

*The*  
KIPLING  
JOURNAL

*The*  
Organ  
of the  
KIPLING  
SOCIETY

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OCTOBER, 1939

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# *The* Spectator

THE PREDOMINANT WEEKLY

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

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

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

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

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# How to Join The Kipling Society

Members render great service to the Society by enrolling their friends. Below (left) is a General Application Form, to be completed and returned to the Hon. Secretary with the yearly or life membership subscription. Below (right) is a Banker's Order Form, by using which members save themselves the trouble and postage cost of annual subscription renewal.

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To THE SECRETARY,  
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### "COOK'S SON, DUKE'S SON"

On the eve of the outbreak of war, guards in full war kit took over duty at Buckingham Palace.

*(Copyright. Associated Press Photo).*

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

*the Organ of*

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

QUARTERLY.

NO. 51.

OCTOBER 1939.

## *News and Notes*

### *THE WAR*

THERE are no politics in the Kipling Society, only patriotism. But it is impossible to keep the war out of a movement where every member is well aware how hard the Master strove to open the Empire's eyes in regard to the dangers ahead. He is ill repaid, for instance, by the shallow remark of a recent commentator in the Press who considers that the war upsets one of our leader's pronouncements of four years ago. There was a necessity, Kipling said, "laid upon man to justify himself to himself in order that he might continue to live comfortably with himself."

Surely any reader with half an eye could see that this was a half-satiric slash at the indifferentists and "wowers" who have been dismissing the last war as a sort of "cosmic hallucination and hysteria." Kipling's answer was to show how wars of aggression were a recurrent process in the Teuton cosmogony, and an evil to be met by civilisation accordingly.

### *OUR PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE*

And now War is again upon us, and this is our first "War Number." On a later page, our President, Major-General Dunsterville, deals with the part which the Kipling Society can play in the conflict. He concludes with these words: "We shall continue to "keep the flag flying" with complete confidence in the ultimate decision, but as Kipling himself warned us in his "Recessional," without bragging and in a spirit of genuine humility and profound belief in the justice of our cause."

### *KIPLING AND CARLYLE*

One of our members has drawn attention to a recent debate where a speaker cited Professor Browne's dictum that Kipling was, like Ruskin, an "heir to Carlyle's thought." This doctrine, by no means new, betrays confusion of mind in those who imagine ideas to be identical because they happen to be expressed with Biblical force or else in the strain of an Old Testament prophet. It should be

realised that one fundamental divergence of opinion sets Kipling and Carlyle as far asunder as the poles. If the Sage of Chelsea had a favourite delusion, it was that Germany, the land of his idol, Frederick the Great, was destined to be the ultimate arbiter and mainstay and example of Europe.

Kipling on the other hand, proclaimed that Britain's real affinity was France, the land of spirit and ideas. And who to-day shall gainsay his verdict !

#### *THE LAND OF THE FIVE RIVERS*

" A fair land,— a most beautiful land, is this of Hind,—and the Land of the Five Rivers is fairer than all." This was a continual incantation with Kim, and one of his author's ways of venting a true patriotic affection for the land of his adoption.

Surely there is a thrill, stirring through his bones within the Abbey at the news that the Punjab is rising to the occasion once more, to repeat the proud feat of 1914 by rendering to the colours more troops than the rest of India combined. Its Premier, Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, has issued a rallying appeal which unites loyalty with valour to a superb degree, and there is every likelihood of history repeating itself, so as to retain for the Punjab its ringing title of "the sword-arm of India."

#### *OUR RULE IN INDIA*

At this particular moment, when Germany has been expecting to reap the evil harvest of all the insidious propaganda it has been sowing in India for years, it is worth while recalling what a travelled and enlightened German said of our rule in India, many years ago. Having toured India with the Crown Prince, Professor Wegener said Great Britain, with powers of organisation and government unequalled by any other race, had planted these gifts in India, together with a firm and admirable system of justice. He sternly opposed all Germans who wanted to see the British raj uprooted, and having been so well and worthily established, he trusted that it might be long maintained.

#### *KIPLING AND CANADA*

" England is as much a possession of Canada as Canada is a possession of England." The apothegm holds just as good in regard to the other Dominions, but it was significant that Kipling said it of Canada. It was said four years ago, and its spirit breathes with fervour in the Dominion's unmistakable reply to the Motherland's present call for helpers. By the way, he was once prevailed on to compose a post-war epitaph for the Ontario town of Sudbury, and one wonders (seeing that it was never used) how many martial centres in the Empire will ask permission to use

it when the present struggle has been won and done with. The lines are as follows :—

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

" *THE LAST CHANTEY*"

A shrewd collector has lately added to his treasures the original drawings that went to accompany "The Dipsy Chantey,"—or, as the author allowed it to be re-christened, "The Last Chantey," when it first appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. The young artist has since become famous in another vein,—that of a playwright, and his name is Laurence Housman ;

but these pen-and-ink drawings show clearly that if he had cared, he could have made a great name as an imaginative illustrator. Conceived somewhat in the key of Blake, they realise the poem's apocalyptic vein by means of a varied range of Miltonic figures, and a stream-line treatment of the sea and its moods. It is certainly one of the most inspiring of Kipling's sea-poems, in so far as it rises from comedy to tragedy; and Kipling-lovers will all rejoice that text and drawings have been bound in a permanent form that is worthy of the subject, the author, and the "find."



### *The Kipling Society has Members in Many Lands*

THE Kipling Society has now enrolled about 1600 members in the United Kingdom and in the following countries :—

EUROPE—France, Switzerland, Holland, Germany,\* Denmark, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Turkey, Poland, Yugoslavia and Ireland.

ASIA—India, Burma, Ceylon, Irak, Palestine, Malaya, China, Japan, Siam and the Philippine Islands.

\* Before the outbreak of war.

AFRICA—Union of South Africa, Rhodesia, Kenya and Tanganyika Territories, British West Africa, Nigeria, Canary Islands and Tunisia.

AUSTRALASIA—New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, New Guinea and New Zealand.

AMERICA—United States, Hawaiian Islands, Canada, British Honduras, Venezuela, Columbia, Argentina, Chile and the Dominican Republic.

## The Kipling Society and the War

*In the following article, our President, Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, deals with the part which the Kipling Society can play in the war, in upholding the ideals of the English-Speaking world, and keeping the flag flying.*

WHEN I mentioned to a friend that I contemplated writing on this subject, he rather damped my ardour by asking: "What earthly connection can there be between your Society and the War?" I felt very strongly that there was such a connection, but it seemed almost too subtle to be expressed in words and phrases. I took courage, however, when I read in the weekly edition of our leading newspaper the opening sentence of an article on Bridge, which began thus:—

"The Effect of War"

Many people have been wondering what effect the war will have upon Bridge."

It struck me that if even card-players were to be affected, the Kipling Society would obviously be so in a far greater measure, and the reference to Bridge merely serves to remind us that in these horrible modern wars no group of people, no form of activity, can remain unaffected.

The difficulty is this, that our endeavours in peace time are so exactly suited to present conditions, that in wartime there is little for us to do except to intensify our efforts to live up to Object No. 1 of the Society as set forth in our

constitution:

To honour and extend the influence of a Writer, in our time the most patriotic, virile and imaginative, in upholding the ideals of the English-speaking world."

These ideals are best expressed in the motto of the French Republic—"Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," and although we are, and shall always remain, a monarchy, those three words are far more applicable to our attitude of mind than to that of our neighbours and perpetual allies across the Channel, who are professed republicans. This paradox was actually brought to my notice by one of my French friends, who invited me to explain the apparent contradiction—which I was unable to do.

If Kipling were with us today he would doubtless give the nation a message of faith in our righteous cause, and courage to meet our inevitable losses and hardships leading to ultimate victory; but lacking his bodily presence, we may turn over the pages of his poems and find in many places words that exactly fit the present crisis.

A great many of our members, and perhaps a still greater number from among the body of general

readers, know by heart that splendid poem " For all we have and are," and the second verse applies most aptly to the " crazed and driven foe " against whom we are now called on to fight.

Once more we hear the word  
That sickened earth of old —  
No law except the Sword  
Unsheathed and uncontrolled.  
Once more it knits mankind,  
Once more the nations go  
To meet and break and bind,  
A crazed and driven foe."

Those words were written at the time of the Great War, when we did meet and break the foe but did not succeed in binding him. Our statesmen of today, fully confident of ultimate victory, are doubtless determined that this time the foe shall not only be broken but " bound " for all time, and are making plans in concert with our allies to bring about that most desirable result.

If Kipling were with us today he would be able to give us words in the above strain, but written to suit the entirely different attitude of mind with which we have entered upon this terrific struggle.

Our enemy in the Great War was a tangible mortal being with whom one could come to grips. In this war our enemy is far more difficult to get at, because it is not against a certain nation that we are fighting but against the ideals embodied in the Nazi doctrine, and which may be briefly summed up as :—

the supremacy of the State and the suppression of the individual, the end justifying any means, and the insane theory of the Super-man and Super-race.

Certainly we are fighting for the heroic Poles, but the only real help we can give them is by fighting to destroy the malignant power that holds the above theories. Until that power has been destroyed no small nation can possibly continue to exist in the neighbourhood of Central Europe.

What can our Society do in wartime except to act up to their principal aim, quoted above, with redoubled intensity ? We realize that there are even people who have never read Kipling and now, more than ever, it is our duty to beg them to turn for inspiration to the works of our great patriotic and virile writer.

Our membership is not large. The Society was founded thirteen years ago by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, and we have today 1,600 members, each of whom—we may take it for granted—is trying his best to further the aims set forth in our Object No. 1. Such an influence in a time of such universal upheaval may appear to be trivial, but I do not consider that it is so. It is just in a time like the present that everything counts, and especially so on the spiritual side, and I do not consider that our efforts may be regarded as merely insignificant.

When it was first proposed that such a Society might be formed, Kipling wrote to me expressing his dislike of the idea, and added "Why can't they wait till I am gone?" His dislike was based on his well-known repugnance to intrusive publicity and excessive adulation, but once the Society was formed he acquiesced in our endeavours and I feel sure he was in complete sympathy with our aims.

I need not dwell on the general effect the war has on our Society. It has in many ways rendered more difficult the tasks of our officials, but kind assistance from outside well-wishers has so far enabled us to overcome these difficulties in a satisfactory manner.

In both the particular and the general sense of the expression we shall continue to 'keep the flag flying' with complete confidence



AT THE ANNUAL LUNCHEON OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY 1939.  
 Left to Right : Mrs. Fleming (Rudyard Kipling's Sister) Major-General L. C. Dunsterville  
 President of the Society ; Miss Macdonald, M.B.E. (Rudyard Kipling's Cousin).

in the ultimate decision, but, as Kipling himself warned us in his "Recessional," without bragging and in a spirit of genuine humility

and profound belief in the justice of our cause.

L. C. DUNSTERVILLE.  
Shaldon, 25. 9. 39.

## *Kipling in War-time*

*Now that War had returned, Kipling will be a very present help for readers old and new.*

OUR thoughts turn to Kipling now that we are again at war.

None but he in our day has had such a supreme power of evoking and expressing the noble traditions of our race—patriotism, self-denial, unflinching courage, chivalry to the victor and the vanquished. His stories and his verses—"The Drums of the Fore Aft" and "Kabul River," to name only two out of many—are enduring tributes to bravery. And in hard times, such as we have known and shall know again, there is no stronger call to duty than—

"Recessional"—"Lest we Forget."

We who love Kipling, who revelled in his first tales half a century back and delight to find that they still retain their appeal for us and captivate our children and our grandchildren, know that he was no war-monger. He wrote about soldiers white and brown and about the fighting on the dread Frontier and elsewhere, because

pluck and endurance thrilled him. He was not interested in the humdrum of office life or shopkeeping, though he would, if cornered, have agreed that these necessary occupations often call for individual forbearance and self-sacrifice. He delighted in callings that required a man to show his true nature under stress, to prove that a perhaps over-developed civilisation had not damaged the British character. That early tale of the young clerk whose subconscious self retained experiences as a Roman galley-slave was symbolic of Kipling's attitude.

His liking for men of action was thus not limited to the soldier, or the sailor or the airman in whose marvellous exploits he was one of the first poets and tale-tellers to revel expertly. We all know that he was no less intensely concerned with the engineer or the bridge-builders, the pilots of the Hooghli or those hard-bitten captains who go out on the Grand Banks and care little for the ice floes off Labrador. It is precisely this concentration

on physical and mental activity in the plain man that keeps Kipling's work alive, though the world from which he is gone has changed so much.

One must emphasise no less clearly Kipling's unflinching sense of honour, his detestation of what is fraudulent, or foul, his incessant appeal to our better natures, whether in war or in peace. We can easily imagine what he would have thought and said of Hitler's deceit and cruelty. But we may be sure also that he would have insisted on the necessity of keeping our own record clear, whatever such an

enemy might stoop to do.

Kipling touched on many aspects of life in his writings, some good, some bad, as in "The Light that Failed" or "Love o' Women." But always the underlying appeal was to uprightness, decency, truth. He did not set out to be a prophet or a preacher, but no one could read his poetry or his prose without being shaken out of complacency and stimulated to a sense of his duty to himself and his country. Now that war has returned, Kipling will be a very present help for readers old and new.

E. G. H.



## Membership

It has been said of Rudyard Kipling that "no one has surpassed him as a poet of the strenuous life, of the great work of the world. The abounding vigour that he brought to English letters was exactly what it needed most at the time of his coming. For that reason his influence has been enormous. He has had many imitators, but he remains in a class by himself."\*

The Kipling Society exists to honour and extend his influence in upholding the ideals of the English Speaking World. Some

\* *WONDERLAND OF KNOWLEDGE*.  
(*Odhams*) Vol. II, page 1912.

sixteen hundred members have joined us both in the United Kingdom and in many parts of the world. We invite all readers of Kipling who are not yet members to join our Society. Membership is open to men and women of every nationality, wherever resident, who are genuinely interested in the works of Rudyard Kipling. Elsewhere in this issue of the *Kipling Journal* will be found particulars of membership. Readers to whom these lines bring news of the activities of our Society for the first time, are especially invited to correspond with us,

## Some Kipling War Warnings

'None of our Poets in the past, who have given us stirring war-time verse, has reached the heights of fiercely prophetic warning that Rudyard Kipling attained' writes Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., in the following article on "Some Kipling War Warnings and Verses."

MANY of our Poets in the past have given us stirring wartime verse, notably Wordsworth, but none has reached the heights of prophetic, fiercely prophetic warning, that Rudyard Kipling attained, or have struck the lyre so resoundingly on our great war occasions. The *Daily Mail* was discerning enough to produce shortly after the outbreak of this strange war, "For all we have and are" that great stimulant of 1914.

"For all we have and are  
For all our children's fate  
Stand up and take the war  
The Hun is at the gate!  
Our world has passed away  
In wantonness o'erthrown.  
There is nothing left to day  
But steel and fire and stone!

and to this each verse ends with a variant of the following—

Though all we knew depart  
The old Commandments stand:—  
"In courage keep your heart,  
In strength lift up your hand."

All through his career, of all the things that were anathema to him, none were more so than the 'hot-air-merchant,' those who for a kiss-mammy phrase would undermine all the foundations of civilization. It was specially for such, and for none more than his own cousin and those who forged such weapons of folly as the meaningless Peace

Ballot in the most peaceful country in the world, that he wrote in those winged verses *Bonfires on the Ice*, lashing those who wrote and said that babe and cockatrice would play together were they taught. To every verse that lashed the triper was the ending "We know those *Bonfires on the Ice*." Again in 1914, long before Baldwin and Blum had come together to let the world down, he wrote *The Covenant*, girding at our paid ministers who would not shake the people from their pleasure, and who so neglected the ample warnings of their day, not indeed so ample as those of the last five years. This is how it began—

"We thought we ranked above the chance of ill.  
Others might fall, not we, for we were wise—  
Merchants in freedom. So, of our free-will  
We let our servants drug our strength with lies.

Indeed it was as if old Jeremiah spoke again "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by these means" and, aye, there is the rub, and Kipling tried so hard to make us see that "my people love to have it so."

Once that war was joined how he rejoiced to see a bamboozled nation

find itself again, and still more would he rejoice to see the far more ordered way that we today despite our lateness have set to work, the experience of the last war not thrown away. It is a matter for sad regret that he is not with us to weave true tales of the Atkins and the airman of today, as he did of the old Atkins, and his subsidiaries, 'Arry 'otspur the Yeoman, and Tim Flinnagan of the Milishy. After Kipling's death there appeared in the *Sunday Pictorial*, verses written during the War, but held over, entitled *The Sons of the Suburbs*. They begin:

The Sons of the suburbs were care-  
fully bred  
And quite unaccustomed to strife.  
From Erith to Ealing, they cherished  
a feeling  
That battle and slaughter were sin.

The Hun was otherwise.

" The Tribes of the Teutons were  
otherwise trained  
And accustomed to bloodshed from  
birth.

But as soon as the Briton took the  
call seriously it was

A live bayonet to express his regret  
At the actions of Herman the Hun.

The point of the ballad is thus  
explained in allegory—

If the Church Warden's Wife never  
danced in her life  
She will kick off your hat when she  
starts.

We might well read that ballad  
again.

Here, for its good prophecy, is  
*A Song in Storm* (1914-18)

Be well assured that on our side  
The abiding oceans fight

Though headlong wind and leaping  
tide  
Make us their sport tonight.

To each verse of this is added the  
truly British refrain,

The game is more than the player of  
the game  
And the ship is more than the crew

Which does not mean that the  
seamen are of no account, for we  
look to them to re-appear in their  
life-boats to man the galleons that  
we capture from the Hun.

The relentless hunt for the  
Unterseeboot, was pictured by him  
long before even the last war. It  
is called "*The Eggshell*" and it runs  
like this—

" When the Witch of the North took  
an Eggshell  
With a little Blue Devil inside  
" Sink " she said " or swim" she said,  
"It's all you will get from me.  
And that is the finish of him, ! she said,  
And the Eggshell went to sea."

but this is how it ends.

" When the Witch of the North saw  
the Egg-shell,  
And the little Blue Devil again  
" Did you swim ?" she said " Did you  
sink?" she said  
And the little Blue Devil replied  
" For myself I swam, but I think he  
said " There's somebody sinking  
outside."

But we may equally turn to love  
and pathos and the *lachrymae  
rerum*, which Kipling understood  
so exquisitely. There is the un-  
equalled short story of a *Madonna  
of the Trenches* told amid jim-jams  
in the premises of Lodge Faith  
and Works, or the inimitable  
story of *The Gardener*, of Jesus the  
Gardener in the great War ceme-  
tery of Hagenzeele, and third the

maiden lady looking for her nephew's grave. She asks the gardener where it may be. He " lifted his eyes and looked at her with infinite compassion, before he turned to the fresh sown grass towards the naked black crosses, "Come with me he said " and I will show you where your son lies."

The soul of tragedy is reached too for the mother of the ' missing son ' in a Nativity.

" The Babe was laid in the Manger  
Between the gentle kine. . .  
All safe from cold and danger

**But** it was not so with mine  
(With mine ! With mine !)  
and then the pitiful wail—

" The Cross was raised on high ;  
The Mother grieved beside. . .

But for many mothers of the world

" Is it well, is it well with the child?  
For I know not where he is laid."

and the ballad ends with the Mother's assurance

" It is well, it is well, with the child "

Perhaps the Kipling Society is right when it urges " his message endureth for ever."

GEORGE MACMUNN.

## Thoughts On the Kipling Society

*The following article, of special interest to potential members, is contributed by the founder of the Society, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking.*

T is more than a dozen years since this Society was inflicted upon the world, and it may be of interest to a few members to look back upon certain matters and incidents connected with this event.

*High Priced Books.* One of the reasons for starting the Society was to enable Kipling enthusiasts to be able to read the whole of his works, which is not easy without considerable expenditure, owing to the high cost and the meagre collections in Public Libraries, especially in the provinces. This may not be a handicap to those who are " well-off, " but to the multitude who have to watch their pennies, it is a serious one. And, having known the

pangs of hunger for Kipling's writings, I wished to feed those who also hungered.

This part of the scheme has been more successful than was anticipated. Not only does the Society possess all Kipling's standard works, but it also has a large amount of matter which has been published at various times and in various parts of the world, which for some reason has not been republished in the little red (and sometimes other coloured) volumes.

While the privileges of membership may obviate the expense of buying such books, collected or uncollected, it does not affect the fact that it would be of national benefit if many of Kipling's works

were published at prices which are within reach of the majority of readers, and not a very small minority.

This matter has been put before the owners of the copyrights, and it is hoped that it may be favourably considered.

*Cheap Editions.* It is not generally known that some of Kipling's poems been reprinted in three cheap have editions—*viz.*:

Twenty Poems from Rudyard Kipling at 1s.

A choice of Songs (30 of them) at 2s.

Selected Poems (30 also) at 1s.

The writer is happy to feel somewhat responsible for these, as in 1917 he wrote suggesting the "Twenty" to Mr. Kipling, and later he called on Mr. and Mrs. Kipling and discussed the matter further, which resulted in the "Twenty" being published early in 1918, the others following in 1925 and 1931.

This Society has suggested to the owners of the copyright that a further cheap edition be published, containing the 100 poems which might be claimed as the best of the 620 in the last (1932) complete edition. This costs 25s. and is therefore not collectible to the multitude. Such a "concentrated" edition should be of value, at say 5s. to nearly everybody, and might not be a loss to the copyright owners. Nor should it upset the market for the dearer edition; on the contrary, many of those who tasted

the sample would want to satisfy their appetite with the complete edition.

*Uncollected Writings.* Some of these may have been deliberately left to die a natural death because of Kipling's strict regard for "the best and only the best," but there are a number of uncollected items in our Library which to some of us are so clearly superior to many of his collected items that it seems likely these were overlooked when making up the collected volumes. Members interested should consult our Hon. Librarian, Mr. Maitland, with a view to inspecting these unique writings.

*An Early Failure.* Before the successful founding of this Society in February 1927, the writer was concerned in two earlier efforts in 1921 and 1923. The first attempt went as far as a meeting of a dozen at the Engineers' Club in London, and petered out through the writer's ignorance of the technique of founding Societies.

The second, with Stalky's name as promoter, brought about 100 applications for membership. A preliminary (and final) meeting was held at the R.A.C. on March 23rd, 1923 at which "Stalky," Ian Hay Beith and the writer were present, when it was agreed that the famous novelist would take the reins until he could find a suitable successor. The writer, therefore, gave him the fullest details possible and

offered help. Nothing, however, resulted from this.

*Kipling's alleged aversion to the Society.* Many Kipling enthusiasts have declined to apply for membership, because of the general impression that Kipling was not pleased that the Society existed; but it seemed advisable during his life not to disturb that view. There seems no reason now, however, why membership should be affected by such an erroneous belief, and the following are the facts of the matter.

Kipling was consulted by me, both verbally and in correspondence regarding the formation and the progress of the Society, and though his natural modesty deprecated any public appreciation I have it on record that he was sufficiently interested to advise me how best to deal with obstacles during the formation period.

I can quite understand that Kipling's love of "leg-pulling" would have misled those who asked for his opinion of the Society, telling them how he loathed it, and cursed its promoters! No one, however, would appreciate more than Kipling, the help that such a Society could give in increasing the publicity of his patriotic and commonsense views for the benefit of Britain and humanity.

*Veiled Language.* There is surely no writer, except possibly Browning, who has intrigued his

readers so much by the use of veiled language; and this was one of the writer's reasons for forming the Society. Some members feel that there has not been sufficient attention paid to this point of late, especially in view of the great interest taken in the cross-word puzzles which so many people love to unravel.

There are still many passages in Kipling's writings that have not yet been dealt with by the Society officially, though members who wish to have such mysteries explained, can always consult the experts among our members, through the Hon. Secretary.

*Kipling's nearest relatives.* Although Kipling's name, the varied extent of his genius, and his lovable qualities are well known, very little seems to be generally known about his relatives. Questions are, more or less formally asked at Meetings, mostly by new members, on this subject

Mrs. Kipling still lives at Burwash, but unfortunately does not enjoy good health. A short time ago she kindly entertained to tea a number of members of the Society, and showed us the treasures of the old house and grounds. The most thrilling part of that thrilling day was being allowed to sit in the Master's chair, at his desk-table and to view, (as he must have done thousands of times) through the latticed windows opposite the desk,

the fair land of Sussex and his own Sussex cattle (all marked K) feeding in the dew.

His daughter, Mrs. George Bambridge, lives in the Eastern Counties near Royston, and met the Society at the First Anniversary Service for her father held at St. Dunstons-in-the-East.

We are all hoping that we may have the pleasure of meeting both these ladies again.

Kipling's only sister, Alice MacDonald (Mrs. J. M. Fleming), is an honoured member and a Vice-President of the Society. She frequently delights us at Meetings with recollections of her brother. Mrs. Fleming is similarly gifted and has published a book of verses in which several poems can be compared with some of her brother's best.

J. H. C. BROOKING.

### *Obituary*

AS we go to press, we learn of the sudden death of Dr. A. S. Joske, the President of the Melbourne Branch of the Kipling Society. To Dr. Joske, an ardent supporter of those ideals for which

Rudyard Kipling stood, the Society owes the formation of this flourishing Branch. His loss will be greatly felt, and we extend our deep sympathy to Mrs. Joske and his family in their bereavement.

### *The Kipling Journal*

THE members of the Kipling Society wish to place on record their deep gratitude to a Press friend for undertaking in the time of crisis, the editing of our *Journal*.

Had it not been for his kind offer of assistance we should have been obliged to suspend publication which would have been a matter of great regret, especially to our overseas members.

War conditions have made it impossible, for the time being, for Mr. Bazley to continue his work on the *Journal*, but as the enemy have announced that the duration of the war is to be "very brief," we may hope to see him back in the editorial chair in a day or two !

L. C. DUNSTERVILLE.

September 1939.

## Some Uncollected Kipling Writings

"Would that we had Kipling's master touch to aid and encourage us in the War today," writes Captain E. W. Martindell, who contributes the following noted on some little-known uncollected Kipling writings.

IN "*Quo Fata Vocant*," which originally appeared in *St. George's Gazette*, 1902, (the Regimental Magazine of the Northumberland Fusiliers) and is now collected in 'The Sussex Edition,' the following question is found: "Do they know a writer when they see him, and can they make that "writer" happy and contented down by the elephant lines?" It was during 1886-1887 that the series of "Plain Tales from the Hills" stories—not all of which were "collected"—was appearing in *The Civil and Military Gazette*, and No. XIV of the series is an uncollected story entitled "A Scrap of Paper." This story deals with the search for Lieutenant Chubbuck of the "Indistinguishables" by a "writer", driving a dog-cart, in Assam, in which hunt the Junior Subaltern of a native regiment, stationed in the same cantonment, took a hand and sent the unsuspecting gentleman, who was trying to serve the writ, pounding over the desert to the commissariat lines some 4½ miles from the barracks. The Junior Subaltern thereupon remarks "I was made for a great general. Presently our friend will get into the elephant lines and he will

be unhappy. *The Soldier's Pocket Book* says that an enemy should be harassed whenever possible." As Kipling puts it "when a horse, however old he may be gets among elephants—many of them—he does not feel happy." In fact this particular horse when the elephants trumpeted "stood on one leg, and tried to stand on his head and beat holes in the splash board and settled down to a fifteen-anna gallop over Assam generally.'" The story goes on to relate how the "writer" eventually served the writ in error on the Junior Subaltern, who accepted it saying: "I'm awfully obliged. It's very pretty; but what am I to do with it? You see I'm not Chubbuck, and I'm in a Native Regiment . . . so it's no use to me. But I'll keep it as a memento of your visit all the same." The second part of the story relates how two civilians in the station worked a "draw" on the Junior Subaltern, when they convinced him that he had been guilty of infringing the penal code by his action and had every prospect of occupying a felon's cell, and so he was formally christened "The Felon." Thus the 'rag' went on till the fraud was gently revealed to the Junior Subaltern at

the end of the tale.

Kipling's fondness for children goes far back, as in 1885, when he was still in his teens, he wrote "His Excellency, Erik Oakley Hogan aged 9 months. By one of his Sincerest Admirers." Thus Kipling writes "In common with all men who have the honour of his friendship, I, too, bow the knee of reverence, admiration and awe to my autocratic law giver. Let me proceed, with all possible humility then, to describe His Excellency. In the first place he is old—older than many of us—for his hair is all but white, and his limbs show signs of senile decrepitude. But his heart, as befits the hearts of all good rulers, is young, and moved to laughter by slight causes. . . Ordinarily he is taciturn but I fancy this must spring from the difference between his language and ours. . . And it is by virtue of his immense personal influence that His Excellency holds sway." And so on in this delightful strain Kipling continues to discourse about His Excellency and his many virtues till the curtain drops when "His Excellency the Governor-General in Council is pleased to intimate that he will go to bed." Incidentally I may mention that when I was attached to the 3rd Batt. of the King's Regiment in 1916 I came across a subaltern in that Regiment named Erik Oakley Hogan,

A sketch entitled "Bread upon the Waters," which must not be confused with the story with the same title in "The Day's Work," appeared in *the Civil and Military Gazette*, March 14th, 1888. This uncollected sketch tells us how the best boxer in the 'Tail Twisters' owing to his addiction to strong waters was eventually deprived of his title of champion by another man in the Regiment whom he used to bully and despise, but who gave up drink and became a "Blue Light" as the temperate men were termed. This sketch was doubtless written to further Lord Roberts' scheme to reduce drunkenness in the Army in India at that time. An uncollected poem, written the same year and entitled "The Way Av Ut," deals with the same subject.

"Why Snow Falls at Vernet," which appeared in 1911 in *The Merry Thought*, tells of two English Knights who retired after the First Crusade to Vernet, there to reside and bathe in the healing waters and discuss the *weather*. At Vernet also resided a holy man, afterwards known as St. Saturnia, who fraternised with and entertained both knights once a week. During the stay of the English Knights an unprecedented event occurred on March 10th—nth—one year, snow fell in Vernet to the horror and astonishment of the inhabitants including St. Saturnia. "What," cried all the terror-

stricken inhabitants, " does this unheard of event portend ? Is it an earthquake or a miracle?" " My children," said St. Saturnia, "it is neither. It is the weather of which the English speak." The sketch concludes as follows after recording that from that year to the present day snow falls regularly for a day or two between the nth and 12th March each year:—" There are those who ascribe this to purely metereological causes, but I prefer to believe with the Rock behind the Loquat that we owe it to the kindness and forethought of St. Saturnia, who in his time loved well, and at last learned to understand the first English visitors to Vernet."

We all know how deeply interested Kipling was in the British soldier and how materially he assisted him with his pen both in the South African War and the Great War, but his interest went back to the time of his early journalistic work in India as can be seen from the following extracts from a prologue, that he wrote in 1887 and his sister, Mrs. Fleming, recited, to a theatrical performance at Simla in aid of Lady Roberts' scheme for providing summer homes for nursing sisters.

You know, who know the Army, first  
of those  
Strong lines that wall the Empire from  
her foes  
Stands—" to attention " ready for the  
sign—

One Thomas Atkins, Private of the  
Line.  
His business is—well never mind the  
rest,  
You men who lead him know his  
business best !  
But ere that work begins, neath Indian  
skies,  
Too oft alas ! our faithful warder dies.  
The chill of night, the fever of the town,  
The sickness of the noonday strikes  
him down,  
Nor him alone. The leaders and the led  
Swell that great army of the untimely  
dead.  
See ! Year on year this dreary record-  
runs—  
Strong men and boys—friends, lovers,  
husbands, sons,  
Cut down upon the threshold of Life's  
Gate,  
Who might have lived, but that help  
came too late.  
Help came too late—The care sad  
comrades gave  
Was rough and ready, and unskilled to  
save.  
And O ! it asks the tenderest care to  
stay  
The spirit poised between the Night  
and Day.  
That care is theirs by right who freely  
give  
Their lives to guard the land wherein  
we live.  
Let be the Dead gone down beyond  
recall  
Turn to the Living—Help them lest  
they fall !  
Fight Death with money—money that  
can buy  
The soft cool soothing touch, the  
sleepless eye,  
The woman's art that coaxes and  
commands  
The fevered mouth and weak and  
trembling hands.  
Buy these—for all the healing love men  
know  
Fails, lacking these, to bind the soul  
below.

Would that we had Kipling's  
master touch to aid and encourage  
us in the War today !

E. W. M.

## In Memory of Rudyard Kipling

*Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, writer, traveller and artist, has presented forty of her pictures to the Imperial Service College, twenty-five of which are for an Empire Corner in the new Kipling Hall at Windsor.*

MRS. Alec-Tweedie, a Vice-President of the Kipling Society, who has published 24 books has also found time to travel all over the world and to record what she has seen during her travels in many hundreds of water-colour drawings.

She has presented forty of her pictures to the Imperial Service College, where four hundred young men are being trained for the services. In the new Kipling Hall of the College at Windsor, which is to accommodate a further hundred students, there is to be an Empire Corner. Twenty-five of Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's pictures are destined for the walls of this section, in memory of Rudyard Kipling.

Referring to Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's gifts to societies and institutions, a writer in *The Times* said—

" About a year ago she decided that it would be better, instead of leaving her pictures in portfolios, to give them away to societies and institutions in which she and her family have been interested.

After 12 months devoted to sorting, mounting, and framing nearly 500 water-colours, the distribution is now virtually finished. Spread out on the floors of an unoccupied flat adjoining her own

in London are the last batches awaiting disposal. They have all been mounted and framed by Mrs. Alec-Tweedie and her chauffeur. It has been a labour which, one likes to think, will add to the value of the gifts in the thoughts of the many people for whose enjoyment they are intended.

Most of the drawings have been exhibited in Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's " one-man shows " in London and Paris since she first took up painting after the War. Some have been used to illustrate her travel books. In new permanent surroundings in London, in Canberra, and in Wellington, New Zealand, they have already given a great deal of pleasure and not merely on account of their artistic worth and decorativeness. Mrs. Alec-Tweedie has given thought and imagination to the choosing of scenes acceptable and appropriate to the institutions receiving them.

To the Governments of Australia and New Zealand, which asked permission to share in the presentations, she has sent two batches each of 12 water-colours of London scenes. To London Hospitals she has given pictures of foreign lands, in as varied assortment as possible. One reason for that is the number

of young men who come from far countries to study medicine in London. It may make such a student happy, she feels, if he can perhaps look at a picture hung in his hospital and say: " I come from there ! "

The Wellcome Institution has received a set of sketches made in Central Africa, because Sir Henry Wellcome was excavating there when Mrs. Alec-Tweedie painted them. As soon as the new Kipling Hall at the Imperial Service College, Windsor, is completed it will have a set of 25 Empire pictures. The Royal Empire Society in London now has an Empire Corner at the entrance to the dining-room, adorned with 40 of Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's water-colours from many countries. Round the board-room of the Navy League, of which she is a vice-president, is a double row of her pictures of harbours of the world.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie is a life governor of two London hospitals, and members of her family have been governors of others. She has given 25 pictures to each of them—to University College Hospital, St. Mary's, the London, St. George's, Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, Bart's, St. Pancras, and the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital. Another 25 drawings have been given to the Police College at Hendon, and two to the Royal Central Asian Society. Others have gone to New Zealand House, the East India Association, the Engineering Society of University College, the Cremation Society, the Euthanasia Society, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., and other women's clubs, the Association of Retired Naval Officers, and the Chinese Club."

### *Our Branches*

**B**RANCHES of the Kipling Society have been formed in Canada (Victoria, B.C. and Manitoba), Australia (Melbourne), New Zealand (Auckland), and South Africa (Cape Town). Papers are read and discussions held upon Kipling's writings, and useful information is circulated among members relating to any new publications of interest, which might otherwise escape their notice, We hope to

increase the number of these Kipling centres, which form a valuable Empire link.

Correspondents in any part of the world who are interested in the formation of a local Branch, should write to the Hon. Secretary of the Society in London, who will be pleased to offer suggestions and advice. The address is : 45, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

## Tellers of Tales

*This is the title of a volume containing 100 short stories from the United States, England, France, Russia and Germany, selected and with an introduction by W. Somerset Maugham. (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. Inc., New York, 1939.) It included two Kipling stories, "The Man Who Would be King", and "Without Benefit of Clergy."*

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following paragraphs about Kipling, which appear in the introduction to "Tellers of Tales."

"Though Rudyard Kipling captured the attention of the public when first he began to write, and has retained a firm hold on it ever since, there was a time when educated opinion was somewhat disdainful of him. He was identified with an imperialism which events made obnoxious to many sensible persons. Certain characteristics of his style which at first had seemed fresh and amusing, became irksome to readers of fastidious taste. But that time is past. I think there would be few now to deny that he was a wonderful, varied and original teller of tales. He had a fertile invention, and to a supreme degree the gift of narrating incident in a surprising and dramatic fashion. His influence for a while was great on his fellow-writers, but perhaps greater on his fellow-men, who led in one way or another the sort of life he dealt with. When one travelled in the East it was astonishing how often one came across men who had modelled themselves on the creatures of his fancy. They always

say that Balzac's characters were more true of the generation that followed him than of that which he purported to describe; I know from my own experience that twenty years after Kipling wrote his first important stories there were men scattered about the outlying parts of the world who would never have been just what they were if he had not written them. He not only created characters, he created men. Rudyard Kipling is generally supposed to have rendered the British people conscious of their Empire, but that is a political achievement with which I have not here to deal; what is significant to my present standpoint is that in his discovery of the exotic story he opened a new and fruitful field to writers. This is the story, the scene of which is set in some country little known to the majority of readers, and which deals with the reactions upon the white man of his sojourn in an alien land and the effect which contact with peoples of another race has upon him. Subsequent writers have treated this subject in their different ways, but Rudyard Kipling was the first to blaze the trail through this new-

found country, and no one has invested it with a more romantic glamour, no one has made it more exciting and no one has presented it so vividly and with such a wealth of colour. He wrote many other stories of other kinds, but none in my opinion which surpassed these. He had, like every writer that ever lived, his shortcomings, but remains notwithstanding the best short story writer that England can boast of."

The paragraph preceding the above in the book ends as follows :

"I know only two English writers

who have taken the short story as seriously as it must be taken if excellence is to be achieved, Rudyard Kipling, namely, and Katherine Mansfield.

Miss Mansfield had a small, derivative, but exquisite talent; and her shorter pieces—for she had insufficient power to deal with a theme that demanded a solid gift of construction—are admirable. Rudyard Kipling stands in a different category. He alone among English writers of the short story can bear comparison with those of France and Russia."

### *The Soldier's Letter*

THE author of the "Absent Minded Beggar" might well find fresh inspiration were he with us now, although times have greatly changed. A correspondent tells us that on paging through an old copy of the *Kipling Journal* he came across a note referring to the South African War. A letter was written by Kipling at the dictation of a sol-

dier who was wounded at Paardeburg to his mother. Under the signature these words appear :

"Dictated. R.K. The above statements are true, your son is coming on very well. Rudyard Kipling." It is interesting to note that many years later the letter was sold at Christie's for

### *A Curious Coincidence.*

THE *Rudyard Kipling*, which was sunk by a German submarine during the early part of September, was a Fishguard trawler. The crew were saved and landed in Killybegs, Co. Donegal. Her skipper was Mr. C. Robinson,

During the last war, Killybegs was a British submarine base and the Resident Magistrate there was Mr. C. Robinson, who is now the Hon. Secretary of the Kipling Society !

## *Kipling and Some Sailors*

*A Paper read before the Melbourne Branch of the Kipling Society,  
by Miss Sista Ström.*

THERE are times when one feels that Kipling's attitude to the Military isn't exactly one of reverence; that he regards the artificers of Politics, from Paget, M.P., to Pentemfenyou, as national superfluities, that successful business men and successfully social women alike come under his ban; but he never wavers from his admiration of the craftsmen of the sea, and in his stories and poems he emphasises their characteristics so often that one remembers them more as a whole personality than as individuals.

His development of the first sailor, Able Seaman, Leading Hand, and Commander Nobby Clarke, founder of the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine, is delightful. You know it, of course. It's the humourous reflection in prose of the "first Chantey," dealing with the adventures of one, Nobby, who resembled the Elephant's Child in his 'satiabile Curiosity; experimenting with trunks of trees, and at first being perpetually wet and almost discouraged because he hadn't developed the tactics of a Canadian lumberjack. At last a log which was stable came along, and he and Mrs. Nobby gradually adapted it for their use and comfort.

The High Priest of the tribe was rather impressed, but when Nobby suggested going to the end of the world, where the sun got up, (a dangerous proceeding, for complete incineration seemed inevitable, however logs returned, and were not charred, so why not Nobby?) he refused permission officially, saying at the same time "Of course if I were your age I should have a shot at it." This, as Kipling says, shows that "general instructions" throwing the entire responsibility for the accident on the Watch Officer, while leaving the Post Captain without a stain on his character at the ensuing Court of enquiry, were not unknown, even in that remote age.

### *The Character of Mrs. Nobby.*

Nobby told his wife he wanted to look at some eel traps, but Mrs. Nobby, with feminine perspicacity, said "So the High Priest has talked you into it, has he? Let me tuck the babies up and I'll come too."

In this story the character of Mrs. Nobby is quite as important as that of Nobby. She is the direct ancestress of Mary Gloster. They go, they return, aching in every limb. As Nobby, salt to the eyebrows, limped up the sands vowing that he'd

leave the sea for ever (and we seem to have heard that in shipping circles, too) Mrs. Nobby said " Now I hope you are satisfied!" Of course next day, despite overnight resolutions, Nobby was tuning up his ship for the next cruise. He commandeered most of the household resources to better his treasure—the children we are told, went slickerless, while Nobby gained a sealskin sail—and then he developed the science of sailing against a wind. He even inaugurated a system of crude navigation, with finger jabs for a compass, thirty two times the angle between the first and second finger once round the horizon.

In course of time Nobby, after years of gaining bitter experience in the contest with the Gods of the Sea and the Wind, saw another ship in his waters. (By this time he had been self-promoted to Commander Clarke). Taking his eldest son as Watch Officer, he embarked on the first Naval manoeuvres, in a filthy night, stiff with floating logs into which they ceaselessly collided, while Nobby berated the unwilling W.O. until he whimpered a defence that he couldn't see them. " See 'em, who the Hell expects you to see 'em on a night like this, you've got to smell 'em, my son," and thus, according to Kipling, was the "prehistoric and perishing Watch Officer inducted into the mysteries of his unpleasing trade," By similar unfeeling and

arbitrary means during the same trip " discipline and initiative were inculcated into the Senior Service. They rammed the enemy ship, harpooned it, lost the ship and the harpoon, the first English naval engagement was over, and the first English commander was moaning over loss of stores expended in action—for he knew he'd have to account for the harpoon and line at home.

On reporting to the High Priest, the latter began to prophesy in the irritating way civilians have :— " You'll have a hard, wet life, and your sons after you. When you aren't being worried by the sea or your enemies you'll be worried by your own tribe, teaching you your job." " *That's* nothing new, carry on," said Nobby, pointedly.

" Winning the world, and keeping the world, and carrying the world on your backs, your sons will always have four gifts; long headed and slow-spoken, and heavy—damned heavy—in the hand will they be, and always a little bit to windward of the enemy, that they may be a safe-guard to all who pass on the seas on their lawful occasions."

And that first Sailor in history is the embodiment of all sailors after him.

We catch other glimpses of the men of the Sea, with their resource, initiative, endurance, courage, and simplicity. Noah held his own with modern shipwrights, though

he confessed his ignorance of pumps and wheel. However he was, Ararat willing, ready to sail the hooker round the world.

" *The Greatest Story in the World.*"

'The Greatest Story in the World' is remarkable for the richness of historical and imaginative detail brought out in the story of the Greek galley life which must have been undiluted hell. In "The Galley Slave" Kipling upsets our theories of the unadulterated misery of those chained to the oar, when he regards galley life from a new angle, by suggesting that, after all, they had comradeship and laughter, both necessary foods for the soul, and that life could be good, even in a galley. Strange how, in the mists of history, horrors loom starkly, while the records of the more gentle aspects of life are lost. Ask any historically-minded Tasmanian about the Convict days at Port Arthur, and get his candid opinion of Marcus Clarke's book, and you will see that even for galley slaves there may have been something in life which made it worth living.

A perfectly finished sketch is "The Manner of Men" in "Limits and Renewals." This has excellent delineation of character: Baeticus, the Spanish captain, skilled in navigation, but lying like Poseidon's brass-bound mariner when he defends his ship and cargo; arrogant and impertinent

until he sees that the Port Inspector wears a decoration testifying to his universal service; Quabil himself, helping the Spaniard to the limit of his powers because of the resemblance to his own dead son; the fat and good-natured Sulnor, once a pirate of sorts, and hunted by half the Mediterranean, now the respected captain of a guard boat.

The story is alive with technicalities. The Spanish ship has been cruelly overloaded with a cargo of wheat. (Kipling points out that although it's not an offence for a shipper to offer a steamer more freight than she can carry, if the ship accepts, and overloads accordingly, it is an offence for which the steamer is responsible. This fact is mentioned in a "Book of Words," but I should like to suggest, from the depths of despairing experience, that paper writers of the future would do well to keep it in the backs of their minds!)

This cargo had swollen with the dampness of salt-water and atmosphere and threatened to split the planks of the clinker-built ship asunder, which isn't as fantastic as it sounds. The Romans were not a maritime race, but an influx of population into Rome all demanding Bread and Circuses created a demand for freight for at least the Bread part of it, and they had a vast fleet of merchant ships plying their way over the Mediterranean. The Romans did not realise the

importance of harbours. In one gale alone two hundred ships were wrecked in the harbour of Ostia, which Quabil mentions when he speaks of the new breakwater, erected after the disaster.

The ship had to be Undergirt, which seems to be a method of applying a series of marine tourniquets round the hull, and girthing it up like a horse (my similes are getting mixed) to hold the planks together. In the days when America built soft wood ships like the "Lightning,"—all speed and leaking and spent in six years or so, but looking very picturesque on calendars—this measure was often taken.

Arrangements were made with Baeticus' ship, and after scraps of conversation—freights, passengers, criticism of Rome, the iniquity of new laws, compliments on the wine, sailor talk the world over—Quabil and Sulinor tell the story of Paul's shipwreck. Paul's character hovers like a ghost, Sulinor is impressed and influenced by it, Quabil is somewhat scornful, and jealous of his ship and his reputation for navigation. The actual tale of the ship-wreck is vivid, one feels the tension, the anxiety over the prisoners, the watchfulness of the Roman troops, the last half ounce of driving force as the tired ship lifts on the swell—and strikes. Then the influence of the wreck, and Paul (especially Paul) on their lives. It's told with sim-

plicity and colour, much in the same language as that in which I heard a tug-master describe a narrowly averted collision of a Tramp and a Coastal vessel in the Yarra recently. Sailor talk the world over!

Kipling, I'm very glad to say, has an appreciation of Viking character and seamanship. "The Song of the Red Warboat" brings out the courage and loyalty of a crew who embark in a storm with the defending forces of Nature against them, to find their master, who is lost. They are risking the wrath of the Gods, they have never seen seas as raging, they realise their fight against appalling odds, *but* they have pledged their word, and nothing else counts.

"Puck of Pooks Hill" gives us Witta, the captain of the Danish ship. Short, bow-legged, he is not an imposing figure, one is at first prejudiced by the fact that he did his best to acquire Hugh's sword by unlawful means when they first came aboard—evidently first cousin twenty times removed to Lieut. Duckett, "a predatory, astute, resourceful pirate . . . in whose ship . . . several sorts of missing government property might have been found." Later, of course Witta became firm friends with them both. After collecting the gold he became cautious, and longed for home, and parted with the Saxon Norman pair with great sorrow, and treated them with

great generosity. "It was true that Witta was a heathen and a pirate," said Sir Richard, "True that he held us for many months in his ship, but I loved that bow-legged, blue-eyed man for his great boldness, his cunning, his skill, and above all for his simplicity."

The "Song of the Dane Women," the introductory poem, with its unhappy realization of the sea's charm over men, must have found an echo in many hearts of many sailors' lonely wives.

*In the Galley of the Vikings.*

Another phase of existence of the pale-faced Charlie Meares was in the galley of the Vikings, coasting along Greenland and landing at Vinland, which is probably Martha's Vineyard, on the Atlantic sea-board. There was a settlement of Scandinavians in Greenland in the ninth century, when the Norsemen found, to their surprise, white-clad monks and choristers already there. Where these earlier settlers came from is a mystery, but the Norse made a complete colony with churches, cathedrals, and hundreds of farms. This persisted for six hundred years, until, amongst other reasons, domestic feuds put an end to it, and after lives had been wasted and villages sacked the remnants returned to Norway in 1410.

The galley Charles Xth (we do not know how many lives

he lived) sailed in, apparently belonged to Lief, the son of Eric the Red, who had heard of a southern land from one Björn, and who explored the coasts, loading his ship with wild grapes, and encountering considerable opposition from Skraelings, whom Kipling depicts as terrified of the lowing of the cattle. Galleys in those days were almost as large as the Roman vessels, but the Vikings went out in all weathers, the Roman skipper was usually able to run for what passed for shelter when clouds lowered. The Northern galleys were open to wind and weather; knee deep in bilge which necessitated frequent bailing with a small wooden bucket—like Noah, pumps were unknown to them. How they cooked and how they slept and how they existed at all is a mystery, for even when they reached their destination the Dragon prow and square sail heralded their approach so that they acted—as we see in "the Winged Hats"—as hardly an introduction of the best sort. According to their Sagas, most of their important voyages took place in Winter. From Bergen to Cape Farewell in Greenland one galley is credited with six days. Even allowing for the enthusiasm of the chronicler, who gives her the reputation of eleven knots, (and I've been on cargo ships which have knocked out less than that) and doubling the time, twelve days

from point to point would not disgrace the yacht of today.

A hardy lot, and Kipling shows their appreciation of their toughness. Witt, Amal, who in his treatment of Pertinax followed the old exercise in logic that it takes a gentleman to recognise a gentleman, the crew of the Red War boat, they pave the way for the Tudor mariners.

" One of the First and Finest Craftsmen of the Sea " according to Hal o' the Draft, was Sebastian Cabot, son of John, with the itch like Rikki-Tikki, to run along and find out, which is the hall-mark of the true explorer. We are told that " he had a nose to cleave thro' unknown seas." The time of this story would be set between Cabot Senior's discovery of Newfoundland, and Sebastian's own voyages for Henry VIII, on one of which they encountered a whale in Belle Isle Strait, " On Saint James his day, at a south-west sunne, there was an enormous whale aboard of us, so neare to our side that we might have thrust a sworde in himm which we durst not doe, for feare he should have overthrown our shippe. And then I called my company together, and all of us shouted, and with the crie that we made he departed from us." Resource again!

This was Sebastian in youth, fretting over the delay in obtaining his guns for the King's ships, and

for some time oblivious to the fact that the Sussex founders were " putting one over him "—that the guns were ready, but waiting for a pirate. It's rather a typical touch, the sailor being duped by a landsman, but Sebastian appealed to the Lord of the Manor, who turned the tables on the dishonest gunsmith, and provided not only the cannon ordered, but two extra for good measure. It is a happy story, and Sebastian himself must have been a very joyous figure, as he skipped in the belfry, wearing a horned hide, and flicking its tail with the mischievous glee of a school-boy.

#### *Francis Drake.*

Francis Drake occupies the centre of a triangle, two verses and a story. " Outrageous bold, outrageous cunning " when conveying refugees from the Netherlands to England in an early command, he outwitted a Spanish ship by sheer tactics, and left her dry on the beach while Drake twitched round and ran for Dover on his errand of mercy. " He was an outrageous crop-haired, tutt-mouthed boy roaring up and down the narrer seas, with his beard not yet quilled out. He made a laughing stock of everything all day, and he'd hold our lives in the bight of his arm **all** the besom black night among they Dutch sands, and we'd ha' jumped overboard to behove him, **any** one

time, all of us." Twenty years later, Armada time, he was older, wiser, sadder; but he held to his early loyalties, and remembered his friends and obligations, and his men adored him.

"Frankies' Trade" doesn't that strike a reminiscent note? Kipling used the same theme again later for the "King and the Sea" and the comparison is not unworthy—and "Drake in the Tropics" both deal with his life, the former with his apprenticeship in every type of Marine adversity, the latter with his comforting power over his terrified men, homesick and heartsick, and longing for England.

The central point in Kipling's conception of Drake's character is not his seamanship, valour, or resource, but his leadership of men.

After that we get glimpses only of sailor folk in history. Pharoah, in "Brother Squaretoes," with his internationally-minded relatives on their unlawful occasions, Talleyrand's appreciation of the importance of ships all take their place, **but** the mariners of history man their galleys and frigates and brigan-tines, and sail into the sunset.

Modern sailors crowd the canvas. Time is too limited to mention them all. The Down Easters of "Captains Courageous" are typical of their kind, just such another was Josh Slocum, who sailed round the world in a yawl single-handed.

It seems a pity that modern youth will have the book spoilt by the sentimentalized film. Dan is a more attractive character as a hero than the swaggering Manoel. One wonders why Manoel is the only Portuguese sailor Kipling mentions; he might have given us a story of the magnificent exploits of Henry the Navigator, particularly as Henry was, we can be proud to remember, half English, his mother being the daughter of John of Gaunt. "Captains Courageous" affords a most striking display of Kipling's faculty of assimilating, for the purpose of his craft, a new setting, atmosphere, language, and technique."

There's a most magnificent example of that in "The Devil and the Deep Sea," and the character of her skipper deserves a mention—surely another echo from Poseidon's Law. "Her career"—the ship's—"led her sometimes into the Admiralty court where the sworn statements of her skipper filled her brethren with envy. The mariner cannot tell or act a lie in the face of the sea, or mislead a tempest; but as lawyers have discovered he makes up for chances withheld when he returns to shore, an affidavit in either hand." I like that skipper. He kept his crew and paid them well. He was in perfect accord with his chief engineer, and even after eight months in durance vile, and

wearing one leg only of a pair of trousers, (being the best dressed man he had to interview the governor) he still kept his spirit and resource.

*Naval Discipline and Mutinous Parrots.*

In "Limits and Renewals" there was another man of the same type—you will remember the story of the Naval Mutiny, when Winter Virgil, ex-bosun and the greatest liar unhanged (is it necessary to mention that he was then on land?) was made O.C. Parrots, and had seventy-three parrots belonging to seventy-three naval ratings of two different ships to look after. The account of the application of Naval discipline to mutinous parrots is one of the funniest stories Kipling ever wrote.

Do you remember the story of Jim Trevor, the unqualified pilot, who, in obedience to hereditary instincts, and in defiance of the ruling of his piloting parent, accepted the unlawful commission of piloting a junk over the shifting grave-yard of the James and Mary shoal, and up the reaches of that treacherous mess of muddy water known as the Hooghli? When the junk of more than doubtful character waddled immediately in the wake of an American oil ship piloted by the elder Trevor—quite innocent of course of his offspring's illegal proximity—"Jim felt warm and happy all over,

thinking of the thousand nautical and piloting things that he knew." When they fell more than half a mile behind, however, "he was cold and miserable thinking of the million things he did not know, or was not sure of." Pertinacity prevailed, the junk was piloted safely to her moorings, and Jim collected what he knew to be inevitable at a rope's end.

The story of Jim is just another page in that vast book of sailors. And if you don't know just how vast that is, try looking it up yourself, and you'll find the floor piled with books and heaped with discarded ideas, while the resulting mess is a matter of despair for The Person Who Has to Clean Up, and until one's family make personal and pointed remarks about one's anti-social instincts.

Kipling's sailor poetry must necessarily be another story, but two poems demand a mention—McAndrew's hymn, bristling with technicalities, an epic of machinery. McAndrew is a dour Scot who preached a sermon to the hum of his engines. Having renounced the flesh and the Devil, though his soul calvinistically still worries over his past, he centres his existence in the smooth running of his engines, "Law, Order, Duty and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline," that is the key note.

The best of them all is the "Mary Gloster." That gets under

the skin. Certainly it isn't couched in drawing room language, but as Mr. Cornwell pointed out in the *Journal*, the work wasn't done in drawing rooms. Sir Anthony Gloster was a friend of McAndrew's and trusted him. The poem tells of work well done, and the fulfilment of a heart's desire. He reviews his life, orders his probably bewildered son (whom he curses for his effeminacy) to take the ship named for his wife, with his body on board, bury him at sea where he buried her years before, finishing the gesture by scuttling the ship over them both. There's

a glorious tribute to his wife in the account of his success. Her character stands out sharp and clear, the woman who walked step by step with her husband, and yet didn't quite understand.

Again and again the character of the sailor at sea is brought out, Resource, initiative, humour, gentleness, kindness, loyalty, tenacity, simplicity and courage. The sailor on land may be regarded with less awe, and a more kindly smile, but the sailor at sea is lifted by his craft away from that, into the comradeship of those, who, like King George, have been trained by the sea.



### "The Vampire"

MR. A. E. Caddick (No. 692) of Christchurch, New Zealand, wishes to know if any information is available as to when the undermentioned 'pirate' issue of "The Vampire" was published and, if possible, the reason for the inclusion of the other poems from "Departmental Ditties" and "Barrack Room Ballads." The volume is entitled "The Vampire" by Rudyard Kipling." "The Little Masterpieces," measures 6 inches by 3 inches, and is published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York. In its 31 pages it contains the following poems in addition to "The Vampire"— "Pink Dominoes." "The Explan-

ation." "The Gift of the Sea," "Municipal," "A Code of Morals" and "The Lost Department." A portrait of Kipling faces the title page, both these pages being yellow, the rest are white. The titles of the poems are printed in red, as also is the first letter of the initial word of each poem. The cover is a pale gold, with a mauve edge of yellow, and there is a decoration in red, something like a maple leaf, between the title and the words "The Little Masterpieces" at the foot. Will any member who is able to supply this information write to the Hon. Secretary, The Kipling Society, 45, Gower Street, London, W.C.1. ?

## A Note on "Steam Tactics"

The following article is contributed by Mr. A. E. Caddick, of Christchurch, New Zealand.

" EVERY dam ' thing about Jane is remarkable to a pukka Janeite," said Macklin to Humberstall. And every damn thing about Kipling is remarkable to a pukka Kiplingite. This may serve as an excuse for noting how Kipling revised the original version of a story when preparing it for publication in a "collected" volume.

All good Kiplingites will joyously acknowledge their friendship with Emanuel Pycroft and Henry Salt Hinchcliffe, those delightful scamps who almost ousted Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd in one man's affections, and at all events are now equally loved with the Soldiers Three.

As far as can be ascertained it seems that the two naval men first made their appearance in the *Windsor Magazine* of December 1902, in the story "Steam Tactics." Yet apparently this was not the first tale R. K. wrote about them. The original story in the *Windsor* begins with a letter signed "Yours as before, Rudyard Kipling." This letter, omitted in the story as published in "Traffics and Discoveries," is addressed to "P. O. Emanuel Pycroft, Cape Station : H.M.S. *Postulant*," and contains

some interesting information about the three early stories that concern both men—*The Bonds of Discipline: Their Lawful Occasions*: and *Steam Tactics*. The letter leaves one with a feeling of disappointment and regret at the stories we should have had but, alas, did not get. Says Kipling, "I always thought, as you said three years ago, that it would be a sin and a shame not to make a story out of some of the things that have happened between you and Hinchcliffe and me, every time we meet. Now I have written out some of the tales. Of course, I ought to have stuck to what I knew would go down quietly: but one thing leading to another, I put it all in, and it made six Number One tales. I put in about the reply telegram at Wool—when you and Cordery tried to help the dumb girl with the pig: I put in about the Plymouth baby—the night after the "Belligerent" was paid off: and I put in about the Portland Station and the Captain, and the penny piece which we saw. Nevertheless, when it was all done, a man that I can trust in the literary line said that, to go down at all, these three last numbers would have to be translated into French: and he recom-

mended me to hand them over to a Captain in the French Navy, called Loti. I did not care to accede to this, so I took them out and laid them by till happier times, and now people will never know what they have lost. However, enough residuum remains to amuse, if not to instruct: and I can always put the rest into a fine large book."

*Some Number One Tales Lost.*

Apparently, according to this letter to Pycroft, we lost some real "Number One" tales; and what a loss that "fine large book" is, judging by those we have. In order of time the three early stories are, *The Bonds of Discipline*, *Their Lawful Occasions* and *Steam Tactics*—which is their order in *Traffics and Discoveries*. In order of publication they are *Steam Tactics* (Windsor—December 1902): *The Bonds of Discipline* (Windsor—August 1903): *Their Lawful Occasions* (Windsor—December 1903 and January 1904). It is obvious that in the first named yarn R. K. meets Pycroft for the first time. "A square man, with remarkable eyes entered at the head of six bluejackets."

Kipling asks his name—"Will you please give the boat's crew a drink now, and another in half-an hour's time if—if Mr.—"

"Pycroft," said the square man. "Emanuel Pycroft, second class petty officer."

—Mr. Pycroft doesn't object?"

In *Their Lawful Occasions* it is obvious that they have met before; while in *Steam Tactics* they have become friends, with the knack of meeting "in puris naturalibus."

In the P.S. to the letter in the original version Kipling says, "Since writing the above, there has been a hitch in the Antonio tale and the proceedings of 267: it being freely alleged that Antonio won't go down, because it is a bit too thick (this shows how much people know); and that 267 would be subversive to discipline, as well as likely to annoy admirals. Consequently I have to begin at the wrong end with the motor trips—which is about the same as securing arms at the beginning of G.Q's, if I am right in my technical inferences. Both you and Hinchcliffe will thus suffer from being presented to the public manoeuvring upon the land, which is not your natural element, instead of upon the sea, which is."

In a general way Kipling has toned down the solecisms of Pycroft and Hinchcliffe. He has restored many missing aspirates; corrected or changed occasional verbs; omitted, inserted or altered certain words or phrases; and checked a tendency to repetition. It should be noted, too, that Leggat, Kipling's "engineer," is "Filsey" in the original tale.

Here are some restored aspira-

ates : 'ardly becomes hardly ; 'ot—hot; 'im—him; 'ow—how; 'ave—have; be'old—behold. The list could be made a fairly lengthy one.

When Agg "lashed his horse and passed out of sight still rumb-ling," Pyecroft remarked, "The fleet's sailed leavin' us on the beach *as before*." The last two words do not appear in the "Windsor" version.

While Leggat (once Filsey) was showing Hinchcliffe (then minus the "e") the gadgets of the car Pyecroft drove "an elbow back into the deep verdure of the hedge foot" not into "the mallow and scabious of the hedge-foot," as in the first version.

#### *Grammatical Changes.*

Minor grammatical changes are fairly frequent: "I'll teach you" instead of "I'll learn you"; "I'm not"—"I aren't"; "remarkably hectic"—"remarkable hectic."

"Blighted" and "blighter" occur too often and are changed or omitted. Thus "blighted shaving glass (little shaving glass); blighted photograph (cabinet photograph) navigate by your blighted self (by your automatic self); it's blighted sorcery (it's sorcery); the blighter (our Robert); the blighted bulgine (running bulgine); blighted sleeve (dainty sleeve).

Kysh's car was originally a twelve horse Octopod: it became a twenty-four horse one; and the last of the

hill up which he drove her, and down which he let her run back a few feet to show Hinchcliffe "what sort of a brake" he used, rises "one in eight" and not "one in eleven" as it does in the "Windsor," Kysh when driving "flings a careless knee over the low raking tiller that the ordinary expert puts under his "armpit" (not "his *oxter*.")

When Hinchcliffe has some difficulty in manoeuvring Kipling's car to where Pyecroft and R. K. are waiting, Pyecroft observes "That the mountain will go to Ma'ommed" instead of "come" to Ma'ommed."

An interesting change is, "We adjusted ourselves, and, in the language of Marryat's immortal doctor, paved our way towards Lingham" to "in the language of the immortal Navy doctor."

Other minor changes. When they espy a man "semaphorin' like the flagship in a fit," Hinchcliffe exclaims "Amen! shall I stop or shall I cut him down?" His expletive was originally, "Oh! 'Eavens!"

When they heard the policeman's charge, Pyecroft said briefly, "That's Agg." In the second version, it is "That's Agg little *roose*." When they have the policeman in the car later, he "*swore*" something instead of just "he *said* something"; and Kysh, "one of his more recent fines rankling in his brain" said not that it was a

" *Beastly* swindle " but " an *infernal* swindle."

Referring to Hinchcliffe's trouble with the car's peculiarities Kipling says " My car never lights twice in the same fashion." This is altered to " My car (now, thank Heaven, no more than an evil memory) never lit twice in the same fashion."

Hinchcliffe, angry at having to obtain water, politely enquires,— " where does our much advertised 24 miles an hour come in?" and adds " Ain't a *fly* more to the point ?" The substituted " *dung cart* " for "*fly*," while less polite, is more in keeping with Hinchcliffe's state of mind. When petrol ran short he originally remarked that " a pair of stilts would be quicker—to my own way of thinking"; but in the "Traffics and Discoveries " version he merely remarks with resignation, " This is worse than the Channel Fleet."

After refilling the tank with petrol and putting oil in (when Hinchcliffe wanted to " discharge our engineer ") they set off again, " but the engines set up a most bitter clamour and, spasmodically kicking, refused to rotate." In the final version Kipling prefers—" the engines set up a lunatic clucking and after two or three kicks, jammed."

" You'll fall in at six bells right enough" is omitted from Pycroft's advice to the bewildered and angry policeman, just before Kysh gives

his great improvisation " on the keys."

As Lottie Venn and Nellie Farren are both mere names to me, I did not appreciate this change, though I remembered ' Dal Benzaguen's desire to have the audience ' coo" over her as they did over Nellie.

Another alteration is the insertion of " *Till one knows the eccentricities of large landowners* " between " **one** is not " and " trained to accept kangaroos, zebras or beavers as part of its landscape." In the last paragraph but one he identifies the landowner by altering " the keeper " to " Sir William Gardner's keeper."

In that magnificent paragraph, beginning " I had seen Kysh drive before," there are several changes worth noting. " She turned her bows to the westering *light* (instead of " westering *sun* "); " she whooped into *veiled hollows* " (*still hollows*); " forgotten hamlets whose *single* street gave back reduplicated, the clatter of her exhaust (whose *one* street etc); "the infant school, where *it* disemboved *yelping* on cross-roads " (the infant school where *that* disemboved on cross roads).

#### *Two Changes.*

There are two changes which deserve special mention.

" Ain't that Eastbourne yonder?" said our guest reviving. " I've an aunt there could identify me." Thus the *Windsor* version. The

addition of a few words making this read, "I've an aunt there—*she's cook to a J.P.*—could identify me," begins to place Robert with Mrs. Nickleby and Miss Bates.

Another addition immediately follows this, "Ere he (Pycroft) had ceased to praise family love and domestic service " becomes—" Ere he had ceased to praise family love, *our unpaid judiciary*, and domestic

service." I seem to see the faint outline of Sir Thomas Ingell, Bart, M.P., rising slowly behind the words.

There are other differences—which may be found by the interested—but enough has been said to help us note how careful Kipling was with his published prose and how right he invariably is.

## The Beginnings

"It was not part of their blood,

It came to them very late"—THE BEGINNINGS.

WHAT, we may ask, in this grave hour, would have been the view of Kipling, who in the words of our Society's "aims," was "in our time most patriotic, virile and imaginative in upholding the ideals of the English speaking world? We British are slow to hate and the basis of our outlook is revealed by Kipling in those lines entitled "*The Beginnings*" which, as members will recall, are to be found in the little volume called "*A Diversity of Creatures*"—which contains a collection of the Master's short studies. The lines run :—

### THE BEGINNINGS

It was not part of their blood,  
It came to them very late  
With long arrears to make good,  
When the English began to hate.  
They were not easily moved,  
They were icy-willing to wait

Till every count should be proved,  
Ere the English began to hate.

Their voices were even and low,  
Their eyes were level and straight,  
There were neither sign nor show,  
When the English began to hate.

It was not preached to the crowd,  
It was not taught by the State.  
No man spoke it aloud,  
When the English began to hate.

It was not suddenly bred,  
It will not swiftly abate,  
Through the chill years ahead,  
When Time shall count from the date

That the English began to hate.

\* \* \*

The spirit of "*The Beginnings*" to us represents something of a religion. Our hate is directed against aggression, persecution, injustice, and the rule of brute force.

## Letter Bag

*Letters for publication should be addressed to the Hon. Editor, The Kipling Journal 45, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.*

### *Kipling as a Parodist.*

The paper on "Kipling as a Parodist." was splendidly read by Rev. A. E. Macdonald. Our members enjoyed it immensely. A discussion followed, and the general opinion was that to count Kipling as a parodist was rather a lowering of his genius, and we preferred to think that Homer was just nodding for a space, and not expected to be taken seriously. Dr. Mackeddie, one of our best speakers, was most emphatic on this point and Mr. Macdonald was in accord with him to a great extent. Our younger members, however, quite shamelessly rejoiced in the cleverness of the parodies and wished there were more.

At meetings, when the subject for the evening is disposed of, we invite members to read any unusual verse or newspaper article they may have come across in their reading during the month. This is always very popular and we have discovered some good readers in this way. So, as we were dealing with Kipling in a lighter vein I produced a quite naughty verse he had written in the Visitors' Book at Cecil Rhodes' house in Cape Town. In this he said what he really did think of the Yankees in most unvarnished words and quite shocking to the serious

students of his verse! Anyway it rounded off our night of Kipling frivolling quite well.

The Geelong Reading Circle has borrowed the Paper as our members from that town (which is 45 miles from Melbourne) were unable to hear the reading personally.

I understand you welcome papers from overseas so am sending a very good one given on our night with "Kipling and some Sailors," perhaps some of it may be of use for the Journal. It was written by a daughter of a Swedish sea-captain, so she knew her subject well.

GRACE BROUGHTON.

Hon. Secretary,

The Kipling Society,

Melbourne Branch, Australia

*[The paper entitled "Kipling and Some Sailors" referred to by our correspondent appears on page 24—Ed.]*

### *Kipling Questions.*

Here are some questions which I cannot answer. Can any of your readers explain?

1. Who was Judic?
2. Will some kind ex-Service man (army or navy; translate into ordinary swearing the phrase "you manurial gardener"?)
3. In the letter to Pyecroft what are "G.Q's."

A. E. C.

## Secretary's Corner

*Any services which the Society can perform for country and overseas members are gladly offered.*

### *Members' Correspondence*

I MUST apologise to those members who were kept waiting for receipts for their subscriptions early in September. The War caught me at Royan in the South of France where I had just started my holiday and by the time I managed to get home, I found the office staff departed on war work and myself with a lot of arrears to make up single-handed. Everything however is now up to date and communications from members will not, I hope, be subject to any more delay.

### *"Business as Usual"*

The Society is going to carry on as we feel sure that such is the desire of our members. Our activities may, however, have to be curtailed somewhat but at the time of writing these notes it is difficult to see what life is going to be like in London, and to what extent meetings and so forth will be able to go on. My chief concern when I returned was to see that our *Journal* should continue. Mr. Bazley, our Honorary Editor, has had to evacuate himself and his school to the country where he will be too busy to continue serving us with his excellent fare during

the War. I have, however, been fortunate enough to secure the services of an old friend, who is associated with the direction of several important publications and has had much experience.

### *A Personal Note*

At the crisis of last year, I registered for any work where my services might be of use at the Ministry of Labour; and with half a dozen other public departments as well. My efforts to get on to the Reserve of Officers were turned down on account—as they put it—"of my advanced age." As I am not yet 55, I do feel that it is a bit early for me to put on a skull cap and crawl into a bath-chair. However if the Ministry of Labour or any other Ministry should eventually call upon my decrepit services, I have already made all arrangements for having the routine work and correspondence of the Society carried on in my absence. I hope to keep closely in touch, whatever I may be doing.

### *Subscriptions*

It would be a great help to my temporary successor if members would kindly pay their subscrip-

tions as punctually as possible. The "following up" of unpaid subscriptions entails quite a bit of work and is somewhat puzzling at first for a new-comer, and I hope members will co-operate with us in keeping the home fires burning by throwing as little extra work as possible on the office.

*Cape Town Branch*

We are lucky to have the help of Miss Mabel Chamberlain as the new Honorary Secretary of the Cape Town Branch. We feel sure that her selection is a good omen !

*Wholesale Buying*

We have discontinued our arrangements for wholesale buying and for cheap theatre tickets as

the demand did not justify the expense. Any other services we can perform for country and overseas members are still gladly offered. In the meanwhile may I remind members that orders are now expected for our 1939 Christmas cards and we hope that in this, the first year of the Nazi War, the sales of our Christmas cards may exceed the record of last year.

N.B.—Our programme of meetings is cancelled, but if members' meetings should be possible later on members will be notified individually.

C. H. R.

Will Mr. D. C. Edmondson, (1535) please send me his new address ?

## THE KIPLING SOCIETY

### CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR 1939

*The Christmas card for 1939 is a particularly suitable one for the first year of the Nazi War. We now have stocks ready for despatch, but when they are exhausted, it will be very difficult to obtain further supplies this year. Members are therefore specially asked to place their orders as soon as possible. The cards cost four pence each, plus ½d. postage for every three cards.*

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*Badge prices are given on page one of this issue of the Kipling Journal.*

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