



The
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OUR TEMPORARY ADDRESS

Until further notice the address of The Kipling Society's Offices will be 2 High Street, Thame, Oxfordshire. (Tel. Thame 85). This change is has been made necessary owing to air raid damage to our London rooms.



"A VERRAY PARFIT NOBEL KNIGHT."

[The Swedish trustees of the NOBEL bequest have this year awarded the International prize for Literature to Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING

This illustration, (with the original caption) reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH, has been lent by Captain E. W. Martindell. It appeared in PUNCH of December 18th, 1907," the year in which Rudyard Kipling was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

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Notes

RUDYARD LEGEND TRUE.

TO demolish an old delusion is always a service rendered, and the public should be duly grateful ; but to restore a legend that has everything to recommend it is to be a benefactor indeed. We publish in the " Letter Bag " a message from Miss Macdonald, Kipling's cousin, setting forth the facts in regard to his first name, Rudyard, and its romantic origin. The story as she so gracefully recounts it—and with unimpeachable authority—has long been a favourite, and justifies the old familiar saying that "if it hadn't come into existence, we should have had to invent it." But it is news, and pleasant news, that it was Kipling's aunt who conceived the name a long way ahead, and never, surely, was a name more truly inspired. If not a Christian name, at least it was the outcome of an atmosphere and occasion with Christian and pleasant associations. One can recall early " discoverers " of his genius who used to exclaim : " By George ! what a name to linger in the memory ! "

And this was profoundly true, for nobody ever forgets it.

INFINITY OF CREATURES.

As if to prove—what really is needless—the perennial interest of the *Jungle Books*, Mr. Harbord has made an interesting category

of the beasts that lurk and have their being in those wonderful chapters. As enumerated on another page, it bids fair to take the breath away of those who may not have realised how rich and full every corner of creation proved to be that Kipling took into his survey and his stride. Mr. Elwell's recent list of the many ships mentioned in the Works showed what a gift he had for inventing names that convince and ring true ; but Mr. Harbord's is a reminder of the scores of interesting species that Kipling, in his humanity, chose to study and befriend.

EVERLASTING VIGILANCE.

If he had ever made a technical slip or landed himself into an inaccuracy in zoology, our office mail-bag would be sure, from some quarter of the world, to draw attention to the fact. **But** with a wholesome thought of the fierce light that beats upon a genius, the wise editor prints only such communications as he thinks may inform and interest the average reader. And under that designation, surely everyone will welcome General Rimington's memories of Kipling's old school in the west country, for they deal, not with classics and bugbears and scholastic feuds, but the very stuff of boyhood and the *joie de vivre*.

THE TRUE WAR PROPHECY.

One of the speakers at the Society's annual conference, spoke of the "prophet of the war," and nobody dreamt of asking whom he meant. At various times the *Journal* has pointed out how year after year Kipling conjured his countrymen to weld the Empire together, to bring the air arm up to the level of the senior forces, to stand by France and the U.S.A., and to distrust whatever cajolery came from Germany and Russia. Curiously enough, there were more forecasts of the last war than the present one, and a famous one was Colonel Repington's novel forecasting Germany's evil choice—an attack through the French line of fortresses, or a treacherous invasion of Belgium. Another was Sir Hiram Maxim's prophecy in 1906 (happily mistaken) that Germany would prevail because we had let her get ahead in the race towards perfecting the aerial torpedo.

GONGING ARMAGEDDON.

Yet none of these piecemeal theories came anywhere near Kipling's firmamental view of what it would involve for us to rally the Dominions and cope with the wolf-pack and all its works and attributes—mass, mechanism, ruthlessness by sea, air, and land, plunder unlimited and inconceivable guile. One almost wonders why some diligent Kipling-lover has not assembled the many scattered passages where with a thousand unflinching touches, he built up an estimate of what Armageddon might or might not be. It must have saddened his latter days to watch it approaching, but he

had done his utmost to awaken the Empire to its danger, and no man could do more.

AN UNCONSCIOUS DEBT.

The crackle of dried peas in a bladder has a familiar sound in the region of the conscious-clever, and flippancies are to be expected when mediocrity breaks loose among the eminent. One of our younger reviewers lately, trying to admonish an elder worthy about his age and period, said his work "should give pleasure to very old gentlemen who find that chap Kipling too much for them." This is talk at an angle and an obtuse angle at that, but it redeems itself by its implications. For it accepts Kipling as a leader of the modern school, to say nothing of his status as an apostle of the classics also. And what modern writers owe him, too many of them are only dimly aware.



We acknowledge with gratitude, Miss Wiggins' gift to the Library of a copy of "Lippincott's Monthly Magazine," January, 1891. Price 1/-. The title page carries the words "A complete novel by Rudyard Kipling,, 'The Light That Failed.'" Publishers: Ward, Lock & Co., Salisbury Square, E.C. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co. The magazine contains as frontispiece a pen and ink drawing of Kipling, by V. Gribayedoff.

Miss Wiggins has also presented to the Library a copy of "The Butterfly" for March, 1889, number One. Published by Grant Richards, 9, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., for the Butterfly Press at 6d., this magazine contains illustrations by Raven Hill, J. W. T. Manuel, Max Beerbohm.

He Being Dead Yet Speaketh

by CAPTAIN E. W. MARTINDELL

THE world, and more particularly the English speaking world, misses the voice of Rudyard Kipling in these strenuous and epoch making times. No one can deny that England has created the greatest Empire that the world has ever seen. The spirit of Britons today gives ample proof of that. Quite recently Mr. Wendell Willkie, the Republican Candidate for the Presidency of the United States, was almost moved to tears when he saw examples of British courage and endurance in this England of ours during his stay in our midst. Examples of the British spirit that Kipling recognised and revered as such and strove to depict in prose and verse. He knew and felt that each Englishman and English woman was part of England and that England was no common earth. Was it not Kipling who revealed the virtues of the Empire to the masses? Did he not ask "What do they know of England, who only England know?" in order to make them Empire conscious? What an epic would he not have made of such incidents as Dunkirk, the *Rawalpindi*, the *Jervis Bay*, and Crete!

When we wish to describe the so-called dictators in this war, is it not to Kipling that we turn and allude to Hitler as the sinister, bloodthirsty man-eating tiger, *Shere Khan*, and to Mussolini as the despicable cringing jackal *Tabaqui*? It is no idle compliment to our

Prime Minister today to say that he resembles Kipling in possessing the faculty of choosing the right word for the light occasion, and in courageously pointing out to us the hard road of Duty. That stirring call to arms "For All We Have and Are," is just as inspiring and appealing now as it was on its first appearance in the Great War. "Who dies if England live?" is a veritable battle cry today. In "England's Answer" there is a most fitting appeal to munition and other workers "Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways . . . Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men!" Thus he being dead yet speaketh. We owe it to Rudyard Kipling, then, to keep the flag flying and to do all in our power to encourage our fellow countrymen to follow his teaching and, as far as possible, enable them to do so.

It is up to each and every member of the Kipling Society to support the Society in these days of trial, when its office has had to be removed out of London to Thame owing to enemy action, and its very existence is financially in peril. Only by strong material support on the part of the members can the *Journal* continue to be published. Let us see to it, then, that this support is forthcoming, and that without delay, bearing in mind that "*bis dat qui cito dat.*"

Westward Ho Reminiscences

by MAJOR-GENERAL J. C. RIMINGTON, C.B., C.S.I.

[The author of these reminiscences of the United Services College, Westward Ho, shared a study with Rudyard Kipling, "Tuppenny" Edwardes and Beresford. His recollection of "Stalky" as a school-fellow is that of a "bright, cheerful, cheeky boy, popular and confident." The concluding part of General Rimington's reminiscences will appear in the next issue of the "Journal."]

WHAT a trying, tantalizing thing is memory!

After a full life of over three-quarters of a century, to look back into the early days of one's youth is like gazing into a cracked and faded mirror. Any really interesting events have vanished, or perhaps may be partly visible in distorted and blurred shapes, whereas petty details stand out. For instance, the earliest thing I remember fairly clearly was one very windy day walking along the esplanade at Weston-super-Mare, when I saw a young lady in trouble with her crinoline. The wind had got under it and blown it over her head. As I had been told that "to see any part of a young lady's leg above the ankle was an unforgivable sin," I was terribly shocked and looked away.

When our Editor first asked me to write some reminiscences about my schooldays and my connection with Rudyard Kipling, and the United Services College, I said I would make an effort to do so if I could remember anything worth writing about.

Now it is a strange thing that, although I look back with pleasure to my schooldays (and I have a vivid recollection of the old school and its surroundings, the playing-fields, the little chapel, the long pile of the Pebble ridge, the swimming-bath which gave us so many hours of coolth and happiness in the summer, and those glorious cliffs, protecting the lovely Devonland from the Atlantic, along which we used to wander freely and imbibe deep draughts of health), yet there seems to be a dearth of events sufficiently interesting to others to be recorded. My mind mostly reverts to games, about which I was enthusiastic. Rugby football was our speciality and we were really pretty good at it. At cricket we were not so successful, perhaps because our cricket-field had sandy turf and so run-getting was difficult; but those games in the summer with a swim in the baths afterwards were very delightful.

Finding my memory so fickle, I decided to appeal to Stalky to help me: I felt sure that he could remember everything, and would certainly have a fine store of memories about the school in our time. It was a severe shock to me when he said that his memory of our schooldays was as hazy as mine.

I will begin by a story about Dunsterville as he has told it to me. My recollection of Dunsterville (or 'Blobbs' as he was called) is of a bright,

cheerful, cheeky boy, popular and self-confident. He was, I think, the most popular of the Stalky trio, immortalised by Kipling. He had joined the school very young and was rather bullied, which he did not like. Having read books of an adventurous nature he at length determined to make a bolt for it and "get to a coral island with palm trees and parrots, a gold reef, etc." This was in 1878, the year before I went to College. He trekked off to Appledore to try and get on to one of the small coasting boats which were always trading there. The seafaring folk, however, only laughed at him and said he was "one of them little College nippers" so, after spending two hungry and unhappy nights in the wild, on the third day he returned and gave himself up. He received a public licking from the Headmaster (Cormell Price). That licking was a great disgrace, but he considered it a great honour which he felt much less than the bullying he had been accustomed to; perhaps it was only natural that he became a bit of a hero among the other boys and the bullying stopped! He was a singer—one of the lights of the choir—but I cannot believe (as R. K. says) that he ever tried to teach Kipling to sing. He would have recognised that that was beyond even his capacity.

Beresford (McTurk) was not by any means a live personality at school. He did not stand out amongst his fellows; in fact he was rather of a retiring disposition, but if he was attacked or annoyed, he had a gift of repartee which made rash aggressors look foolish;

in fact, as Kipling says, "he had a tongue dipped in some Irish blue acid."

At the end of my time at school I had a large study with "Tuppenny" Edwardes, Kipling and Beresford, so I saw a good deal of the ways of these three youths. One event stands out clearly in my memory. I was at that time Captain of Football and there were one or two footballs in the room. On the occasion referred to, Edwardes and I, returning from a walk along the cliffs, found, to our astonishment, the study was locked up. The reason very soon became evident. Below our study was that of a rather unpopular master 'O,' against whom our two young colleagues were waging a vendetta. As the two senior occupants of the room were absent, they thought it a good opportunity to play a riotous game of football above the wearied and probably somnolent head of 'O.' He rose in his wrath, rushed upstairs, turned the malefactors out and locked up the study. So I had to go and try to soothe 'O' and ask him very politely for the key. He refused, and said that I should keep those boys in order. I replied that I did, but could hardly be held responsible for their antics when I was absent. However, he remained adamant, so I went off to the Head (Cormell Price). Much to my surprise he backed up 'O' and said he could not immediately cancel 'O's' order, and that these young rascals must be stopped from annoying masters. I remarked, "Undoubtedly they will be stopped, but in the meanwhile I must resign my position of Captain of Football, as I cannot

run the games without a study." That had the desired effect and the two young rascals did not make any further trouble.

Beresford has given us some impressions of the School and the masters, but I do not think we need place much reliance on them, as he was of the true Irish type, up against everybody in authority and everything that constrained his ways. Certainly very few of the boys when I was at school would have agreed for a moment with his low opinion of Cormell Price, our Headmaster. Kipling undoubtedly held him in high esteem, and I believe he was respected and admired by all. Moreover, his interesting lectures in English and in History must have been of great assistance to those entering for examinations. Beresford further speaks contemptuously of the masters generally, and says they were obtained as cheaply as possible, and some at least would not have been employed elsewhere. The only answer to this is to state the fact that during the time I was at Woolwich, certainly seven or eight of us there had passed into the Royal Military Academy direct from the United Services College, and one had passed in first!

Now comes the difficult task of describing Kipling, the School-boy—difficult because my recollection of him is chiefly in his capacity as editor of the school *Chronicle*. He was not outstandingly popular: not that he was unpopular, for he was always bright and cheerful and had a ready tongue, but his weak eyesight prevented him from playing games, and that is always a handicap amongst boys. Strange

to say, he did not shine much in Latin; French he knew well, and of course he had a brilliant knowledge of English literature. His literary skill was early recognised as he was made editor and principal contributor to the *Chronicle*, and excellent stuff he put into it. Unfortunately, I did not keep my copies of the *Chronicle*; had I done so, they would now have been worth their weight in gold; but there is one verse from it which, on account of its 'jingle,' or from the fact that it was about 'tuck,' has stayed in my memory all these many years. In one of the studies, the boys, while cooking, had set fire to the curtains, and unwittingly had done their best to burn the College down. This evoked an edict from authority that, except in prefects' studies, all cooking was forbidden. This prohibition of 'brewing' gave Kipling a chance to respond with this burning effusion:

"The cup is devoid of its coffee
The spoon of its sugary load
The tablecloth guiltless of toffee
And sorrow has seized our abode.
We once that were bloated with
brewing
We once that were broad of the
beam
Are wasted and wan from eschewing
All dainties of bun, jam and cream."

(There is, I am told, a slight inaccuracy in some of the wording, but that is how it has stuck in my memory, and I have had neither the opportunity nor the desire to alter it.)

That noble confection "bun, jam and cream" deserves a worthy description: it consisted of a beautiful big bun, much larger than the ordinary bun of today,

cut in half horizontally with a solid slab of jam on the lower half, covered with a generous measure of rich Devonshire cream and the top half replaced as a cap for the whole : it was thus about two inches thick. The cost of this delicacy was 1½d. It had one great merit that after one had consumed the bun, there was the further ecstasy of licking off the jam and cream which had

exuded on to one's cheeks ! Sergeant Kyte, who ran the tuck shop, was a great, gaunt, kindly, ex-cavalry man, who was reported, I believe with truth, to have taken part in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. He may have been once a fierce trooper but he had a generous and soft heart for boys.

(To be continued)

Animals of the Jungle Books

An Alphabetical List

IN the July, 1940, issue of the *Journal*, we published a "Kipling Register of Shipping," being a list of ships' names to be found in R. K.'s published works, compiled by Mr. T. E. Elwell. We have now received from Mr. R. E. Harbord a list of animals mentioned in the *Jungle Books*, of which the following

Adjutant Crane
Akela
Alligator
Ape
Australian Horse
Bagheera
Bandar Log
Basking shark
Bachelors
Batchua
Bat
Baloo
Bear
Bees
Belly that runs on four feet
Big one, The
Billie
Birchi Guj
Black Bear
Black Bees
Black Panther
Black Snake
Brahmin of the River
Brumby
Brother—Little

Brahmin of the River
Seonee Pack leader
Lone Wolf
Gavial
Fish Eater
Gray Ape
Brumby
Black Panther
Monkeys
Young Seals—Holluschickie
Fish
Mang
Brown bear
BALOO
Little people of the Rocks
Wild black bees
JACALA, crocodile, mugger, Pride of the ghaut,
Envy of the River
Tiger, SHERE
KHAN Lungri,
The lame one
Mule
An elephant
Himalayan bear
S O N A
Little people of the Rocks
Wild black bees
BAGHEERA
KALA NAG
An elephant
Adjutant crane
Australian horse
Mowgli (see)

is the first part, from "A" to "L." The second part, from "M" to "Y," will appear in the next issue of the *Journal*. Comprehensive as this record is, Mr. Harbord does not claim that it is complete, and readers are invited to report mistakes and omissions, which will be noted in later issues of the *Journal*.

Brown Bear .. BALOO
Buffaloes .. Rama—Great herd bull.
Mysa—The leader of the buffaloes
Bull—Great herd .. Rama—buffalo
Burgomaster Gulls .. Chickies
Camel .. Hay-bale
Catch (Sea) .. Father seal (Grey male)
Chapta .. A Fish
Chickies .. Burgomaster Gulls
Chikai (See Chua) .. Leaping rat of the Deccan
Chil .. Kite
Chilwa .. A fish
Chua .. Rat—little leaping rat of the Deccan
CHIKAI
Chuchundra .. Musk rat
Cobra .. Snakes—large —poisonous
Nag (male)
Nagaina (female)
Wrinkle-skin
Cobra—White .. Father of Cobras
Warden of the King's Treasure
Thou (a rotted outtreebranch)
It is dried up (literally)
Cobras .. Poison people (all poisonous snakes)
Coppersmith Bird
Cow (Sea) ..
Crane (Adjutant) .. Brahmin of the River

Crocodile	JACALA <i>The belly that runs on four feet</i> Mugger Envy of the River Pride of the Ghaut Ko	Gaj—Bircha Hira Kuttar Gunga—Pershad Halibut Hammerhead Hathi	An elephant do do do Poltoos Elephant The Silent One Warden of the Water truce The Silent The Strong Camel Rama the buffalo Sona An elephant Porcupine, Ikki or Saki Young seals, bachelors, Australian Brumby BULDEO or Ho-Igoo or Shai —porcupine Tabaqi of the Gidur log, Dish licker Crocodile The belly that runs on four legs Mugger Envy of the River Pride of the Ghaut Mowgli (see "M") Python or Rock snake Flathead Black Snake An elephant Krait (small but very poisonous snake) Dhole or Red Dog of the Deccan Grampus Gooverooskies Chil Crown White Seal Krait (small but very poisonous snake) See Wolves She wolves The tiger—Shere Khan (see) Mysa Akela (see) Rhao (Akela's successor) Chikai, also Chua The Jackal Tabaqi (see) Winter Wren Mowgli (see) Chikai, also Chua Wild black bees Akela (see) Won-tolla (see) Shere Khan, the tiger (see)
Crow	<i>The Tailor bird</i>	Hay-Bale	
Darzee	<i>Mother Wolf</i>	Herd Bull	
Demon, The	RACKSHA <i>The Terrible</i> Red Dog of the Deccan The killer Jackal (see TABAQUI) see Dhole Two tails HATHI <i>The Silent One</i> Warden of the Water truce The Silent The Strong of Mandla	Himalayan Black Bear Hira Guj Hoigoo	
Dhole		Holluschickie	
Dish Licker		Horse	
Dog (Red)		Hunter of the Village	
Elephant		Hvena Ikki	
Elephant (Mad)		Jackal	
Elephants (The first of the)	THA Radha Pyari Kala Nag's mother Kala Nag—Black Snake Pudmini—another sheelephant Gunga Pershad Hira Guj Birchi Guj Kuttar Guj Two tails	Jacala	
Elephants (other)	<i>Jacala—crocodile (which see)</i> Puffins see Cobra—white Seacatch, Grey male Head of the lair Scarlet Woodpecker THA Batchua, Chapta, Chilwa, Mohoo, Rewa Alligator, gaviol KAA, Python or rock snake Vixen Alligator—fish-eater Jackals (see Tabaqi) Kittewakes Killer Whale Proposed himself as Master of the Jungle in place of the First of the Tigers One of the four lair brothers, also known as Grey Tracker whose son was Phaona and whose grandson was Phao Graybrother (see) Rama the Buffalo Father seal—Seacatch	Jungle Master Kaa	
Envy of the River		Kala Nag	
Epatkas		Karait	
Father of Cobras		Killer, The	
Father Seal		Killer Whale	
Father Wolf		Kittiwakes	
Ferao		Kite	
First of the Elephants		Ko	
Fish		Kotick Krait	
Fish Eater		Lair Brothers	
Flathead		Lahinis	
Fox Terrier		Lame One	
Gaviol		Leader of the Buffaloes	
Gidur Log	 Pack	
Gooverooskies		
Grampus		Leaping Rat of the Deccan	
Gray Ape		Licker of Dishes	
Gray Brother		Limmershin	
Gray Tracker		Little Brother	
Great Herd Bull		Little Leaping Rat of the Deccan	
Grey Male Seal		Little People of the Rocks	
		Lone Wolf (The)	
		do (A)	
		Lungri	

(To be continued)

Kipling and the School

The conclusion of an address given to the Cape Town Branch of the Kipling Society by Miss E. B. Hawkins, the preceding parts of which appeared in the Kipling Journal of December, 1940, and April, 1941.

TOWARDS smoking Kipling's attitude was very modern. He was shocked that at the College the Army Class was allowed to smoke *only* because smoking was allowed at the cramming establishments in London with which the College competed for pupils. But he considered that to make smoking a senior's privilege at least had the effect of preventing it among juniors far more successfully than by punishing it through religious lectures or expulsion.

His views on "cribbing" are purely the views of the Upper Fourth Remove. He and his friends practised what he called a socialization of educational opportunities. Stalky did all the Maths, Turkey the Latin, himself the English and French, and he defends the system in the autobiography in the following words, "There is much to be said for this system if you want a boy to learn anything, because he will remember what he gets from an equal when his master's words are forgotten." The Padre too defends the system by saying, "You can't teach a cow the violin."

In *The Propagation of Knowledge (Debits and Credits)* there is an unforgettable picture of the wretched Beetle, drunk with a poem read in the Head's study, being dragged through his Horace preparation by Turkey, even to having the metre forcibly driven into his head by thumps with the text books of his two friends.

Critics of examinations will not find very much support in any of Kipling's School stories. He accepts the Army Entrance Examination as necessary, even if a necessary evil, and considers it the duty of masters to help the boys to circumvent the examiners not only by sound preparatory work, but by helping them to play up to the idiosyncrasies of individuals. The use made by the Army class of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy illustrates this very strikingly in *The Propagation of Knowledge*.

Upholders of "modern" subjects as against the classics will also find little support in the school stories. The curriculum at the College included Latin (but not Greek for Kipling at least), French and German, Maths, History, Geography, Mechanical Drawing and Science, and the weight of internal and external evidence shows that Kipling was a staunch upholder of the Classics. In *Regulus (A Diversity of Creatures)* he crystallises the arguments in the words of Hartopp and King.

"At the end of seven years of 220 days of six hours each your victims go away with nothing, absolutely nothing except, perhaps, if they've been very attentive, a dozen—no, I'll grant you twenty—one score of totally unrelated Latin tags which any child of twelve could have absorbed in two terms" says Hartopp. "But can't you realise that if our system brings later at a pinch a simple understanding (grammar and Latinity apart)—a mere glimpse of the significance of—we'll say one Ode of Horace—twenty lines of Virgil—we've got

what we poor devils of ushers are striving after—balance, proportion, perspective—Life? Your scientific man is the unrelated animal—the beast without background."

Beresford is very scornful of Kipling's knowledge of Latin and a little inconsistent, for at one moment he says Kipling realized that Latin was an essential subject and must be worked at, and at another he says he never did any preparation at all and made ghastly messes of all his "construes" even when coached by Turkey. Yet Kipling himself in the autobiography expresses his deep gratitude to Crofts "who taught me to loathe Horace for two years; to forget him for twenty and then to love him for the rest of my days and through many sleepless nights." Certainly his translations of various odes of Horace prove that he knew and loved Latin. The ode at the end of *Regulus* is a delightful restatement of the Classics v. Science standpoint. Yet it all seems strangely contradictory from the poet of the machine, the storyteller of medical research, of wireless, aviation and all the scientific progress of the age.

I have indicated elsewhere in this paper Kipling's views on teaching methods, and they are brought out with admirable clearness in *Regulus*. I consider it a most remarkable *tour de force* on the part of a man outside the teaching profession whose school-days were short and twenty-five years behind him. Every detail of the Latin lesson rings true, whether it is the boys' halting "construe" or the master's sarcasm on the sycophantic groans of some superior souls, or the surreptitious

aid of sympathetic ones. His comment in the autobiography is:—

"I tried to give a pale rendering of Crofts' style when heated in *Regulus*, but I wish I could have presented him as he blazed forth once on the great Cleopatra ode. He held even the Army Class breathless." And adds, "There must be still masters of the same sincerity; and gramophone records of such good men, on the brink of profanity, struggling with a Latin form, would be more helpful to education than bushels of printed books."

Games he accepts as part of the educational system for the general run of boys but on account of his bad eyesight he played a very little Rugby—nothing else. But one gathers the impression from *Stalky & Co.*, that he was not a wholehearted worshipper of athletics—except perhaps in the form of swimming, though he everywhere preaches the gospel of keeping fit. In India, when left alone in the hot weather by his parents, he probably wished he were more proficient, as there was nothing for him to do but ride when work was done. And of course in *The Islanders* we have "The flannelled fools at the wicket and the muddied oafs at the goals"—his famous outburst against games at the expense of some kind of military service. And throughout his later life he pleaded for compulsory military training as in *The Army of a Dream* and elsewhere. Probably the Boer War and its many mistakes led him to ally himself more and more with Lord Roberts and others who saw the coming struggle with Germany and wished to be prepared.

We have considered Kipling's attitude towards most aspects of

school life.

His real love for children made him an observant student of them, and there is little about the human boy hid from his eyes.

The communism that leads all school children to take what they lack from the next desk with excellent intentions (rarely fulfilled) of returning the "borrowed" article is noted many times. Regard for the property of others, he realized, was absent from their make-up, when he showed Stalky pensively burning holes in the mantelpiece with a red hot poker, and Beetle scratching King's calf-bound volumes of Gibbon with a flint.

Their proneness to fads, short lived but devastating in their fervour, is illustrated at length in *The United Idolaters* where the school is seized with a passion for *Uncle Remus* as it had been for *Pinafore* and *Patience*.

His knowledge of the hobbies of small boys can be justly termed encyclopaedic. Their tendency to "romance" about the lives of their teachers is delightfully touched on when he says the school devoutly believed the Head ran up to town to bribe officials for early proofs of the Army Exam. papers. When his absence was prolonged they suggested "he must have gone on a bend and been locked up under a false name—forty shillings or a month for hacking the chucker-out at the Pavvy on the shins. Bates always has a spree when he goes to town." Elsewhere Turkey accuses a master on sick leave with a damaged knee of malingering in the hope of marrying a fat widow in Switzerland. One

is irresistibly reminded of E. M. D's schoolgirls romancing about their teachers in a recent issue of *Punch*.

The boys' hatred of early rising in winter, the books they read, their fondness for food, for shooting birds, keeping pets, are all touches that give verisimilitude to his tales and indicate his knowledge of boys and their little habits and failings.

His masters of course are treated as individuals, and to a great extent are portraits from life. But he knows the little weaknesses and jealousies of the Common Room; the petty disloyalties and constant criticism of authority; the attempts made by some teachers to seek popularity among their pupils; and the weakness that leads at times to condonation of wrongdoing. Of more general interest are his views on certain topics which are still controversial. Thus he appears to be violently opposed to clerical headmasters "because they can lick a chap in the morning and preach at him in the afternoon,—which isn't fair, and makes boys sulky."

Still stronger is his condemnation of married masters.

"I've met chaps in the holidays who've got married housemasters. It's perfectly awful. They have babies and teething and measles and all that sort of thing right bung in the school. And they let their houses alone and leave everything to the prefects. It looks awfully pretty for one's people to see—a nice separate house with a nice lady in charge and all that. But it isn't. It takes the housemasters off their work and gives the prefects a heap too much power and rots up everything." The Padre agreed, "You do need most of a single man's time, I must say."

It is possible to attribute too

lightly to any writer the opinions he puts into the mouths of his characters, but these sound genuine. And certainly the views on American men in *Letters of Travel* are Kipling's own views and rather amusing.

" These the hand of an all-exacting Democracy seemed to have run into one mould. They were not reticent, but no matter whence they hailed, their talk was as standardized as the fittings of a Pullman " " This is due to our men being so largely educated by old women—old maids. Practically till he goes to College, and not always then, a boy can't get away from them " explained an American woman—" A man's instinct is to teach a boy to think for himself. A man hasn't any standards—he makes them. But a woman is the most standardized being in the world America is being school-marmed to death." That may explain America ; it does not quite explain how the world is to get on !.

Enough has been said to make it clear that Kipling had spent his four years at school with eyes open to all that was going on around him and that his retentive memory held the results of his observations until he needed them, and then out they came complete to the minutest detail.

He probably refreshed his mind when his son was at school, but otherwise he appears to have had little contact with schools in his adult life. Even when his reputation was assured, and

If might have taught people that here was a man who could give a moral address, he does not appear to have been in much demand as a Speech Day speaker. The *Book of Words* shows him as addressing only two schools—Wellington and Winchester.

No one would dream of considering Kipling a profound thinker on educational problems ; but it is a sign of his versatility that he could produce pictures of school life that mirror so accurately the activities and interests and attitudes of a kind of life of which he had had a very short experience.

Naturally enough one feels his attitude is very much that of his time and his class, and that he accepted a little too unreflectingly perhaps a system that might have been improved. Yet judged by the young men he found doing a man's work in India and elsewhere, the system was a good one—perhaps I should say *is* a good one, for the world needs today just as much as ever before that same kind of young man he found in the Punjab Club—everyone an expert in his job and carrying on alone under difficult conditions without fuss or repining. The School and the masters who produced those, richly deserved the tribute he paid them in his introductory verses to *Stalky & Co.*

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 imite 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 £1/1/0 per annum ; Life Membership—£7 7 0. 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 2, High Street, Thame, Oxfordshire.

Kipling—A Viking ?

by T. E. ELWELL

WAS Kipling a sailor at heart? If not, why was so much of his best, his most personal work, given a sea venue? Why, when leaving the Indian paper, did his mingled joy at release, and the regret that Johnson avers must always accompany the doing of a familiar thing for the last time, find natural expression in the poem *The Galley Slave*? When long repressed wrath over infringed copyrights finally erupted, it found vent in that ballad of hidden meaning *The Rhyme of the Three Captains*, and surely a longing backward glance at youthful joyous companions, plus a regretful estimate of the high price of present success, evoked *The Song of Diego Valdez*. The author is admittedly the central figure of the two former poems, and little doubt should exist in critical minds, after reading *Something of Myself*, that the Spanish admiral voiced his creator's sentiments.

"The tempest flung me seaward
And pinned and bade me hold
The course I might not alter."

The poem is paralleled in the first autobiographical sentence by—"It seems to me that every card in my working life has been dealt me in such a manner that I had but to play it as it came." Compare also the beginning of the poem—

"The god of Fair Beginnings
Hath prospered here my hand,
The cargoes of my lading
And the keels of my command."

with the opening of the auto-

biography—"Therefore, ascribing all good fortune to Allah, the dispenser of events, I begin." Further proof may be found in the beautiful introduction to volume one of the *Outward Bound* edition, an allegory of the author as an eastern shipowner-trader, with this edition as cargo for America. Note finally the double application of "galley" as applied to newspaper work, and "pirate" as touching infringement of copyright.

Then the spacious early Victorian days were well contrasted with modern speed-mania in *The Three Decker*, and even the soldier had to be at sea before his poignant failure to read life's riddle found voice in *For to Admire King Henry the Seventh and the Shipwrights* portrays what every sailor knows is buried deep in the grain of all who use the sea, beginning with the Phoenicians, and ending—when the sea gives up its dead. But the burden of even this amusing ballad—

"But steal in measure," said Harry
our King,
There's measure in all things made."

may be a reflection from the same personal facet as—

"When 'Omer smote his bloomin'
lyre
He'd 'eard men sing by land and
sea
An' what he thought 'e might
require
'E went an' took—the same as me."

That poetic postulate of reincarnation in *The Matter of One Compass* (*The Finest Story in*

the World is its prose presentation) has a very special appeal to one who has steered a blind bow through a black night by a needle swayed by an unseen and still mysterious influence ; but here again the helmsman's initials are probably R. K.

That *The Seven Seas* should contain fourteen poems fitting the title is not surprising, but that the first nine poems in *The Five Nations* also " follow the sea " is hardly explainable by ordinary methods. An explanation, if one exists, may lie in his early years in an Indian sea-port, his first sea passage to England, his adult naval friend ameliorating youthful miseries, and in the position of Westward Ho, from whose beach he sketched the sailing-ships whose impressions were sold at Sotheby's in 1926 for £310. Or it may hide in a far-off Viking ancestry. For consider his failing or rather passion for galleys, or any craft propelled by many oars. There is his own " galley " design for the front cover and spine of the green cloth American trade edition of his works. (An American member of the Kipling Society would have it a " dhow "). The galley sails again on the cover of the first edition of *Land and Sea Tales*.

Space forbids a list of every item with a " galley " theme but *Thorkild's Song* (*Puck of Pook's Hill*) ; *The Rowers* (*The Years Between*) ; and *Song of the Red War Boat* (*Rewards and Fairies*), may be mentioned. Men afloat, independent of wind or engines, find familiar landmarks in a Kipling poem or story. *The Manner of Men* (*Limits and Renewals*) is

the last, but far from the least, of the " galley " themes.

Despite the surface keenness of Kipling for mechanism, a close study shows that he had no innate love for valves and cranks. He knew that when coal crashed into the bunkers, romance ran down the gangway. Why else does *With the Night Mail* soar in two senses above *The Ship that Found Herself*; and why does *Knights of the Joyous Venture* shame *The Devil and the Deep Sea* ? Simply because the " Dimbula " carried a cargo of didactics falsely shipped as marine constructional text-books, while *Postal Packet* 162's passage was a pure fantasy of " rays dancing in violet-green bands," and " whirled turbillions of flame," products of a light that never was on sea or land. Though we are given minute details of 162's interior workings, we are uncertain whether she was lighter or heavier than air. The sea story is a catalogue compiled from blue prints ; the aviation forecast is an escape from engines to alchemy. *The Devil and the Deep Sea* is dreary with detailed disaster and ship-yard repair ; the Long Serpent brings together, shortly after Rufus died in the New Forest, a talking parrot, a Chinaman with his compass, the Leech Book of Bald, and the Ship Book of Hlaf the Woman. Can the gyroscopic compass, Admiralty charts, and Port Rules compete ?

(To be continued)



Readers will render service to the Kipling Society by enrolling their friends as members.

The Homes of Rudyard Kipling

by COLONEL C. H. MILBURN, O.B.E.

[This concludes the series of three articles by Colonel Milburn on the houses in which Rudyard Kipling lived. The first and second articles appeared in the December, 1940, and April, 1941, issues of "The Kipling Journal." The letter "S" in these notes refers to "Something of Myself" and "K. J." to "The Kipling Journal." The first figure following gives the number of the "K. J."—the second figure gives the page on which the reference will be found.]

IN April, 1891, Rudyard Kipling found he would be unable to continue his intended world tour, and so returned to the U.S.A., where "on the outskirts of a little New England town—Brattleboro, Vermont—was a building known as the Bliss Cottage. It was of one storey and a half. Its water supply was a single half-inch lead pipe connecting with a spring in the neighbourhood. But it was habitable, and it stood over a deep if dampish cellar. Its rent was ten dollars or two pounds a month. We took it. We bought, second or third hand, a huge hot-air stove which we installed in the cellar. We cut generous holes in our thin floors for its eight-inch tin pipes (why we were not burned in our beds each week of the winter I never can understand) and we were extraordinarily and self-centredly

content." (S.180) 1893 . . . "In the following Spring, the Committee of Ways and Means 'considered a field and bought it'—as much as ten whole acres—on a rocky hillside looking across a huge valley to Wantastiquet, the wooded mountain across the Connecticut river . . . and then set to work to build us a house, which we called *Naulakha** (S.113)

1896 . . . "I met Theodore Roosevelt . . . he would come to our hotel." (S.121). But there is no indication as to which was the hotel. Between 1892 and 1896, as well as BOSTON, he visited QUEBEC, GLOUCESTER, MASS. ; and paid two flying visits to ENGLAND, where his parents were living at Arundell House, Tisbury, Wilts. (Illustration in *K.J.* 21). "1896 saw us in TORQUAY, where we found a house for our heads, almost too good to be true. It was large and bright, with big rooms each and all open to the sun, the grounds embellished with great trees, and the warm land, dipping southerly to the clean sea, under the Mary-Church cliffs." (S. 133). ROTTINGDEAN. "Meantime we had rented that third house opposite the church on the green. It stood on a sort of little island behind flint walls, and almost behind some big ilex trees. It was small, none too well built,

*(*The Naulakha, Brattleboro, Vermont, U.S.A.—the frontispiece in Kipling Journal No. 28, Dec. 1933. The original Pioneer building at Allahabad—referred to in the article on The Homes of Rudyard Kipling in Dec. 1940 K. J. was illustrated in the frontispiece in No. 29—March, 1934.*)

but cheap and so suited us Then there grew up great happiness between *The Dean, North End House, and The Elms.*" (S. 137). (Woodcut in *K.J.* 22-56) "At *The Elms*, Rottingdean, the sou'wester raged day and night, till the silly windows jiggled their wedges loose I was quite unconcerned. I had my Eastern sunlight and if I wanted more I could get it at *The Gables, Tisbury.*" (? Arundell House, Tisbury: see above.) (S. 140).

1897. "Down to the Cape in the winter of '97, taking the father with us. We lived in a boarding house at Wynberg, kept by an Irishman." (S. 148). 1899. "In 1899 he was back in the States, and was very ill in the Grenoble Hotel," New York. (MacMunn's *Rudyard Kipling: Craftsman*, 243). 1899-1901. During the Boer War, he lived "in the ramshackle hotel at Bloemfontein, where the Correspondents lived and the Officers dropped in." (S. 165). CAPE TOWN. "I first saw Mr. Kipling there (at the far-famed Mount Nelson Hotel, the "Helot's Rest," as a statesman had called it)—and now found him tenanting a bedroom across the passage from my own in the Free State Hotel at Bloemfontein." (Julian Ralph's *War's Brighter Side*, pp. 112). 1900. "Into these shifts and changes we would descend yearly for five or six months, from the peace of England to the deeper peace of *The Woolsack*. To this paradise we moved each year-end from 1900 to 1907." (S. 166-7). (Illustration of *The Woolsack*, Rosebank, Cape Town, S.A.—*K.J.* 24-102).

1902. I have not been able

to find any direct evidence as to when he bought *Bateman's*, but on page 179 of the Autobiography, he says, "The House was not of a type to present to servants by lamp or candle-light. Hence electricity, which in 1902, was a serious affair." 1906. Revisited CANADA. "Our steamer was an Allen liner." (S. 197). QUEBEC to VANCOUVER and back, in "one whole Pullman car with coloured porter complete." (S. 198).

The award of the Nobel Prize for Literature necessitated his going to STOCKHOLM, but I have found no record as to where he stayed. (S. 201). In *Souvenirs of France*, he describes how "year after year" we explored France in the cars of the period," (17) and mentions various places where he stayed, but gives no indication as to whether in hotel, lodgings or with friends: e.g. AVIGNON, LAVANDOU, RHEIMS, MARSILLARGUES, VILLERS BOGAGE, CANIGOU BORDEAUX. Then in 1920 or 1921, he "crossed to the Department of Algiers" (46); and also visited the "microscopical but aggressively French, Chandernagore." (49); but here again, there are no indications as to where he lodged. 1907 "Whilst in Canada, he stayed at Medicine Hat." There is no record whether he stayed with friends or at an hotel. (*K.J.* 4-26). "From 1907 onwards part of my winters, I then used to spend at a 'Sports' Hotel in Switzerland, frequented by German Officers." (*Souvenirs of France*, 33).

1911. I have a reproduction of a photograph, with the follow-

ing caption, " Lord Roberts and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, at the entrance to the 'Grand Hotel du Portugal,' Vernet-les-Bains, March 24th, 1911," and below the figures are the facsimile autographs of Lord Roberts, Mr Kipling and General du Morier. In a scrap book I have kept for over forty years, I find I have newspaper cuttings from certain of the daily papers, recording at the time some of Kipling's travels ; e.g.—1915. " In the summer of 1915, Kipling arrived with Perceval Landon, at the Grand Hotel, Rome, on their way to the Italian Front." (A letter in the *Morning Post*, 19-2-37). 1927 " He travelled on the R.M.S.P. *Andes* from SOUTHAMPTON to RIO de JANEIRO." (*Leaves from an Unwritten Log-Book*, by Captain W. H. Parker). This was followed by the series of articles, called *Brazilian Sketches*, published in the *Morning Post*, based on his recent tour in Brazil ; though

there is no indication therein as to where he stayed.

1930 *The Daily Mail* of March 30th, records his return from BERMUDA. 1931. It is recorded that he was travelling in EGYPT and PALESTINE, probably on business connected with the War Graves Commission; but in none of these latter instances, is there mention of his staying for any length of time, at any one particular place. There is also a record of his staying at HYERES, on the Riviera, this year. 1934. *The Daily Telegraph* of 10-1-34, states that " Mr. and Mrs. Kipling have left the Grand Pump Room Hotel, Bath, where Mrs. Kipling was taking the cure, and Rudyard Kipling celebrated his 68th birthday."

1936 " On the morning of January 23rd, the casket containing the ashes, draped with the Union Jack, was buried in Poets' Corner,

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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
 2, High Street, Thame, Oxfordshire,
 a sum of

(£) free of duty, to be applicable for the general purposes of the Society. And I declare that the receipt of the Hon. Treasurer or other proper official for the time being of the Society shall be a good and sufficient discharge to my Executors."

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

Second-hand copies for sale

1 Complete set (unbound) numbers 1 to 57	..	£7 6 0
4 Volumes (bound) numbers 1 to 40	..	£7 2 0
Odd numbers: 11, 16, 24, and from 41 to 51	..	1/- each

A Combined Tribute

ON the 28th February, 1941, General Dunsterville (*Stalky*), President of the Kipling Society, broadcast a talk in "Radio News Reel." Recent events in the field of battle, he said, had led to an invitation from the B.B.C. to comment on British war achievements, which gave him the opportunity of paying a combined tribute to General Wavell and to Rudyard Kipling. Mentioning that General Wavell is one of the original Life Members of the Kipling Society, *Stalky* related to listeners the story of the exchange of telegrams, in the language of Kipling's *Jungle Tales*, between the Kipling Society and General Wavell, details of which were given in our last issue.

General Dunsterville said that the apt reference to Hitler contained in the General Wavell's telegram not only

showed his deep knowledge of Kipling's works, but evinced the imperturbable spirit which could deal so cleverly with so apparently trivial a subject amid the enormous pressure of work of the highest importance. "Such an episode," continued *Stalky*, "may be not inaptly compared with Drake playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe during the approach of the Spanish Armada. England has never had anything finer than what we call the Elizabethan spirit, and we may be proud to find that spirit surviving today in the ranks of our Navy and Army."

General Dunsterville concluded by mentioning his boyhood friendship with Rudyard Kipling which dated back to over sixty years ago and said that this opportunity to broadcast a tribute to his memory gave him additional pleasure.

Donations, etc.

WE acknowledge with thanks the following donations received to date in response to the recent memorandum to members, signed by the President and the Chairman of the Council, relating to the effect of the war upon the activities of our Society. The total of Donations acknowledged in the April, 1941 issue of the *Journal* was £68 8s. 4d. Further Gifts received will be acknowledged in the next issue of the *Journal*.

DONATIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Tom P. Jones (Chile)	20	0	0
G. H. Linden . . .	1	0	0
Capt. E. W. Martindell		10	6
Miss P. M. Thomas ..		10	6
Rev. Thomas Jesson ..		10	6
Mrs. F. E. Scott ..		10	6

INCREASED SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Before the alteration of Rule VI the following Members increased their subscriptions to the Society

for the current year :

	£	s.	d.	
H. E. Greaves to	1	1	0	a year
Capt. E. W. Martindell to		1	1	0 , ,
Col. F. S. Kennedy-Shaw to		1	1	0 , ,
Major E. Dawson to	1	1	0	..
G. H. Linden to	1	1	0	..
Miss Helen M. Hewart to		1	1	0 , ,

The names of Messrs R. F. Reason and D. M. Mackenzie, Dr. Ballard and Miss B. T. Bigelow are added to the list of members who have introduced new members to date. We hope all who can do so, will "rope in" those of their friends who are interested in Kipling and his work.

All applications for membership should be addressed to our temporary Offices, 2, High Street, Thame, Oxfordshire.

Annual Conference

THE Annual Conference of the Kipling Society, was held in London on May 5th, 1941. In the absence of the President, the Chair was taken by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, Chairman of the Council.

1. The adoption of the Annual Report and Accounts was moved by Mr. Harbord, Assistant Hon. Treasurer, seconded by Mr. Sanderson and carried unanimously.

2. Rule VI of the Rules of the Society were amended by inserting the following words at the beginning of the Rule :—" The Subscription rates for members resident in the United Kingdom and Ireland shall be seven guineas for Life Membership and one guinea a year for ordinary members. For all other members the subscription rates shall be as follows :— "*

The Rules, as amended above, were passed *nem. con.*

3. The President, Vice-Presidents and officers of the Society were unanimously re-elected, and subject to their consent to nomination, the following were elected Vice-Presidents of the Society : Field Marshal Smuts ; Mr. Donald Mackintosh.

4. The following members of the Council have retired under Rule VII:— Mr. J. R. Turnbull, M.C. Captain

E. W. Martindell.

The following were elected to seats on the Council :—

Mr. B. M. Bazley, General J. C. Rimmington, C.B., C.S.I., Mr. J. P. Collins.

5. Messrs. Milne Gregg and Turnbull were elected Honorary Auditors for the ensuing year, and a cordial vote of thanks was passed for their valuable assistance throughout the year.

6. The Meeting expressed the view that Overseas and Branch Members should be consulted as to whether new rates of subscription passed in item 2 above in regard to Home Members, should not be extended to them also.

7. Hearty votes of thanks were passed to :—

The President for his unfailing interest in the Society and for his practical help so frequently and readily given.

The Honorary Officers of the Society for their work during the past year.

Captain Martindell and Mr. Collins for their valuable contributions to the Kipling Journal.

Mr. Clement A. Cusse, the Honorary Solicitor for the help given in regard to copyright difficulties in the Journal.

Mr. Brooking, for having presided at the Meeting.

* The effect of this amendment is to raise the Home Members' subscription to £ 1 1 0 leaving Overseas Members' subscriptions at 10/6. The Home Life Members' fee is £ 7 7 0 and the Overseas £ 5 5 0.

The Sacrifice

THE following lines have reached us from a Life Member of The Kipling Society in Melbourne, Australia.

THE SACRIFICE

All Britons calmly wait, to meet the horde
No sacrifice too great, to keep their word
And pledge to guard small Nations over-run
By tyranny with sword and fire and gun.

'Tis not a war, of Nation over Nation
But greater far, the world—and its Salvation.

The Nelson spirit stands today the

same
On Battle-ships, on Land and Aero-plane,
There is no fear to fail, at such a time
For Justice will prevail—Her Laws Divine !

Her law above all laws beneath the skies

Her cause above all cause, for sacrifice,
E'en life itself the loss—remember yet

The "Victory of the Cross—" Lest We Forget ! "

THE RAMBLER,
D. M.

1940.

Branch Reports

VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA.

THE September meeting opened the 1940-41 session of this branch. The President, Mr. A. E. G. Cornwell, gave a synopsis of Kipling's story *The Captive* and Mrs. J. W. Church read the poems *The Song of the Cities* and *England's Answer*. A questionnaire on *The Phantom Rickshaw* at the request of one of the members was set, followed by discussion.

At the October meeting three film reels were shown by Mr. T. A. Simmons—"Fire Fighting on Vancouver Island" "Winter Sports in California" and "A Bird Sanctuary off the Coast of Vancouver Island." A hearty vote of thanks was given to Mr. Simmons. Mrs. Barclay read *Akbar's Bridge* and Mrs. Thomson *The Rescue of Pluffles*. The members decided on the holding of a "Kipling Night" at the Three Services Canteen for the entertainment of the men of the Forces.

Mr. G. M. Murray, Member of the Provincial Parliament, was again a welcome guest at the November Meeting. He gave an interesting talk, with reference to Kipling and the sealing industry, illustrated by the reading of *The Rhyme of the Three Sealers* by Mr. T. A. Simmons. He also described Kipling's house at Vermont, now a place of pilgrimage for his many American admirers. The President gave details of the "Kipling Night" held in November at the Three Services Canteen.

Two of our members, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Thomson, spent the summer in Toronto, and while there did very useful work in starting and organizing a branch of the Kipling Society, in that city. A summary of the work was given to the meeting by Mr. Thomson, who received the congratulations of the members for his efforts.

The Society held its Annual Dinner on Kipling's birthday, when the guest speaker, Commissioner T. W. S. Parsons, head of the British Columbia Provincial Police, gave a delightful reminiscence talk, touching on Kipling, and some of his own experiences in the outposts of our Empire, where

they paralleled with Kipling's stories, Colonel H. T. Goodford proposed a toast to the Three Forces to which Major J. B. Hardinge, M.C., replied, a speech in which he paid high tribute to the soldier of today. Readings were given by Mr. K. C. Symons, and recitations by the President. Songs composed by himself, were sung by K. W. Symons—one being a clever parody: "There'll always be a Kipling," sung to the tune of "There'll always be an England." Kipling's last story *Teem* was read by James McGrath.

At the January Meeting, Miss Parker read the poems *Sussex* and *Joubert* and Mr. McGrath read *Piet*. The President gave an interesting paper on the prefaces and introductions to several of Kipling's works.

This branch has forwarded another consignment of knitted goods to *H.M.S. Kipling*, and has been presented with an early edition of *Soldiers Three*, published in Allahabad in 1890. This was the gift of Mr. W. Syson of Victoria.—MARY NEAL (MRS. W. J. NEAL), Hon. Secretary Treasurer.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

Since our last Annual gathering in March, 1940, we have held seven very successful meetings which have been well attended, in spite of the loss of members through the year.

We were favoured with a visit from Professor Osborne one evening, who gave a fine talk on Kipling as master of the technical phrase, and compared him with Shakespeare in this respect. The book this year was *The Day's Work* and was well done by several members, Mr. Hall's paper on *The Bridge Builders* being of high merit. We also had two nights with Kipling's verse and hope to continue these. The first was *The Song of the English*, taken by several members, while Miss Mollie Meyer feelingly recited the verses appropriate; the second, *Kipling's Sea Poetry*, was very well done by Mrs. Brown who had her husband as helper to read the various verses. *Kipling and Animals* was taken by Dr. Mackeddie,

who dealt entirely with the Jungle Stories and the following of the Law. Our liveliest night was that of *Kipling and the Engineers*, the subject being introduced by Mr. Golding, who raised many controversial points ably taken by several visiting engineers, who, to quote Kipling himself, ended up by being "filthy technical," and rather beyond the understanding of the ordinary member.

Our Junior Night was again a great success, beginning with a thoughtful paper by a fifteen-year-old boy. In his absence this was read for him by Miss Doyle, another junior who is proving herself a help to us. Mr. Arthur Burns, our first junior member, gave a well-thought-out paper comparing Kipling's early work with Virgil and in the later days, when he had become an English farmer, with Horace. It is hoped that this junior will attend oftener and let us hear more from him.

The Library, in charge of Miss Strom, has been well patronised and many items of interest have been added to our Cuttings Book.

The social side of the Branch has been well cared for by Mrs. Hall and the lady members, and the thanks of all are due to these kind folk. Unfortunately, owing to many other claims, Mrs. Hall finds she cannot continue as our Social Secretary and has asked to be relieved for 1941, so her place will be taken by Misses Tuxen and Scott to whom we are grateful for their willingness to take on this side of our meetings.

When the destroyer *H.M.S. Kipling* was launched in the early days of the war, the Society undertook to care for its crew and this Branch began by sending a gift to the Wardroom of a mulga wood nut-bowl with ash-trays to match, and added playing cards for the ratings, in Australian designs. An appeal was made at our last Annual Meeting for comforts for the sailors and a good sum was collected in the hall that night and

added to throughout the year. Miss Joske kindly undertook to buy wool for members to knit up, and to forward any parcels. In all, some ten parcels have been sent and some of them have been acknowledged as well. At the November meeting our men members subscribed enough to send a parcel of Christmas cheer to the ship, and Mr. Walsh kindly attended to the forwarding.

After receiving a letter from the Chairman of the Council of the Society in London, it was decided in February, as our Bank Balance was favourable, that this Branch should make a gift to London of £5 5s. 0d. with the view of assisting in keeping up the publication of the *Journal* quarterly as usual.

The outlook for the Parent Branch in London is not good this year, any more than it is for us who are overseas, and it is up to us who are so far from the horrors of war to keep our Branch well together and so be ready to help the Society in London in its distress. We are finding, however, that many of our members have their time so much taken up with war activities they cannot attend all meetings. It was then decided in Committee that for our new year we would only meet every two months instead of every six weeks as previously. The date of these meetings was fixed definitely for the 4th Thursday in every second month, commencing from this Annual Meeting.

In this way we hope to keep our members together "for the duration," for it is agreed that it is better to keep going with the members we have, than to close down till the war is over.

The Committee still feels that in memory of Kipling, as well as for our Empire's sake, we must continue to support his great belief in the Brotherhood of Empire, especially just now when the fact of that Brotherhood is being so wonderfully proved by our soldiers, sailors and airmen.

Members of the Kipling Society who possess letters, press cuttings, photographs or sketches associated with Rudyard Kipling and his works, which they think might be suitable for publication in the JOURNAL, are invited to send particulars to the Hon. Editor, THE KIPLING JOURNAL, Lincoln House, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Letter Bag

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

RUDYARD KIPLING'S FORBEARS.

MAY I correct one or two statements in the December, 1940, *Journal* with regard to Rudyard's forbears, which I, as his first cousin, know to be incorrect.

Re the letter on the last page "R. K. and George Macdonald." Rudyard's mother was Alice, eldest daughter of the Rev. George Browne Macdonald, a brilliant orator and preacher. His son, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, was her brother, and my father, who equally with his sisters, inherited the family gifts of wit and speech.

There is no kinship between George Macdonald, the Scottish novelist, and our family, though once, when meeting, my aunt, Lady Burne-Jones, he tried, to prove there was.

With regard to the name Rudyard it was, as Mr. Bourne Pinder says at Lake Rudyard that John Lockwood Kipling and Alice Macdonald met, and at the time she was staying in lodgings with my father, then a young Minister in Burslem. My grandfather was never at Endon, but John Kipling was my father's greatest friend. At least three people claim to have given the picnic at which the two young people met! After Rudyard's birth, his parents wrote and asked Louie Macdonald, later Mrs. Baldwin and mother of Stanley Baldwin, to be godmother, and she replied, "Yes, if you will call him Rudyard after the place where his parents met." She told me this herself some years ago. I confess I don't understand the letter from Rudyard in the *Manchester Dispatch*, unless someone was trying to prove that the Kipling family came from the Rudyard district originally, and his aversion from mentioning private family matters would be sufficient reason for his writing like that.

The story told on page 3 about "the Macdonald" is not quite as my father used to tell it.

A banquet of clan chieftains was about to take place when a difference of opinion arose as to who should

take the head of the table. The Macdonald at once seated himself, saying, "Where The Macdonald sits is the head of the table." I was present when my father told Rudyard this story.

Apologising for the length and detail of this letter.—FLORENCE MACDONALD, Torquay.

A KIPLING CLUB FOR CHILDREN.

As a member of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, which has its branches in every part of the Dominion, and also as a member of the Kipling Society, Victoria Branch, I thought your readers might be interested in the following item taken from the January copy of "The Living Message," a monthly magazine published by the Woman's Auxiliary. Describing the work carried on at the Mildmay Institute in Toronto, which is supervised by the Deaconess and Missionary Training Centre in that city, we read—"On Monday afternoons there is a Kipling Club, a newly-formed service club for children, their theme being Kipling's Children's Hymn."—MARY NEAL, Hon. Sec. Treas., K.S. Victoria Branch, B.C., Canada.

"POOR MR. KIPLING."

First allow me to congratulate you on your production of such an April number. The perusal of all its illuminating contents increases our regret that so many true lovers of Kipling who remain outside the ranks of our Society, should deprive themselves of all the information and detail which you collect quarter after quarter.

Captain Martindell's notes on early critics, for example, include several extracts unknown or forgotten by many of us. He might have mentioned the still earlier and striking summing, up by E. V. Lucas, of the work of the young man, not yet 29—"Poor Mr. Kipling; or the limitation of knowledge." I have reason to know

that these lines gave R. K. great pleasure, though the authorship was not known to him till years later. Kipling had no objection to sound criticism and, as we know, he was his own severest critic. But he could not suffer fools gladly. We remember his vision of that time when "the youngest critic has died" and that chastisement of the would-be high-brow in *The Conundrum of the Workshops*—and each man knows, ere his lip-thatch grows, *HE* is master of art and truth." So Humbert Wolfe evidently thought of himself when he wrote about Kipling's verse in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.—A COUNTRY K. S. MEMBER.

THE QUICKSAND.

I feel sure that many readers of the early Kipling Stories have not realised that the author was "pulling their legs" in giving the details of the passage through the quicksand set out in *The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes* (*Wee Willie Winkie*).

Fifteen different movements are given, but twice the pathway would cross itself. The following movements would take an escaping person to the same spot as Kipling leaves the trail:—4 out, 3 left, 12 out, 3 right, 7 back,—five different movements (instead of fifteen) without leaving the track.

If you think this is worthy of attention in the *Journal*, I shall be glad, for we know that Kipling liked a joke.—R. E. HARBORD, 68, Warwick Square, S.W.I.

THE MORMAL.

I have seen no mention of a mistake on page 212 of *Something of Myself*. R. K. attributes the mormal on the shin to the Wife of Bath, whereas it was on the shin of the cook.—"But greet harm was it, as it thought he"
"That on his shine a mormal hadde he."

If a "mormal" is a sore or ulcer, as I take it to be, cooks of all generations have been liable to them from much standing and hot fires. Which shows that Chaucer was a good observer like R. K.—H. G. PESEL, M.D., Fritham, Nr. Lyndhurst, Hants.

THE MEANING OF "SINNETT."

Kipling's quaint lampoon of *Tommy Dodd*, which appeared in a recent number of the *Journal*, contained an allusion to the shipboard material known as "sinnett" or "sennett," meaning a variety of rope or webbing made from several twisted strands. An attentive reader who explores such avenues of interest will learn how this was a playful quip on the author's part concerning a solemn and erudite leader-writer on the staff of the *Allahabad Pioneer*, which Kipling afterwards joined. Mr. A. P. Sinnett figures in the late Marion Crawford's Indian novel *Mr. Isaacs*, and in anthologies of the period. But after his return to this country he became more conspicuous as a leader and lecturer in the Theosophist movement, and a literary associate of its high priestess, Mme. Blavatsky.—J. P. C., London.

POPULAR SONGS.

The Kipling critic quoted in the April, 1940, *Journal* is altogether at sea. "Yes! we have no bananas" was long past its apex, and was fading away into a coma before Kipling's reference to it in his first *Brazilian Sketch* in the early days of December, 1927, published in the *Morning Post*.

And of course he often introduces popular songs as "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" in *Judson and the Empire*; and "The Honey suckle and the Bee" into *Mrs. Bathurst*.

Has his familiarity with the "Ingoldsby Legends" been noted before?

The comparison of "Such bloom hath never eye beheld This side of Eden Sword" from *Pan in Vermont, Definitive Edition*, p. 357, with "Flowers of ridiculous size and hue Flowers such as Eden never knew" from the *Nurse's Story* (*The Hand of Glory*) seems to prove this, as does the group of "Holys" in *Macdonough's Song* ("It's easy as A. B. C."—*Diversity of Creatures*) with a similar group in "The Lay of St. Aloys" (Ingoldsby).

Few, very few writers of light or humorous verse, owe nothing to the Rev. Richard Harris Barham.—T. E. ELWELL, Elder Bank, The Crofts, Castletown, Isle of Man.

Kiplingiana

Pressand other comment on Kipling and his work

KIPLING INTERVIEWED OVER 40 YEARS AGO.

CAPTAIN E. W. Martindell sends us the following extracts from an interview with Kipling, which Mr. Roger Peacock contributed to *Lloyd's Newspaper*, 4th January, 1903. Thus Mr. Peacock writes :—

" I have to tell the story of an interview made for the press, but held back for several years until it could be sent to men who will understand After I had waited respectfully on the doormat while the maid enquired, Mr. Kipling had me let in on approval. Very tame, very meek, I was admitted to a library smelling pretty strongly of tobacco, and in the far side of the room, in a cloud of smoke, a tweed suit, and large spectacles, sat a man like a large bronze idol. " Sit down," said he, and I did. " I'll have my knife into the man who sent you. Where's your pipe ?" I lit up, and in a state of panic asked the first question which entered my head. " Who told you the *Rhyme of the Three Sealers* ?" " Mind your own business !" " I've the right to know ; had the yarn in my notebook for years before you printed it." " Where did you get it ?" " From one of the Yokohama pirates, the Flying Dutchman." " So you knew Hans ? Where ?" " In Behring Sea." " Then you've the right to know. I got it from Captain Lake in Yokohama. So you're a pirate ?" " Yes, and your 'White Seal' contains an idiotic blunder. A fur seal sleeps with his fore flippers folded on his breast, not limp at his sides." " Confound you," he grunted. So I went on asking questions and we fought like cats for ten minutes. Then he leaned forward half-visible in smoke, shining, bronzed, his eyes veiled by the light on his spectacles—Buddha come to life, staring through me, whispering suggestions. I smelt the dust of a trail, heard the creak of the saddle, felt between my knees the heaving flanks of a horse, and the Great Plains reaching away forever, and then his voice dispelled the vision. " Don't you wish you were back ?"

Again his whispering voice caught me away, and I knelt in a dug-out canoe, hearing the paddles grind along her gunwale, feeling the thrill of her tail as her nose dipped into the ripples. I saw the oily rush, the coiling pools, the lifted waves, the diamond-crested breakers, as we swept into the rapids— " Don't you wish you were back ?" Once more the whispers went through me, and I felt the heave of the big ocean swell, the lifting deck under foot " Don't you wish you were back ?" I thrust out ray hands against him. " Shut up, you devil !" And he grinned like a bronze image. Not only had he been interviewing me, but found out more about me in ten minutes than ray parents ever knew. So he interviews everybody, getting each man's facts like a fishwife cleaning a herring before he knows it After I had passed the beak-and-claw department, and come to know the man inside, I began to understand a little the way he came to be great He got his knowledge, not by wasting his time in fore-castle, camp, or barrack, not from school, not as the secondhand stuff one gains from printed books. It was learned at first hand from men. His eyes see one through to the bones, his questions are sharp and deep-searching as a surgeon's knife, and his brain files the facts away in a memory as big as a library His questions never give offence to a man of action and his books have been addressed not to idlers or critics, but to workers they are plain, clear reading for the fighters, the workers, the living men of Greater Britain. " You're an Imperialist ?" I asked. " I've been suspected," he said, grinning. " The biggest poem you've written so far is the *Hymn Before Action*." " I think so too," he answered. " I got it in church. Think of the hymn tune—*The Church's One Foundation*." Music runs in his head. Words shape themselves to carry the tune, saying clearly what millions of people have been feeling vaguely. " Tell me," I asked, " why your attempts at novels have failed."

" Give a fellow a chance," he answered. " I'm only beginning to grow, and a man can't grow up to writing books under the age of forty. Besides, I don't think the novel is the thing best worth writing." Here we come to the end of Mr. Peacock's interview.

THE POET OF EMPIRE.

" A devotee of Rudyard Kipling reproaches me " says a writer in the *Glasgow Bulletin*, " for a recent reference to the poet's jingoistic imperialism, daring even to say I must be one who knows only the Kipling of the *Soldiers Three* period. He recommends Edward Shanks's recent book on Kipling as a corrective of this view. Shanks certainly points out that in Kipling's vision of the future he saw the world really run by its aerial transport organisation, the heads of which belonged to diverse nations. Yet it is as "the poet of Empire " that Kipling is remembered."

"MOWGLI."

Those who have read Rudyard Kipling's *Mowgli*," writes A. K. W. in the *Yorkshire Herald*, will "remember the wolf which mothered an infant. Now Captain Allison came across three similar cases in India. In one case a man was found hunting on all fours with jackals and hyenas !

This inspired Captain Allison to pen a poem of 14 verses, of which I find room for only a few :

In Kipling's books on jungle life we read

Of female wolf adopting human child ;

With wolfish cubs the little one would feed

And soon become a creature of the wild.

The story told is fiction, there's no doubt,

With thrilling tales the books are closely packed,

But as you read the idea do not flout,

They're founded from experiences on fact.

The poem relates how hunters discovered a child living with bears and running on all fours. Police were called in to help in rounding her up.

At length the little mite was there at bay,

Three men were bitten ere the girl was bound.

Questions were useless, nothing could she say,

Quite imbecile she'd become, they found.

Ten years before the happenings I relate,

In awful sad but blissful innocence, A year-old babe crawled off, none knew its fate,

Lost in the wild—maybe coincidence."

KIPLING'S OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's old school is producing a steady flow of officers for the Navy, Army and Air Force. The school where *Stalky & Co.*, played their pranks was originally at Westward Ho but it has now been renamed the Imperial Service College, and has changed its location.

A bust of the famous old boy Rudyard Kipling, sculptured by a French artist, stands behind the high table in the main dining hall, and below there is a photograph of Mr. Kipling with King George V. visiting a British cemetery in Flanders.

Although many of the present generation are keenly interested in aviation, I am told that the boys have not lost the love of a military career, and that the majority still elect to go into the Army. They leave school early, and are given special training at one of the Universities. The school has produced a large number of distinguished officers.—*Western Morning News*.

A certain number of copies of *Rudyard Kipling's will* (and also *Mrs. Kipling's*) are available at the Society's offices and are obtainable by members upon application to the Hon. Secretary, The Kipling Society : Temporary Offices, 2, High Street, Thame, Oxfordshire Price 1s. each.

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