



*The*  
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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES - - - - -	1
THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—A REVIEW OF THE FILM, BY LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.	6
RUDYARD KIPLING AND THE BRITISH ARMY II—MAJOR R.H.HUGHESDON	8
KIPLING ORIGINS - - - - -	10
UNCOLLECTED KIPLING WRITINGS V—CAPTAIN E. W. MARTINDELL	11
THE POET OF ALL CLASSES - - - - -	15
KIPLING QUESTIONS - - - - -	16
FORMING NEW BRANCHES - - - - -	17
KIPLINGIANA - - - - -	19
LETTER BAG - - - - -	21

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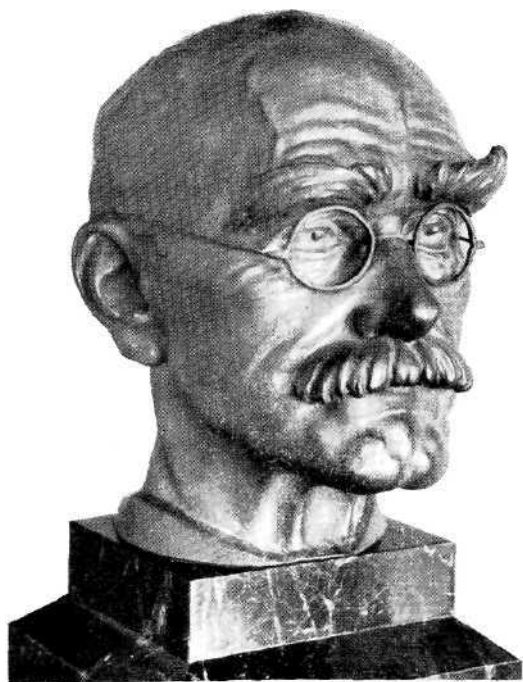
## OUR FRONTISPIECE

BRONZE BUST OF RUDYARD KIPLING  
BY GINETTE BINGGUELY-LEJEUNE

Original bronze : a gift to the Nation by the Kipling Society, and accepted by The National Portrait Gallery.

A bronze replica of the bust has been kindly presented to the Kipling Society by Earl Bathurst to replace the original given to the Nation. It now adorns the Council room of the Society in Gower Street, London. Another replica was presented to the Rudyard Kipling Memorial School, Imperial Service College, Windsor, by H.R.H. Princess Alice and The Earl of Athlone.

This bust was exhibited at the Paris Salon for 3 years in succession 1937, 1938 and 1939. It is being exhibited at the Kelvin Grove Art Gallery, Glasgow, by special invitation of The Royal Fine Art Institute, from the 10th October to the end of January 1940.



RUDYARD KIPLING

Bronze Bust by Mme. Bingguely-Lejeune.

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## Notes

### *KIPLING ON VICTORY.*

LESSONS and parallels between the last and the present European wars continue to figure with excellent effect in the columns of letters in our leading dailies, but few ever reach the force or eloquence of Rudyard Kipling's utterances by pen or tongue a quarter of a century ago. For instance, we have turned up an urgent appeal he made at a public meeting in the Brighton Dome in the autumn of 1914, for the purpose of raising recruits for Kitchener's Army. The audience included men of every party and social grade, for as Mr. (now Viscount) Samuel said, Liberal ex-ministers like himself were proud to stand side by side with old opponents for a sterling cause like ours. Kipling had a rousing reception, and moved his hearers deeply by his axioms of national foresight, prudence, courage, and hard sense.

The Germans, he said, had broken every solemn treaty, but kept their word in regard to rigorous threats. If we failed, England would cease to exist, and there would be one fate for all. In the cause of freedom there could be no middle course. Failure would mean the lights of freedom going out over the whole world,

and the very tradition of liberty passing out of remembrance. "But if we do our duty," was his final outcry, "we shall not fail," and the great meeting endorsed the prophecy with an echo that is alive and effectual to-day.

### *"MYLORD THE ELEPHANT."*

Our April note on the "mud-walled stables" that Kipling mentions in *My Lord the Elephant* has brought an interesting commentary from a well-known authority at Lahore. Mr. C. Grey, speaking from a military experience of India dating back to the early 'eighties,' describes many sets of elephant stables from his personal recollection at Bareilly, Cawnpore, Lucknow<sup>7</sup> and elsewhere. At Barrackpore he recalls commissariat elephants being borrowed for moving big guns for range practice, and elephant-drawn guns on the march along the Grand Trunk Road as late as 1894. But mud, he declares, proves insufficient of itself to withstand the test of India's sun and rains, certainly on a structural scale for housing elephants. It was simply used for the low walls surrounding the commissariat enclosures for animal transport. Mr. Grey believes that what Kipling must have had in mind was mud-walled-in-

stables. Lahore, the scene of the story in question, still possesses brick arch stables open at the end, and from Mishalpur station one could often see the "hathis" standing within. On very warm days they were kept under shelter, but at other times they were tethered outside, and occupied themselves with ceaselessly swaying sideways. Mechanical traction has, however, superseded older methods more or less, and in many quarters these old stables have been converted to storage and garage uses, so that their former occupants know them no more.

#### INTERESTING SLIPS.

It is almost a tribute to Kipling's greatness, in a way, and certainly to his appeal as a writer of permanence, that even ardent admirers relax sometimes to the degree of noting interesting slips and points for correction. Some of these have appeared in our pages, and the fewness of such occasions in so vast a range of writing is almost a testimony in itself. Probably the least read of his longer stories is *The Naulahka*, and no wonder, considering it was framed in the nature of an experiment, and worked out as a collaboration. The book still remains one of his best attempts to harness East and West in one yoke of human interest, and it was indicative of the author's fondness for all sorts of byways that in the course of the story, either he or his collaborator, the late Wolcott Balestier, lapsed into a couple of slips. In the first chapter (Heinemann's Copyright Pocket edition, 1892) Nick Tarvin talks to Kate Sheriff of the "N.P. and Y." railroad instead

of the N.Y. and P. (New York and Pennsylvania); while in the fourteenth chapter, the narrative mentions "a little house near Surbiton, close to the Crystal Palace," where the meaning was obviously not Surbiton but Sydenham.

#### A FINE GESTURE.

In July, the President of the Kipling Society received a letter from the United States containing a most generous offer of accommodation for the boys of his old school. The letter came from one of our members, Mr. Paul Vernon, of Copake, Columbia County, New York State, who wrote:—"In talking of what we could do for our English relatives, my wife proposed the loaning of our country place to your old school. We would be glad to let you have this property for a school free for the duration of the war and to do this for the country of our ancestors."

The property is of large extent—357 acres including a scenic lake covering 200 acres, mountains, woodland and cultivated fields. Its Elizabethan mansion overlooks the lake and many miles of glorious countryside. Major-General Dunsterville at once got into touch with the Headmaster of the Imperial Service College, who has replied to Mr. Vernon.

Although we do not know yet whether it will be possible to give effect to this scheme, members of the Kipling Society everywhere will, we know, appreciate to the full the spirit in which the offer was made. It is indeed a fine and inspiring gesture.

#### GOOD HUNTING !

"*Good Hunting, Kipling Society*" were the words of a telegram

recently sent by our Council to a distinguished member, Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Wavell, Commander in Chief of the British Forces in the Middle East. In reply, General Wavell wrote :—

" I am very grateful to the Kipling Society for their telegram of ' Good Hunting.' I drafted the following reply :— ' Many thanks. Will do our best against Shere Khan and Tabagui ! ' But I am told that the lines are most congested at present, also that the censorship is likely to require detailed explanations about the identity of Shere Khan and Tabagui ! So as there is an air mail off tomorrow, which I hope will reach home safely, I am sending my reply this way instead. Many thanks and please excuse this hasty scrawl. Yours very sincerely, A. P. WAVELL."

### KIPLING AND THE RED CROSS.

Amongst the many recent war gifts received at the Red Cross Headquarters at 149, Park Lane, London, was a package containing 35 different gold articles,—a record for one parcel. " Excitement was further increased " writes a representative of the *Daily Telegraph*, " when the last thing to be unpacked—a gold cigarette case—was found to contain Rudyard Kipling's signature. Then the Red Cross workers realised that the donor, Mrs. George Bambridge, was Kipling's daughter. A small gold knife and some sleeve-links in the parcel had also belonged to him. Later another donor walked in with a collection of gold articles. There were 34 of them—one less than Mrs. Bambridge's. When he was

told that he had just missed equalling the record, he pulled out two sovereigns and three half sovereigns from his pocket and threw them in." Our members will be interested to know that the copy of *Why Snow Falls at Vernet*, by R. K., presented to the Red Cross by Captain E. W. Martindell, realised sixteen guineas at Christie's.

### BATEMAN'S NEW TENANT.

Bateman's, Burwash, Kipling's 300-year-old manor house in East Sussex, which Mrs. Kipling bequeathed to the National Trust, is later to be occupied by Mr. C. W. Parish, of 35, Eaton Square, S.W.1. who has taken a long lease of the property. Mrs. Kipling, in making this bequest, had expressed the wish that a tenant with literary or scholarly interests might be forthcoming and that he be approved by Lord Baldwin. In the press announcements relating to this gift of Kipling's home to the nation, the fact was emphasized that the rent would not be high, and indeed might be described as nominal; but the tenant is expected to keep the house and garden in order.

These easily cover from 1½ to 2 acres, the house having three storeys and containing approximately 20 rooms, of which about a dozen are bedrooms. Other conditions are that Kipling's own study on the first floor must be kept exactly as it is, and not used by the tenant. All other rooms on the same and the ground floors can be used, but certain ones must also be on show to the public, who must be allowed access to these rooms every Saturday and Sunday afternoon. About 200 acres used for mixed farming,

with farm buildings and cottages are also part of the estate, but need not be let with the house.

### ARRANGEMENTS FOR VISITORS.

Mr. Parish tells us that he and Mrs. Parish have decided not to move in and live at Bateman's until the present situation changes, and in the meantime, a responsible guardian has been installed to keep the house in order and to show visitors over. Mr. Parish employs R. K.'s head gardener and under gardeners so that the garden is still maintained exactly as in Kipling's time. During Mr. Parish's absence, the study, certain rooms and the gardens, will be open daily to visitors from 2 p.m. until sunset. He adds, "When the good day comes that we can enter Bateman's and make it our home, I shall be glad to have the privilege of welcoming your members from time to time at Bateman's. We could probably arrange a fixed date every summer for a reunion in the form of a garden party."

### "NO STIFLED MISERIES"

The Report for 1939-40 of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, contains the following reference to Bateman's under the heading "Home Counties" :— "Perhaps the most noteworthy acquisitions of the year have been in this area. The bequest of Rudyard Kipling's home at Bateman's with most of its contents and some 300 acres of land and endowment makes a splendid memorial to a great writer . . . . Mr.

Kipling has described the finding of the house, "down an enlarged rabbit-hole of a lane." "We went through every room and found no shadow of ancient regrets, stifled miseries, nor any menace, though the 'new' end of her was 300 years old." Since then the estate has acquired many new associations. Its surroundings are reflected in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and other books, and the house will always bear the imprint of the Kiplings in the garden laid out by Mrs. Kipling as well as in the furnishings, books and pictures. Through the kindness of their daughter all the books in the study will remain just as they were. Visitors will also be able to see many of the casts made by Mr. Kipling's father for his illustrations to *Kim* and other books."

### COUNCIL CHAIRMEN.

We congratulate Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, the Founder of the Kipling Society, upon his election by the Council as Chairman for the year 1940/41, in succession to Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn. Mr. Brooking's enthusiasm for our cause is well-known to members, and we understand that during his term of office he hopes to devote special attention to increasing our membership. We thank Sir George MacMunn for the constant co-operation and help he is ever ready to give in our work. His literary contributions to this Journal are especially appreciated by a wide circle of readers. With such supporters, the Society cannot fail, in spite of wartime difficulties, to advance from strength to strength.



### THE B.B.C. KIPLING RECITAL

On June 3rd doubtless many of our readers tuned in specially to listen to the broadcast entitled "Our children shall understand," when a dozen of Kipling's most appropriate poems were read by three sympathetic artistes. The B.B.C. consulted the Hon. Secretary of the Kipling Society regarding the selection, which resulted in the following items:—*The Storm Cone. For all we have and are. The Houses. Together. Mine Sweepers. The Lowestoft Boat. The Verdicts. The Question. The Son. Hymn Before Action. A Charm. The Recall.*

### OBITUARY.

We regret to record the death, at the age of 83, of Sir Walter Roper Lawrence, Bt., a close friend of Rudyard Kipling and a Vice-President of the Kipling Society. It was Rudyard Kipling who urged Sir Walter to write his reminiscences of India as he knew it. The sequel was the book *The India We Served.*

### "KIPLINGIANA."

We believe readers will welcome "Kiplingiana" which appears on another page. There is one purpose it will serve above all others: the taking stock of current press comment on Kipling and his works. Those will value it most, perhaps, who have ever had occasion to regret their neglect to make a note of something transient and interesting at the time. The fact is that the deeper and acuter the period in which we live, the more surely our writers and public men have recourse to Kipling's wise and ringing sayings, especially

among the byways of his patriotic verse. It is particularly notable how our broadcasters fall back upon his stirring lines, and no wonder, considering that they are so full of music as well as merit. Lately *The Times*, in dealing with the Premier's noblest radio oration yet, cited in support of America's appreciation that inimitable couplet

"For the one will do what the other commands, although they are chilled to the bone,  
And both together can live through weather that neither could face alone."

Which shows that the spokesmen of the wireless not only turn to Kipling quotations themselves, but awaken them to excellent effect in others. Was it not the Prophet Isaiah who said—"Wisdom shall be the stability of thy times"?

### A NEW SANTA CLAUS.

"To provide for us in our necessities," as Burke said, "is not in the power of Government," and who are we that we should be exempt from limitations of supply in a commodity like paper which restrict this number to a meagre 24 pages? When the great daily broadsheets of the nation and the Empire have to sail under bare poles, then the great Kipling brotherhood ought to rejoice that we are able to appear at all, and cannot fairly repine that our appearance is restricted in bulk as well as—in frequency. For the time being, we regret that 24 pages are the maximum of feasibility, and this excuses the rearrangement of type for economising space. Truly, what a load of restorations and "happy returns" must be accumulating for the Santa Claus of Victory to bear!

## The Light that Failed:

### *A Real Kipling Film Reviewed*

by LIEUT. GENERAL SIR GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

THERE have been several attempts to produce Kipling films in the last few years, most of them miserable travesties of the Kipling theme and message. This may perhaps be due to two causes; first, that the film generally had to be taken from a short story, and short stories by themselves do not contain the material for a long film, thus the script-writer has to invent and supply, and the American script-writer is not usually competent to do this. By this I mean that while making a film that will amuse the Middle West *qua* film of excitement, and perhaps over-doped pathos, he misses what we who love Kipling's work for itself, expect to see. The other reason is that Hollywood methods do not always suit the subject. Could anything have been more atrocious than *Wee Willie Winkie*, with its comic ill-behaved Highland regiment, and its travestied costumes, and Raymond West (or his like) spoiling much good work as a frontier Chieftain by dressing as a South Indian rajah? *Toomai of the Elephants* was a good film but not quite Kipling, though being a British film it did not jar.

When we come, however, to the latest, *The Light That Failed*, it is quite another matter, and this is certainly the best that I have seen. It has, of course, the advantage of being the adaptation of a long story,

and therefore giving the plot and the love interest which do not always emerge from a short story, or at any rate are too fleeting for the satisfying of a three-hour performance.

In the story itself there is a great wealth of colour, and though it pleased the critics, when it first appeared, to say that it was a pure travesty of a story—for you will remember the critics who saw this young man suddenly appear among the best sellers threw all the half bricks they could find—the fact remained that it was a story of singular charm which has grown on many of us as the years have passed. Only those who remember mechanically the old criticisms would speak of it as a poor story.

The film is an American one, but supplying, as the story did, a dramatic opening as well as ending, both full of action, with many vivid pieces in its warp and weft, it did not need the expansion of the scenario artist. It was made in New Mexico, where there was plenty of terrain like the Soudan, and masses of negroes ready to pose as Arabs and to train how to charge on to martinis. The actual site was 30 miles north of Santa Fé, the New Mexican capital on the Rio Grande, (Pacific coast) connected with Hollywood by rail. Mexican National Guard (militiamen) were trained to act as Atkins, and did

it very well, 220 of them, while the 111th Mexican Cavalry and 120th Field Engineers also contributed. It was film-making in the grand manner, for the train from Hollywood that took the main party down consisted of several Pullmans, six cars of equipment, and a car of twenty stunt horses, reinforced at Santa Fé by 102 militia mounts.

Now for the cast. Ronald Colman is Dick Heldar, and it was probably a Dick after Kipling's own heart. Walter Huston was a very effective and accurate Torpenhow, save perhaps dressed a little later than the period, while the Nilghai was just as eccentric and attractive as the original, but perhaps also dressed in old Crimean style, and fifteen years before his period. But if he was a man of seventy, it would be all right. I have seen many such at my father's house, men of the Crimea and Mutiny. Ida Lupino as Bessie Broke, I thought, struck a rather higher level of out-at-elbows and starving adventuress than Kipling's character, who was but a sixpenny drab, and Ida, too was dressed rather better than in the cheap summer dress of the real Bessie. Muriel Angelus as Maisie I think caught the true spirit of "Helen all alone," and was charming enough, as Maisie was meant to be, who could not really be blamed because her old chum Dick was not her 'man.' Some matches only strike on their own particular box ! The young people who do the boy and girl days are good,

and goat Amomma mumbles the rim-fire cartridges exactly right. But oh, lovers of accuracy ! The Martello tower by the sea, is quite a good Martello, only Fort Keeling was not that, but a fort properly so called, with grass-green glacis, and embrasures from which a 64 pr. Rifled-Muzzle-Loader (converted) would have peered.

When I saw the armoured train come into the desert, I laughed, for there among the grey or khaki-clad soldiers, and sailors in white, was a Marine Artillery Officer at the Nordenfelt, with white helmet and gilt ball, and full-dress tunic with gold belts. And then I remembered that after all it was ridiculously right, for I myself embarked for India about the same date in full dress, but with white belts. The Marine Artillery man had not got the white belts of the old time 'marching order,' and therefore wore his gold ones. I take off my hat to this little bit of accuracy.

Yes ! a real Kipling film, produced with judgment and appreciation, with all "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey" so strong in the book, an element to which the film can alone give full presentation.

As I have said, to my mind, it is the first good Kipling film, and I look forward someday to seeing that even better book, *The Naulahka*, also come to us, with all its wealth of drama and colour faithfully done for us. It will need a good producer.



*Readers who wish to propose friends as members of the Kipling Society, may obtain membership forms from the Hon. Secretary, 45, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.*

## Rudyard Kipling and the British Army

The second portion of an Address by Major R. H. Hughesdon, M.C.  
to the Cape Town Branch of the Kipling Society.

IT is easy perhaps to say that Kipling's training made him observant of things that other men would overlook, or perhaps would not worry about, but whatever he saw wrong he exposed, and he had not far to look. He stated that the Army's own carelessness, officialdom and ignorance were responsible for much of the death rate.

"I have seen a 'Horse Battery' he writes, "dead to the wide, come in at midnight in raging rain and be assigned, by some idiot saving himself trouble, the site of an evacuated typhoid hospital. Result . . . thirty cases after a month." "I have seen men drinking raw Modder River a few yards below where the mules were staling; and the organisation and siting of latrines seemed to be considered 'nigger work.'"

It is possible that Kipling was able in some way to make his voice heard, and that the attention paid to such necessary precautions against disease in the training of officers prior to and during the Great War, are again part of his contribution to the Army's welfare. When Bloemfontein fell, Lord Roberts sent Kipling up to join H. A. Gwynne, head correspondent of Reuter, and Perceval Landon, of *The Times*, in the publication of a newspaper for the troops, *The Bloemfontein Friend*. Whilst he was in Bloemfontein he was able to drive out one day, in a Cape cart, to attend the action known as the Battle of Kari Siding. His personal experiences during the action make amusing reading, especially the reference to the Cape driver's objection to waiting at

a farm-house flying five white flags. "But they are white flagged all over" says Kipling. "Yes Saar, that's why" was the driver's answer. It is amusing to remember a fable of propaganda concerning Kipling about this time. Published in an American paper, on information from Geneva, Kipling and some officers are alleged to have entered a farmhouse where two men and three women were found. The women were dragged from under the bed, given a hundred yards' start and shot down as they ran!

There are several good stories by Kipling about the South African War, and I enjoy particularly *A Sahib's War* and *The Comprehension of Private Copper* in *Traffics and Discoveries*, published in 1904.

Prior to the Great War, Kipling was a frequent visitor to Aldershot and attended Summer Manoeuvres in 1913, thus keeping up his connection with the men he loved so well. During 1914-1918 he had plenty to do. One of his first acts, and it must have been a very sad one indeed, was to write some verses on the passing of his old friend, Lord Roberts, and I find them very beautiful. You remember that Lord Roberts had gone across to France in the autumn of 1914, his special mission being to visit the Indian Troops of General Sir James Willcocks' Indian Corps, who had lately arrived there. Unfortunately the grand old soldier caught a chill and passed away at St. Omer, which was then G.H.Q.

I remember the news coming through to the troops and the gloom it cast over us all—we were not having a very cheerful time. Kipling's verses I will read to you :

ROBERTS. 1914.

He passed in the very battle-smoke  
Of the war that he had descried.  
Three hundred mile of cannon spoke  
When the Master-Gunner died.

He passed to the very sound of the guns ;  
But, before his eye grew dim,  
He had seen the faces of the sons  
Whose sires had served with him.

He had touched their sword-hilts and  
greeted each  
With the old sure word of praise;  
And there was virtue in touch and  
speech  
As it had been in old days.

So he dismissed them and took his rest,  
And the steadfast spirit went forth  
Between the adoring East and West  
And the tireless guns of the North

Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved,  
Flawless in faith and fame,  
Whom neither ease nor honours moved  
An hair's-breadth from his aim.

Never again the war-wise face,  
The weighed and urgent word  
That pleaded in the market-place—  
Pleaded and was not heard!

Yet from *his* life a new life springs  
Through all the hosts to come,  
And *Glory* is the least of things  
That followed this man home.

Rather a wonderful epitaph for  
a soldier, don't you think ?

But as regards his old style of Army verses, nothing was published during the Great War years that stands out, although he did write verses about the Royal Navy. Was it because he felt that as he was not with the Troops on service he could not therefore accurately write their story in verse for them ? Or was it that he felt that any further verses at that time would

lower the moral value of the verses of his earlier days ? I feel that it must have been the former reason, for he did not hesitate to make further contributions to the story of the Army in other forms, the most notable of which was *The Irish Guards in the Great War*\*

From 1918 until the year of Kipling's death, peace was over our Empire, and it is well to feel that at the end he was able to rest safe from the menace of War, and that his works are still quoted and recited, losing none of their significance and popularity. There are people who like to regard them as 'jingoism' of the most blatant kind. I always like to investigate this point of view, and usually find that a few questions speedily reduce such an opinion to an admission that there is perhaps something in Kipling's "creed"—shall we call it—that is worth fostering as regards the Army. I regard the "morale" of his creed as of great importance. There is nothing petty or bigoted about it. Morale is half the battle to a soldier, and I am confident that if, on various occasions during the wars of our times, Thomas Atkins had not possessed that undefinable "something" that made him feel that he was of a superior clay, however good he might agree his enemy was, our story during the last half a century might have been written in a very different strain.

It is as well now, just before I close, to remember that *Recessional*, sung so often by troops on Church Parade and on other great and national occasions, is also from Kipling's gifted pen.

\* Notable contributions were " *The New Army in Training*"—1914, and " *The Eyes of Asia*"—1918. As for verse there was " *The Irish Guards*," published in 1918. Ed.

I think we may decide, therefore, that Rudyard Kipling has made his contribution to the spirit of the British Peoples, just as much as any great soldier or sailor has. Some people rather to be pitied like to 'pooh pooh' this spirit as "sentiment" and valueless. That spirit

still lives, and although one sometimes wonders just exactly what degree of irritant is required to waken it, when that limit is reached,—

"There is but one task for all  
One life for each to give.  
What stands if Freedom fall?  
Who dies if England live?"

## Kipling Origins

[The following excerpts, sent by Mrs. William M. Carpenter, of Evanston, Illinois, are taken from her husband's notes for a brochure on "Kipling's American Period."]

IN 1896 Kipling visited the fishing quarters of Boston and Gloucester, Mass., with his intimate friend and family physician, Dr. Conland, of Brattleboro, Vermont, in preparation for the writing of *Captains Courageous*, his first long American story. Dr. Conland was a seafaring man in his early years, and Kipling acknowledges his debt to him in *Something of Myself*.

Harvey Cheyne, the boy hero, starts out as a close copy of the small American boy Albert, who so sorely tried Kipling's patience on the boat between India and China in 1889. In *From Sea to Sea* Kipling says, 'Albert is, I presume, but the ordinary American child,' and in the story a German steamer passenger says of Harvey, 'Ameriga is full of dot kind!' Kipling says of Albert, 'Some day a schoolmaster will get hold of it and try to educate it, and I should dearly like to see at which end he will begin.' When he comes to working out the Harvey Cheyne story, he shows what he thinks the education of the Yankee youth ought to be.

'Penn' is one of the outstanding characters in the tale and he was the direct reproduction of a man whom Kipling met in 'Musquash on the Monongahela,' in *From Sea to Sea*. The town was Beaver, Penna., where Kipling spent several weeks in the summer of 1889, not long after the Johnstown flood, and in it he tells of the horrors of that tragedy.

'I saw one, only one, remnant of that terrible wreck. He had been a minister. House, congregation, wife and children had been swept away from him in one night of horror. He had no employment, but God had been very good to him. He sat in the sun and smiled a little weakly; it was in his poor blurred mind that something had happened—he was not sure what. One could only pray that the light would never return.'

A member of the family Kipling visited at that time told me: "Yes,—R. K. got his knowledge of the character in *Captains Courageous* from a poor, almost demented, man who had drifted to Beaver and applied to my father for help while R. K. was with us. He had lost his family, home and everything in the Johnstown flood."

## Uncollected Kipling Writings. V.

*Fifth of the series of articles contributed by Captain E. W. Martindell.*

IN 1886 Kipling sent to his quondam schoolmaster, Mr. W. C. Crofts, this rabid attack in verse that he had made on Gladstone, entitled "A Rhodian Portrait."

### *A Rhodian Portrait*

When first the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed  
The Queen of beauty in the Cyprian shade,  
The happy master mingled in his piece  
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece.

—*Campbell.*

Art, happily eclectic, blent of old  
All beauty's traits from sources manifold ;  
But party painters, connoisseurs in dirt  
Rather than daintiness, must needs invert  
The Rhodian's pleasant plan. He gathered grace  
From general Greece to deck one perfect face ;  
Not so our new Protogenes ; he blends  
Fargathered tints to serve his party ends ;  
But 'tis of horror, hideousness, and ill,  
Of satyr feature, and Satanic will,  
That he's eclectic.

Generous hearts must bless Protogenes. He's now upon the Press,  
Where, thundering from Olympian heights at morn,  
Or pouring pennyworths of polished scorn  
Nocturnally on the astonished town,  
Whether with shrewish scowl or Jovian frown,  
The roaring Rhodian plies his genial task.  
A portrait ? Nay, the loathliest classic mask,  
Leering, distorted, devilish, is as true

To bright Apollo's traits. He'd lift  
to view  
Our new Protogenes, a picture fair,  
Touched to a point, and finished to  
a hair,  
Of him, the moral monster of our time,  
That soul of sin, that quintessence  
of crime,  
Midlothian's Demogorgon. Truth must  
hush ;  
Hate spreads the palette, phrenzy  
fires the brush.  
Take of Tartuffe the foulest traits,  
then add  
A touch of traitor and a taint of cad ;  
Blend Cleon and Ignatius, deftly  
twist  
The strands of demagogue and casuist  
Into a knot of snaky horror ; seize  
The salient points of Mephistopheles,  
Pecksniff and Titus Oates ; some  
features catch  
From lying Pinto, and from crazy  
Patch ;  
Combine thrasonic swell and craven  
creep,  
Couple proud Caesar with Uriah  
Heep ;  
Let lofty scorn with knavery unite,  
and thus  
Present a Lucifer-Autochthon ;  
Out-paradox Chimæra's self ; and  
strain  
Invention to the verge of the insane ;  
Halt not at incongruity, nor stay  
For incompatibility ; away  
With keeping and consistency ; these  
bind  
The artist conscience, not the Rhodian  
mind ;  
Dauntless daub on, forego no Stygian  
tint ;  
If there be aught that insolence can  
hint,  
Or spite insinuate, forbear it not ;  
A scene all shadow and a page all  
blot  
Will gratify your groundlings. Those  
long ears  
To reason deaf as to the chiming  
spheres,

Enjoy the blatant brayings raised  
 to sate  
 The coarse esuriency of vulgar hate.  
 A portrait ? Faugh ! The vile *pasticcio*  
 lies  
 In every lineament ; hate cannot  
 rise  
 To aught like truth. The trowel-  
 touch may please  
 The meanness of the moment, malice  
 ease  
 Its swollen spleen in inky splutterings,  
 spite  
 In crude pictorial pasquinade delight.  
 As ill-conditioned urchins love to  
 scrawl  
 Their vulgar venom on the public  
 wall,  
 So Rhodian scribes relieve their rabid  
 rage  
 By scurril sketches in the party page.

Daub on ; the hour is yours ; 'twere  
 hard to grudge  
 Ephemeral slander its malignant smudge.  
 And yet how poor a thing your petty  
 task !  
 History, that paints *ad unguem*, will  
 not ask,  
 In finishing her portraits, sternly  
 true,  
 Aid from the gutter-gamin, or from  
 you.

Ye Gods ! if he said that in  
 1886 of W. E. Gladstone, how  
 would he have described Adolf  
 Hitler today in this Year of  
 Grace 1940 ?

Reference has been made earlier  
 to four parodies of Victor Hugo  
 by Kipling. In *The Pioneer Mail*,  
 November, 14th, 1888, there appear-  
 ed a delightful parody of Sterne's  
*Tristram Shandy* with a sly  
 dig or two at W. E. Gladstone and  
 the Government of Bombay.

*Susannah and the Elder*

(With apologies to the Shade of  
 Laurence Sterne).

"Men's insides is made so comical,  
 God help 'em."

—George Eliot.

Aha, *elucescebat* quoth our friend,  
 No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best.  
*The Bishop orders his Tomb.*

Chapter xxvii

The city of B-mb-y, the siege  
 of which was begun by your  
 honour's self, lies in the middle  
 of a devilish strange country.  
 'Tis quite benighted, said Corporal  
 Trim. Then I wish the Faculty  
 would follow my advice, said  
 Yoreayke. But it cannot, said Cor-  
 poral Trim. But it must, said  
 Yoreayke. It never will, said Cor-  
 poral Trim. It shall by G—,  
 said Yoreayke. The Recording  
 Angel vaulted the celestial barriers  
 with a smile of scorn. 'Twas by  
 G1-dst-ne that Yoreayke swore.

Chapter xxviii

Three and a half years with a  
 bib under his chin. Three and a  
 half years travelling from M-bl-  
 shw-r to B-mb-y and again to  
 P-na. A hellish quandary at P-na.  
 Three years and a half at his  
 probations and negations and noth-  
 ing done for his statue upon the  
 market-place. No wonder, then,  
 when they heard he was still  
 disputing about *wisdom* men asked :  
 If the old man be still disputing  
 and inquiring concerning wisdom,  
 what time will he have to make  
 use of it ? 'Twas at Butler that  
 he checked, on his north-west  
 passage to the intellectual world,  
 and Dr. Slop could make neither  
 head nor tail of it—Butler, said  
 my uncle Toby, was with the  
 Danish regiment at the siege of  
 Limerick, and he was a good  
 auxiliary. It is a work that troubles  
 me, said Yoreayke. You should  
 get it done then and say no more  
 about it, said my uncle Toby.  
 'Tis an immoral work, said Yoreayke.  
 The more reason for getting it  
 done, said my uncle Toby, and  
 the less for talking of it. The  
 first part only is immoral, said



Yoreayke. La ! said Susannah, 'tis all wrong from beginning to end, and left the room in a flame. Yoreayke sat down sighing.

He has sat on the pap-bowl, said my mother.

#### Chapter xxix

*Wherefore what manner of Government he hath created let him, and his councillors consider,* said Dr. Slop. . . . said Yoreayke.

Dr. Slop was reading by the book, I assure you.

#### Chapter xxx

Dr. Slop looked upon the floor . . . Butler, as truly as ever Pharaoh raised one to honour, said Dr. Slop. Locke, said my father. That's as you please, said my uncle Toby. Shut the book, said Yoreayke. Dr. Slop held it as wide open as before—that is to say upon the broad of its back. Would you desire to teach Tristram an abomination? said Yoreayke. God Forbid, said my mother, he will learn all too quickly. Then shut the book, said Yoreayke, the first part is immoral.

Whether the word attracted the wench or whether it was that Trim had prevented the action, certain it is that Susannah looked in with a dish-clout.

#### Chapter xxxi

Did I say that Dr. Slop was stubborn—stubborn as the Abbess's mules ? I have done an injustice—at all times abhorrent to my nature. When the Abbess and the novice shared the oath betwixt 'em in the fear of blasphemy the mules went their way. So did not Dr. Slop. But Tristram is as black as my shoe, said Dr. Slop. 'Twas no fault of mine, said my mother on a sudden. Pish ! said my father,

look at the calendar.

And on my reputation there had been an eclipse of the moon.

All this while Yoreayke was sitting in my pap-bowl.

#### Chapter xxxii

I am a Turk if I had not remembered the *Analogy*. Thus—

*The Eclipse*. . . . Tristram (which is myself including my blackness.)

*The Dish-clout* . . . Yoreayke (which has no correlation with the pap-bowl). Now what the devil had the dish-clout to do with Yoreayke ? A dish-clout is no savoury gift for any man, but a man should not come into a nursery and sit upon a pap-bowl.

It is all in that, says Susannah, and surely she should know.

#### Chapter xxxiii

The education of a child, cried Dr. Slop, is a serious matter, and should be conducted by his own father. Nay, said Yoreayke, by the stranger within your gates . . . 'Tis a poor philosophy, said my father, for the burden and the heat of the day were mine—I start for Antwerp in the summer, said Yoreayke. It is the mercy of Providence, said Corporal Trim, who was in the shadow of the door, near Susannah—Trim, said my uncle Toby, wait without. Trim bore Susannah with him lest he should be lonely on the road to the kitchen.

In the meantime, said Yoreayke, the book must be shut.

Dr. Slop opened it very wide and drew a blue line round the margins—

#### Chapter xxxiv

A distinguished personage has condemned it, said Yoreayke, and

fell a-musing upon the pap-bowl. That may well be, said my uncle Toby, does your honour know the gentleman's name ? He commands my immediate confidence, said Yoreayke. The pap-bowl lay upon the floor—Prignitz, Scroderus, Andrea Paraeus, Erasmus, Hafen Slawkenbergius, Gregorius, Didius? said my father—But my father's questions—I shall never get half of them through this year. Dr. Slop snapped his fingers scholastically—ecclesiastically—pragmatically—judgmatically, according to all the nostrums of the Faculty, and surely that was a better way of reply. 'Tis a monstrous clever gentleman, my dear, said my mother softly, and as concerns your morals—'twas to my father she spoke. Madam, said my father, at forty-nine a man has no morals. He gets out of his body to think.

#### Chapter xxxv

Yoreayke walked down to the hedge, his arms akimbo, having broken my pap-bowl.

Was there ever such a mess ? said my mother.

The wind blew Yoreayke's coat-tails abroad diffusely. Surely the breeze hath a right to blow where it listeth for all coat-tails in the world.

Courage, gentle reader, I have praetermitted, passed over and cast into the outer darkness of the kennel my chapters on coat-

tails lined with blue satin and the Dignity of Man.

Seventeen chapters Master Printer—but it escaped me that I should pay for thy villainous type trans-mogrifications.

#### Chapter xxxvi

The good man has not put away his handkerchief, said my mother. Tchk ! Tchk ! Tchk ! said Susannah—a crowing huskiness in her throat. Corporal Trim stood to attention.

Why ! 'Tis a dish-clout that has been pinned to him ! said my father, he has never been into the kitchen.

Now how should my father have connected the kitchen with the dish-clout or that with the coat-tails ? God knows, my mother was the meekest woman that ever . . . . but in a matter of patty-pans nature will oat. And, above all, patty-pans are a woman's peculiar province.

An't please your honour, said Corporal Trim, he passed through the kitchen upon going out. To the wars ? said my uncle Toby. To his work ? said my father. To his craft ? said Dr. Slop. To the devil ! said Trim.

'Twas to make Master Tristram new pap, said Susannah. Susannah said my father, thou art an honest wench. Was it a clean dish-clout ?

No, said Susannah, 'twas—  
—E.W.M.

### To New Readers

THE Kipling Society exists to honour and extend the influence of Rudyard Kipling in upholding the ideals of the English Speaking 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. The ordinary membership Subscription is 10/6 per annum. Readers to whom these lines bring news of the activities of our Society for the first time, are especially invited to correspond with us at 45, Gower Street, London, W.C.1. (Telephone : Museum 1406).

## The Poet of all Classes

A Kipling Reading at the Poetry Society's Headquarters.

AT a recent meeting of the Poetry Society in London, a number of Rudyard Kipling's poems were read by Mr. Guy Pertwee and others. "In particular" writes a Kipling Society member who was present, "the *Hymn Before Action*, as given by Mr. Guy Pertwee, was magnificent." As Mr. Roland Pertwee, the playwright, having a "parashot" engagement in the country, was unable to attend to take the Chair, his brother, Mr. Guy Pertwee, read the speech which he was to have made, as follows :

"When I was a little boy I found much pleasure in words and, when walking by myself, would string together florid and bombastic phrases of a challenging kind, and such as I would not dream of using in any real emergency. But it was a practice which attuned my ear to receive and welcome the thunder of the spoken or the written word. Then one day, when a little older, I came across a book of Kipling's verse. It was my first introduction to him and I had barely turned a half dozen pages before a beacon had been lighted inside me which has steadfastly burned throughout the intervening years. The book was *Barrack Room Ballads*. It had been bought as a Christmas gift by my father for his father, a sombre and pious man who, after a bare glance at its contents, returned it with an expression of certainty that my father could never have acquainted himself with the shocking improprieties that therein lay. But it would seem

that this grandparental disapproval was not commonly shared, and after what can only have been a very short period, numerous persons to whom any form of versification, other than rude limericks, was conceived to be a pitiable example of effeminacy in which no healthy-minded person would dream of indulging, found therein vigorous and quotable passages, and, setting aside their poetic prejudices, began to wonder whether the practice of rhyming was as discreditable as a healthy upbringing had instructed them to believe. And from this seed sprang an appreciation for verse and even, at a later date, for poetry, which, until then, had been enjoyed by a very limited number.

It is my opinion that Rudyard Kipling has done more to bring an acceptance and even a love of poetry to the masses than has any other writer. For he was the poet of all classes from Bloomsbury to Bethnal Green, and not alone the poet, but the inspiration of countless inarticulate persons who strove in vain to find expression and give colour to the often colourless occupations in which their daily lot was cast. For Kipling was able to speak with the mouth of a nation, or from the head of a hammer, from the heart of a battleship to the remotest rivet upon its plates. In each and every object common to the human eye, he found and made a song. To the aesthetic taste, many of these songs were vulgar jingles, but your aesthete is not the standard product of a nation ;

and your weary Cockney, up to his knees in mud, in a trench on the Essex front, has just as good a right to enjoy the music of words as the young gentleman with the red beard and the corduroy trousers who groans in a Gooch Street attic.

I have always regarded Rudyard Kipling as something more than a man. I have regarded him as the spirit of an empire—the British Empire—the most inarticulate empire that ever grew to greatness. But he, as the spirit, was completely articulate, and has proved himself the mouthpiece of the diversity

of creatures of which this empire consists. That he should have died just before the greatest ordeal we have ever been called upon to face, is a tragedy for which there can be no solace. His death would seem to me to have been the final disaster in this nation's disarmament. For I believe, and I am confident that many of you here present will agree with me, that in Rudyard Kipling, and out of Rudyard Kipling, was a power to uplift and to defend no less great than a flight of Spitfires and Hurricanes setting forth upon their duties in the wastes of sky."

## *Kipling Questions*

*Readers may test their knowledge of Kipling with these questions.*

*The answers appear on page 18*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1. When did Kipling first visit Japan ?</p> <p>2. In what story does Squire Bucksteed figure ?</p> <p>3. In which poem occurs the line "If I were hanged on the highest hill " ?</p> | <p>4. Who was called " His Serene Transparency," and where ?</p> <p>5. Where does Jane Austen Beecher Stowe de Rouse appear ?</p> <p>6. Mention the other names of the " Haliotis."</p> <p>7. What do you know about " The Spies' March " ?</p> |
|---|---|

## *Selections from the Freer Verse, by Rudyard Kipling*

**H**OW many members of the Kipling Society have seen, or even know of, this little paper-backed booklet, published in 1932 by Doubleday, Doran & Co., of New York, and unpriced ? It is prefaced by the note :—

"These odes are not included in Professor Conington's works." It contains 14 verses on 13 subjects in less than 100 lines, and ends—  
Q. H. Flaccus. Poet.

This treasure has reached a fortunate

member through the kindness of Mrs. George Bambridge, Kipling's only surviving child.

It is further remarkable for the unusual presence of a misprint, *viz*—'t other.

And if anyone can explain what a " wanion " is, the owner will be most grateful.

Perhaps it may be possible, later, to let members read some of the cryptic verses in this little-known work of Rudyard Kipling.

## Forming New Branches

*This note is specially addressed to Kipling Society Members at home and abroad who have the opportunity of forming a new Branch.*

AT no time in the thirteen years' history of our Society has the need for promoting the ideals for which Rudyard Kipling stood been more evident. Our President, Major General Dunsterville—in a recent issue of the *Kipling Journal* wrote :

"What can our Society do in wartime except to act up to its principal aim. . . 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. . . . Each of our members—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 insignificant."

With these words in mind, and with a view to extending the influence and usefulness of the Kipling Society, we believe members at home and abroad will wish to co-operate in forming new Branches.

"I care very much for all the Kipling Society stands for. What can I do to forward its work?" is a recurring note in our correspondence. Apart from the new contacts made by the pioneers of Branch formation, which enable them to increase their own knowledge of Kipling and his works, to enrol members, and to form a new Branch, are helpful practical efforts which many members can make in the interest of our Society.

How then, may the individual member accomplish this task?

In many parts of the world there are members to whom it would be easy to enrol twenty or thirty people from amongst a wide circle of friends—people genuinely interested in Kipling and his works, and willing to take an active part in "upholding the ideals of the English-speaking world." With a nucleus of thirty friends, in the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland, or twenty elsewhere, the formation of a local Branch of the Kipling Society is assured, and every member who is instrumental in bringing this about is adding a valuable link to our chain.

In England there are no Branches within 100 miles of Charing Cross, because the Central Office is organized to deal with the Society's affairs within that radius. A member, therefore, who lives further afield than 100 miles from an existing Branch at home (or 200 miles abroad) is at present attached to Headquarters Branch in London. Any member however may, upon reference to Headquarters, transfer from any one Branch to any other Branch, no matter where he or she may be resident.

Members who are remotely situated from a Branch, will do well to consider the local possibilities of Branch formation. So far, Branches of the Kipling Society have been formed in Canada (Victoria, B C), Australia (Melbourne), New Zealand (Auckland),

and South Africa (Cape Town). This is a good beginning—but it is necessary, if our work is to succeed to the full, that many more should be established throughout the world.

The cultural value of Kipling centres and the need for their rapid extension cannot be over-estimated. New social and literary contacts, papers read and dis-

cussions held upon Kipling's writings, the circulation of useful information—these are but a few of the advantages enjoyed by members of active Branches.

Members who find it possible to take the first step towards establishing a Branch are invited to consult us at Headquarters. We shall be glad to advise.



## "The Last Chantey"

A MEMBER raises the following interesting queries from *The Last Chantey*, which are answered below.

Up spake the soul of a gray  
Gothavn 'speckshioner'—

(He that led the flenching\*  
in the fleets of fair Dundee):  
'Oh, the ice-blink white  
and near,

And the bowhead breaching  
clear!

Will ye whelm them all for wanton-  
ness that wallow in the sea?'

What is a Gothavn 'speckshioner'?  
How do you "flinch" a fleet? Or  
do fleets flinch? What is the bowhead  
breaching?

### THE ANSWERS.

"A Gothavn 'speckshioner'" - Gothavn is the seat of the Northern Greenland Government. The highest official there is an Inspector, who besides fulfilling magisterial duties, regulates the whaling industry. Dundee is the port from which most British whaling vessels sail.

\* "Flenching" (not flinching)—is the cutting up of a whale's blubber.

"Bowhead"—is the Greenland whale. Its home is among floes and on the borders of the ice-fields, and it has never been found south of the limits of winter ice.

\* Our correspondent spells the word "flinching" as it is spelt with an "i" in his copy of the 10th Edition of "The Seven Seas."—Ed.



## Answers to Kipling Questions

THE QUESTIONS APPEAR ON PAGE 16

1. In 1889 on his way Home from India.

2. "Marklake Witches" (Rewards and Fairies).

3. "Mother o' Mine" (dedication to Life's Handicap).

4. Mr. Prout in "The Impressionists" (Stalky & Co.)

5. "The Mare's Nest" (Departmental Ditties).

6. "The Aglaia," "Guiding Light," "Julia McGregor," "Shah-in-Shah," and "Martin Hunt."

7. A poem that appeared originally in *The Literary Pageant*, a Charity Magazine, issued on July 12th, 1911, in aid of the "Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund" for the Middlesex Hospital. It was later collected in "The Years Between" (1919),

## Kiplingiana

Current Press comment on Kipling and his work

### "FOR HIS UNIQUENESS"

... Kipling had all the disadvantage of world fame before he was thirty, and the critical abuse of him for fifteen years preceding his death was not only scandalous but absurd.

Literary critics are almost never right when they are critical with their brains only. Emotion of the heart is also necessary.

But the abuse and denial of Kipling sprung from two things—first from the usual jealousy. The telegram that the Kaiser sent him when he was so ill was nearly his literary death-warrant.

Secondly, he was said to have boosted with shrill voice and threatening gestures a shameful political creed—the creed that the Britons were the salt of the earth and that other peoples were lucky to have the chance of doing them service.

Because we are hearing to-day this gospel of superiority preached by the Germans, it seems to us very disgusting. But, in fact, Kipling never proclaimed any doctrine of that kind. Mr. Shanks's book\* is admirable with regard to this.

Kipling was famous when he was little more than a boy. With a boy's fervour he shouted that there must be order in the camp, even as Mr. Wells has for forty years been crying—only Mr. Wells's camp is mathematical, impersonal and robot-like, while Kipling's was composed of one common soldier singing a coarse ditty while he polished his tunic-buttons.

Then came the Boer War and, as Mr. Shanks shows, Kipling saw that his optimism was already cheated.

### "THINGS OF THE SPIRIT"

Kipling's *Recessional* was a warning rather than a boast, and from that winter of 1899-1900 he moved on into a wider, vaster world in which things of the spirit were of paramount importance.

\* RUDYARD KIPLING: *A study in literature and political ideas.* By Edward Shanks. (Macmillan-7/6.) (Reviewed in *Kipling Journal* No.54.)

His personal misfortune was that the world around him also moved—whether forward or not it isn't for me to say.

This was a world that has lasted from then until now—the world of Joyce's *Ulysses*, of Huxley's novels, of Eliot's poetry—a world in which sentiment of any kind was instantly suspect, a world of defeatism, atheism, irony and scorn.

I am not saying that it is a bad world—it has its courageous and defiant virtues—but it is a world in which no man of enthusiasms, optimism and spiritual creeds can very easily breathe. It has needed this war, I think, to change it.

Certainly Kipling could not easily breathe in it. He was a man very modest about himself, very arrogant about the things in which he believed.

It is already becoming clear, however, that none of this is going to matter in future estimates of his work. He will be read as long as reading lasts for his literary genius—for his power over words, for his miraculous observation, for his drama, for his love of common men, for his uniqueness. Mr. Shanks's book says all this and much more. It will be the best book on Kipling for a long time to come. . . . —*Sir Hugh Walpole in The Daily Sketch.*

### THE EPIC OF DUNKIRK

It is too bad that Rudyard Kipling is dead. He would have been the ideal man to write the Epic of Dunkirk. Exact detail, full-blooded prose, and the swinging realism of Private Mulvaney are what the world wants.

Almost every day I hear new documentary stories of the retreat, and I will continue to hear them. This is the latest—the battalion orders issued by the CO. of a Highland regiment (or rather battalion) ordered to cover the retreat:

"Officers and other ranks in possession of the kilt will parade in this dress and be properly shaven before going into action." And every man

jack of them produced his kilt.

The fact that only 10 per cent. of them lived to tell the story is an added glory.—*Charles Graves in The Daily Mail.*

#### KIPLING AND STALKY

A few weeks ago, writes a correspondent of *John O' London's Weekly*, you published an article on Rudyard Kipling which denounced *Stalky* as brutal. May I remind your contributor of a passage in Kipling's autobiography?

"On their appearance (*i.e.*, the *Stalky* tales) they were regarded as irreverent, not true to life, and rather 'brutal.' This led me to wonder . . . at which end of their carcasses grown men keep their school memories."

Boy was ever brutal, and Kipling has written the truest school yarn ever.

#### R.K.'s INTERNATIONAL VISION

"Kipling loved beauty and success, and the sounds and savours of triumph, more than most men. But, equally more than most men, he was aware of their dangers. He saw increasingly as the century drew to its close, and a new one opened amid all the doubts and hysteria of the Boer War, that his compatriots in the Mother Country, divorced from the actual responsibilities of governing in the ends of the earth, needed urgently reminding of the facts upon which a continuation of that government was based.

His vision became international. He saw civilisation itself at stake if there was any slackening of vigilance and fortitude in the maintenance of law and order, and slackening against the disrupting forces of anarchy and the jungle law—of which none better than he was qualified to speak—of each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."—*Candidus in The Daily Sketch.*

#### KIPLING ON HONOURS

"As for honours, Kipling cared nothing for them. It has been stated that his poem about the Widow of Windsor prohibited him from favour, but this is not true. When Bonar Law was Prime Minister, Kipling

could have had a peerage or any other distinction which the Government had to offer but he scorned them. On the other hand he was a great believer in heredity and tradition . . .

If Mrs. Kipling had never lived, Kipling would have been a greater writer but he would not have had such a happy life."—*Lord Castle-rosse, as reported in The Times of India.*

#### SELECTIONS FROM KIPLING

A writer in the *Madras Mail*, referring to *More Selected Stories*, by Rudyard Kipling, published by Macmillan's Overseas Library, says—"this is an excellent companion volume to *Selected Stories*, and one which every appreciative reader of Kipling will hasten to acquire. In it will be found old favourites gathered together, affording most interesting material for a study of Kipling's amazing versatility. Who save Kipling could have written *M'Andrew's Hymn*, with its deep understanding of chief engineers and their work aboard? Who else could have written so learnedly of all that goes to make a ship as he does in *The Ship that found Herself*? And who else could have given us the whimsical *The Bull that Thought* and brought it so successfully to an unexpected but wholly just conclusion? And where will there be found a better interpreter of the amazing British than Kipling as he reveals himself in *The Puzzler*? That tale of Calcutta, *The Unlicensed Pilot*, exudes local knowledge as completely as the poem *The Feet of the Young Men* reveals an understanding of the adolescent mind. Does *Brugglesmith* reveal an incident in Kipling's own life, whether or no, it was a ripe experience? The reviewer is tempted to dwell on each of the good things found in this collection, but he forbears, the reader must be left the joy of discovery. And without doubt the discerning will hasten to secure this book."

#### R.K.'s CRICKETER FRIEND

The *Sussex Daily News* refers to the death of a neighbour and close friend of Rudyard Kipling—Mr. F. G. J. Ford, who played for England against Australia when England won



the Ashes in 1804-95 under the captaincy of Stoddart. Mr. Ford, who was 73, played for Cambridge University and Middlesex and had many big scores to his credit. He commenced playing at 20. A few years ago he

secured the autographs of 400 County players, in addition to the names of Australians, on the back of a bat which was sold for £40 to help his local Club effect improvements to their ground.

## Letter Bag

*Correspondents are asked to keep letters for publication as short as possible.*

### PROOFS OF HOLY WRIT

I WAS very interested to obtain from the *Winnipeg Free Press* of February 14th, 1940, the account of a Kipling incident that was unknown to me,—how Kipling came to write *Proofs of Holy Writ*, which to my mind is the best story that Kipling penned since 1914 at least.

Mr. Grant Dexter, who gives the account, relates how he spent an hour talking with the late Lord Tweedsmuir at Rideau Hall less than three weeks before his untimely death, and learnt this story from him about Rudyard Kipling. I quote Mr. Dexter's words: "Lord Tweedsmuir for many years belonged to a Fleet Street Club. The club was founded in Dr. Johnson's time. Kipling was a fellow member. The members came to talk—in the true Johnsonian tradition. On one occasion the talk was of the Bible, on the miracle which had made of it the finest prose in the language, the most glorious prose ever written by the hand of man. Surely, Lord Tweedsmuir had suggested, there had been others present at the great revision under James I than those known to history. Was it not possible, was it not certain that Shakespeare and Ben Jonson had left their mark on the Old Testament? Here, indeed, was a topic. Away the members went, sampling each book, savouring the great passages, tuning their ears to catch the cadence of Shakespeare or Jonson. They came, at last, to Jeremiah. And as Kipling left the circle, he nodded to Lord Tweedsmuir, who had first flushed the thought. "That is an idea, Buchan," he said, and went his way. A year after Kipling published a short story in which Shakespeare and Jonson are revising the text of Jeremiah. It was in Lord Tweeds-

muir's opinion the best short story Kipling ever wrote. It appeared in the *Strand Magazine* and has never been republished. He commended it to me as a piece of great imaginative writing."

Mr. Dexter was mistaken in thinking that *Proofs of Holy Writ* had only appeared in the *Strand Magazine*, as it was republished in *The Sussex Edition*, but we must all be indebted to him for revealing to us how John Buchan caused a Kipling story to be written, which has given such unbounded pleasure to all Kiplingites.—E. W. MARTINDELL, Oaklea, Hook, Hants.

### TWO QUESTIONS ANSWERED

(from Major-General L. C. Dunsterville (Stalky) President of the Kipling Society.)

With reference to the note on *Song of an Outsider* (July 1940, *K.J.*, page 31), Colonel Milburn writes "I do not understand what N.H.S. stands for . . . nor do I know who J. Short was . . . perhaps some old U.S.C. boy might be able to explain?"

To answer these questions—

(i) N.H.S. stands for Natural History Society. The reference is to the fact that some of the more adventurous spirits—including the trio of *Stalky & Co.*—joined the Society, not for their love of Natural History but to gain the inestimable privilege of wider "bounds." Bideford would normally be "out of bounds."

(ii) *John Short*. The best known of all the college servants. He was bell-ringer and was responsible for the 'call-bell' referred to.—L. C. DUNSTERVILLE.

[*Lieut. Col. E. F. Eagar of Cheltenham also replied on these lines with regard to the initials N.H.S. He adds "at Cheltenham College we always referred to our N.H.S. by its initials." Ed.]*

## KIPLING'S OBSERVATION

Colonel Milburn's query about "J. Short" is to some extent answered in the story *The Slaves of the Lamp*, part I. The last verse of the pantomime runs:—

"John Short will ring the curtain  
down

And ring the prompter's bell."  
from which I infer that Short was a college factotum.

May I express my gratitude to Captain Martindell for his efforts in giving us the uncollected writings? *At the Distance* is a gem, and another wonderful example of Kipling's observation. My life has been spent among horses, whilst Kipling's was not, and yet he hardly ever "drops a brick." All foxhunters know Swaine & Adeney in Piccadilly who have made our whips for generations. How did Kipling come to notice so small a detail? The only places where I have found him at fault are in the otherwise excellent story *The Maltese Cat*, where the polo does not quite pass muster, and again in *Little Foxes*, where he is a bit at sea over the names of hounds in one case. But even in the latter he shows that he knew how to stop an earth, a science with which one would hardly expect him to be conversant.—F. S. KENNEDY SHAW (COL.), King's Orchard, Teffont Magna, Near Salisbury.

## THE NORTH STAR

I notice in the July *Journal* that General Sir Archibald Wavell raises the question of the North Star as described in *The Man who Was*.

May I point out that I wrote to the *Kipling Journal* in 1938 on this subject? (See page 68 of the July, 1938 number.) I quote from the previous letter—

"He pointed to where the North Star burned over the Khyber Pass. Now the White Hussars were in Peshawar and that place is E. of the Khyber Pass—about 20 miles."

No doubt Kipling made the slip—he was in Lahore or Allahabad at the time in all probability, and the North Star would be approximately in the same direction as the Khyber from him where he then was.—R. E. HARBORD, 32, Stanford Road, London, W.8.

## "PANNEMA CORNER"

In the interesting article entitled "A Kipling Shrine" which appeared in the July 1940 *Journal*, reference is made to the gravestone of Sussex iron in Burwash Parish Church, which bears the inscription "Orate P. Annema Jhone Colins." "Of this," says the writer "only P. Annema can be clearly read. Hence the children's name "Pannema Corner," as described in "The Conversion of St. Wilfred" in *Rewards and Fairies*." It may have escaped notice that in *Rewards and Fairies* Kipling spelt the word "Panama."—LONDON MEMBER  
[It is true that Kipling writes "Panama" but Sir Henry Denny intentionally wrote "Pannema"—the local name of the "Corner"—because the word is derived neither from the Canal nor from 'Rewards and Fairies,' but from the only clearly visible portion of the inscription on the iron tablet to "Jhone Colins." He tells us that if the Burwash children were asked to write an essay on the church, they would naturally spell the name in the form in which they are accustomed to read it—"P Annema." Ed.]

KIPLING'S LOCAL ALLUSIONS  
(from the Rev. Sir Henry Denny, Bt., Rector of Burwash.)

May I take this opportunity of mentioning a further matter, which I now feel I can state with some confidence and which enhances the interest of the "Colins" monument, to which I referred in my article "A Kipling Shrine," in No. 54 of the *Journal*?

About two miles east of Bateman's, just over the border in Brightling parish, is Socknersh, a most beautiful old 16th century half-timbered house. It was the residence of the Collins family, to members of which there are some nice old monuments in Brightling church. I find that there is good reason for believing that the original Bateman's, portions of which are incorporated in the present house, was built by one of them, probably the John Collins of Burwash, whose will is dated March 18th, 1535, just three years before his death, or his son Alexander, of Socknersh, who was aged 40 or more at the time of his father's Inquisition Post Mortem, November 2nd, 34 Henry VIII, 1543 (see *Miscellanea*

*Genealogica*, 5th Series, Vol. II). The Collinsees were for many centuries the principal ironmasters in these parts, and the tablet to "Jhone" (who probably died about 1340) was no doubt cast in their furnace, at Socknersh or at Bateman's.

All who are interested in Bateman's, and in Kipling's local allusions should not fail to read *Around the World with Kipling* (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York) and Donald Maxwell's *A Detective "in Sussex"*. I must confess that I only came across these quite recently, when Mrs. Bambridge (née Elsie Kipling) most kindly gave me Kipling's own copies of them, together with a number of other books of her father's. From the former work (pp. 7-8) I extract the following, which bears upon the building of Bateman's:—

"Later, I saw him (Kipling) in his own home in Sussex . . . . Coming to the house the first time, I looked up at its front, and there, over its low Tudor doorway carved in stone, was the date 1634. 'My! this is an old house,' said I. 'Oh! This is the new part,' said Mr. Kipling. 'The old part is really old; how far back it dates, I don't know.' . . . . The house itself was built by an ironmaster."

The iron fireback in the principal bedroom, obviously of about 1650, depicts an ironmaster with the various implements of his calling. In one corner are the initials "R. L.", probably those of a member of the family of William Langham, who is believed to have built the "new" part of the house.

On one of the stones of the porch, amongst some old graffiti, there are carved, within a lozenge, the initials of the various members of the Kipling family.—H. L. L. DENNY, The Rectory, Burwash, Sussex.

### TISANE

In reply to my two correspondents in the July number of the *Journal*, French friends in the wine trade in France tell me that the word *tisane* is never used in connection with wine. I have only heard of it so used in this country, but that does not make it correct. Lastly, champagne is *not* produced in the Camargue—nor outside the Epernay district.—BASIL M. BAZLEY.

### A CHALLENGING LIST

The list of stories selected by Mr. Ritchie Fallon at a meeting of the Cape Town Branch (referred to in the April 1940 *Journal* (No. 53) is most challenging, and is worthy of further discussion as a matter of Kipling interpretation and appreciation. I venture to deal with the headings with which I disagree, and I hope that I may provoke others to disagree with me! COMEDY. I deny that *The Village that Voted the World was Flat* is comedy at all, tho' it has its comic moments. It is a somewhat grim study of how modern methods of publicity can be used to drive a man out of public life, and contains some pregnant analyses of English crowd psychology. *Horse Marines* is a good yarn, but surely it does not compare for a moment with *Brugglesmith*, *My Sunday at Home*, or even *The Miracle of St. Jubanus*, which is, to me, one of the nicest things he ever wrote.

LOVE STORY. I deny that he ever wrote a real love story. Perhaps *William the Conqueror* comes nearest to one, but it is really far more concerned with famine relief than love.

TALES OF ANIMALS. *Tiger, Tiger* is a Mowgli story and therefore is in a class apart, and should not come under this heading at all. Here we should get only those, and there are so many of them, that deal with animals in their relationships to ordinary people; our choice must lie between *Garm*, *The Woman in his Life*, and *The Maltese Cat*, must it not?

GRUESOMENESS. I confess to having quite forgotten *The Bisara of Pooree*. I am glad to see that the lecturer was set right by his audience here. *The Mark of the Beast* is one of the most gruesome tales written in any language, and I simply cannot understand how anybody could put the other even alongside it. *The Return of Imray* comes next, followed by *The End of the Passage*. FANTASY. This presumably means the supernatural, and, if so, *Gloriana* does not come in here at all. It is a Puck story, and therefore like the Mowgli stories, is in a class

apart. The frame of these stories may, by a stretch, come under "Fantasy," but each story by itself is simply an historical study. *They*, as the audience decided, comes first under this heading, and indeed, I suggest that it comes first absolutely, being the greatest thing that he wrote. Might *The Gardener* come second as a fantasy? I do not see that a dream shared by two people is sufficient to put *The Brushwood Boy* in this class either. It is much more concerned with describing an ideal soldier than anything else.—B. S. BROWNE, (Lt.-Colonel), Bournstream, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

#### WAS R.K. A SOCIALIST?

As my name is mentioned on p.54 of the current *Kipling Journal*, I crave your hospitality to clear the air. Considering that R.K., like all great men, has had every kind of epithet showered on him both by foes and loving friends for fifty years past, I doubt if I am the "first," as Mr. Harbord says, to call Kipling a socialist. But I am grateful to Mr. Harbord for explaining in my absence, that I had not used the term in its party, or political significance, which would, as he says, have been nonsense. Any one interested might refer to the report of what I really said in the *Journal* for July, 1939. I was careful to point out that R.K. took no account whatever of party politics. He had far more vital matters to occupy him. How anyone at all familiar with Kipling's verse could imagine for one moment that he was a socialist of the sort favoured by his nephew, Oliver, passes

my comprehension. He loathed much of such doctrine but he equally despised the Tapirs and Tadpoles of the Whig and Tory variety. I would refer any lingering doubters to two out of many poems. 1. *The Gods of the Copy-book Headings* first published in *The Sunday Pictorial*, Oct. 26, 1919, and in the U.S.A. in the same year; and 2, those bitterly caustic lines *Memories* printed in the *Daily Telegraph* in November, 1930. When will the world realise that R.K. was too great a genius to concern himself with shibboleths?—GERARD E. FOX, 1, Grange Road, Clifton, Bristol.

#### FROM CAPE TOWN

You will be glad to know that our branch of the Society is very much alive. I knew Kipling well, and corresponded with him for 20 years. I feel sure that his ringing tones are helping many in these dark days. He doubtless knows, and is delighted to know, that there is a warship bearing his name.—A. VINE HALL, Claremont, Cape Town, South Africa.

[*The Rev. A. Vine Hall, a Vice President of our Cape Town Branch, is the author of "Poems of a South African," the seventh edition of which was recently published. In the preface of an early edition Rudyard Kipling wrote: ". . . . I who know the boat as she comes from the builders' hands, do not accept the author's more than modest estimate of her worth. Good luck go with her, and may she be the first of a fleet of tall galleys, built of African oak, putting out to the ends of the earth from under the Mountain we both love so well."*—Ed.]

### Please Remember the Kipling Society in Your Will

*The following Form of Bequest should be used*

LEGACIES from Members who wish to support the work of the Kipling Society are accepted by the Council with gratitude. The following Form of Bequest should be used: "I bequeath to the Kipling Society, 45, Gower Street, London, W.C.1., a sum of

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*(The earlier issues of the "Journal" are nearly out of print, but two complete sets are still available).*

*BATEMAN'S, BURWASH.—This historic residence is now open from 2 p.m. till sunset for visitors to inspect certain rooms, at 1/- fee.*

*About 40 people had visited it during the week or so prior to the visit of a member, but none of them was a member of the Society. Burwash is in a "restricted" area, and so is out-of-bounds for most visitors. Mr. Moore, who is in charge, is most helpful and courteous, as well as being an expert in period furniture, which is one of the attractions, after the major one of Kipling's study and "tools" so interestingly described in his own memoirs. It is noteworthy that this study, though lined with over 1000 books, does not contain a single one of R.K.'s own works.*

### Notice to Members!

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#### WE WISH TO REMIND MEMBERS

- (a) That the cold weather is approaching and that we hope that we may count upon an increase in knitting activity on behalf of "H.M.S. Kipling." Donations and books are always welcome.
- (b) That our 1940 Christmas Cards are now ready for delivery and that members would do well to place their orders early this year as a reprint may not be possible.