book was pasted, page by page (two copies were needed) into large blank-leaf albums, the margins being utilised for notes. The great value of this Special Edition will become increasingly plain as the years roll on, for many of Kipling's allusions which may seem obscure to the reader of to-day can be placed by those of his own generation—people who knew him well, as did Admiral Chandler, and people who were on the spot or working with him at the time. This need for ' placing ' these allusions—so necessary to a correct understanding of certain lines—was voiced by the late Lord Ampthill at the Annual Luncheon in 1935.

Most of us will be lost in admiration at the truly munificent gift which Admiral Chandler has made to the Library of Congress ; at the same time we must commend the fine public spirit which has led him to place his vast store of knowledge (in easily found alphabetical form) at the disposal of students of the work of Kipling and lovers of great literature in general.

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Those who know their Kipling properly will generally admit that " Stalky & Co." is not a boys' book—the humour is too advanced for the youthful mind as a rule. But it is emphatically a joy to adults, though certain of the teaching fraternity do not like the way in which the U.S.C. masters are pictured therein. Few will deny that, except for a few unimportant details, the book is true to life ; Kipling's uncanny

gift of putting the right phrase into the mouths of his characters is pre-eminent here, as those who know schoolmasters well will admit. Very often proof of this is brought to light ; here is an episode, taken from the *New Schoolmaster* (April, 1938) : " I was reminded of Kipling's yarn by a story a headmaster told me about some boys in his school. Five of them were in the habit of playing truant on odd occasions, and eventually it was found that they all repaired to a wood not far from the village. Here they had constructed a shed in the heart of a thick bramble. It was absolutely invisible to the eye of a casual passer-by and the constable who sought them had a crawl in on his hands and knees through a small tunnel in the creepers." Remember the opening lines of the book, and the description of " the Pleasant Isle of Aves."

In a letter to the *Times* (7th March) Mr. Sydney Cockerill tells of a meeting with Kipling and Cornell Price at the Burne-Jones house at Rottingdean in 1897, when the former read out some of the tales and kept asking his former headmaster if he remembered the incident. Mr. Cockerill afterwards asked Price how many happenings he remembered :—' His answer was, " Kipling remembers many things that I have forgotten, and I remember some things that he would like me to forget!" Long afterwards I repeated these words to Kipling, whose smiling comment was : " Yes, the dear fellow never gave me away." ' Of course, truth can be annoying at times ; perhaps that is why, in " The Upton Letters," the late A. C. Benson explains his dislike for the book.

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" Père Frédéric," patron of the celebrated Lapin Agile in Montmartre, passed away last July. Unusual for one of his profession, he had a wide and genuine knowledge of literature ; the following note from the *Star* (26th July) has special interest for us :—' Once Frédéric confessed to me that he was sorry he had not learned English, if only to be able to read three English poets in the original. His mention of three particularly made me ask him the names of the poets. " Shakespeare," he replied, " Milton, and . . ." " Keats ?" I suggested when he stopped ; " Shelley ? Byron ?" He shook his head. " No. Un moment. Ah ! Rudyard Kipling!"

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The Navy (March) has a paragraph about the sayings and doings of the Society, in which occurs this tribute to our Master :—" We have

passed through the inevitable period during which Rudyard Kipling was supposed (*a*) to have written himself out ; and (*b*) to have been, at his best, a tinkling cymbal or an extra big drum. That mood of fatuous criticism has passed. The greatness of Rudyard Kipling as the master of the short story and the poet, *not only or necessarily of Empire*, is now secure." The italics are ours.

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In our note on the Auckland Branch we mentioned the first New Zealand winner of a Kipling Memorial scholarship. From the *Times* we hear that the first selection in India is of Krishhan Khanna, son of Dr. K. C. Khanna, Inspector of Schools, of Multan in the Punjab.

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Among our press cuttings we often find reports of Lectures given up and down our own and other countries with Kipling for the subject. We take the opportunity, now that we have a little more space, of making mention of some of these. On March 14th, at Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A., Professor Copeland ("Copey" of Harvard) came out of retirement to give readings and talks about Kipling's works ; we give one of the more striking of his comments :—" Somehow Kipling's works seem to have the faculty of becoming timely after they are a bit forgotten." Speaking to the Luton Literary Society on January 18th, Miss Samms said : " Kipling is one of the most outstanding men in literature in the last fifty years." At Prescott on February 28th, the Prescott Literary Circle were addressed by the Rev. S. Bradford, Vicar of Whiston, who said that Kipling's work was so wide and varied that he would confine himself mainly to his poetry ; this was interesting for its variety and for its accuracy of knowledge ; his poems were a commentary on the age in which he lived, and particularly on the military circles in which he moved. Also on February 28th the Nuneaton Literary Dramatic Society listened to a Paper by Mr. N. H. Ashby, who gave his audience a few points for consideration :—" To me the most striking feature of Kipling's work is the absence of sentimentality. The sentimentalist has been shrewdly defined as the man who will not look facts in the face. Kipling, sane and reasonable, stares facts out of countenance. But this does not stand in the way of a very human tenderness. Nothing mean comes from his pen." The heading to Mr. Ashby's Paper was, ' The G.O.M. of English Literature.' Scotland makes her contribution in a lecture given at Alyth on February 21st by

the Rev. George Blair : dealing with Kipling's use of English, Mr. Blair said that he was often called " The Greatest Master of English Language since Shakespeare." Kipling used language as the potter used clay ; he never hesitated in the use of the right word, though that word had at times to be coined. Mr. Blair next took up Kipling's humour, showing how at times it could be light and playful, but often it was grim and sardonic. And yet there was an under-current of pathos in everything he wrote.

Last but not least, though we go back to December of last year, is an address given to the Hinckley Rotarians by one of our members, Mr. A. H. Moore, Secretary of the George Eliot Fellowship, from which we cull many good sayings :—" It can be said that from the point of view of literary technique, the sheer harmonious beauty of line and phrase, and, not least, the vigour of the emotional appeal of the story or poem—judged by these things, Kipling is shown to be a literary giant. It is true Kipling was an Imperialist, a watchdog for his King. But, in the main, there was in his works no swollen jingoism, no prideful domination, no flag-waving, empty pageantry, no trading upon privilege, whether of colour, birth or class. The Empire, in his poetry, stood for defence, not conquest. He proclaimed, not the supremacy, but the brotherhood of the British throughout the world. When he died there was recognition by the Press all over the world and at home, that his conspicuous qualities were loyalty to great ideals, love of all men beneath the sun, and such humility as Almighty God loved. Kipling's message to the world and to the English-speaking people in particular, is clean living, wholesome ambition, and a chastened pride in their great inheritance. The Empire is not to be the Roman imperium, but a community, a clan, a brotherhood. Kipling's ideals of individual character are self-reliance, patience, moderation, persistence, fortitude and industry ; he holds babbling, whining and all dirty little egoisms in utter contempt. He stands by the eternal verified by mankind in tears and blood, and refuses to subscribe to the shibboleths and fool-gospels of the hour."

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From a correspondent in America we have received two articles about Kipling's work, both of them over thirty years old. The better of the two is by C. W. Stoddard in the *National Magazine* (June, 1905), entitled *' Rudyard Kipling at Naulakha." Here we find nothing about family quarrels, but a straightforward account of our Master's life in

his Vermont home ; it is interesting to note that his manner, when working with visitors was always the same :—" You must not mind me ; I shall not mind you. Help yourself to books. When I am not writing I shall chat with you." The second article is a review of " Traffics and Discoveries " by H. W. Boynton (*New York Times* ; 8th October, 1904). Here, the critic is quite honestly outspoken in his disparagement ; he does not like the Kipling of this period, preferring, as many do, the Kipling of 1890. Still, one might have expected a mention of " Mrs. Bathurst," a story which has made its mark. He approves of " They " wholeheartedly ; to balance this, he does not see the inner workings of the minds of Private Copper and his mates. And he does thoroughly dislike Pycroft. Time has since proved most of Mr. Boynton's estimates wrong ; in fact there are some of us who think that the decade, 1904-14, shows us Kipling's best work. However, this criticism has the merit of being founded on some knowledge of the work under consideration ; some things were done better thirty years ago.

Branch Reports

Victoria, B.C., Canada. The Annual Meeting was held on May 31st at the home of the Vice-President, Mr. K. C. Symons. A. E. G. Cornwall was re-elected as President, K. C. Symons as Vice-President, T. A. Simmons as Secretary-Treasurer. Appointments for the Executive were : Mrs. J. W. Church, Mrs. W. J. Neal, Col. H. T. Goodland, G. R. Thomson, P. R. Leighton, and P. Oliver ; Mrs. W. J. Neal is Publicity Secretary. Tribute was paid to the President and Secretary for their work in connection with the Branch. A picnic was arranged for August ; it is hoped to hold a Kipling Concert in October. The Meeting concluded with refreshments and a novelty game, arranged by the host, to test the members' knowledge of Kipling's works ; this proved most enjoyable.

The April Meeting was held at the home of Mrs. W. J. Church, when Miss Carlisle read the story, " The Knife and the Naked Chalk;" Mrs Church read the poem, " The Explorer." The photograph of the bust of Kipling has been framed.

Mr. P. R. Leighton, a former Vice-President, and his family are soon leaving Victoria. Mr. Leighton has been a member of the Executive since the Branch was formed, and he and Mrs. Leighton have, on several occasions, extended the hospitality to their home to members. The loss of such an old valued member will be deeply regretted.

We give some Kipling limericks, which were read at the March Meeting :—

Gunga Din

He probably once had been younger,
And frequently suffered from Hunger,
But in spite of the slaughter,
He carried the water—
That squidgy-nosed idol called Gunga

Eddi.

An earnest young preacher named Eddi,
Once preached to an ox and a neddy ;
He scared them so badly
They scampered off madly,
As soon as they got good and ready.

Fuzzy-Wuzzy.

A remarkable savage named Fuzzy,
Whose family surname was Wuzzy,
Was lauded as brave
For the trouble he gave—
You may think he deserves it, but does he ?

Tomlinson

When Tomlinson left earth behind him,
The hair grabbers promised to mind him.
He failed of admission
To heaven or perdition—
And now we don't know where to find him !

Kipling

A poet of Empire called Kipling,
Whose verses come musically rippling,
Urges all men to fight
For their country or right,
From septuagenarian to stripling.

Auckland, N.Z. A broadcast was made specially for the Meeting on July 26th, of Rudyard Kipling's interview in 1891 in New Zealand by a New Zealand newspaper reporter ; it was given by a member, Mrs. Key-Jones. At this Meeting, the President, Sir Stephen Allen, read " The Wrong Thing," prefaced by a most scholarly and very charming essay on the subject. The short story season has been a success ; the introductory essay is necessary because many members are without books ; also, much is incomprehensible to the multitude.

John Spencer Pallot, of King's College, Auckland, is the first Dominion winner of a Kipling Memorial Scholarship, and has left for the Imperial Service College, Windsor.

Cape Town, S.A. Meetings have been held on August 4th and 30th. At the former Major Hughesdon read a Paper on "Kipling and the British Army," which proved of great interest. On the second occasion Mr. F. K. Kendall, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., took as his subject "Kipling as he appeals to me ;" the Paper was followed by some short readings and a discussion on "* Kipling Crypticisms." There is now a library of Kipling's works attached to the Branch ; books will be loaned to members, in single volumes, and may be retained for two weeks. Donations for additions to the library will be welcome.

Books and Reviews

Correction. On p. 39, July issue, for "Songs from Books" read "Collected Verse." The date, 1912, is correct, as this poem was not collected in England until that year ; it had appeared previously in the New York Swastika Edition, Barrack-Room Ballads Volume, in 1899.

Vol. XXV. of the Sussex Edition contains the speeches previously published in "A Book of Words," with additional matter. Other volumes are due before the end of the year.

By courtesy of our President we have received a copy of "Katrina and Other Poems," (Longmans, Green & Co., 1937), the author of which is the Rev. Arthur Vine Hall, "No. 1." of the Cape Town Branch. Without fulsome praise, the verse is of high quality ; the beauty is not merely of words, for (this would delight our French friends) these poems are full of thought ; modern in style, they have literary charm and tell of life—real life. A kindly, merry spirit breathes through them ; after reading this little book, one has a feeling that the world is not so bad after all. As might be expected, a satirical note is struck here and there ; a good example is a verse to "Tennyson and Certain of His Critics" (compare our modern poetasters sitting judgment on Kipling) :

Said ant to elephant :—
 'Golly! how we *do* make
 This old bridge shake!
 # # #

Sparrows have always disapproved
 Of eagles ; wanting them removed

From the dawn-gilded peaks, and brought
 To where young sparrows may be taught
 Safely, protecting bars between,
 How wrongly eagles peck and preen—
 Dust-flutterers! I would ye might
 Learn of the soarers what is flight.

Beautiful are the lines on an old coloured woman sharing a crust with the gold-fish in Cape Town Public Gardens ; the first three may be commended to the new poets :

Hot noon : I sought the shaded Gardens where
 Grey meditates on books ; and Rhodes with hand
 Outstretched, is pointing to the Hinterland.

Space will not allow us to enumerate the many good things held in a small paper-backed book of 64 pages, but two stanzas of the poem to Rudyard Kipling must be quoted. This one begins the poem :

Songs with the prophet's lyre that blend ;
 Songs for the banjo and grimace ;
 The jungle-man ; the soldiers' friend ;
 Voice of the far-flung British race—
 But why recount the varied debt ?
 Can we forget—can we forget !

In the verse below Kipling is pictured setting forth the ideals of the British Empire :—

'Let all reverence Duty : live
 As in the great Task-master's eye ;'
 And let Imperial races *give*,
 And conquest cease to mean *supply* ;
 Let England vanquish, *not* to bind
 But *bear* the burdens of mankind.

Does not this tell us, better than has been done before, of the ideals and aims of British and French administrators in their Dominions and Colonies ? All compliments to Mr. Vine Hall on his stirring poems ; the Society will feel honoured by having another real poet on its roll of members.

M. Jules Castier, one of our French members, has kindly presented the Library with copies of his translations of " The Seven Seas " and " The Five Nations." Those of us with a knowledge of the French

language adequate for realising the difficulty of the task which M. Castier has set himself, will be amazed and delighted at his success, which a perusal of these two volumes will make clear. "M'Andrew's Hymn," for example, shows how cleverly M. Castier has rendered the dialect of one tongue into the argot of another, yet keeping the atmosphere of the original. Kipling himself was delighted with both books and promptly invited the translator to lunch with him, an event that is one of M. Castier's most treasured memories. We are very grateful to him for this interesting and valuable addition to our Library.

A point specially worthy of praise is that M. Castier has rhymed his translations ; we have many excellent renderings of Kipling's verse in French, but, as a rule, the translator prefers to give an unrhymed rendering. It is difficult to select for quotation when all are so good, but we think our readers will be particularly impressed by the three examples given below. The first comes from the beginning of the second stanza of "The Burial" (of Cecil Rhodes) :

Rêveur devôt que son grand rêve
 Menait delà nos yeux bridés,
 Son esprit enfanta sans trêve
 Non pas des mots, mais des cités.

Take the third verse of "Bridge-Guard in the Karroo" :

Royal, tout cet arroi se meurt
 Sous le soleil dont l'or se pâme,
 Cendre-de-rose, opale en pleur,
 Teintes d'Ombrie et de cinname.

And, last but not least, read the first verse of "A Song of the English" :

Notre héritage est vaste, et notre part, féconde !
 (Vous tous, soyez contrits, dans votre ardeur qui gronde !)
 Car Dieu, le Souverain Béant,
 Fit, comme un sol, tout l'océan,
 Il nous ouvre un chemin jusques aux bouts du monde !

Yes ; our Master has been fortunate in his French translators.

(These two books, "Les Septs Mers," and "Les Cinq Nations," are published by Louis Conard, Paris, at 15 francs each.)

Here is a book for Kipling collectors to possess : "Salam the Mouse-Deer" by A. Hillman and Walter W. Skeat (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) Its own merits as an animal story book are considerable ; we who know our Jungle Books can appreciate the authors' cleverness in being original when dealing with a subject so intimately connected with Kipling. The book contains a Preface of much interest ; "Rudyard Kipling—A

Tribute." It also gives a hitherto unpublished letter from Kipling (to Mr. Skeat), written from Burwash in January, 1935.

Prolusiones Academicæ or Exercises which having obtained prizes in the University of Cambridge will be recited in the Senate House on 10th June, 1938. (Cambridge ; University Press, 2s. 6d.) In the above is printed the Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal for English Verse : Verses in Commemoration of a Great Man—" Rudyard Kipling " by John Darrell Boyd of King's College. This is a poem of 172 lines ; it cannot be given in full, but the extracts will serve to show that Mr. Boyd has made a valuable contribution to modern English Poetry.

Of peoples far across the foam he told,
and thought to make our commonwealth a strong
abode of peace amid a world of wrong ;
all honour be to those who strive to hold
some cadence of a half-forgotten song,
some glorious fading flash of sunset gold.
Though many things were dear to such as he,
his heart went out to some above the rest—
mysterious India which he knew the best
of all earth's scattered lands, the fitful sea
that bears an exile home toward the west,
and Sussex, where the folk are kind, these three.

A little later Mr. Boyd sings of Kim and the Lama :

To lesser things the lama's thoughts were blind,
for still he yearned to reach the soaring hills
where faith, like falling water's murmur, fills
the cloistered garden of a tranquil mind.

The exquisite simplicity of our last quotation will stay in the mind of anyone who loves the tranquil English countryside :

But Sussex hills are kindly, where at night
the Little People dance, and feel no fear
beneath the magic moon, that in the height
moves dreaming on her path till day is near,
and sings for their delight
the lullaby that elves and children hear.

The whole poem is fine ; the language is " plain and single;" the technique harmonious and beautiful. All lovers of true poetry will hope to read more of Mr. Boyd's melodious verse.

An informative article, " Le Séjour de Kipling aux Etats-Unis," by Howard C. Rice appeared in the *Mercure de France* in May this year. Mr. Rice gives an excellent summary of Kipling's life in the United States and narrates many incidents bearing upon his works, particularly in the case of " Captains Courageous." But, as Mr. Rice tells us, it is curious that many works dealing with entirely dissimilar scenes

were written when Kipling was in America :—" That he wrote the Jungle Books in the New England hills seems a paradox." In England we are more or less familiar with Kipling's life in the States, largely from his own writings and from the labours of some of our American members. But, in France, Mr. Rice says, it is otherwise :—" On sait peu de chose en France de ce séjour de quatre ans que fit Kipling aux Etats-Unis." Apparently Kipling's work still interests the people of France, for this article runs to nearly thirty pages.

Kipling and Denmark

By CAPTAIN ALFRED HOLM LAURSEN, RINGKJOBING.
(Honorary Member of the Kipling Society)

EVER since I was invited to join the Kipling Society as an honorary member I have had a somewhat bad conscience. I felt it my duty to do something or other in return for this great distinction, but really did not know what or how. I am in no way any learned literary man. I cannot make dazzling lectures nor wonderful speeches, being merely a fighter and a singer, praising God and thanking Him in song for the life He gave me, as every true fighter and singer should. Yet, may be I can tell you something of common interest about Kipling's influence and importance in Denmark, if I may do it my own way ; and if only the evil spirits, that always waylay a man writing in a foreign tongue, will not interfere too much, you may be able to understand it as it is meant : a respectful homage to your great poet, who has meant more to me than any other man,—and woman too for the case of that.

In introducing me to the Kipling Journal in October 1927 (incidentally without my knowledge) my friend Mr. E.W. Richardson stated, that I was the only Dane he knew to be interested in and influenced by Kipling, but also for the sake of the reputation of my countrymen, I have to contradict this opinion. Kipling's works are sold over here in edition after edition ; four different and prominent Danish poets have translated his poems and stories, and this winter a new and complete edition with illustrations has been published and has met everywhere with the greatest interest, and you could not pass a bookseller's shop in all Denmark without this new edition staring at you from the most domineering place in the show-windows.

I do not say too much, when I maintain, that his works are to be found in cottage as in castle, among the young as among the old, everywhere beloved and valued, I state without jealousy, perhaps even more than our own writers. There is, besides the literary value of his works,

a good cause for that, and I will tell you. In the Nineties, when the atheist Georg Brandes and his intellectual friends preached the new great freedom for all mankind and worshipped the human mind as the only God, many of our young men flocked around his colours, and new poets and writers emerged as toad-stools. They together destroyed wilfully and with great deliberation all our old gods and ideals and promise to build a new heaven and a new earth ; but they died, many of them on their death-bed admitting their entire failure, and they left only an icy emptiness and a new generation, completely bewildered and deprived of every hope and faith and love ; doubting and mistrusting life and themselves and with nothing in heaven or upon earth worth while living, not to mention dying for.

Nothing was sacred to these world and self-contempting destroyers of all human worth, and if ever some one deserved the biblical mill-stone they did, for their deliberate poisoning of defenceless youth and young hearts. But a little flock there was, that fought them with a deadly hate and to the last gasp, because they could not and would not live without hope and faith and love. They were mocked and flogged by the false prophets and their followers, but they could not and would not give up or admit defeat, because for them it was a matter of more than life and death.

This little flock, by their antagonists doomed as foresaken by God and man, met Kipling. At first they dared hardly believe their own eyes, but soon they felt flesh of their own flesh and bone of their own bone, and he lighted a fire in their seeking souls and a longing in their brave hearts that never will nor can die. So strengthened and with new hope and his name and songs on their lips they went out to stamp the last flickering flame out of the false intellectual will-o-the-wisps, and all among their people they built up again the long-forgotten altars of old, one for valour, one for diligence, one for contentment and one for each of the other manful virtues, so long neglected in the land, and youth came, tired of their false Gods, and worshipped at the altars once more, and was taught by the little flock the lesson of their great teacher, which also is the lesson of the children of Zodiac, that men must not be afraid.

The greatest and most beloved leader of youth Denmark ever had, the late Reverend Olfert Richard once said to me : " Nobody has turned the love of the Danish to England as Kipling has, and I could not think of being without him. I always ask my candidates for confirmation, what they read, and it does not take them long to mention Kipling, but if they should forget him, I take care to remind them. He is the

soundest and most manful poet I know."

That also the school-children over here know Kipling was proved when I was made an honorary member of the society, and the papers made quite a fuss over it. Strolling along the streets in the little town, where I dwell, I was met by two school-boys about ten years old. They stood still and took off their caps, and one of them whispered to the other, but loud enough for me to hear: "Do you know him?" "Yes," said the other smiling all over a happy freckled face, "that is him, that has got that here you know from Kipling."

And now the great teacher has left us we will double our efforts to bring his good message to every brother among us, and as I wrote to him only a few days before he died, using in verse his own words to Lord Tennyson:

"A common soldier straight from the ranks
 May not render the General praise and thanks,
 But may honour him yet, as the years go by,
 By fighting better,—so will I."

Rudyard Kipling and Johnny Grundy

By FRANK FOSTER

(late British Vice-Consul in Seattle).

THOSE of us whose recollection reaches back into the later Victorian era may call to mind the furor caused by the advent of Rudyard Kipling into English and American literature. There was a time, (somewhere in the early nineties) when one could scarcely pick up a magazine without finding some reference to him. It was not without reason that Frank Norris called him "the little spectacled Colonial to whose song we all must listen and to whose pipe we all must dance."

At that time it seemed good to Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago to give a garden-party in aid of a fresh air fund for children dwelling in the slums of the stockyards and Blue Island Avenue. And a happy intuition brought to her mind the author of "Baa, baa, Black Sheep" and "Wee Willie Winkie:" who loved children and really understood them. She wrote to him and he responded: in those days he was not pestered with notoriety-seekers, some of them, naturally Americans. He sent her a short poem, printed by his own hand and surmounted by the sketch of a horse-shoe. It was published in facsimile in a Chicago paper and, (even then a fervent disciple of the author) I cut it out for safe-keeping; it runs thus:—

Old Johnny Grundy had a grey mare, Hey : Gee : Whoa :
 Her legs were thin and her hide was bare, Hey : Gee : Whoa :
 And when she died she made her will :—
 " Now old Johnny Grundy has used me ill :
 Give every dog in the town a bone,
 But to old Johnny Grundy give thou none."
 The Carver came and her image made
 In the Market-place where the Children played.
 And the Parson preached with unction rare :—
 " Good people be kind to your old Grey Mare :—
 And don't you beat her or use her ill
 Hey : Gee : Whoa :
 Or else she'll leave you out of her will
 Hey : Gee : Whoa:"

At the bazaar accompanying the garden party the sheet was put up at auction and bought by some unconsciously lucky bidder for \$100. His name was not made public, but we may conclude the precious document still exists somewhere.

About twelve or fourteen years ago I was turning over a mass of literary scraps when I came across this newspaper cutting. Yellowed it was with age and generally uninviting in appearance, but it struck me that Kipling himself had no copy of it, since he had contributed the original. So I sent it to him with an explanatory letter. He said that he was much obliged for the nursery rhyme, but that it was not an original poem but something that he must have copied out for some child, as it was in his own handwriting.

As I had spent a most enjoyable time, in detecting the Kipling quality in this little jingle with a fellow-disciple, (my brother), I felt staggered by such a denial of authorship. We had decided that his well-known early education in the Victorian tradition of Biblical teaching was responsible for the central couplet :—

The Carver came and her image made
 In the Market place where the Children played.

Unconsciously reminiscent, perhaps, of those sitting in the markets and calling to their fellows ; " we have piped unto you and ye have not danced ; we have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented."

Sometime afterwards, having had occasion to write to him on another subject, I suggested this parallel to Mr. Kipling, with the comment that the internal evidence pointed to him as author and he might easily have forgotten so small a matter at such a distance of time. But he would

have none of it : registered his distrust of internal evidence, and declared quite emphatically that he didn't write it and he didn't know who did.

So, still distrusting his memory, I instituted a search for the verses, but with little success. I chanced upon a faint echo in a volume called " The Merrie Heart:" It runs thus :—

" John Cook had a little grey mare :

He, haw, hum.

Her back stood up and her bones were bare :

He, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shooters' Hill,

His mare fell down and made her will."

Which I passed on to him. His reply rather surprised me. He said that he began to think Johnny Grundy was a good deal older than we expected that he expected there was some ancient legend behind ' John Cook'."

Now herein is a strange thing. It is odd that Kipling with his taste for traditional verse should have been unable to see that " Johnny Grundy " is modern in every quality. It evidently has some reference to " John Cook," but " John Cook " is mere doggerel : whereas " Johnny Grundy " is literature of a quaint sort, and a sort much affected by Kipling in his more playful moods. Still it is quite modern in essence : its legendary touch is purely artificial after the delightful manner of the Ingoldsby Legends and certain of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

The ludicrous reference to the old mare having " made her will " is practically conclusive evidence of the origin of Johnny Grundy. But in spite of enthusiastic students of folklore poetry, most ballads are little better than balderdash. There are some few that are priceless : " Helen of Kirkconnell," " Elore, Io." " Clerk Saunders," and perhaps some dozen more. To write such poetry is now beyond the power of man : indeed, it is doubtful if the genuine ballads were ever written. They are traditional ; probably the outcome of several generations of a highly emotional, passionate and imaginative race. As such they grew, little by little through the ages, until ballad literature suddenly became the vogue, and they passed into print and became fixed for ever.

To claim a folk-lore ancestry for Johnny Grundy in its present form seems almost as unreasonable as it would be to ask the same consideration for Kingsley's dashing ballad : " Earl Haldan's Daughter." Yet when Kipling said that he began to think Johnny Grundy

was a good deal older than we expect," it is practically what he is doing.

His lack of vision on the subject is probably owing to the fact that it is his own work and he is therefore, as is usually the case, an untrustworthy judge of its merits. It is no more possible to estimate the quality of one's own literary output than to judge of the quality of one's own voice. And when we hear for the first time a reproduction on a record of something we have said we recognize this fact. Sounds that we have been hearing in our heads have a strange, weird almost uncanny intonation when coming from outside. And it is thus also with literature.

It seems almost certain that Kipling wrote this little poem. At the time of its appearance, when he was in his early twenties, and at the zenith of his power, it is hardly likely that he would send verses that he had copied out for some child as a contribution to Mrs. Palmer's fresh air fund. Still more puzzling would it be for him to forget entirely where he found them. An extensive search has brought to light nothing more satisfactory than " John Cook :" the nucleus of the poem truly, but supplying only two or three grotesque suggestions. All it is of worth lies in the two verses, given by him in his early manhood to aid a fund for the Chicago waifs, advertised as his own composition and of which there is no evidence of any existence apart from this incident. Yet he quite emphatically denied the authorship : in good faith, certainly. As late as 1932 he asked, who, as a matter of fact, did write it ? But I had no answer.

An interesting little literary puzzle. The verses are not brilliant, yet they have the touch of a master hand. Of course the incident is mainly interesting because of its association with one whose poetry will last until all tongues are merged into Esperanto : or until the Greek Kalends. May those dates coincide i

A Masonic Note

By H. S. WILLIAMSON

THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION for February, 1936, (Vol. LXXXI, No. 521.) contains an article by Major Oliver Stewart, M.C., A.F.C., on "The Doctrine of Strategical Bombing." This is a survey of the fifth volume of the Official Air History of the War,— " The War in the Air " by H. A. Jones (Oxford University Press, 30/- with case of Maps.) I have so far been unable to see a copy of the volume, but the following from

Major Stewart's article is of interest to members of the Kipling Society.

' In this part of the volume there is also the story of the adventure of two officers of the " Raven " who, during a flight in one of the Short seaplanes, lost their parent ship and landed on a coral reef off the most southerly island of the Maldives. Their subsequent efforts to keep alive and finally to reach their ship again formed the basis of a short story by Rudyard Kipling called " A Flight of Fact." '

The Punjab Masonic Year Book and Calendar for 1937/38 also contains a Kipling item. This is a short article on " The Mother Lodge " by C. Grey, who is a member of Kipling's Mother Lodge, " Hope and Perseverance " No. 782, E. C. Lahore. Mr. Grey gives an interesting account of the membership of the Lodge in Kipling's time, and adds :—
" Besides this rich mine of humanity, there was another Lodge of Freemasons meeting at Mian Mir, just outside Lahore, which he visited at times, and this being mainly of military officers and sergeants, increased and improved his knowledge of the latter, both those serving in the regiments or battalions and in the army departments such as the ordnance, commissariat, jails and offices. Amongst the Members of that Lodge at this time were Surgeon Terence Mulvaney of the Army Medical Department and Lieut. Learoyd of the Royal Artillery, both men he must have met and from whom he may have borrowed the names he made so widely known.

Note. It is, perhaps, appropriate to give here the end of an address given to the Logic Club (8th March, 1936) on the Royal Masonic Hospital by C. H. Thorpe; the quotation from " My New-Cut Ashlar " makes a particularly happy conclusion :—" Our Movement, to which we and all our supporters are devoting ourselves in the spirit of fraternal good-will, and in recognition of our principles of Brotherhood, dependent as they are upon our recognition of our duty to a Higher Power, must lead us to feel that, in the Institution of which we are so proud, we are striving, simply and faithfully, so that our petition in all our labours may be :—

By our own work before the night,
Great Overseer, we make our prayer."

**Members are urgently requested to place their orders
for Christmas Cards. Price 4d. each.**

Traffics and Discoveries

By CAPEL HALL

(Given at the Meeting on May 18th, 1938)

I PROPOSE to try and interest you in three stories out of this volume " Traffics and Discoveries " by Rudyard Kipling, viz :—" Steam Tactics," " Mrs. Bathurst " and " They." A fourth, " A Sahib's War " can only be appreciated after a long residence in India, so is another example of Kipling's fame locked up in water tight compartments. Our Society might supply some of the keys. I sensed this in the scholarly atmosphere of Oxford and again in Rudyard Kipling discussion in my world wide travels.

A personal touch in " Steam Tactics " and in " Mrs. Bathurst " is some mystery. In " They," our *pièce de resistance*, I have not yet found an adjective, except ' difficult,' but this may be one of the most important of his stories as he must be the last great author to set his seal, so to speak, on second sight. Blake, the English poet, possessed it, and also the Swede, Swedenborg.

" *Steam Tactics.*" From the poem opposite the first page I quote the perfect phrasing : " Till Laughter, voiceless through excess, waves mute appeal." Some years ago, an old friend, Dr. Lanchester, F.R.S., was staying with me in Surrey. I happened to mention to him that I thought " Steam Tactics " the finest motor story that had ever been written. To my amazement he replied : " Yes, but I thought Rudyard Kipling left out some of the funniest things that happened that day." I said : " What do you mean?" " Oh, I was Kysh driving the car in the story." Some instinct told me that there was not room for any more humour.

Mrs Bathurst. This might well be called " The Mystery of Mrs. B." Interest in the solution of this inspired an author friend and myself to work out an explanation. This we forwarded to Rudyard Kipling He thanked us, but only committed himself to the reply "That it was very interesting." Did he know it ? However further correspondence ensued with the result that we had a signed contract with him for a play, " Mrs. Bathurst," to be produced within 12 months. Alas, my friend developed a severe nervous breakdown and the time limit ran out.

Turning first to the end of the story as one may do to a novel we accepted the carbonized tramps' bodies in the forest to be Vickery,

standing up, Mrs. Bathurst, a tired woman sitting down to rest, with Rudyard Kipling's impish notes I quote pp. 364 " Squatting down lookin' up at 'im"—"Watching him." The case seemed to us the father and mother of all mysteries. Obstacles so cleverly placed in one's way to the Truth with a rare red herring across the track such as the lad Niven who said he could " smell the smoke of his uncle's farm " with a sky full of promises, leading our heroes into British Columbia and Court Martial to follow. Passing that, one comes to an electrified wire zareba. Then one's imagination may or may not lift one up to picture the facts. " There must have been a good deal between them," is Pycroft's version without further explanation.

Now Vickery was what was called " a superior man " with a set of four false teeth so loosely fitted in the lower jaw causing a click in talking, hence the nickname ' Click,' and able to talk for more than an hour, privately, with the Captain. Probably well connected, or even once an officer. I suggest the gravity of Vickery's accident with a badly broken jaw was accompanied by concussion and loss of memory with gradual partial recovery. We failed to connect up details of Vickery's time and service for the intrigue with Mrs. Bathurst. In " The Kipling Journal " for September, Admiral L. H. Chandler calls attention to this difficulty, but with his loss of memory for a solid foundation a reasonable superstructure becomes feasible.

To-day this experience is common, thanks to the wars, motor cars and boxing revival, *i.e.*, a knock out. My own car crash brought it home to me. It was six months before I could remember the details of the way it happened. The case then is an exact analogy of concussion shell shock. A London Neurologist, Dr. Weymouth, in charge of shell-shock War Hospitals describes a typical case as follows :—

All one could be certain about was that his memory was a complete blank. He could walk about, eat, smoke and answer questions vaguely—but he failed to register his actions as he performed them. There remains a break in the continuity of Memory. The object of treatment is to fill this up gradually and sympathetically, turning conversation to the moment when his consciousness had been split into two.

In Vickery's case the result was gradually and dramatically brought about by the Films.

This loss of consciousness is Nature's way of relieving a situation which is so fraught with concentrated emotion as to be unbearable.

Note that the teeth were never actually seen or shewn in the tale.

Vickery's ghost might well appear with *ghost voice* : " *Yes. Yes. Click, click, but where are my teeth ? Click, click.*"

With some experience in death from lightning, and reading of the well-known patterns of tree, twigs, etc., so called, I suggest that after the deaths by lightning a subsequent forest fire was responsible for the charcoal-carbonized condition ; charcoal as made in Sussex still, is a slow process. A hill near Ticehurst is called Burners Hill. The tattoo marks may well be taken from a detective story in which writing on paper burned in a fire can be deciphered to help in the guilt of a culprit but tattoo marks are made with Indian ink produced from lamp black instead of by the ordinary process for writing, so might not be visible. But a simple experiment, by drawing on paper with Indian ink, a copy of the initials M.V, with a crown and a fowl anchor tattooed on Vickery, then setting fire to it, the picture is left revealed, well marked as in the story. Recently in the *Daily Telegraph* there was a recipe 1400 years old for its manufacture.

We are not told what initial M. stands for nor are we given the Christian name of Mrs. Bathurst. Does not excessive analysis rather blur the beauty of a masterpiece ?

They. Like a famous work of Dresden or Chelsea China one hesitates to pick out pieces to see how they are made. I feel this with so charming a work of Art as the story " *They.*"

I begin with the suggestion that Rudyard Kipling, purposely from hearsay and rumour and not accidentally, visited the charming old house and found his elderly blind spinster heroine. She described the children to him by so called second sight which she saw subjectively, not objectively. He himself was psychic and I suggest it was at a second (or other visit) that he himself, in sympathy, either actually thought he saw them too or acted as if he did, in such company. She could be keen in business as shewn in her interview with the scared Turpin, who probably thought her a cracked old lady—and her attendant's name was Madden.

MacMunn so well terms this urge, " The yearn of the unfulfilled womb." I call the condition Vicarious Motherhood, whether as aunts, nurses, adopting, keeping 1 to 20 cats or dogs. Are they, too not visualising the helpless crying for protection ? A side issue is the spreading an excess of sentimentality. So eventually does our blind heroine believe in them with the sympathetic psychic Rudyard Kipling. He knew this. He knew everything. Note the contrast in his dainty

phrasing of the second sight atmosphere into the sordid conditions of the cottage and then to the English Channel.

A few words as to Rudyard Kipling's own experience of second sight. He is apparently contradictory. In "Something of Myself" I quote pp. 215 : "I am in no way psychic," pp. 217, after his neat description, "How and why had I been shewn a roll of my life film ?" He also refers to a snap psychic experience, but made no use of it for the sake of "weaker brethren" but there are rogues in every vocation. Now in old books one often reads of a person 'gifted' with the uncanny power of the sort. To-day evidence rapidly adds up to convince some of us who possess it that it is well worth investigating in the light of recent science, after Rudyard Kipling's day.

Have not all of us what I name "Mental Wireless" in the words, Instinct, Intuition—Inner Convictions without sight and sound ? Telepathy. So with Animals' "homing" instinct. In the *Daily Telegraph* is the account of how Sir. Henry Irving's dog, left by accident at Southampton, found its way back to the Lyceum Theatre, two weeks afterwards, a bag of skin and bones. Millions of birds in evolution, starlings at home, flamingoes, pigeons and parrots in the East weave their winged way in the sky as one. The Germans prove scientifically that 'homing' of dogs is not due to sight, scent or sound. Homing pigeons in France and America have been shewn to be affected by short wave stations. These are for distant stations, Japan, etc. Our first short wave wireless sets had to be guarded against the interference of our own body short waves. Lord Rutherford shewed us that all matter consists of vibrating atoms, electrical particles *moving with the speed of light*—whether of brain or any other material. They must vibrate, why not accept the so-called tuning process for Mental Wireless ? I suggest that this may be a physical explanation. The *Times* published my theory in September, last year as an effort to solve it. So far it has not been refuted.

Here I venture to suggest that Rudyard Kipling has not yet nearly reached the peak of his appreciation. Dare one whisper the ultimate zenith ? Other artists drew largely on nature, sun, moon, stars, sky, mountains, affections. Kipling, painted his word pictures from the inmost psychology of humanity : man, woman and child. Our mental development progresses steadily. Was not Kipling in advance of his time ? "Stalky & Co" gives one the idea of his early adolescence. Posterity will trip to India, South Africa, etc., to tea and back, and so absorb more and more understanding of their people and places»

I venture to suggest that our Society might offer School Prizes and also ask for a regular broadcast by a *sympathetic* B.B.C. Announcer. More country sections might be formed. I plead for Brighton and Worthing.

In a recent letter to the *Sunday Times*, a master, from a wide list of authors, gives 12 books for boys to read. Neither Stalky & Co., Kim nor Captains Courageous mentioned! Language and dialects, abroad and at home tend to prevent a general and full reading which in time should become more universal all over the world, but I am afraid Wireless and the Films interfere with serious reading. In conclusion one thinks of that unique sentence in the last paragraph of his last book, "Something of myself," looking at his globes—Quote "outlined—those Air routes to the East and Australia which were well in use before my death." He combines the times of the past, present and future in a *mélange* as if his spirit would be ever present, with us. I feel it is to-night.

DISCUSSION

Mr. Brooking.

There is just one point that was mentioned by the lecturer and that is in regard to Mr. Lanchester, the designer of the car. I understand the lecturer to say that he knew Mr. Lanchester and that he had identified himself with Kysh in "Steam Tactics;" is that so?

Mr. Capel Hall.

I have known Mr. Lanchester a good many years and I cannot imagine him, so to speak, *acting* as if he were there. As I explained in my paper, I was so overwhelmed at the news when he told me that I did not ask him any more; but it was occasionally referred to as a side issue. If I had dreamt there was the least doubt I could have brought him here to-night—I am rather sorry I didn't.

Mr. Brooking.

I think you had mentioned that there was some identification between Kysh and Mr. Lanchester. I wrote to Mr. Lanchester and I have his letter here—I think some motoring members might be interested in it:—"Your question can be answered in two ways" (I had asked him, first, if he was the man in the car when they did that reckless journey and kidnapped the policeman). "I am the man who actually ran away with the policeman but I am not the Kysh of Kipling's story. I understand that the original was Max Lawrence, at that time Works Manager of the Lanchester Company. . . . Max was a dear fellow but had a habit of swinging the lead and he used to pose as the designer

of the Lanchester car of the period. He was a good salesman but had no designing faculty—a splendid fellow and got on very well with Kipling. I have set out the above because I have heard that in one of Kipling's writings he refers to the designer of the car having visited him and taught him to drive, and that he was the original of Kysh, or something of the sort. I have never seen the reference and have been unable to track it down, but Max Lawrence, the excellent salesman, was the Kysh who comes into the story 'Steam Tactics.' "

Mr. Richardson.

There is one incident in the story "They" which interested me very much—but I may be simply displaying my ignorance: "Slowly," it says, "she leaned forward and traced on the rug the figure of the Egg itself." Also, "Again she traced the outline of the Egg which it is given to very few of us to see." I should be much intrigued to know what this Egg in the story "They" is.

Mr. Capel Hall.

The Egg. I can only say that I know in the East they hold the idea—and, of course, they have a number of symbols that they pay great attention to—that the *egg*, fairly obviously, was the beginning of all things; that is the reason they pay such great respect to it. But it would never have got into the Western country only, of course, Kipling knew of it and mentioned it. I cannot give you any further details.

Lady Moore.

I think the poem "The Road to Endor" well illustrates Kipling's dislike for dabbling in psychic matters. He describes people there who dabble in magic and the disastrous effects that it has on them. And I think in that poem he shows his own fear of the psychic side of things and that he thought it much better to leave it alone. It is not necessarily a question of risk or danger to the person himself.

Mr. Capel Hall.

I fully agree. There are, of course, rogues in every vocation who are ready to make profit out of such things. That is one of the reasons why I have been for months and months trying to work out with correspondents in Cambridge if we could not get a scientific basis for it, and put it on the basis of ordinary wireless: there would be no mystery about it if we only knew the laws of it.

Miss Macdonald.

I can verify what the last speaker said. Rudyard had a very strong horror of dabbling in such things; he had, indeed, seen the disastrous results of it. But the gift was certainly there; he *was* psychic.

Mr. Griffin.

I am very glad to hear what Miss Macdonald says. I have been perfectly convinced for many years that Kipling himself was psychic, but he was afraid to let himself go in it. He realised, as he tells us at the end of the story when the lady finds that he knows—that he sees—that he dared not go any further into it. To indicate that, I have on a previous occasion mentioned "The Witch of Endor" as shewing what he felt about it—his fear of going into it. I am very glad that Mr. Hall has had the courage to tackle this story "They"; it is a thing too big for most of us. I liked very much the simile of the Dresden China—the delicacy of it. Mostly, the interest in "They" is from the psychic aspect, but the description of the scenery in the first page or two is extraordinarily good—only Kipling could have written this description of scenery. I think the lecturer is perfectly right in what he says—most of us are keen on Kipling, but very few of us, probably, know more than a fraction of what is to be found in his work, and certainly we can only appreciate a fraction unless we have lived in India. It was Kipling who sent me to India; the fact that I did not find it as I expected to was not Kipling's fault.

Mr. Angus.

I think the only explanation there can be of "They" is found in the poem about the children in Heaven who for some reason or other are allowed to return to earth—the introductory poem. . . . It seems to me that in the spirit world to which Kipling is always alluding in so many of his stories he is quite beyond us. I think here we have something which certainly is not spiritualism—something which all of us have experienced in a very slight degree, and which Kipling with his inimitable art portrays for us.

Mr. Stone.

I think the problem in "They" really is why was Kipling allowed to see the children, which undoubtedly he did, as apparently he had neither borne nor lost children.

Another point: he saw the child at the window before he met the lady. It could not be any thought transference from the lady that enabled him to see the children, because he saw the first child at the window?

Mr. Capel Hall.

I think, Sir, that he had lost his daughter.

Mr. Harbord.

My father is partly Cornish. For many years he lived in **that part**

and he was quite accustomed to hearing the villagers tell how so and so—the daughter of the house, perhaps—had seen Uncle John or Uncle so and so yesterday, or twice last week. Uncle John, of course, might have been dead ten or even twenty years, and the girl might never have seen him in her life. It was quite a common occurrence and nothing was thought of such a condition, though perhaps they rather avoided it. I think we must not make too much of it, because, as I know, in Cornwall, Wales, and parts of Ireland, for instance, it is quite normal. I am not speaking from experience (I am not psychic myself) but second-hand, but these were told me from day to day as experiences by my father in going about his ordinary daily duties. I have no doubt whatever that Kipling had that gift and rather hated it. Why he should have hated it I cannot see. He weaves it into so many of his stories : perhaps it was the next stage—spiritualism—that he was afraid of. If we say that he was frightened of spiritualism in its ordinary manifestations that is probably nearer the truth.

General Rimington.

I asked Kipling once about these stories and about his psychic powers ; I also asked him if he believed in spiritualism. He said No, he did not ; he had tried it and had been told—after the death of his son, I think—something which he did not believe at all, and so he thought it very dangerous. He said that " if one believed in spiritualism, one went in for it."

Chairman.

I will now ask Mr. Capel Hall if he has not some other few remarks to make about Mrs. Bathurst. I think he brushed rather lightly over that story—there is a good deal more in it than meets the eye. When I was in correspondence with him about this paper he suggested to me that I might care to ask him now some particular question that I then had in mind, but I am afraid I have forgotten what it was ; perhaps he would like to ask himself that question ? I should be very pleased if he would.

Mr. Brooking.

Perhaps the question was, Was it Mrs. Bathurst, and if so, how had she got there ?

Mr. Capel Hall.

I do not mind at all going on with the question.

Obviously, one does not have a chance of writing a play in conjunction with a friend and Rudyard Kipling. I have been asked " Why on earth didn't you go on with it ?" It is a good many years ago and the

only way I can look at it—even if it doesn't please our Chairman—is that there is a sort of second sight, looking backwards, so to speak, and that if Mr. Maitland's magic pen with its persuasive touch had been there in those days it would have given me encouragement. But I would have wakened up from that dreadful dream, and I could never think of being able to write anything worthy of our great author.

The Future of the Society.

KIPLING is a classic ; his fame is established, his literary reputation secure. By those who " count " in the critical world he is bracketed with Chaucer and placed among the Immortals. Yet his work does not seem so widely known as his still enormous sales indicate, even though we may plead that, artistically, we are at a nadir of bad taste and noisy superficiality. We of the Kipling Society may wonder at this ; but, if we want to increase our membership and consequently our influence, we must be prepared to answer the ill-informed (belittling rather than adverse) valuation that is trotted out *ad nauseam*. To us this " debunking " is merely childish spite, but we must remember ten people read a slander for one who reads its refutation. I therefore suggest the following methods of dealing with those who say they do not like Kipling ; they will also serve to confute the semi-cultured—both classes being alike in the fact that their knowledge of the subject is limited, not say abstract.

First, Kipling is often attacked by a section of the English of India (and elsewhere) for exhibiting the seamy side of life at Simla. In actual fact the tales that do this are few in number and nicer in tone than similar work by his contemporaries. His real sin was ridiculing the Supreme Government of India, a crime that should make him beloved by the Left. But with wilful blindness the Left Wingers disregard this and point out the awful patriotism of " The English Flag."

This introduces my second point : the accusation that Kipling is an out-moded Jingo. Ask the critic, if he be one who knows anything at all of our Literature (of Kipling he probably only knows " The Absent-Minded Beggar" and, possibly, "Gunga Din") for his opinion of Newbolt. The reply will probably be favourable, yet Newbolt, though

of less merit as a poet, is far more furiously patriotic than ever was Kipling. The critic has probably never heard of a little poem called "Piet," which sets out the virtues of the Boer, though fighting against us, in no uncertain fashion.

Now comes Kipling's third and most grievous sin : hating shams and believing in thorough mastery of subject he attacked (and, what hurt more, ignored at times) the half-cultured *littérateurs* who carried main line head lights. That this group of second-raters—they can easily be picked out in the columns of the current press—dislike Kipling more than ever is perhaps to be expected when we read his own words in "Something of Myself," where they are made quite sure of the contempt in which he had always held them :—"As I got to know literary circles and their critical output, I was struck by the slenderness of some of the writers' equipment. I could not see how they got along with so casual a knowledge of French work and, apparently, of much English grounding that I had supposed indispensable. Their stuff seemed to be a day-to-day traffic in generalities, hedged by trade considerations. Here I expect I was wrong, but, making my own tests (the man who had asked me out to dinner to discover what I had read gave me the notion), I would ask simple questions, misquote or misattribute my quotations ; or (once or twice) invent an author. The result did not increase my reverence. Had they been newspaper men in a hurry, I should have understood ; but the gentlemen were presented to me as Priests and Pontiffs." Naturally, the gentlemen so accurately described do not like the unveiling.

So be prepared to question your critic on *suppressio veri et suggestio falsi* ; ask for reasons, demand examples. Inform them about Kipling's beautiful stories and poems of the English countryside, wherein may be found all Hardy's qualities, with the added one of brevity. (Incidentally, Hardy is far more "improper" than Kipling, but that is never mentioned).

As to Kipling's Imperialism, ask the critic what his own beliefs are : if he says that he is an Internationalist, be sure that he is a genuine one, not merely one who thinks that every nation has a right to nationality except Britain. Recommend him, gently, to read "With the Night Mail" and "As Easy as A.B.C.," two tales that vividly portray a world without nationalism and give a more likely—certainly more human—picture of things to come than—certain other writers. If, however, Kipling is condemned by your critic because he, the critic, does not approve of his native land, recommend him, firmly, to reside in

one of the lands he so admires and to cease from passing judgment upon an author of whose work he is generally supremely ignorant.

Demand of the critic who objects to Kipling's political views whether Kipling is the only author not allowed to think for himself there are many examples of the contrary. In any case, ask why Kipling's " views " should impair literary merit, while those held by others only enhance it ! For there are writers whose tirades are so much more old-fashioned than any of Kipling's " sermons " that their diatribes are almost forgotten.

Tell the critics to be fair, even if their literary knowledge is, as Kipling said, weak ; suggest that they look for the good in his work, whether they agree with the " views " expressed or not. The analytical French critic, however much he may admire Kipling's style, seeks for the inner meaning behind the words—then he wonders why his British opposite number cannot see what is plain to him.

Don't forget that attacks on Kipling are founded on noise rather than on knowledge. Kipling's ideal types hated self-assertion ; this may be pointed out to that kind of ignorant critic who said that Kipling wrote the lyric of " Land of Hope and Glory ! " Verily, a little learning.

At the beginning I referred to Kipling's still enormous sales. In this connection, we should remember Admiral Chandler's words, in the Preface to his great Summary :—" Why these enormous sales ? The answer is that Mr. Kipling, somewhere and somehow, has something that appeals to every man, woman, or child ; to every art, profession and occupation ; to every mood, to every feeling, and to every experience. If any person says : ' I do not care for Kipling's work,' it simply means that that person has not found his or her particular stories or poems. Rest assured that those stories and poems are somewhere among Kipling's writings ; something for every phase of knowledge, for every experience, and for every feeling or mood." Impress this on the semi-cultured who have *not* read Kipling. Talk about his skill as a craftsman of literature, either as a teller of tales or a singer of songs. The young are better judges of good stuff than those who were young when the War ended. " Big Noises " are soon stilled : how many people could name one book by D. H. Lawrence, or say who wrote " All Quiet on the Western Front ? "

Finally, see what can be done about starting new branches, to the meetings of which the unbelievers can be invited. Let us have these murmurings spoken aloud. Let us follow the advice of Lona Hessel in Ibsen's " Pillars of Society : " " I will let in some fresh air, Pastor."

As we go to press comes the news of the Four Power Pact at Munich. Those who still, in spite of evidence to the contrary, think of Kipling as a war-monger may read with profit from the Second Jungle Book, in the poem "The Law of the Jungle," the following couplet :—

When Pack meets with Pack in the Jungle, and neither will go from the trail,
Lie down till the leaders have spoken—it may be fair words shall prevail.
Could anything be more suited to the present situation ?

Letter Bag

You ask in the March Journal for an explanation of Kipling's statement : " Luckily the men of the seas and the engine-room do not write to the Press, and my worst slip is still underided." As one of the first fifty members of the Society I feel that I should offer an explanation, viz. : "The Seven Seas; the Coastwise Lights:"—" By day the dipping house-flag." I have never seen a house-flag dipped either in ail or steam.

J. O. TYLER, Master Mariner.

On p. 29 of No. 45 Mrs. W. M. Carpenter commits herself to the assertion that " Naulakha" signifies " Cherished possession." I am not going to state positively that this is incorrect, but I should like to bet on it. On the face of it, the word means " Nine-lakh-er"—much as we say a " sixteen-pounder," and unless my memory is very much at fault Sir George MacMunn stated something to the same effect when discussing the necklace referred to in the novel. It may mean possibly " something beyond price;" however, the actual meaning is worth discussion—I expect Sir George or the President could say definitely. All sorts of fanciful meanings have been put to ordinary Indian words used by Kipling. I remember a heated discussion as to the meaning of that very common or garden Indian word, " Kala-jaga," a few years ago—also about the word, " pagal"—and as I say I think " cherished possession" is somewhat fanciful as a translation of "Naulakha."

A. J. CAMERON, Capt.

Secretary's Corner

Demands for complete sets of the Journal are steadily increasing. To satisfy them would mean reprinting of at least seven of the earlier issues. This would be an expensive business which could not be met out of revenue but I am inclined to think that the expenditure involved would be well worth our while. I am therefore bringing up the question at the next meeting of the Council after the holidays in October. We might, perhaps, be able to raise the necessary funds without breaking in to our Reserves. The cost of printing 250 copies of each issue will be about £7, or roughly £50 for the seven issues.

Members will regret to hear that the Winnipeg Branch has not been able to continue. Their membership has fallen much below the minimum laid down, and the Branch officers tell us that in the present hard times there is not any prospect of increasing it. We hope that the faithful few that remain will become Headquarters members and in saying good bye to the Branch, our Council wish to offer General Ketchen, the President and Mr. Waitt, the Honorary Secretary, their best thanks for all they have done for us in the past.

We have had many expressions of approval of our 1938 Christmas Card. We are delighted to find that our efforts in this direction have met with success, but would urge members—especially those living overseas and secretaries of Branches—to place their orders as early as possible.

Our Council is also very pleased to observe that our new badge for wearing on the lapel, or as a brooch, has also met with much approval. Also that the elimination of the Swastika from the old badge, which is still used on our stationery, has been welcomed. At the same time, I venture to point out that the best method for registering approval of the new badge is to send us orders for it ! Will members kindly accept this hint ?

As a little additional service to our members, we can now give any member of the Society who wants to go to the theatre a voucher enabling him or her to bring one friend free. This privilege, however, extends only to certain plays, particulars of which may always be obtained from time to time from our office. We feel that this is an experiment which might be worth trying for a year in the first instance, especially for the benefit of our Overseas and Country members.

At the time of going to press, the plays involved in the above scheme are :—
Seymour Hicks in "THE LAST TRUMP" at the Duke of Yorks.
Lilian Braithwaite in "COMEDIENNE" at the Aldwych.
Henry Kendal in "ROOM FOR TWO" at the Comedy.
Nora Swinburne in "LOT'S WIFE" at the Savoy.
Nancy Price in "THOU SHALT NOT" at the Playhouse.

A propos, visiting members often do ask us to perform little services for them and it is always a pleasure to us to be able to do anything to add to the enjoyment, or to diminish the problems, of their visit to the Capital, even though we may thus perhaps be venturing somewhat outside the scope of the Society. As a matter of fact, anything which promotes a " family feeling " amongst members of the Kipling Society is, or should be, within the scope of our work ! This being so, we have also made arrangements whereby our members may buy most things at a reduction of 20% off marked prices. I have frequently made use of this arrangement myself and find it invaluable, especially in regard to fairly large purchases such as household linen and so forth. Overseas and country members need never hesitate to consult us if they have any little commissions to be done in London. Our services, to the Kipling " family " are free !

Will members please note that the address of our Melbourne Branch is now 437, Bourke Street, Melbourne C.I.

C.H.R.

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