

The
KIPLING
JOURNAL

The
O r g a n
of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

No. 48

DECEMBER, 1938

Price 2s.

The Spectator

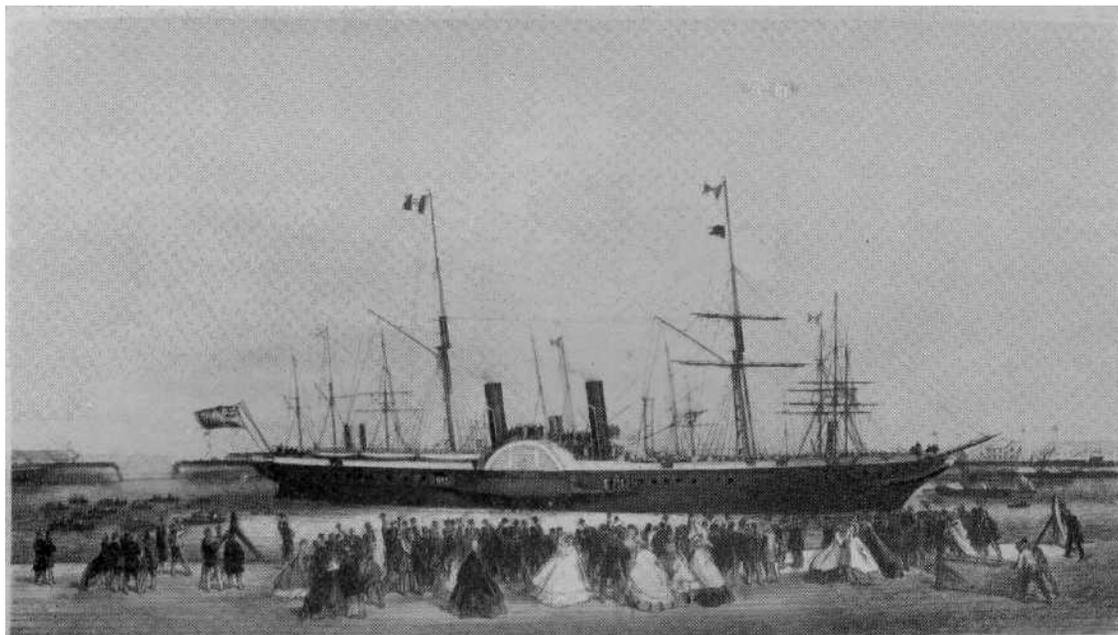
THE PREDOMINANT WEEKLY

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

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

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

EVERY **6**^{D.} FRIDAY



R.M.S. "RIPON," 1871.

The Kipling Journal

The Organ of the Kipling Society

QUARTERLY

No. 48

DECEMBER, 1938.

Contents :

Plate : R.M.S. Ripon.	The Sussex Edition	109
"H.M.S. Kipling"	Kipling and South Africa ..	112
News and Notes.	Rudyard Kipling : The Apostle of Work and Service	130
Branch Reports.	Letter Bag	143
Books and Reviews.	Secretary's Corner	147

PRESENTATION TO H.M.S. "KIPLING"

Just as we go to Press we hear that the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty have accepted the offer of the Society to present a Plaque of Kipling in Bas-relief to H.M.S. "KIPLING," which has just been launched.

I have not the time before the Journal is in print to get any estimate of the cost, but the Council on the Society invite subscriptions from all members who would like a chance of taking part in this unique opportunity to place a permanent record of the Society on the first ship of H.M. Navy to bear the name of Rudyard Kipling.

Contributions should be sent at Members' earliest convenience to me at our Offices at 45, Gower Street, London, W.C.I.

**C. H. ROBINSON,
(Hon. Secretary)**

News and Notes

THE aged liner shown in our plate is the " Ripon " of the P. & O., on board which Kipling travelled from Bombay to Suez (the Canal was not then open), on his way to England in 1871. For this interesting picture our thanks are due to Mr. Maitland, our Hon. Librarian.

x x x x x

As the greater number of our Members (even many resident in Great Britain) cannot, for obvious reasons, attend the London Meetings, the Council have decided to enlarge the Journal. Many splendid Papers have been sent in by the Branches, two of which appear in this issue ; "with increased space we hope to print many more, thus forging an even firmer link between Members of the Society, though half a world lie between them. The Society has also changed its London meeting place ; some remarks on this will be found in the Discussion following Mr. H. G. Willmot's Paper.

x x x x x

The first meeting of the 1938-39 Session was held at the Basil Street Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.3, on Wednesday, 19th October, 1938, at 8.30 p.m. Mr. S. A. Courtauld, D.L., one of our Vice-Presidents and Chairman of the Council, made a few explanatory remarks:—'The Paper that is to be read to-night is not Mr. Bazley's own ; it was written by Mr. Willmot of the Cape Town Branch ; Mr. Bazley is going to be kind enough to read it. In regard to " Kipling and South Africa," which is the subject of the Paper, some of Kipling's poems and prose works which deal with that Dominion will occur to us. Among his stories is one called "The Captive"—I daresay many people here will remember it. Some stories were written, mostly during the South African War, and were published in newspapers ; one was "Folly Bridge" and another, " The Way That He Took." There were also many poems ; one clever little thing called " Boots," and the beautiful poem, " Bridge-Guard in the Karroo." There is no need for me to introduce Mr. Bazley, as he is about the best known man in the whole Society ; he must have been in South Africa himself, and as you know he has a marvellous gift of description and making his readers appreciate and understand the different parts of the world he has visited.' Mr. B. M. Bazley (Hon. Editor) said ;—' After Mr. Courtauld's very kind introduction I have only to add that this is a Paper sent to us from the recently formed and

flourishing Cape Town Branch. The Paper was delivered at the first regular Meeting of the Branch by Mr. H. G. Willmot, a member of long standing ; I am sure you will find the subject interesting and I do not think it has been treated at any length before. Without further preamble I shall read the Paper entitled " Kipling and South Africa." Between the Paper and the Discussion the Members present enjoyed recitations of " The Explorer " and "Lichtenberg" by Miss Joan Sanderson, whose superb elocution and intelligent interpretation were greatly appreciated and heartily applauded by the audience.

x x x x x

It has been suggested that a Masonic Lodge should be formed for those of the Craft who are lovers of Kipling's work. The Hon. Editor will be glad to learn the views of all those who are interested in the idea, if they will communicate with him.

Branch Reports

Victoria, B.C., Canada. The Annual Picnic was held in August when a good attendance of members and friends again visited Fairbridge Farm School. The visitors found all the inmates of the school on the river bank, assembled for the School Annual water sports. After watching the sports and picnicking on the river bank the party assembled in the dining hall, where the Principal of the School, Colonel H. F. Logan, gave an informal and interesting talk on the origin of the school by Kingsley Fairbridge—whom Colonel Logan had known intimately, and the methods employed in the working of the school. Thanks to Colonel Logan for his talk and for the hospitality of the School were given by P. R. Leighton, former Vice-President of the Branch. The cottages and school buildings were then inspected before returning to Victoria.

The Society have acquired a room over the Royal Bank of Canada in which to hold their meetings during the winter session. The season opened with the September meeting when the President, A. E. G. Cornwell, read Kipling's story, "The Tree of Justice," with comments on the historical background of the tale. Miss B. M. Carlisle read "A Ballad of Minepit Shaw " and " A Carol." There was a good attendance, and two visitors became members of the Society.

M. NEAL, (*Publicity Secretary*)

Melbourne Branch. Since the commencement of this Branch in March 1938 meetings have been held every six weeks and have been very well attended, each evening new members are added bringing numbers up to fifty.

Interesting talks have been given by some of the members, the first by Sir Julius Bruche, a Vice-president of the London Society. He told of his experiences and acquaintance with "Stalky" and "M'Turk" and of his tour with Mr. Brooking through Kipling's Sussex. Later on Sir Julius will give a paper on "Some Kipling Origins."

Dr. Boyd-Graham, the Treasurer, gave a thought-provoking talk on "Kipling's Child Characters" and was warmly congratulated for his psychological analysis. His paper has been borrowed by other circles.

The Rev. Aeneas Macdonald chose as his subject "Which volume of Kipling would you choose if you could have only one?" giving as his choice "Many Inventions." This aroused lively discussion, for not one member agreed with him. Following this paper the Society took "Many Inventions" for dissection. Six members each analysed a story, ten minutes being allowed for this and keen discussion took place. The book took up two meetings and this plan was voted such a success that book analysis is being continued, "Rewards and Fairies" being considered at present.

Kipling Questionnaires are set for each meeting and are looked forward to by members: a small prize is always given for the highest number answered.

It was with regret that the Society received in September the resignation, for reasons of health, of Mr. Donald Mackintosh the Honorary Secretary. Gratitude from all was expressed at the last meeting for the work he has done in the initial organising and for the number of members he obtained by his own personality. Fortunately for the Society he has consented to become its first Vice-President, and has promised to help as much as possible.

The new Secretary is Mrs. Grace Broughton (formerly Assistant) and the address of the Society is now 333, Colins Street, Melbourne, C.I.

A. S. JOSKE, M.D., J.P.
(*President*)

Books and Reviews

" **Thy Servant a Dog**," and other dog stories. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

This very attractive book, similar in format to the Uniform Edition, contains the three " Thy Servant a Dog "stories ; " A Sea Dog ;" the two poems, "The Supplication of the Black Aberdeen" and " His Apologies;" and " Teem." This is the first appearance of our Master's final story in collected form, save for the Sussex Edition, where it is not easily available for ordinary readers. In every way this is a most charming production ; it makes an admirable gift book, and should be in every collector's Kipling Library. Mr. G. L. Stampa's illustrations to this series need no further praise in these columns; like the original pictures of " Alice in Wonderland " we should miss them greatly if any change were made.

A Rudyard Kipling Calendar, (G. Delgado, Ltd., 3s. 6d.)

This now hardy annual makes its welcome reappearance for the Festive Season. It is in a new and very attractive form, with the portrait plaque by Patrick Syngé-Hutchinson on the front. The actual calendar has been entirely recompiled by our Hon. Librarian, who is to be most heartily congratulated on his very successful work. The Calendar can be obtained from the Offices of the Society.

The Sussex Edition

REVIEWED BY W. G. B. MAITLAND
(Hon. Librarian)

AS members are no doubt aware several of the volumes in the *Sussex Edition* contain material which has hitherto remained uncollected—at any rate in Editions published in England.

Except for Macmillan's *Edition de Luxe* none of the following tales has appeared in the other Macmillan editions :—*Bitters Neat* and *Haunted Subalterns* from *Plain Tales from the Hills* ; *Of Those Called*, *The Track of a Lie*, *The Pit that they Dugged* and *The Wreck of the Visigoth* (the last named has not been collected even in the *Edition de Luxe*) from *Wee Willie Winkie* ; *The Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P.* and *Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out* from *Many Inventions* ; though all these stories were collected in various American editions.

A Diversity of Creatures brings us *A Tour of Inspection*, a delightful story in the Pycroft series never before collected on either side of the Atlantic.

Letters of Travel includes the brilliantly written *Brazilian Sketches* describing Kipling's visit to South America in 1927, which appeared in the "Morning Post" and the American weekly paper, "Liberty." The next volume, *A Book of Words*, adds six more speeches to those previously collected.

The volume entitled *The War and A Fleet in Being*, besides including several little sketches of the British and French Armies during the Great War, hitherto available in booklet form only, contains *The War in the Mountains*, a long series of newspaper articles describing a visit the author paid to the Italian Front in 1917. There are also two sets of Naval Articles ; one written in 1898 and published under the title of *A Fleet in Being* and the other *Sea Warfare* giving some account of the part the Royal Navy played in the War. The same volume brings to the English reader a splendid little collection of war letters written by wounded Indian soldiers convalescing in England which originally appeared in the "Morning Post" in May 1917 ; Doubleday, Page of New York gathered them together under the title of *The Eyes of Asia* in the following year.

But by far the most interesting volumes are those entitled, *Uncollected Prose*—two in number. The first of these (vol : xxix) *Abaft the Funnel*, familiar enough to American readers since it was published in U.S.A. so far back as 1909, has never before been published in England. It is divided into two parts : the first, under the above title consists of twenty-nine stories and sketches with one set of verses, all of which were originally written for the Indian newspapers from 1888-1890. The second part contains five tales one of which is in dialogue. These five are, *The Battle of Rupert Square*, a really delightful tale of a hansom-cab driver and a choleric fare. *For One Night Only* which describes some curious happenings in a theatre ; *The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood* which may be described as a story in dialogue told by a man and woman both of whom had experienced an unfortunate love affair. *On Dry Cow-Fishing as a Fine Art* is a humorous account of how an angler hooked a cow instead of a fish, and *The Last Relief* tells how a Government Official in India suffering from overwork and disappointment finally breaks under the strain and commits suicide, and how some very odd circumstances attended his death.

The second of these *Uncollected Prose* volumes (No. xxx) contains twenty-five items ranging from *My First Book* to a series of Articles about the South African War and concluding with *Teem—a Treasure*

Hunter, the last story ever written by Kipling, which appeared in the Strand Magazine for January 1936—the very month he passed from our ken.

It is not possible in the space available to describe each item in this volume. Many members will know the stories since most of them were published at one time or another in magazines or newspapers. I propose, therefore, to select a few which seem to me to call for special attention.

The first of these are *The Potted Princess* and *Collar-Wallah and the Poison-Stick*. Both appeared in the American magazine for children, *St. Nicholas Magazine*, in 1893. The former is a fairy story as it might be told to a child by an *ayah*, of the manner in which a Prince determined whom his daughter should marry. The latter described the cunning and general evilness of a monkey in India which had once been kept in captivity for it wore a collar round its neck. The tale goes on to describe how this monkey used to climb in through the windows of the narrator's house to steal things.

We then come to the articles dealing with the second Boer War. In 1900 there appeared in the "Daily Mail" and "Daily Express" a series of stories and articles describing various aspects of the war. The first of these is *With Number Three*, an account of the work of a Hospital Train on which Kipling made several trips as it "jackalled behind the line" conveying the wounded from the many battlefields to the base hospitals.

Surgical and Medical describes one of these hospitals and the men who lay there awaiting transhipment to England.

The story of *Folly Bridge*, which has been identified by those who fought in the campaign, is centred round a railway bridge which the retreating Boers had wrecked. It tells of a Railway Transport Officer who, by his officious attitude, delayed the passage of a very important person on his way to Bloemfontein.

The Outsider, is, perhaps, the best. It tells how a young and recently commissioned officer, very conscious of his rank and filled with self-importance, held up the work of repair to another wrecked railway bridge and what befell him when an exceedingly irate Colonel of R.E.s. discovers what he has done.

A Burgher of the Free State, too long for anything but a brief summary describes at length the life of a Scottish emigrant in the Orange Free State.

Other items of interest in this same volume of Uncollected Prose include *Railway Reform in Great Britain*, a delightful satire on the L.B. & S.C. Rly. told in the style of "The Arabian Nights." *The Soul of a Battalion*, which is a plea, made by Kipling in 1917, for the provision of Military Bands for the many Territorial Battalions then being formed. *Quo Fata Vocant*, written originally in 1902 for the *St. George's Gazette*, the regimental magazine of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, is a spirited account of that regiment's experiences in India and afterwards in South Africa.

A *Displaie of New Heraldrie*, another item which has long lain dormant in the files of the "Spectator," describes in Chaucerian English the need for Battle Honours for all the regiments of the British Army who fought in the many and varied campaigns throughout the World War.

As mentioned above, the volume concludes with *Teem-A Treasure-Hunter*.

Kipling and South Africa

By H. G. WILLMOTT.

TO all South Africans who love Kipling it will be a lasting regret that he did not write more of their country. South Africa, with all her modern developments, is still an essential part of the Africa of old, mysterious, intriguing and full of paradoxes, and who could so surely have interpreted her countless moods and manifestations as Rudyard Kipling? Some few stories and a few more poems (from some of which I shall quote) deal with our country and their sureness of touch and uncanny understanding are just sufficient to whet our desire for more.

Kipling's short autobiography "Something of Myself" tells us that in 1891 he sailed for Cape Town "in a gigantic 3000 ton liner called 'The Moor' not knowing that I was in the hands of fate." "Cape Town in 1891," he says; "was a sleepy unkempt little place where the stoeps of the older Dutch houses still jutted over the pavements." (In this year of Grace 1938, some of us still have offices in buildings whose stoeps "jut over the pavements").

On the voyage out Kipling met a Navy Captain going to a new Command at Simonstown. They became life-long friends and the Captain introduced him to Naval Society in the South Peninsula. We can

trace this naval association in one of his first South African stories. Kipling went on to Australia returning to England via Ceylon, India and the Suez Canal. Marriage, residence in America, and a return to England followed and it was not until the end of 1897 that he came again to South Africa.

Hear what he says :—

" There was trouble, too, in South Africa after the Jameson Raid which promised, men wrote me, further trouble it was this uneasiness of mine which led me to the Cape. . . . There we lived in a boarding house at Wynberg the children thrived and the colour, light, and half oriental manners of the land bound chains round our hearts for many years to come."

Here he met Cecil Rhodes for the first time and found him " as inarticulate as a school boy of fifteen." Jameson and Rhodes, he perceived " communicated by telepathy."

The Boer War of 1899/1902 was close at hand and Kipling took up the cause dearest to his heart, that of the British " Tommy." Whatever the literary merits or demerits of " The Absent-minded Beggar " may be, it was, I think, the most highly rewarded poem and song in the world, for it brought in, directly and indirectly, to the Soldiers' Comforts Fund nearly a quarter of a million sterling. I fear that the ' superior people ' who sneered at "jingling rhymes " extracted little comfort from this astounding fact !

Kipling became, as of right, during the war the most privileged of all war correspondents. He admits that his position among the rank and file was " unofficially above that of most Generals." With Gwynne of Reuters, Landon of the London " Times " and Julian Ralph (" the very best of Americans ") he took over the editorship of the " Bloemfontein Post " at the request of Lord Roberts after the occupation of the Free State Capital. From this vantage point he followed with his penetrating gaze the fluctuating fortunes of what was justly called " the absent-minded war." In addition he travelled extensively over the whole field of war, making as was his wont, friends in all walks of life and storing his peculiarly retentive memory with crisp portraits of men, animals, sights and scenery.

Rhodes had given him " The Woolsack " at Rosebank, part of the Groote Schuur Estate, for his lifetime, and here he spent times of resting from his self-imposed labours as " Tommy's " friend and chronicler. Kipling and his family came out each year-end from 1900 to 1907 to "This Paradise" as he terms it. Rhodes, Jameson and Kipling

continued a friendship broken only by the deaths of the two former.

It will greatly interest all South Africans to know that when Rhodes was planning his will with its great and unique design of Oxford Scholarships he discussed the scheme in detail with Kipling and his wife. Mrs. Kipling checked the practical details and Kipling clothed the ideas in language. He writes, " My use to Rhodes was mainly as a purveyor of words for he was largely inarticulate. . . . He would say ' What am I trying to express ? Say it ! Say it ! ' So I would say it."

(If I may be pardoned for a personal note I would say that as one not entirely ignorant of legal phraseology I had always admired the language of Rhodes' Will, and had envied the legal mind that could clothe the plan of a great bequest in words and phrases at once clear and free. To learn from Kipling's Autobiography that he ' purveyed the words ' was rather like the solution of a puzzling problem).

The subject of Kipling's friendship with men whose names were household words in South Africa, Rhodes, Jameson and Milner, would fill a paper, or perhaps a volume, in itself. We have among us some who knew all four men and I hope that one or more of them may one day tell us of these friendships. It may be mere coincidence that Kipling's last visit to South Africa (at least, the last one recorded in his autobiography) was at the end of 1907 when Jameson's ministry went out of office. His letter to Jameson, on the individual who brought about the downfall of the Government (quoted in Colvin's " Life of Jameson ") is extremely apt and witty but is perhaps best omitted here. I have rather dwelt on the times of Kipling's various visits to South Africa because they enable us to identify events and people who inspired his writings.

The first references to South Africa which I find are in "Barrack Room Ballads " (1892) which was probably completed before his first visit.

In this volume we find in " Fuzzy-Wuzzy" a tribute to Boer marksmanship in the Wars of 1881 and 1884 (' the Boers knocked us silly at a mile !') and in "The English Flag" is an allusion to the retrocession of the Transvaal after the 1884 War,—the sting of which smarted in the minds of English South Africans up to the time of the last Boer War in 1899.

In "Many Inventions" (1892) we find very definite evidences of the first visit. The tale "A Matter of Fact" begins with three journalists leaving Cape Town in the steamer " Rathmines " which, according to the author " was eliding her days in the Cape Town

coolie trade." It is dangerous to impute even slight inaccuracy to Kipling but there was never, as far as I know, any ' Cape Town coolie trade,' though a very large number of Indian labourers were imported through Durban to work the cane fields of Natal. The story deals with the apparition of a sea monster thrown up from the depths by a submarine earthquake. By a coincidence my only personal contact with Kipling took place on a voyage out from England in 1904 when a sea monster of another kind came into the picture. " That is another story" which may be told in its proper place.

Two passages from "A Matter of Fact" have always seemed to me to typify Kipling's genius for seeing into the minds of men whose origins and outlook were entirely different from his own. When the " Rathmines," having escaped the sea monster, reaches Southampton the author accompanies Keller, the American journalist, to London and records the impression of " the green and awful orderliness of England " upon a new comer. Standing in Westminster Abbey the same day Keller " hears the wings of the dead centuries circling round his head." When, a South African by birth, I visited England for the first time, saw the green fields of Hampshire and Surrey, and, in the afternoon, stood in the Abbey, the words I have quoted came back to my mind with a force and vividness which I can never forget. No truer picture of the soul of the Abbey has ever been painted.

" Judson and the Empire " in the same volume (Many Inventions) is a delightful story of the adventure of a young Naval Officer in charge of a gunboat sent on a special mission up a river on the East Coast. Kipling's association with the Royal Navy at Simonstown in 1891 (to which I have referred) inspired the tale and his local colour, including the Naval Club, the gateway of Admiralty House, and the " Mongoose " herself, is characteristically accurate and picturesque. The Navy atmosphere has the unmistakable tang of salty breezes and the just admixture of discipline and camaraderie which the Senior Service has made her own since the days of Francis Drake. The battle up the river, which ends so happily for all concerned, is, after making the proper allowances, the battle of Massi Kessi, in Portuguese East Africa, in 1891. A detachment of the British South African Company's Police (for this was in the early days of the occupation of Rhodesia) under Captain (afterwards Sir Melville) Heymann completely defeated a much larger Portuguese force which had attacked it, and captured the guns, equipment and stores of the enemy. Although there was no naval co-operation in the battle, for very solid geographical reasons,—

there can be no doubt that Heymann's very gallant feat captured Kipling's imagination.

"The Seven Seas" was published in 1896 when South Africa was beginning to loom large in world politics. The Jameson Raid ended in the very first days of the year and checked Rhodes' plans of Empire expansion. Jameson's trial and imprisonment followed and we are told that "If" was written to cheer his stony path. I do not know when it was first published: it appeared in book form in 1910 in "Rewards and Fairies."

In the "Seven Seas" we find several very interesting references to South Africa, shewing how truly and deeply, even in the early days, Kipling had caught the spirit of the country. In "The Song of the Cities" (part of "The Song of the English") our Mother City is greeted

"Hail! snatched and bartered oft from hand to hand,
I dream my dream by rock and heath and pine,
Of Empire to the Northward: Ay! one land
From Lion's Head to Line."

The dreamer was Cecil Rhodes and most of us know his favourite seat just below the Memorial, whence he loved to gaze Northwards as he dreamt his dreams. The rock heath and pine surround the seat today.

"The Native Born," a song of the Empire, gives a toast:

"To the home of the floods and thunder,
To the pale dry healing blue,
To the lift of the great Cape Combers,
And the smell of the baked Karroo;
To the growl of the sluicing stamp head,
To the reef and the water gold,
To the last and the largest Empire
To the map that is half unrolled"

In "The Lost Legion" are two references which would have been immediately understood by all South Africans in the 'Nineties,' "An I.D.B. race on the Pan" and "The smoke-reddened eyes of Loben." The last name was familiarly applied to Lobengula the Matabele King and the "Pan" is Du Toit's Pan at Kimberley closely associated with the diamond mines and the nefarious activities of I.D.B.'s (Illicit Diamond Buyers). The race is of course with the minions of the law, the Mounted Police. In "The Song of the Banjo," the

line " Johnny Bowlegs pack your kit and trek " contains an extremely neat translation of part of an old Afrikaans song

" Vat jou goed en trek Ferreira
Jannie met die hoepel been."

Kipling recurs to this old song in his last published volume " Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides" (1930) in which he gives the Afrikaans words but his translation there, " lame leg," is not nearly as good as his original rendering.

My last reference to "The Seven Seas" comes from "The Flowers."

" Buy a tuft of royal Heath,
Buy a tuft of weed
White as sands of Muysenberg
Spun before the gale—
Buy my heath and lilies
And I'll tell you whence you hail !
Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless sky—
Slow beneath the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—
Take your flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again."

This word picture of the Mid-Peninsula in summer needs no words of mine to commend it. Its appeal to those who live in Greater Cape Town is instant and sure. I ventured at the beginning of this paper to point out an apparent inaccuracy in a minor reference of Kipling's. In the lines I have just read I would like to direct your attention to his spelling " Muysenberg " as applied to the name of our widely known seaside resort. While it is today spelt " Muizenberg (the mountain of mice) I believe that Kipling's rendering is the really correct one from a historical point of view. If I am right the name means " the Mountain of Muys "—Muys being a stout hearted Dutch Sergeant in charge of a little fort on the Lakeside corner of the range who seriously hampered and held up the advance of the British forces after their landing in False Bay 1795. Kipling's accuracy in the smallest details is again confirmed. I wonder if he knew the story of Muys.

I began this paper by regretting that Kipling had not written more of South Africa. I feel that this was almost ungrateful for if he had written nothing else than the lines on Cape Town and the exquisite description of Cape Flowers and Peninsula scenery which I have quoted, South Africa would be eternally in his debt.

We come to " The Five Nations" published in 1903 which has

one large Section "Service Songs" entirely devoted to South Africa from "Tommy's" point of view, while several other poems, nearly all related to the Boer War, deserve a place among Kipling's finest verse. Kipling, was a great English patriot who never watered down his views for political or diplomatic reasons. But all his intense sympathy for the British soldiers and his faith in the justice of the cause for which they fought, never led him to sing hymns of hate against the foeman. His Boer war verses indeed reflect in a remarkable way, the homely, but very genuine chivalry of the British soldier and his regard for a brave enemy. Looking back to the troublous days of 1899/1902 one is astonished to see how Kipling, a comparative stranger to this country, realized so clearly (what very few English South Africans could grasp) that the only worthy end of the war was peace between the two warring races, co-operation and not conquest. This is illustrated in several of the poems from which I quote.

"General Joubert" (March), 1900 is a fine tribute to a great enemy written at a time when our arms had suffered severe reverses and England was plunged in mourning.

"With those that bred, with those that loosed the strife,
 He had no part whose hands were clear of gain ;
 But subtle, strong, and stubborn, gave his life
 For a lost cause and knew the gift was vain.
 Later shall rise a people, sane and great,
 Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one ;
 Telling old battles over without hate—
 Not least his name shall pass from sire to son."

The "Chant-Pagan" of the returned English volunteer who has tasted the waters of Africa and cannot settle down again, concludes —

"For I know of a sun an' a wind,
 And some plains an' a mountain be'ind,
 An' some graves by a barb-wire fence ;
 An' a Dutchman I've fought 'oo might give
 Me a job were I ever inclined
 To look in an' off saddle an' live
 Where there's neither a road nor a tree—
 But only my Maker an' me,
 And I think it will kill me or cure,
 So I think I will go there an' see."

In "Half Ballad of Waterval" the soldier who has been a prisoner of war soliloquizes, after escorting Boer prisoners on to a transport.

" I'd give the gold of twenty Rands
 (If it were mine), to set 'em free,
 For I 'ave learned at Waterval
 The meanin' of captivity."

The regular soldier or " pukka Tommy " in " Piet " gives a delightful account of his ups and downs with his opposite number and expresses the true philosophy of his kind.

" I do not love my Empire's foes,
 Nor call 'em angels, still,
 What is the use of 'atin those
 'Oom you are paid to kill.
 So, barrin' all that foreign lot,
 Which only joined for spite,
 Myself, I'd just as soon as not
 Respect the man I fight.

I've 'eard 'im cryin' from the ground
 Like Abel's blood of old,
 An' skirmished out to look an' found
 The beggar nearly cold ;
 I've waited on till 'e was dead
 (Which couldn't 'elp 'im much)
 But many grateful things 'e's said
 To me for doing such."

and finally

" But seeing what both parties done
 Before 'e owned defeat,
 I aint more proud of 'avin' won,
 Than I am pleased with Piet."

The same thoughts run throughout " The Settler " of which I give a few lines.

" Here where my fresh turned furrows run,
 And the deep soil glistens red,
 I will repair the wrong that was done
 To the living and the dead.—
 Here, in a large and sunlit land,
 Where no wrong bites to the bone
 I will lay my hand in my neighbour's hand,
 And together we will atone
 For the set folly and the red breach

And the black waste of it all,
 Going and taking counsel each
 Over the cattle kraal."

I wonder if those who are wont to refer to Kipling as the Militant Imperialist and Apostle of Jingoism have ever studied his South African War Poems.

"Dirge of Dead Sisters" is a noble and touching tribute to the devoted work of the Army Nursing Sisters in the War. Every line carries its conviction of deep sincerity and the poem is charged with triumph of devotion and sacrifice over pain and terror. I can only quote part :

" Who recalls the twilight and the rangèd tents in order
 (Violet peaks uplifted through the crystal evening air ?)
 And the clink of iron teacups and the piteous, noble laughter
 And the faces of the sisters with the dust upon their hair.

x x x x x x

Who recalls the midnight by the bridge's wrecked abutment
 (Autumn rain that rattled like a Maxim on the tin) ?
 And the lightning dazzled levels and the streaming, straining wagons,
 And the faces of the Sisters as they bore the wounded in ?

x x x x x x

Wherefore we they ransomed, while the breath is in our nostrils,
 Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years go by,
 Praise with love and worship many honourable women,
 Those what gave their lives for us when we were like to die."

For a change of subject let us take that most wonderful description of sunset in the veld, which, I make bold to say, has never been equalled in all the volumes written on South African scenery.

" BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO "

" Sudden the desert changes,
 The raw glare softens and clings,
 Till the aching Oudtshoorn ranges
 Stand up like the thrones of Kings.

Ramparts of slaughter and peril
 Blazing, amazing—aglow
 Twixt the sky-lines belting beryl
 And the wine-dark flats below.

Royal the pageant closes,
 Lit by the last of the sun—
 Opal and ash-of-roses
 Cinnamon, umber, and dun.

Voices of^xjackals^x calling^x
 And, loud in the hush between,
 A morsel of dry earth falling
 From the flanks of the scarred ravine."

None, who know the Karroo, can read the poem, of which I have given only a few verses, unmoved : it would stir the heart of a South African wherever his lot lay.

One of the noblest of Kipling's South African Poems comes into this period, on the burial of Cecil Rhodes in the Matoppo in April 1902—"The Burial":—

" When that great Kings return to clay,
 Or Emperors in their pride,
 Grief of a day shall fill a day,
 Because its creature died

^x It is his will that he look forth^x
 Across the world he won—
 The granite of the ancient North—
 Great spaces washed with sun.

^x There, till the vision he foresaw^x
 Splendid and whole arise,
 And unimagined Empires draw
 To council neath his skies,

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

These lines arrest and thrill even those who knew not South Africa or Cecil Rhodes but to realise their full meaning, as far as that is possible for us less-gifted individuals, it is needful to stand and meditate on the burial place in the Matoppo—" the granite of the ancient North great spaces washed with sun." I have one more poem to quote from but I

think its proper place will be the end of this paper. I hope you will agree with me that, in even the few brief extracts I have given, it is clearly apparent that the gem of Kipling's genius has caught the spirit of our country and its people and has reflected it from countless facets.

"Traffic's and Discoveries" saw the light in 1904 and has three South African stories of the war time, and one of another period. "The Captive" a tale of an American inventor and artillerist caught fighting on the Boer side, is a delightful and convincing character study of the American, a British Officer and a Boer General. Laughton B. Zigler, the American, and Captain Mankeltow of the Royal Artillery come to light years later in another story, but in a different setting. ("The Edge of the Evening"). I think Kipling realised that they were too good a couple to be allowed to part company when Zigler went to the Bermudas a prisoner of war, so he has brought them together again in another hair breadth adventure, but this time on the same side.

"A Sahib's War." The story of a British officer serving in India who is forbidden to go to the South African war, but takes sick leave and eventually becomes a remount officer, is told by a Senior Indian Native Officer who doffs his badges of rank and decorations to follow his Sahib as a groom. This tale is a tragic one recalling certain unhappy incidents of the war which we are glad to forget today, though they seemed right and proper to be set down at the time.

"The Comprehension of Private Copper" is of a different type relieved by the acute and unquenchable sense of humour of Thomas Atkins. Some of us in South Africa who know the country, the British soldier and the erstwhile foe, read these stories again and again with a growing wonder at the genius of the man who saw so far into other men's minds. I wish that Kipling could have visited South Africa in recent years to have seen the growing fulfilment of his vision of a future in which the old foes would become fast friends. We English speaking South Africans have known for many years past that many of our best and staunchest friends and supporters of the Empire are to be found among the men who fought us in (to quote again)

"The fight of Two Kopjes
which lasted two years an' a half."

In "Mrs. Bathurst" we have a tale containing much local interest and a mystery. It opens, as you know, at Glencairn Station then a little used siding, on the Simonstown Railway. Some of us may remember when it was called Elsie's Halt, after Elsie's Peak which Kipling, accurate as ever, mentions in the tale. He calls the siding

"Glengariff." Inspector Hooper was in real life Inspector Layton of the Rhodesian and Cape Government Railways, a great friend of Kipling's who presented him with several autographed copies of his books. While Kipling and the Inspector refresh themselves in a brake-van, the immortal Mr. Pyecroft and a Sergeant of Marines appear, with a supply of English beer, unwittingly contributed, through a large-hearted servantmaid, by a Kalk Bay householder.

(I may add for the information of those who do not live near a Naval port, that vicarious hospitality of this kind is not unknown today). After the proper introduction the story of Vickery and Mrs. Bathurst unfolds itself and we are left to find the solution. It has yet to be found ! In the *Kipling Journal* for September 1937 there is a very interesting contribution on the subject by Rear-Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler (a distinguished retired officer of the United States Navy and a Vice President of the Society) but it does not seem to offer a satisfying solution. Kipling himself tells us that after certain events the story slid into his mind "smoothly and orderly," which is probably why he has chosen to mystify our slower-moving mental equipment. Perhaps a South African member may present us with the true solution one day.

In the volumes of Kipling's prose and verse published since 1904 I have found very little dealing with South Africa but when a complete collection of his writings is available to us all we shall almost certainly find other references. The Poem "Pro-Consul" in "The Years Between" (1914) beginning,

" They that dig foundations deep
Fit for realms to rise upon
Little honour do they reap
Of their generation. "

was I believe published when Lord Milner returned from South Africa about 1905 and was dedicated to him.

In "Land and Sea Tales" (1923) Kipling recalls the South African war with a thrilling story "The Way that he Took" which points a moral on the value of good scouting and another one on the "absentmindedness" (to give it its kindest name) of some of those then holding High Command in the British army. (This last characteristic, as you will remember, is brought out very forcibly in "Stellenbosch" in "The Five Nations")

It would be wrong also to omit mention of the "Just So Stories" (1902) in which the Leopard, the Baboon, the Elephant's Child and the

Crocodile, all in their proper South African settings delight children of all ages.

You will have realized long before I reached this point in my paper that it is given to very few of us (and I am not one of them) to find words in any way adequate to convey our appreciation of so great a Master of thought and language as Rudyard Kipling. I ask my fellow members to overlook the very obvious shortcomings of an effort of this kind and to realise that I have at least given them, as often as possible, Kipling's own words to illustrate what has most appealed to me in his writings.

I shall conclude by giving you some verses from the poem in which, above all others, Kipling has caught and stored for us and for all future generations the mystery the perversity and the witchery of our own country. The title is " South Africa."

" Lived a woman wonderful
 (May the Lord amend her)
 Neither simple, kind, nor true,
 Yet her pagan beauty drew
 Christian gentlemen a few
 Hotly to attend her."

After recounting the wrongs and cruelties which the woman (South Africa) inflicted on her lovers, both in peace and wartime, the lines go on

" They took ship and they took sail,
 Raging from her borders,—
 In a little, none the less,
 They forget their sore duresse,
 They forgave her waywardness
 And returned for orders !

They esteemed her favour more
 Than a Throne's foundation.
 For the glory of her face
 Bade farewell to breed and race—
 Yea, and made their burial-place,
 Altar of a Nation.

Wherefore being bought by blood,
 And by blood restored
 To the arms that nearly lost,
 She, because of all she cost,

Stands, a very woman, most
Perfect and adored.

On your feet, and let them know
This is why we love her !
For she is South Africa,
She is Our South Africa,
Is Our Own South Africa,
Africa all over !"

Discussion.

The Chairman. (Mr. S. A. Courtauld, D.L.) :

We have all head the Paper Mr. Bazley has read, and now we shall be glad to hear members make some remarks about it. There is plenty of opportunity for people to add little touches which will make it even more interesting.

Mr. J. P. Collins (London Editor, " Civil & Military Gazette," Lahore).

Mr. Bazley did the Paper true justice, and I should like to supplement it with a few remarks instancing South Africa's debt to Kipling in respect of its journalism. Cecil Rhodes, with a burning desire to lift the land of his adoption to his own Imperial plane, had been disappointed with most of its editors until in 1900 he bethought him of applying to Kipling. With his unerring faculty for discerning great ability, Kipling recommended the late Maitland Park of the Allahabad " Pioneer," as well as Park's kinsman and colleague assistant, the late Ian Colvin. So long as he continued his yearly visits to the Cape, Kipling used to make " The Cape Times " his informal club, and many an hour of wit and laughter he spent while sitting on a corner of Park's desk, going over the affairs and issues of the day. In those five and twenty years,— I speak with some authority as Park's London man throughout that period—Kipling's name occurred in the paper many times, usually in connection with topical speeches, reviews and quotations, but this was a small matter compared with the way in which his broad Imperial spirit permeated the policy of the paper from first to last.

There was an interesting story in connection with Kipling's recommendation of Park to Rhodes. A member of the Medical Service in India had invented a great operation and the first patient he performed it on was one of the great rajahs of India. The Rajah was so grateful that he

presented the surgeon with a lakh of rupees, but the Army regulations forbade the acceptance of the gift. Kipling asked : " Where is the incentive to a man of science if he may not accept from a patient who can well afford it and is grateful, a gift which could easily be applied to the furtherance of science ?" He advised the surgeon to give up his job and go back to England; he did so and made a name and fortune. Park fought that case and hit the Army regulations so hard that it nearly wiped out that veto ; Kipling admired the way he fought in India. There are many other points that might be brought out as instances of Kipling's generous praise of what he admired whoever was the author.

Those reminiscences could be extended, but what I wanted to show was that Kipling could never rest so long as he thought he saw a chance of doing the Empire a service. When he found things wanted clearing up after the war and the Cape starting forward on a new career, he put his finger with unerring and infallible touch on the right man to carry it through. Park and Kipling were close friends, and he became godfather to Park's son who is still alive.

We are indebted to Mr. Willmot for an admirable Paper, and I am sure he would bear out the fact that every land in the Empire in which Kipling took an interest, became imbued with his dynamic spirit and inspiration. It will probably be of interest to this Society to know that Mr. George Wilson, one of Park's colleagues who has succeeded him in the editorship of " The Cape Times," was one of the founders of the Cape Town Branch of the Kipling Society.

Miss Florence Macdonald.

I have received a letter from Melbourne which I thought might be of some interest. It was written by the Secretary of the Melbourne Branch of the Kipling Society, after reading in the last number of the magazine my memories of my cousin. I will just give you a few extracts—

" Words fail me to say what a real pleasure it gave me to follow you in your delightful four pages of memories. Though so far away I felt in the very atmosphere of it all, just as I did when I visited the homes of Shakespeare, Burns and Scott, years ago. They were indeed four glorious pages for Kiplingites, but only too few. Thinking my own humble efforts at poetry may interest you as it did many who have seen it privately, enclosed is a copy. . . . I must say what led me to attempt such a delicate subject. . . . I read p.6. in the " Book of Words " by Rudyard Kipling, and from that moment I became afflicted with the necessary words. I consider p.6. one of the finest pages in English prose, like many other gems by the same pen. In

my little country school 20 miles from Melbourne, they hang a copy of my verses and recite them annually for my prize—a Kipling book, verses on dogs, which I hand to the winner personally, after giving them some Kipling reminiscences and showing a Kipling letter from his own pen. I am the lucky possessor of half a dozen, all showing clearly the man of uncanny power with his pen. Recently we had a Kipling meeting in Melbourne, inviting those holding Kipling letters to exhibit them, and only one of a few lines, turned up, so I am curious if there are many in Australia. As I am 72 years, it is time that I made up my mind what to do with them after I pass on. One Professor suggested that I give them to the high school at Essendon, Melbourne, but that does not appeal—they would soon be lost. I rather think they are for the National Gallery, Melbourne."

I think the poem is rather interesting because the author is trying to keep Kipling's memory green among the young people of Melbourne. (Poem read)

I leave it with you as to whether it is poetry or not, it was sent to me and I thought it might be interesting to members. (Applause).

Mr. Brooking.

It is a very interesting thing to have a Paper from one of the members of our far-flung branches ; this is a unique occasion and I hope it will occur again. Doubtless there are plenty among us who could write papers, but it is particularly interesting from a Kipling point of view to have papers sent to us from the Dominions ; he probably took more interest in them than in the people of our own countryside. We have evidence of that in the amount of literature referring to South Africa, and there is a similar amount of literature in regard to the other dominions as we all know.

I would like to suggest that we send Mr. Willmot a cablegram saying how much his Paper was appreciated by us. It would be nice if the Secretary could send him half a dozen of the invitation cards as a little memento of the occasion, perhaps the Report in the Journal would not put the matter so clearly.

We are all very pleased with the Paper, and particularly with the amount of verse quoted. In a number of instances we have a considerable amount of statements about Kipling, but very little of his unique verse quoted. In this Paper we have had quite the best of his South African verses quoted, so that we met them face to face, and I am sure we thank Mr. Bazley very much indeed for his excellent **delivery of the**

extracts. It is not often we have the services of two such splendid elocutionists as we have heard to-night.

A Member.

I noticed Mr. Willmot's Paper referred to " Fuzzy-Wuzzy !" My own recollection was that he was recalling the Sudan Campaign and Wolsey, and this did not relate to the Boers.

" Number Three" (Hospital Train) is very little known ; Kipling travelled in the train with the ' Sister ' mentioned.

Mr. Bazley.

I might explain ' Fuzzy ' was of course about the Sudan, but Kipling mentions one incident in that ' ' The Boers knocked us silly as a mile." That is Mr. Willmot's reference, not to the poem itself.

Mr. Brooking.

Mr. Nash is here from Vienna ; he was enrolled in the year 1927 as one of the first 100 members. It is the first time he has been able to come here. I am sure we all appreciate such old members and wish they could visit us more frequently. (Applause)

(The Chairman invited Mr. Nash to speak, but he explained that he was not feeling at all well).

Sir Christopher Robinson.

First of all, what do you think of this room ? (Chorus of approval). Well, it costs about five times as much as the other, so I hope you will bring as many friends as possible to the meetings to help make up the difference.

You remember the bust of Kipling which we subscribed for ; that has been accepted by the National Gallery and it has an appropriate notice. Several of us were praying that the National Gallery would not accept the bust, because we wanted to accept it for ourselves. I wrote to Lord Bathurst, one of the largest subscribers, and said we were much honoured by the nation accepting this gift, but at the same time it was breaking our hearts, and he wrote back and said " I will give you another." (Applause).

It has been suggested that we should before the end of this season have a French evening ; we have a great many French members, and we thought of writing to Monsieur André Maurois asking him to come, he speaks excellent English, do you think it is a good idea ? (Applause). He may not be able to fit in with our programme, I would suggest that whenever he is coming over, if he would fix a date to suit us, I am sure you would agree that we might circulate our members and have a French evening. (Applause).

A Member.

Whoever suggested the idea of having a Paper from an overseas member should be complimented and congratulated on the idea. It is a thing that could be extended indefinitely. We have many overseas members and if we could get the Secretary to suggest it to members, they might be induced to send papers after the reception of this one to-night. We shall have new ideas of their thoughts of our Master ; it would be most interesting to hear how South Africa is receiving to-day the thoughts put forward a generation ago. We have heard from our friend how those thoughts have developed and that we have friends where previously we had enemies.

Sir Christopher Robinson.

We have had quite a number of papers recently sent in by the branches not only the Cape Town but the Melbourne Branch holds frequent meetings, and we have received some most excellent papers. The difficulty is to know quite what to do with them. I hoped to suggest to the Council the spending of a little money in enlarging the Journal and putting those papers in the Journal, because if we spend too much money on the London meetings it is only for the benefit of the members who are able to attend and is a form of activity in which the overseas and country members cannot participate. If members feel they would like them read or printed in the Journal, I have at least six in the Office now. Would members say whether they would rather have them in the Journal ? (This is being done.—Hon. Editor)

Mr. Harold Jowsey.

I should like to refer to one overseas member who is trying to found a Branch in a place where there are only about ninety people ; they do appreciate very much the articles printed in the Journal.

The Chairman.

Speaking for myself, I really have no remarks to offer except perhaps one thing. I was very pleased indeed that Miss Sanderson was good enough to recite that delightful poem " Lichtenberg." I wonder if it has ever struck anybody else as a psychological fact about the last two lines, that smells are stronger than sounds and sights to bring the old times back. Kipling was the poet who realised the truth of that, at any rate nobody else has ever put it into poetry. Only this morning I was sticking down an envelope and licking it with my tongue, when the smell of the gum took me right back in my own business years ago when I had a good deal to do with the technical processes in connection with fabrics, my mind went back fifty years. You may go into a newly-decorated

room and the smell of the new paint takes you right back to when you were a child, ages ago, when some room was redecorated. It is a very curious truism which very few people observe, and Kipling was the only poet to introduce it into verse in that way ; those little touches in his works are very delightful. I should like again to thank Mr. Bazley for reading this Paper so well and Miss Sanderson for her excellent recitations.

Mr. Harbord.

In reference to the Chairman's remarks, I collected the references in one volume of Kipling's works to smells, and there were twenty or thirty in one volume—they were distinct passages about smells of one sort or another.

Rudyard Kipling : The Apostle of Work and Service

By A. E. G. CORNWELL

(President and Founder of the Victoria, B.C. Branch)

I FEEL as though an excuse is necessary for venturing to talk of such a great man and his work, as Rudyard Kipling. The subject is one that should be dealt with by a far more able pen than mine. I can plead only, my love for the man and his works. In this I am not by any means alone. Men from the humble, as from the great walks of life, have alike paid their homage to this writer of the everyday, work-a-day world. This is very aptly shown by the two following instances.

The first is an extract from a letter written by Sir J. Kenneth D. McKenzie, Bart., F.R.G.S., in which he says :—

'I learned to Kiple as a lad,
And loved to as a stripling,
As I grew up I kiplered so
That now I can't cease Kipling.'

The second is this. There is a story called "Private Meyrick, Company Idiot." Meyrick had been hauled before the Company Commander for being late on parade. As an excuse he pleaded that he "was reading Kipling and had not noticed the time." The officer had a short talk with Meyrick and elicited the statement "that Kipling gets hold of me, making me feel that I want to do big things." In these words of Meyrick's I find my justification in attempting something big ; and if my imperfect little talk should be the cause of anyone here

digging deeper into the works of this Master-Writer, and encouraged thereby "to do big things " (and quite often the big things consist of the little things of everyday life), I shall be more than repaid ; and they, I am sure, will get very much pleasure for themselves.

In speaking of Kipling, it would be impossible to deal with his works as a whole in the course of one short Paper. With the world as an open book before him, he has culled strange and strong stories from it. Ships and sailors ; soldiers in barracks and battles ; tales of love and passion ; children ; horses ; dogs ; jungle animals ; engines of land, sea, and air ; he has written of them all with his brilliant mastery of our beautiful language, making them all talk with such a deep understanding that the reader knows and loves them all. It would occupy many evenings to merely touch the fringe of his amazing range of writing ; from the pitiful tale of a coster-girl being smashed to death in a London slum by her brutal husband, to a tiny Hindu child making little gardens from withered flowers and bits of broken, coloured glass in the hot sands of India. Beautiful pictures of lovely English countryside, which grip the exile by the throat ; to the horror of a naked, faceless Hindu leper biting a white man, turning him into a crazed beast of the field, mad with a ghastly hydrophobia.

Tender stories of unhappy little children, to tales of life in the utmost raw from the ends of the wide earth. Touching each with a sure and steady hand ; and through nearly every tale in prose or verse, preaching a powerful sermon. To quote his own words, seeing "naught common" under the roughest phase of life, but using it, like a keen and polished instrument, as an urge to better things. Loving his country and countrymen, with a proud and passionate love, yet flaying them with whips of scorpions, like a prophet of old, when he thinks they are not living up to the sturdy traditions passed on by their rough forefathers ; poet, writer, patriot, seer, philosopher, prophet and teacher ; for many years he has seemed to me a close friend ; full of understanding, bringing comfort and strength in the dark hours.

In the old days, when under the roughest conditions of living, cut off from all the better things of life as you know them here in Victoria, every inducement to slip, no incentive to play the game, Kipling's writings held me steady as no other influence has ever done, making me remember the race from which I sprang and to govern myself accordingly. I would say to you parents here, that when the time comes and you wish your boys to go out and take their part " as men in a world of men," encourage them to read and study this Master's works. You will help

them to quit themselves like men by so doing ; and you will do honour to one of the greatest of Englishmen. As one writer has put it, you will " delight in his shrewd philosophy in prose and verse, which wipes away disappointments ; and inspires, strengthens and girds you up to do battle and win in the coming day's work."

His universal appeal is shown by what he was to me, here in the camps of Western Canada, and by the following beautiful tribute paid to him by Captain A. H. Laursen, a Danish sailor on the wild shores of far-away Jutland. The verses appeared in our Journal :

' Brother, the night was dark,
Threatening black the sky ;
Seeking his way to the rock of faith,
A lonely wanderer went by.'

Sir Michael W. S. Bruce, in his recently published book, " Sails and Saddles " (a vivid record of amazing adventures in odd corners of the world), has many fine references to Kipling and his writings, telling how in many a tight place, when everything seemed hopeless, he turned to Kipling for help and comfort as another man would " turn to his Bible." He speaks of the "joy and humour and wisdom" of the Kipling stories. Telling of a trip into utterly wild country at the back of the Amazon River where white foot had rarely been set, he says of his companion, whom he calls "X." " X," with Kipling, kept my mind from wandering down the back stairs of viciousness ; they kept me alive to beauty and good works." And later : " Kipling is the safety valve of the Britisher in freakish places."

Miss E. Maberley, of Dulce Dominion Hospital, Neutral Bay, Australia, writing to the Editor of " The Kipling Journal," says :—
" As for R. K's works, he himself has not the faintest idea of the help he has been to thousands he speaks God's messages in language so many can understand some one once asked me why I was so fond of Kipling's works, and I said, ' Because they are so clean, and make us see the best side of life.' " I feel sure all readers will agree with me, that the work of a writer who can draw such sincere and unaffected tributes as these, from people in such very different walks of life, is well worthy of careful consideration from those of us who have to spend our lives in " the daily round, the common task." You see, one touch of Kipling makes the whole world kin !

Now I should like to speak of Kipling as the Apostle of Work and Service. This feature of his **writings has** always had a great fascination

for me. Work and Service ! The Spirit of Kipling ! The Spirit of England ! which for a thousand years has placed our race in the forefront of the world's activities. The spirit which has never shone with a clearer light than during the last fateful fifteen years ; and in the days to come when historians record the doings of these great days, our England will stand out as a rock of steadfastness and courage, outshining even her spacious days of old, holding aloft a beacon for her sons and daughters to follow, and to do great deeds through the ages to come. Not in the hope of immediate, worldly reward ; but because it is your work, and it is up to you to do it—the best you can—with loyalty and service to those around you.

And yet it is difficult to place one's finger on any particular story, or phrase, where Kipling deliberately extols work ; but the thought of *good* work is like a thread running through all his writings. In his book, " Writers of Today," Mr. Palmer, the literary critic, says " that Mr. Kipling's success and influence is due to his having been more keenly interested in the work of the world than some of his contemporaries;" and he mentions a number of Kipling's stories as being " songs in praise of good work." That is how Kipling has ever appeared to me, as the singer of good work. Much of it wild and rough, but good nevertheless ; and we all know there is a lot of rough work to be done before the finished product is put before the public. Behind the most brilliant presentation on the stage there is the work of the property men, and scene shifters and the hard labour of the rehearsals.

In passing, I might say that I believe it was Kipling who suggested the name for the Journal we know as " The World's Work." And it is in the volume called " The Day's Work " that some of the finest of his own stories are comprised. His whole life story and his writings are permeated with the same thought. One can catch it in many places ; but space forbids more than a few quotations to give point to this idea. It is plainly to be found in two of his early poems which also display his range of subjects, dealing as they do with such widely separated tasks.

Listen to him in " The Overland Mail," a poem dealing with the post, carried by foot service, in the hills of India. I will quote one verse only :

' Is the torrent in spate ? He must ford it, or swim.

Has the rain wrecked the road ? He must climb by the cliff.

Does the tempest cry halt ? What are tempests to him ?

The service admits not a " but " or an " if,"

While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without fail,
 In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.'
 Listen to him again, in " The Galley Slave."

I can't give you the whole poem, only a verse to show how the pride of doing his work well had entered into the very soul of even the galley slave ; who at length was given his freedom :

' It may be that Fate will give me life and leave to row once more—
 Set some strong man free for fighting as I take awhile his oar.
 But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her service then ?
 God be thanked ! What e'er comes after, I have lived and toiled
 with Men!'

Let us consider " M'Andrew's Hymn." There is a profound sermon contained here ; many a worse has been delivered from the pulpit. Listen to the dour, old Scots engineer exulting in his engines, moralizing and philosophizing. How well he brings before us old Scotsmen as we've met them. Telling of his wild younger days, when nothing could hold or bind him ; steeped in debauchery in all the ports of all the world ; then " getting religion " and becoming the stern, old Calvinist, glorying in his " duty " and his " wark " :

' Obsairve ! Per annum we'll have here two thousand souls aboard,
 Think not I dare to justify myself before The Lord,
 But—average fifteen hunder souls safe-borne fra' port to port—
 I *am* o' service to my kind. Ye wadna blame the thought ?'

Then he goes on to talk of his beloved engines ; and here Kipling pays a fine tribute to another great poet. I hope there are some Scots friends here to note it:

' Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam !
 To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
 Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rods mark the time.
 The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-pump sobs an'
 heaves,
 An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves :
 Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
 Till—hear that note ?—the rod's return whings glimmerin' through
 the guides.
 They're all awa ! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes
 Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamoes.

Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
 To work, Ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.
 Fra' skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed.
 An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made ;
 While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says
 " Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!"
 Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine :
 "Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"

Then again, there is that fine story in verse, " The '*Mary Gloster*,'" telling of the self-made, shrewd, somewhat crude, old English ship-owner, Sir Anthony Gloster, dying. He is as typical of one class of his countrymen, as McAndrew is of his class ; and both are typical of the men who have helped to make Britain what she is. They were friends, too. It is worth reading both these poems to see the friendship which existed between these two men. The story tells of Sir Anthony's first ship, " The '*Mary Gloster*,'" named after his young wife, and on which they both sailed when just married. The poem is one in which is clearly shown Kipling's gift of seeing " nought common " beneath the surface of things. I like to think of this determined old man, dying giving his son (whom he roundly curses for being so effeminate) instructions to carry out plans made long before with McAndrew, for them to take his body ten thousand miles to sea and bury it at the exact spot where he, himself, had buried his dearly loved young wife many years before ; and to scuttle the " *Mary Gloster*" right there, over them both. The verses are not couched in drawing-room language ; but we remember that the work was not done in drawing-rooms. One of my friends loves this poem on account of what he calls " its strong meat."

It surely is a very human story, and must be read *in* its entirety to be appreciated ; but a few lines will here suffice to show that it was good work, well done, that brought success to old Sir Anthony.

Master at two-and-twenty, and married at twenty-three—
 Ten thousand men on the pay-roll, and forty freighters at sea !
 Fifty years between 'em, and every year of it fight,
 And now I'm Sir Anthony Gloster, dying, a baronite :
 For I lunched with his Royal 'Ighness—what was it the papers had ?
 " Not least of our merchant-princes." Dickie, that's me, your dad !
 I didn't begin with askings. I took up my job and I stuck ;
 I took the chances they wouldn't, an' now they're calling it luck.

" The Ballad of the ' *Bolivar* ' " is another song of the sea, in which :

" Seven men from all the world back to town again,
 Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising Cain :
 Seven men from out of Hell."

tell the story of their fierce fight against wind and wave, in words so vivid that one can hear the furious storm and feel, oneself, every ache of the men " mad with work and weariness," but there again comes the note of triumph in having done their work well—

' Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,
 In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar.
 Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we
 Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal Sea!'

In an entirely different strain is " The Dead King," the fine tribute Kipling paid to Edward the Seventh ; in which there are many beautiful lines :

' As he received so he gave—nothing grudged, naught denying,
 Not even the last gasp of his breath when he strove for us, dying.
 For our sakes, without question, he put from him all that he cher-
 ished.

Simply as any that serve him he served and he perished.
 All that Kings covet was his, and he flung it aside for us.
 Simply as any that die in his service he died for us!'

Thus we see, from the highest to the lowest in the land—the spirit of England : They took their jobs and they stuck.

To take another aspect : It would be hard to find better advice to offer a boy just starting out on his first job, than that contained in a verse from a short poem called " Mary's Son."

' If you stop to consider the work you have done
 And to boast what your labour is worth, dear,
 Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,
 But you'll never be wanted on Earth, dear !'

We hear again of " Mary's Sons " in another poem, entitled, " The Sons of Martha :"

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock.
 It is their care that the gear engages : it is their care that the switches
 lock.

It is their care that the wheels run truly : it is their care to embark and
 entrain,

Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main.'

x x x x x

' They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before
 the nuts work loose.

They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave their job when
 they damn-well choose.

As in the thronged and the lighted ways, so in the dark and the desert
 they stand,

Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's days may be
 long in the land.'

We turn from these verses to another poem in a similar strain—" A
 School Song,"—that splendid tribute to the Masters at the United
 Services College at Westward Ho ! where Kipling evidently first learnt,
 and quickly appreciated, the fact that a man's daily work must be done
 with the best that is in him ; and it is this principle which so strongly
 tinges all his writings. It is almost criminal to mutilate these poems by
 quoting part of them ; but space permits only enough to make their
 meaning clear :

' "Let us now praise famous men"—

Men of little showing—

For their work continueth,

And their work continueth,

Broad and deep continueth,

Greater than their knowing!'

x x x x

' *And* we all praise famous men—

Ancients of the College ;

For they taught us common sense—

Tried to teach us common sense,

Truth and God's Own Common Sense,

Which is more than knowledge!'

x x x x

'This we learned from famous men.

Knowing not its uses,

When they showed, in daily work,

Man must finish off his work—

Right or wrong, his daily work—

And without excuses.'

x x x x

'Wherefore praise we famous men
 From whose bays we borrow—
 They that put aside To-day—
 All the joys of their To-day—
 And with toil of their To-day
 Bought for us To-morrow!'

Two of my own particular favourites have to do with Sir Francis Drake, one of my especial heroes. In both these poems, again, it is the thought behind the words that make the verses striking. One is called, "With Drake in the Tropics," and gives us a picture of Sir Francis as the wise, thoughtful leader, comforting and encouraging his half-frightened and wholly superstitious men, as they sail into the imagined terrors of the unknown. The other poem, "Frankie's Trade," shows that it was not mere luck, or turn of chance, that enabled Drake to become the great captain of the first English venture round the world. He had served many years of gruelling labour learning his trade along the shores of the North Sea.

In the poem, Cape Horn asks the Atlantic what manner of man this was, who invaded their age-old seclusion so boldly ; and where had he learned his business ? The Atlantic replied that he, himself, had been handled in the same arrogant way by this masterful mariner, and referred Cape Horn to the North Sea for information :

' The North Sea answered :—" He's my man,
 For he came to me when he began—
 Frankie Drake in an open coaster.
 (*All round the Sands !*)

' I caught him young and I used him sore,
 So you never shall startle Frankie more,
 Without capsizing Earth and her waters.
 (*All round the Sands !*)

' I did not favour him at all.
 I made him pull and I made him haul—,
 And stand his trick with the common sailors.
 (*All round the Sands !*)

' I froze him stiff and I forged him blind,
 And kicked him home with his road to find

By what he could see in a three-day snow-storm.
(All round the Sands !)

If you wish to know more of this poem and the doings of Drake, obtain the volume " Rewards and Fairies," and turn to a story called " Simple Simon." You will be well repaid by the refreshment of reading a beautiful story ; and learning something of the great man whose dauntless spirit, more than three hundred years later, animated and inspired our own splendid men of twenty years ago, and made the smashing of the submarine menace and the action at Zeebrugge possible. Again, it is the spirit of England, interpreted by that master writer, Kipling, shining through it all.

There are a number of other poems in which this thought predominates ; but there are two to which I feel I must refer. They are so typical and exemplify in such a marked degree Kipling's originality of thought and expression. They are, " The Secret of the Machines," and "If." The first is the supreme song of triumph of modern machinery ; still reiterating the lesson that man must do his work properly, or he suffers :

' But remember, please, the Law by which we live ;
 We are not built to comprehend a lie,
 We can neither love nor pity nor forgive ;
 If you make a slip in handling us you die !'

You are all so familiar with Kipling's famous " If," that comment from me is superfluous. In this poem the great writer epitomizes all his teaching and, apparently, his whole philosophy of life.

The great statesman, Balfour, once said that his whole policy upon a certain matter could be expressed on half a sheet of notepaper. Without the least suggestion of irreverence, I think I may say that, if we were to take the Ten Commandments in the Old Testament, the Sermon on The Mount in the New Testament, and Kipling's "If," we should have all the foundation necessary on which to build our everyday religion ; and if we lived up to the principles these contain, we need have no fear of " whate'er comes after." It does not take half a sheet of notepaper to expound that theology. Please forgive me, but I cannot pass this point without quoting two verses from another poem, which deals with the reception in Valhalla of a Man :

' He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of Earth—
 E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,—
 In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.

' So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high
And made him place at the banquet board—the Strong Men ranged
thereby,

Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear to die.'

When I first contemplated this article on Kipling, I thought of basing my remarks on his short stories, for to me, they are more wonderful (if that is possible) than his poems. But so great is our subject that Kipling's prose stories have not even been touched upon ; and there is only time to refer to them very briefly. There are the stories in " Soldiers Three," some of them not pretty, perhaps, but, as Kipling says in his dedication to them :

" Lo, I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race."

If at times the roughness appears uppermost, all through the adventures of these three comrades runs the pride of doing their work well. As you read the intimate life stories of these three soldiers you forget their rough exterior. One of these stories, told by Learoyd, the big Yorkshireman, as to why he joined the army, I never tire of. It is called, "On Greenhow Hill." It is a tale of Yorkshire, and one in which is clearly revealed Kipling's deep understanding and broad man sympathy.

There are splendid tales of men in all parts of the world, men unnoticed, doing their bit in weaving the web of Empire; not much reward other than the satisfaction of doing their work well, often neglected, often against desperate odds, often wrecking their health ; but always forcing " heart and nerve and sinew" to serve their turn, when all else was gone. Doing their work, and sometimes dying in the doing of it.

Entirely different are the " parable " tales, all of them teaching the same lesson as M'Andrew's engines : "Law, Order, Duty and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline." There is " No. 007," the perfect story of a new locomotive, and what it had to learn. " The Ship that Found Herself " relates the first voyage of a new ship in which there was nothing but fret and friction among the parts ; until the wise steam showed them that it was only by team-work, and by all pulling together, that they could hope for peace, and become a worthy ship. " The walking Delegate" is a story of shrewd, sensible horses, some of whom had stood on their hindlegs for their imagined rights ; but had found that they had to come down to earth, and that the quickest and surest way to happiness and fair treatment was to obey orders and do their work.

There is that most wonderful tale of a polo game, "The Maltese Cat," in which the ponies do the talking, and in which the wisdom of all the ages is summed up in the cryptic remark of the wise little pony: "Don't talk, play the game."

"The Mother Hive" is one of the most fascinating of them all, in which, through slack work at the gate, the wax-moth got in and so demoralized all things that one day the Bee Master came and purified the hive by flame and fire. There is much deep meaning in this story and leaders of communities and countries might well ponder over it. Perhaps the Great War was only the Great Bee Master teaching the Hive a lesson. There is another story which must be mentioned, or I should feel a traitor to it. It is called, "William the Conqueror," The conqueror in this case is a girl, and a very fine one at that. It is a tale of famine in India, and most powerfully illustrates Kipling's poem, "The White Man's Burden." You remember the words:

' Take up the White Man's burden—
 Send forth the best ye breed—
 Go bind your sons to exile
 To serve your captives' need ;
 To wait in heavy harness,
 On fluttered folk and wild—
 Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
 Half-devil and half-child.'

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

You will also find a charming, little love story in this tale, which is one of the finest and best.

Speaking of William the Conqueror, Kipling has a short poem dealing with the actual man and the work he did for England. It is called "The Anvil," and contains a lesson which might well be taken to heart by some of our present-day leaders :

' England's on the anvil—hear the hammers ring—
 Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne !
 Never was a blacksmith like our Norman King—
 England's being hammered, hammered, hammered into line !

' England's on the anvil ! Heavy are the blows !
 (But the work will be a marvel when it's done)
 Little bits of Kingdoms cannot stand against their foes.
 England's being hammered, hammered, hammered into one !

' There shall be one people—it shall serve one Lord—
 (Neither Priest nor Baron shall escape !)
 It shall have one speech and law, soul and strength and sword.
 England's being hammered, hammered, hammered into shape!
 My comment on this would be—" Little bits of Dominions cannot
 stand alone."

All these short stories, and many others, teach equally great lessons;
 and all are equally marvellous in the " magic of the necessary word."

Many men have sung of England in splendid words ; Kipling is
 behind none of them in his love for her ; but with his keen insight he
 sees, behind all the beauty and the glory which are now hers, the long
 centuries of hard work which have made her a leader among the nations ;'
 and " Home " always to the exiles scattered around the seven seas.

In "The Glory of the Garden " he tells us, in plain homely English,
 that only by each and everyone of England's sons and daughters doing
 the work that lies under their hands faithfully and well, shall that glory
 endure and not pass away. We will take just two verses :

' There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so thick,
 There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick,
 But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done,
 For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

x x x x

' Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,
 If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders ;
 And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,
 You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.'

The persistence of this prevailing idea through all Kipling's work, is
 well expressed in another poem called, " The King's Job," which tells
 of one of our Tudor monarchs ;

' Once on a time was a King anxious to understand
What was the wisest thing a man could do for his land.'

It goes on to tell us what the King did to discover this, and then we come to the essential of the message :

' The wisest thing, we suppose, that a man can do for his land
Is the work that lies under his nose, with the tools that lie under his
hand.'

So we come to the magical words of that glorious poem, " A Song of the English." Listen to the music and the message :

' Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.

Make ye sure to each his own

That he reap where he hath sown ;

By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord !'

And then the sombre majesty of the words of pride and love in
" England's Answer :"

' Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,
After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.
Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men !

Letter Bag

JOHN LOCKWOOD AND JOHNNY GRUNDY

I read Mr. Frank Foster's attractive little paper with much interest, but though he is quite right in his surmise that " Kipling wrote this little poem "—I can assure him it was written 68 years ago by my father. I am absolutely certain of this, for it was chanted and pictured to amuse my brother and me in Bombay in 1871.

To this day I vividly remember the large sepia drawing of—" The Carver came and her image made"—a delightful mediaeval carver in doublet and flat cap—embellishing the Well in the Market Place by a bas-relief of the Grey Mare. Among the watching children a boy with long straight hair held the hand of a pinafored little sister, dragging the toy cart that was my most cherished possession in those days.

The Parson in the final picture—portly in Geneva gown—held forth from an open-air pulpit, near a church tower, where a weatherworn

niche sheltered a statue of St. Anthony cherishing his pig. The little boy and girl were hurrying away, but he had an audience of solid burghers and their wives.

The first picture, which sets forth the death of the Grey Mare, was only shown to Ruddy—for it provoked my ready tears, and I cannot therefore recall it. I cannot understand how my brother could remember the jingle, but forget who wrote it ; especially as I have a vague idea that it was published under his name in a volume of verse for children published long ago for some American charity. A case, perhaps, of—

" what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me !"

I know, however, that the Coalsack sometimes appeared in the sky of his memory, for, while he was still quite young, he asked me if he had written the verse that heads " On Greenhow Hill "—

" To love's low voice she lent a careless ear," etc. " No—of course not—Mother did." " Bother, likewise blow ! I thought it was me." And when it came to sorting out the verses in " Echoes" he claimed several of mine.

ALICE M. FLEMING

Your correspondent, Captain Cameron, is perfectly right. " Naulakha " implies that the necklace was worth *nine lakhs* of rupees. When the book first appeared, the title was wrongly spelt " Naulahka." The most fervent admirer of Kipling must admit that he was not strong on the spelling of Indian words. But, what matter ?—when he could write what he did write ?

LT.-COLONEL A. A. IRVINE

With reference to the discussion on " Mrs. Bathurst," it is curious that no one seems to have mentioned what appears a strange slip by Kipling in this story. It is this. Vickery is first mentioned by name in the story, by Hooper. " I'd like to hear a little more of your Mr. Vickery " he says. Now, previously Pyecroft had only referred to him as " A warrant 'oo's name begins with a V., isn't it ?" Now, how can Hooper have known the name Vickery ? He had found a corpse with M. V. tattooed on it ; how did he know that the V. stood for Vickery ? And why did not Pyecroft or Pritchard notice that Hooper knew his name and enquire how he did ? Is it just carelessness on the part of Kipling ? If so, it is unlike him. Or does it mean that Vickery's description was

circulated by name, and that Hooper saw it ? It has always seemed to me an interesting subject for those who like Kipling problems. Perhaps Mr. Capel Hall would care to suggest a solution. I take it that it is really the answer to the question asked twice in the story :—" Did they circulate his description ?" The answer is, " Yes;" and Hooper saw it.

A. P. WAVELL (*Lt.-General*)

I have just been reading the account of Mr. Hall's lecture and the discussion thereon in the Journal, and it seems to me that all present missed the point of " They " and made difficulties where none exist. In the first place I would depreciate all references to Kipling's being psychic, or believing in spiritualism or second sight, in connection with the stories that bring in the supernatural. He may have been, or believed in, all these things, but they are irrelevant here. These stories are not accounts of actual happenings drawn up for the Society of Psychical Research, nor are they expositions of a consistent theory of a spirit world : they are just stories, things for our delight, which we shall spoil if we ask of them that which they do not contain. " They " is a glorification of motherhood : that is made crystal clear in the prefatory poem. The children are not satisfied with a Heaven that does not contain a mother and so are allowed to " go home." They are allowed to go to the Blind Woman, drawn by her unsatisfied maternal craving and because she cannot see their faces, for " one ne\er sees a dead person's face in a dream." Kipling never sees the faces of the children either, but only catches glimpses of their frocks in the distance, and never suspects that they are other than ordinary live children till his own dead daughter comes and " the little brushing kiss fell in the centre of my palm—as a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close," then he understands and resolves never to come again. Other parents besides Kipling were able to meet their dead children in the Blind Woman's house and grounds, but why this was allowed is not explained and it would be futile to ask. It is enough that the Master Artist put it into one of the greatest works of art that our language contains. Do not desecrate it by trying to draw a moral or construct a theory out of it.

As for " Mrs. Bathurst," again I am sure that we are going too far in imagining that Vickery is meant as a study of a man suffering from loss of memory, or that he had anything the matter with him beyond a **consuming passion for Mrs. Bathurst, and a bad conscience. Any**

difficulties about his period of service or the date of his intrigue are not significant. Kipling was often careless in unimportant matters of that sort. Incidentally, Mr. Hall's speculations about Vickery show a curious ignorance of the Service and the relations of officers and men. The Navy does not admit broken officers to its ranks, nor would it promote them to positions of responsibility if it did. Commanding Officers did not trouble themselves about the social position of their subordinates when they wanted an interview, at anyrate in those days : all that mattered was the importance of what they had to say. But the real " hero " of the story is the cinematograph, which was then so new that it had to be described, lest all readers should not have seen it. With our constant glimpses of all sorts of people on the Pathé Gazette, it is hard for us now to realize what would have been the thrill in those early days of seeing someone that one knew on the screen. I suggest that Kipling was studying the effect of such an apparition of someone loved and wronged, and in an entirely unexpected place ; and he makes it result in driving that spectator so near to the edge of madness, that his captain took the extreme measure of conniving at his desertion. The theory that the second tramp was Mrs. Bathurst herself makes Hooper into a veritable monster of discretion. If the second corpse was that of a woman, why did he refrain from saying so ? How could he resist the temptation ? Why should he ? To spare Pritchard's feelings ? It seems hardly believable. Nevertheless the theory is supported by the non-production of the teeth, which we are obviously meant to believe that he had in his pocket. And, again, the only chance of Mrs. Bathurst's finding Vickery was for him to stick to his ship. She might well be able to discover where he was through her friends in the Navy, and so follow him to the Cape. But, once he had left his ship he was lost to her.

B. S. BROWNE, LT.-COL.

Secretary's Corner

We are always ready to do what we can in the shape of carrying out little commissions in London for our overseas members—as indeed was announced in the last issue of the Journal. There is, however, one service which your harassed Honorary Secretary must most apologetically—but none the less firmly—decline to perform. And that is the collection of autographs for our members. This demand comes chiefly from our younger members, but with the best will in the world, I really cannot chase Cinema Stars out to Uxbridge or pursue Cabinet Ministers into the sanctity of Westminster to get their autographs. Similarly, it means considerable trouble and expense to get autographs of all the members of our Council—who do not live all together—and even the autograph of our President, who lives in Italy and who travels about a lot, cannot be got without considerable trouble. The only autograph I can offer by return of post is my own, which is, I assure our younger members, very effective except upon a cheque.

As the Journal goes to Press, an H.M.S. Kipling is about to be launched. We are hoping to make a collection to present the ship with—possibly—a plaque of Kipling. Negotiations are, as I write, well under weigh and it may be that before the final printing of the Journal, I may be able to supplement this brief note with fuller particulars.

The Council have decided not to reprint those numbers of the Journal which are out of print or nearly so. They feel that the probable sales of these back numbers would not justify the expense and that, after all, rare numbers of the Journal should have a value of their own like other rare publications and people wanting them should try and obtain a copy by advertising in current issues of the Journal or elsewhere.

Two more plays are now available to members under the scheme published in Journal No. 47 whereby one can purchase any two seats in the theatre for the price of one :—

" The Shoemaker's Holiday " at the Playhouse.

" They Fly by Twilight " at the Aldwych.

Some members avoid domestic and servant worries by living in hotels and consequently travel about a lot from one place to another. Such members would help us considerably if they would allow us to register their Bank as their permanent address. This would mean a delay of only one post in the receipt of letters from the Society. Every time a member changes his or her address, it means that three new cards have to be made out and one stencil for our addressing machine ! In another Society which I look after, we have a member compared with whom the Wandering Jew is a limpet stuck on a rock. I tremble to think what our auditors will say when they see what we have spent in new stencils alone in endeavouring to keep pace with her wanderings !

Whilst I am on the subject of office worries, will members please excuse me if I mention once more what a help Bankers Orders are to us ? It avoids the necessity of sending out reminders as well as abolishing for members the trouble of sending cheques and postal orders. Those members who could see their way to pay their subscriptions by Bankers Order will earn our deep gratitude and forms can always be obtained from this office on receipt of a post card asking for

We offer our apologies to members who have not been able to secure copies of the 1938 Christmas card. Hitherto we have always had ample stocks, but this year, although we ordered the same number as usual, we ran out of stock no less than three times and it is now too late to place a further order owing to the Christmas rush at the manufacturers.

This constitutes a record for the Society's Christmas card, and it is a great pleasure to the Council to get such unmistakable evidence that it has appreciated.

The 1939 Christmas card has already been designed, and we can assure members that, if anything, it is even better than this year's. But we would ask members, and particularly Branches, to place their orders next year as early as possible and thus avoid disappointment.

C. H. R.

FOR SALE. Unique opportunity. Complete range of Journals from No. 1 to 47 inclusive, £7 4s. 0d. net. Apply Hon. Secretary.

NEW MEMBERS SINCE OCTOBER ISSUE OF THE JOURNAL

1575 Mrs. Phillips		MEL. 46 A. Michaelis, Esq., M.L.A.
	London	Melbourne
A. 82 Mrs. Bruce Mackenzie		MEL. 47 Sir Stanley Argyle, K.B.E.
	Auckland	Melbourne
A. 83 Mrs. Purdy		MEL. 48 Miss Tuxen
	Auckland	Melbourne
1576 J. M. Silvester, Esq		MEL. 49 Miss L. South
	Nairobi	Geelong
V. 33 Mrs. W. C. Mann		MEL. 50 Miss Gurr
	Victoria B.C.	Geelong
V. 34 Mrs. F. Lee		C. 38 Capetown University Library.
	Victoria B.C.	C. 39 Miss Joy Buchanan
1577 Robert F. Kipling, Esq.		Capetown
	Liverpool	1578 Miss Joyce Barber
C. 37 Miss A. A. Fries		Woking
	Maitland, Cape	1579 Viscount Goschen, G.C.S.I.,
MEL. 41 Miss Fowler		G.C.I.E.
	Melbourne	London
MEL. 42 Mrs. Charlton		C. 40 Miss Edith Braham
	Melbourne	Capetown
MEL. 43 J. O'Day, Esq.		1580 Ashley Campbell, Esq.
	Melbourne	St. Leonards
MEL. 44 M. Walsh, Esq.		1581 Major A. C. Shortt.
	Melbourne	London
MEL. 45 Rev. A. Adeney		1582 Godfrey Barclay, Esq.
	Sale	London

GILBERT. H. FABES

(The London Book Man)

ISSUES INTERESTING CATALOGUES OF BOOKS FOR COLLECTORS

(Kiplingiana a Speciality)

BOOKS PURCHASED.

LIBRARIES VALUED

NEW BOOKS ON ANY SUBJECT OBTAINED AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE

On any matter appertaining to Books, write or 'phone:

GILBERT H. FABES,

9 Southampton Place, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Phone Holborn 3743

FREE SERVICE TO MEMBERS

W. G. B. MAITLAND, *Hon. Librarian*
39, Marlborough Place, St. John's Wood,
London, N.W.8.

WILL UNDERTAKE TO
SEARCH FOR ANY BOOK YOU REQUIRE.

PRINTING

OF DISTINCTION

CATALOGUES, NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES,
BROCHURES, PAMPHLETS, POSTERS,
HANDBILLS, ACCOUNT BOOKS, BILL-
HEADS, LETTERHEADS, VISITING CARDS AND
ALL OFFICE STATIONERY AND SUNDRIES

Phone:
Southend
3738



Phone:
Southend
3738

151 North Road, Southend-on-Sea

The Kipling Society.

President:

Maj.-Gen. L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky")

Vice-Presidents:

Lt. Col. R. V. K. APPLIN, D.S.O.

H. E. M. CAMILLE BARRÈRE,
Ambassador of France.

Earl of BATHURST, C.M.G.

Countess BATHURST.

Maj.-Gen. SIR JULIUS H. BRUCHE,
K.C.B., C.M.G., Australia.

Rear-Admiral LLOYD H. CHANDLER,
U.S.N. (Ret.), U.S.A.

M. ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON, LL.D., France.

Lt.-Gen. SIR SIDNEY CLIVE,
K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

RUSSELL J. COLMAN, H.M.I.

S. A. COURTAULD, D.L.

Lady CUNYNGHAME.

The Dowager Viscountess DOWNE.

Wm. B. OSGOOD FIELD, U.S.A.

Mrs. J. M. FLEMING.

(Rudyard Kipling's Sister)

Gen. Sir A. J. GODLEY,
K.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C.

Sir FRANCIS GOODENOUGH, C.B.E.

The Right Honourable The Viscount
GOSCHEN, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.B.

Lord HIRST.

Col. Sir ARTHUR R. HOLBROOK,
Bart., K.B.E. D.L., V.D.

Sir RODERICK JONES, K.B.E.

Sir WALTER R. LAWRENCE, Bart.,
G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B.

Mrs. FLORA V. LIVINGSTON, U.S.A.

Comdr. O. LOCKER-LAMPSON,
C.M.G., D.S.O., R.N.V.R., M.P.

Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE F. MACMUNN,
K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, K.B.E., M.C., France.

Col. C. H. MILBURN, O.B.E., D.L., M.B.

Earl of MORAY, M.C.

Carl T. NAUMBURG, U.S.A.

Lord RENNELL, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

Mrs. ALEC-TWEEDIE.

Viscount WAKEFIELD, C.B.E., LL.D.

W. A. YOUNG.

Council:

B. M. BAZLEY.

J. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E.

S. A. COURTAULD, D.L. (Chairman)

Lady CUNYNGHAME.

MAJOR ERNEST DAWSON.

MISS F. MACDONALD, M.B.E.

J. G. GRIFFIN, M.I.E.E.

H. AUSTEN HALL.

R. E. HARBORD.

W. G. B. MAITLAND

Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.

Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE MACMUNN,

K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

JOHN SANDERSON,

J. R. TURNBULL, M.C.

Hon. Solicitor:

CLEMENT A. CUSSE,

6, New Court, W.C.2.

Hon. Auditors:

Messrs. MILNE, GREGG AND
TURNBULL.

Hon. Secretary:

SIR CHRISTOPHER ROBINSON, BART.

45, Gower Street, W.C.1.

Museum 1406

Hon. Treasurer:

Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE F. MACMUNN,

K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

Hon. Editor:

B. M. BAZLEY.

Hon. Librarian:

W. G. B. MAITLAND.

Auckland (N.Z.) Branch:

President: Col. SIR STEPHEN ALLEN,

K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.

27, Victoria Avenue, Remuera, Auckland, N.Z.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. BUCHANAN.

Cape Town Branch:

President: GEO. H. WILSON.

134, Boston House, Cape Town, S.A.

Hon. Secretary: E. E. BENHAM.

Melbourne Branch:

President: Dr. A. S. JOSKE.

c/o Union Trustees Company, 333, Collins Street, Melbourne.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. GRACE BROUGHTON.

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada):

President: A. E. G. CORNWELL.

1827, Chestnut Street, Victoria, B.C.

Hon. Secretary: T. A. SIMMONS.