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## Notes

### *EAST AND WEST.*

PROBABLY no British author, so far as recollection serves, has had his Empire popularity so thoroughly endorsed by the American reading public as has Rudyard Kipling. It is a magnificent set-off to his early years in the Orient. His fame had preceded him to the States before he waited on a day (and a famous one) at the door of Mark Twain ; and there is hardly a rising American writer of to-day who can get through a brisk and eventful chapter without recalling some saying in Kipling's verse or prose.

His American marriage and residence, his appreciation of America's scenery, humour, and standpoint and above all his mastery of western idiom—all this helped to give him a flying start with the readers of the New World, and to attach them to him still. The only notable parallel in the present generation is that of the Imperial Premier, and in the way that Mr. Churchill has conquered the folk of the West by his patriotic fire, his sterling courage, and downright eloquence. Otherwise, he would have falsified the horoscope cast for him by that brilliant American mother of his who figures so vividly and affectionately in the first phase of his autobiography, *My Early Life*.

### *A GLOWING VISION.*

These reflections are stirred in us by Mr. Woollcott's tribute in the present number to Kipling's genius as also the conviction Captain Martindell expresses that there would have been no warmer voice than his, had he survived, in celebrating the new "Atlantic charter" and the present unity of the two great English-speaking democracies in the vindication and rescue of human liberty. It is certainly a striking thing to recall Kipling's vision, dating back nearly sixty years, of a day when the two nations should be "welded together into one vast empire." But it is no less striking that the United States should have observed an actual and unbroken frontier peace with Canada for a century, and thereby scored a record in the annals of peace and civilisation.

### *SUPERLATIVES AND HUMOUR.*

By way of lightening these ecstasies with a touch of his characteristic humour, it is worth recalling that from the days of his first acquaintance with the States, Kipling did not conceal from himself the rough-and-ready materials from which friend Jonathan started to build up his present edifice. "Their Government's pro-

visional," he wrote, "their law's the notion of the moment, their railways are made of hairpins and matchsticks, and most of their good luck lives in their woods, and mines, and rivers, and not in their brains ; but for all that, they will be the biggest, finest, and best people on the surface of the globe." Those were days, of course, when he spotted a few defects in the Homeland as well, and said so, but the sentence just quoted may stand as a perfect example of the art of using a few-harmless disparagements to set off the generous tribute of a young and ardent spirit enamoured not merely of an American bride but of her nation and its future as well.

#### R.K. ON THE STAGE.

There are several fascinating touches in Major-General Rimington's second instalment of school memories dating from his days at Westward Ho, which appear on another page, and one of them is of Kipling in his 'teens impersonating one of the best character parts in Sheridan's comedies—the truculent Sir Anthony Absolute. It was a kind of rehearsal or trial-trip, as things turned out, for the amateur theatricals he was to share later at Simla with his sister ; and perhaps some enthusiast will give us a chapter one of these fine days on the parts the poet took in those days of his Indian social probation for the great days of authorship to come. Another point worth noting is the splendid passage of praise the Major-General devotes to the sire whom Kipling so cherished. Someone has recalled how the

late Sir James Barrie once said to him, "I shall always love Kipling for the gratitude and devotion he has always expressed towards his father." And most of his friends have borne the same cordial testimony.

#### FOR CONGRESS LIBRARY.

We hear that Mrs. Lucile R. Carpenter has presented her late husband's famous Kipling Collection to the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., where it will be housed in the Rare Book Collection as a permanent memorial to him and will be available for research students. A few of the choicest items are now on exhibition in the Rare Book Room, and later in the season a full display of all the material in the large exhibition room, with a fine illustrated descriptive catalogue, will be arranged. The Librarian—Mr. Archibald MacLeish—and the Curator—Mr. Arthur A. Houghton, Jr. (who is also a collector)—have accepted this gift with great appreciation. Lovers of Rudyard Kipling and his works will be happy to feel that the late Mr. William M. Carpenter's collection has a worthy resting place in the National Library, thus giving recognition to the years of patient study and effort devoted by Mr. Carpenter to its acquisition. It was assembled, we understand, through long years of an active business life.

#### TO OUR MEMBERS.

It is gratifying to us at Headquarters to feel, as we enter the third year of the war, that we have managed to continue publication of the *Kipling Journal* during the past difficult months. Owing

to the need for economy and the prevailing paper restrictions, the number of pages has necessarily been reduced to a minimum, but so far we have contrived to produce the magazine each quarter "on time." We are most grateful to members abroad and at home who have sent us messages of encouragement, and it is our aim to continue to publish the *Journal* regularly for as long a time as we are permitted by circumstances, to do so. In order to make sure that there will be no break in the continuity of publication, we urge our members to co-operate, for every individual member *can* help in this matter. We would remind those who are willing to do so that by enrolling a friend who is genuinely interested in Rudyard Kipling and his works as a member of the Society, definite practical service is rendered. The larger the number of members who are able to adopt this method of helping the Society, the greater the possibilities of producing the *Kipling Journal* each quarter with unbroken regularity.

#### CHEAP EDITIONS OF KIP- LING'S VERSE.

*So Shall Ye Reap*, with 60 poems, at 2s. 6d., noticed elsewhere in this issue, is the third volume of Rudyard Kipling's verse to be published since Mr. Brooking's paper on Kipling's 100 best poems appeared in the March, 1938 number of the *Kipling Journal*. His plea for cheaper editions of Kipling's works had influential support, with the result that in the three succeeding years cheap editions of works by Kipling were published as follows :—1939,

*Sixty Poems*, 2s. 6d. Hodder & Stoughton ; 1940, *A Kipling Treasury*, 3s. 6d. Macmillan ; 10 poems and 8 stories ; 1941, *So Shall Ye Reap*, 2s. 6d., Hodder & Stoughton ; 60 poems. The Kipling Society thanks those responsible for this reduction in price, and hopes that this reminder may be helpful to those members who have not hitherto obtained copies of these volumes for themselves, or for presentation to their friends.

#### THE PRIME MINISTER QUOTES KIPLING.

"Peterborough," writing in the *Daily Telegraph*, draws attention to the fact that of the two quotations in Mr. Churchill's speech in the House of Commons on September 9th, the first, from Kipling's *Mine Sweepers*, was so appositely inserted that some M.P.'s did not recognise it at the time. "As one member put it to me afterwards," he writes, "it sounded more like a quotation from one of the Prime Minister's own speeches than from a poet." Paying tribute to the minesweepers' work, Mr. Churchill used these words from the first verse of the poem :—

" Mines reported in the fairway,

Warn all traffic and detain."

" Sent up *Unity*, *Claribel*, *Assyrian*,  
*Stormcock*, and *Golden Gain*."

#### " THE OLD VOLUNTEER."

The crude imitation of Kipling which Sir George MacMunn quotes on another page, caused the poet intense annoyance. But when he turned his first suspicions on an old friend, the late Ian Colvin, it was the latter's turn to be indignant. So one outburst of righteous indignation half-cancelled the other, and no harm was done,

## " We are of One Blood, Ye and I "

by CAPTAIN E. W. MARTINDELL

IN a broadcast to the men and women of Canada, Mr. Alexander Woollcott, the American author, actor and Doctor of Philosophy, said :—" In my time I've told many a tale about Vermont, and there are none I like better than those that deal with a certain young Britisher, who moved into Vermont to make his home there half a century ago. A bank failure had left him nothing but the cash in his pocket—a few pounds,—and some genius. His name was Rudyard Kipling. With his wife and baby he settled in a cottage near Brattleboro' to work his way out of debt. With an old-fashioned Vermont winter closing in on him he sat him down, took up his pencil and started to write. On the foolscap before him there came to life the story of a wolf's cave with a hungry tiger roaming in the distance. Down the jungle path in the moonlight there toddled a man-child—a small, brown, naked man-child. And the name of the child was Mowgli. The story of Mowgli's adventures with the wolf-pack has gone round the world and has, I suppose, as good a chance to be read in the year 2100 as anything written in the English language in my life time. I like to remember that *The Jungle Book* was written in Vermont. Only yesterday I picked up the copy which is one of the two possessions I have carried with me for more than forty years. The other? Well, that's a book, too. It's

called *Huckleberry Finn*. For the hundredth time yesterday I re-read the great chapter called " Kaa's Hunting." You may remember that it begins with old Baloo, the brown bear, teaching Mowgli all the master-words of the jungle. In particular, my eye was caught this time, as so often before, by the master-word with which Mowgli could claim protection from all the hunting people. Here it is : " We are of one blood, ye and I." May I repeat that here tonight in these closing hours of a fateful year? " We are of one blood, ye and I." One American speaking to his neighbours in Canada."

In *The Song of the Cities*, in that part entitled " England's Answer " to the Empire, come the lines :—

" Truly ye come of The Blood ;  
 slower to bles than to ban ;  
 Little used to lie down at the bidding  
 of any man—  
 Flesh of the flesh that I bred,  
 bone of the bone that I bare ;  
 # # #

" Also, we will make promise.  
 So long as The Blood endures,  
 I shall know that your good is  
 mine : ye shall feel that my  
 strength is yours :  
 In the day of Armageddon, at the  
 last great fight of all,  
 That Our House stand together,  
 and the pillars do not fall.  
 # \* \*

" The Law that ye make shall be  
 law and I do not press my will,  
 Because ye are Sons of The Blood  
 and call me Mother still."

In these fateful days, pregnant with such far-reaching happenings as the leasing of strategical



## Some Kipling Parodies

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

"PRESUMABLY the word parody means but an imitation, but we use it in the sense of a humorous or even spiteful copy of the style of some well-known writer or poet. Kipling introduced to the world a new and vivid method of writing short stories, and apart from his own inimitable style, introduced a new form of literature, which many have tried to copy, especially in his versification. But there are few if any who have yet even touched with their finger tips, those ivory gates that he opened. Vividness we get,—power and drama, yes ! but little of that strange and stirring gift that has stirred the world for two generations. It has been said—and it was Francis Adams who first said it—that the misuse of English words was one of his great effects, but that no word save the one that he had taken from its normal meaning so exactly met the requirements of what he wanted to express. But unusual effects and phrasings do lend themselves of course to parody—and parodies in the popular sense of word, usually apply to verses. We have what we might call parodies of style, and parodies of affection, as well as now and again, those of mere fun, or again, rare enough in the case of Kipling, of somewhat bitter derision.

Of the parodies of affection, we may well take as an example the verses written by James Whitcomb Riley, the older American poet. They are an appreciation,

and it seems to me also a parody of the metre that Kipling often used, and they are a feeling prophecy.

So poet and Romancer, old as young  
And wise as artless, masterful as mild,  
If there be sweet in any song I've  
sung

'Twas savoured for thy palate, O  
my son.

For thee the lisping children all,  
For thee the youthful voices of old  
years,

For thee all chords, untamed or  
musical,

For thee the laughter, and for thee  
the tears.

Whether or no it be in the Kipling style it is charming enough. Then there is the semi-chaffing ode of welcome, that appeared from the pen of Edgar Wallace in the "Cape Times," when the latter went as a war correspondent to the Boer Campaigns. It was entitled "Tommy to his Laureate," and this is how it began :—

O Good Morning, Mr. Kipling !  
You are welcome to our shores !  
To the land of millionaires and  
potted meat,

To the country of the 'fontains'  
(we 'ave no 'bads' or 'pores')

To the place where di'monds lay  
about the street, at your feet

To the 'unting grounds of raiders  
indiscreet.

It is not very striking, but a distinct pick-up of the peculiarities of Kipling's soldier ballads. Wallace was already a great admirer, but could not resist the temptation to poke a little fun at mannerisms, and to advertise the arrival of a famous writer and poet in their midst, for since Spenser served in the Irish wars, a poet had hardly

come into the field with an army.

I keep or used to keep, a scrap book, and in it are many cuttings from a great lost journal, *The Saturday Westminster*, the paper that made all the world human, and my favourite of the many literary competitions set therein was this, viz: to write the Song of Sixpence in the style and metre of Kipling, Byron and Chaucer. The winning verses were more than clever, and the Kipling one ran thus, parodying again the early mannerisms that made the effective style, and vividness.

### THE SONG OF THE TANNER

(After Rudyard Kipling)

*When the rye runs over the pocket  
As the oont of a hazar khel  
Give ear, my people, and listen  
To the story the people tell  
The Song of Sixpence the Tanner—  
A song that ye know full well.*

It is so cleverly imitative in its kindly fun-poking that it is worth while giving it all, the first verse being but imitatively introductory, and in italics.

Nine are the Laws of the Hedgerow  
That Mavis the Song-Thrush wrote;  
For blackbirds baked in a piecrust  
This is the law they quote  
That the blackbird nearest the  
egg-cup  
Is the one that shall give the note.

The soul of the King was hungered,  
And out he spake in his wrath  
"Ye have searched to the East  
for Blackbirds  
Go, search ye again to the North  
Go, search till ye find two dozen"  
. . . . And the Word of the King  
went forth.

Twenty and four were the blackbirds  
Somebody cut the crust;  
And out of the thickening gravy—  
Each little beak was thrust,  
Twenty and four were the voices . . .  
And the heart of the King was dust !

"And wery nice too," as Sam Weller would have said, but that last line is weaker than Kipling would have made it.

This is true parody nevertheless, and far superior to the merely imitative parody of the Edgar Wallace verse. The lines "That the blackbird nearest the eggcup is the one that shall give the note" gets the Kipling manner exactly, and touches something of the lyrical motive that was the early Kipling way.

In quite another category comes the famous Kipling forgery which not unnaturally took in *The Times*—with a forged Kipling signature—a *Times* with depleted staff. Kipling tells us how angry he was in *Something of Myself*, but the real cause for anger was the somewhat jaunty and off-hand way in which *The Times* justified itself, while had there been a soft answer of regret at being taken in by a clever imposture the poet would have been mollified. The perpetrator perhaps worked on the Biblical author's lines, that by calling his work a Song or Psalm of Solomon or David he might get the more recognition or attention for a cause or protest he deemed worthy !

This is the forged verse or parody, signed Rudyard Kipling, Burwash, which so raised Kipling's ire. It is called *The Old Volunteer* and appeared in *The Times* of May 17th, 1918.

I can hear the bugle calling  
And it don't want me  
While the superannuation man o'  
'German}' . . .  
's a-fighting for the Kaiser in  
His own homeland :  
But our orders for the Young 'uns  
Of the **old** Brass Band.

And so it went on, the work of some sore old heart, not Kipling, but with little of the Kipling pathos and sentiment.

We were ready in the 'nineties  
When the call rang clear  
For the yeoman and the gentleman  
To volunteer

But the army wants recruits,  
Not the old freewill.

There are, of course, many other parodies and imitations to be found, some better and some

worse, some slightly bitter against the writer who comes into literature so quickly by the front door, some by such bored souls as those who ask for a world where "the Rudyard's cease from kipling, and the Haggards ride no more." In any case it is all good fun to ponder over, as one yearns for some more of the original, and to rejoice that the latest inclusive book of verse has included some of those hitherto never 'collected.'

## Kipling's Warning

*"We chose not to provide that reasonable margin of external safety without which even the lowest standard of life cannot be maintained in this dangerously congested island."—R.K., May, 1935.*

AS we enter upon the third year of war, many of us will recall the speech, made by Rudyard Kipling at the annual banquet of the Royal Society of St. George on May 6th, 1935, from which the following is an extract:—

Great Britain's quota of dead in the war was over 800,000 when the books were closed in '21 or '22. It would be within the mark to say that three-quarters of a million of these were English. Furthermore, a large but unknown number died in the next few years from wounds or disease directly due to the war. There is a third category of men incapacitated from effort by the effects of shock, gassing, tubercle, and the like. These carry a high death-rate because many of them burned out half a life's vitality in three or four years. They, too, have ceased to count. All these were men of average physique, and, but that they died without issue,

would have continued our race.

The selective elimination of so many men of one type and their replacement by so many persons of another type and their children led to an extensive revision of all standards of English thought and action.

Now there were a number of persons who, for various motives, had dissociated themselves from the war at the outset. These, however, were all able to answer to their names at the close of hostilities and to rejoin the national life with a clear field before them.

Still they were not happy. There is a necessity laid upon man to justify himself to himself in order that he may continue to live comfortably with himself. Our initial errors, as we all know, are trivial. It is what we say and do to prove to ourselves that our errors were really laborious virtues which build up the whole-time hells of this life.

So it was in exact accord with human nature that, very shortly after the war, a theory should have sprung up that the war had been due to a sort of cosmic hallucination which had infected the nations concerned with a sort of cosmic hysteria. This theory absolved those who had not interested themselves in the war and, by inference, condemned those who had, thus supplying comfort and moral support where needed. Naturally, the notion bore fruit for this reason.

Most children and all nations, when they have hurt themselves, instinctively run indoors and ask to be told a pretty tale. So it was with us, and so to us, too, a tale was told. (You may remember we were all a little fatigued at the time).

The special virtue of our tale was that its moral bases were as inexpugnable as the most upright preceptress could desire. Here they are :—

All pain—whether it comes from hitting one's head against a table or from improvising a four years' war at four days' notice—is evil. All evil is wicked. And since of all evils war gives the most pain to the most people, wickedest of all things is war. Wherefore, unless people wish to be thought wicked, they must so order the national life that never again shall war in any form be possible.

Granted the first premise, the rest of the reasoning is unanswerable—on paper. But why the entire commination service should have been addressed by ourselves to ourselves is a little obscure. For if ever there was a converted nation since the days of St. August-

tine it was us.

A little later—in '22 or '23—on the heels, you might say, of Rachel mourning for her children—our electorate was enlarged by the enfranchisement of all English women over twenty-one. This gave renewed impetus to our national ideal of an ever-rising standard of living and the removal of want, discomfort, and the accidents of life from the lives of all our people. To this end we built up, and are now building, gigantic organisations to control and handle every detail of those lives.

But for reasons which I shall try to show we chose—we *chose*—not to provide that reasonable margin of external safety without which even the lowest standard of life cannot be maintained in this dangerously congested island.

The world outside England had other preoccupations. Like our selves, it had dealt—had been compelled to deal—with an opponent whose national life and ideas were based on a cult—a religion, as it now appears—of war, which exacted that all his nationals should be trained at any cost to endure as well as to inflict punishment. In this our opponent was excusable. He had won his place in civilisation by means of three well-planned wars waged within two generations. He had been checked somewhat in his fourth war, but soon after the close of it—in '24 or '25—seemed to be preparing for a fifth campaign. In this, also, our opponent was excusable. His path was made easy for him. Stride for stride with his progress towards his avowed goal *we* toiled, as men toil after virtue, to cast away a half, and more than a

half, of our defences in all three elements and to limit the sources of their supply and renewal. This we did explicitly that we might set the rest of the world a good example.

That the rest of the world—down to little uneasy neutrals who had seen what can happen to a neutral at a pinch—was openly or furtively trying to arm itself against whispered eventualities had nothing to do with our case. It was laid upon us to set the world an example, no matter at what risks. And we did.

For several years—more than ten, I believe—our responsible administrators dwelt, almost with complacency, on the magnitude of the risks we were running and on our righteousness in running them; and through all those years our people were made to appear as if they loved to have it so.

But through all those irrecoverable years a large part of the world outside England had not been idle.

To-day State-controlled murder and torture, open and secret, within and outside the borders of a State; State-engineered famine, starvation and slavery as requisite; State imposed godlessness or State-prescribed paganism are common-places of domestic administration throughout States whose aggregate area is between one-fifth and

one-fourth of the total land-surface of the eastern hemisphere.

These modern developments have been accepted in England without noticeable protest, even from quarters usually quick to protest. Nevertheless, the past year or so has given birth to the idea that our example of State-defended defencelessness has not borne much fruit, and that we have walked far enough along the road which is paved with good intentions. It is now arranged that, in due time, we will take steps to remedy our more obvious deficiencies.

"Mr. Rudyard Kipling finished his speech," writes "*The Patriot*" from which this extract is reprinted, "in that year of the Silver Jubilee of King George V, in the spirit of hope that the nation would pull itself together and prepare for the future. But there was no virile leadership for the nation to follow, and four years later it was still not ready to meet the most supreme menace to its existence which it has ever had to face. It cannot be that when we emerge from this calamitous war we shall ever again listen to the advice of those whose teaching, if followed, would inevitably lead to our joining—in the words of Kipling—'those submerged races of history who passed their children through fire to Moloch in order to win credit with their Gods.'"

*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, 2, High Street, Thame, Oxfordshire, at 1s. each.*

## Westward Ho Reminiscences

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

[ *This is the second and concluding part of Major-General Rimington's reminiscences of the United Service College, Westward Ho, where the author was a schoolfellow of Rudyard Kipling. The first portion appeared in the July, 1941, issue of "The Kipling Journal."* ]

MY own view of *Stalky & Co.*, is that it is one of the most amusing books on schooldays ever written. But when first I read it, I was consumed with indignation, as I was very fond and proud of the old School, and extremely angry at having it maligned, as I thought, in such a fashion. It seemed to me that anyone reading this book would naturally think it was a more or less authentic account of Kipling's schooldays, that the escapades of these three young rascals actually took place, and that there was a very serious lack of discipline and control over the boys. Such an impression would have been quite incorrect. There was nothing wrong with the discipline of the School; the prefects (of whom I was one) were probably no better or no worse than at other schools, but they certainly did maintain a good control and a high standard of conduct among the boys.

On the last occasion when I met Rudyard Kipling at our "Old School" luncheon, the year before he died, he asked me whether I did not think that we were a very well-behaved school. I replied that from my experience

amongst other boys after leaving school, I thought we were quite exceptionally so.

Probably the truth about *Stalky & Co.*, is that Kipling originally did intend to write a fairly accurate account of his school life, but then his inventive genius prevailed, with the result that we have these highly amusing fairy tales. His description of the School and its surroundings are accurate, and the character sketches of some of the masters are life-like, though occasionally they tend towards caricature. Anyway, those masters, apart from teaching us the stuff of which examinations are made, did instruct us in the conduct of life.

The only episode in *Stalky & Co.*, which actually took place as far as I know, was the burlesque "Aladdin," but as it was played in a study in a very haphazard, lighthearted manner, it hardly merited the fine description given in the book. We often had "merry times"—sing-songs, etc.—in our studies and I remember well some of the songs quoted by Kipling, especially "Arrah, Patrick, mind the baby," which was very popular.

At the end of the Christmas term, like most other schools, we usually had some theatricals. Two of our masters, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Evans, were highly efficient, both in acting and stage managing. The only names of plays that I can remember (probably because I took part), are "The Steeplechase," "Turn Him Out," "The

Heir-at-Law " and " The Rivals." The last, I think, was well done. Mr. Evans was Dr. Pangloss and Kipling was Sir Anthony Absolute. I remember well the huge delight R. K. showed in the scene in which he chaffed his nephew Charles on his hot blood and too ardent and passionate advances to the innocent Lydia. He simply " gloated " over this part. This word " gloat " was much beloved of Kipling in his schooldays and was in great favour in the school.

Another excellent institution at our " breaking-up " entertainments was the "Vive la Compagnie." It was our school song, and, of course, immensely popular. Col. G. C. Hodgson gives a description of it in the O.U.S.C. news sheet of April, 1940, with an example sung at the end of the Christmas term in 1876, provided by an Old Boy, J. H. R. Bond. I am not sure that the order of the words in the chorus is correctly given. My impression is that the termination of the first line was " Vive la Reine " and of the third " Vive la Vie " but it did not matter ; as long as it was sung with abandon and full power, it served. During my time I think the " Vive la's " were particularly good, as there was a deal of rivalry between the masters, Kipling, and one or two other boys, in producing topical verses with a bite in them. I don't know whether, as suggested by Col. Hodgson, that splendid successor to our old school, the Imperial Service College, has revived in any form our beloved " Vive la's," but I can only say that I have not heard any other school song to compare with it. It gave great

scope for wit and humour and little gibes at the idiosyncrasies of masters and boys and of those little untoward events that occasionally happen at any school ; moreover it had a grand chorus.

After leaving school in 1881, I spent four years in training as cadet and officer at the R.M.A. Woolwich and R.E. Headquarters, Chatham.

On completion of the course of instruction at Chatham, I was ordered to India in April, 1886, and eventually arrived in Lahore. There I stayed for a few days with Kipling and his family, and was received with the utmost kindness and that friendliness which characterised English homes in India in those days. I wish I could remember more of the details of those happy days, but I was a callow youth, suddenly deposited in strange surroundings and trying to find my bearings. Rudyard, of course, had his nose glued to his desk in the office of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, as he was the personal assistant to the Editor and as such had a very responsible position. His father, however, took me in hand and precluded any possibility of my feeling lonely or strange. Lockwood Kipling was an artist, Director of the School of Art and Curator of the Museum at Lahore. He was one of the most charming men I have met, with no airs of superiority, but full of knowledge and interesting information, which he confided to me, a youth of twenty-two, as if I were his most intimate friend. I doubt if I ever enjoyed walks and talks with any man as much as those I had with him,

Mrs. Kipling was a very clever and witty woman, popular wherever she went. Rudyard's autobiography gives some idea of her quickness of intellect and skill in selecting striking phrases. Her facile wit was well known in the Punjab, as her "bons mots" were constantly quoted in Lahore and Simla.

Their daughter, Beatrice, a delightful girl who had only recently come out from home, had inherited most of her mother's wit and skill, and later proved herself no mean novelist and poet. Looking back over all these years, it seems to me that I, uncouth youth that I was, felt rather shy in the company of this brilliant, witty girl.

After leaving Lahore, I saw nothing more of Kipling until shortly before his death. Our ways parted. I went to Burma for two years and thereafter stayed in India while he went home and later toured round the world, ever amassing greater honour.

Since writing these notes, a Kipling devotee (Captain E. W. Martindell) has, to my great delight, sent me a copy of the original poem *De Profundis*, published in

the U.S.C. Chronicle in July, 1881. It is sixty years ago, and yet the verse, as quoted by me, is not very inaccurate, though it comprises parts of two separate stanzas of the original.

To my astonishment, however, it contains no mention of "bun, jam and cream;" the last line being "All pleasures of junket and cream," and yet I am quite certain that it was the "bun, jam and cream" that had riveted the "jingle" in my memory—how can one account for this? It seems to me probable that in our study during the period of gestation before the finished article was produced, Kipling must constantly have repeated the "bun, jam and cream" version, and only altered it before printing. It seems to me a pity he did because I never saw "junket and cream" in a study, as we had no facilities for producing such a luxury, whereas the "bun, etc." was an article of everyday commerce. Perhaps he thought that the delicacy of "junket and cream" was more appropriate for a Devon school and would have wider appeal.

(Concluded)

## A Further Selection of Verse

A FURTHER SELECTION, etc. *SO SHALL YE REAP*: By Rudyard Kipling, 2/6. (Hodder and Stoughton).

**F**OLLOWING up their recent success with an inexpensive edition of Kipling's poems, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published a further selection of verse under the title *So Shall Ye Reap: Poems for these Days*. It is a companion volume to *Sixty Poems*, the contents being divided into the following

sub-headings:—*A Time to Build*; *There was a Man*; *The Men who do the Work*; *The Seven Seas*; *English Earth*; *Lessons of History*; *The Gods of the Copybook Headings* and *A Time to Endure*.

The idea of dividing up the book is an excellent one, for in this way Kipling's versatility is brought before the new reader.

The contents are well balanced and there is something to suit almost every taste and mood.—W. G. B. M.

## Kipling—A Viking ? II

*The conclusion of Mr. Elwell's article—the first part of which appeared in the "Journal" for July, 1941,*

THERE are ten tales in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, and two only have no reference to the sea. One discovers a fleet of Viking galleys. Of eleven stories in *Rewards and Fairies*, seven are wholly or in part drawn from doings in the English Channel. Even the *Jungle Books* contain two tales of the Arctic Seas. *The Light that Failed* begins by the sea, has a lot of sea in the middle, and comes within half-a-chapter of ending there. *Barrack-Room Ballads* contains five sea poems, not counting *Mandalay*, whose refrain is well outside the three-mile limit. *Life's Handicap*, *Many Inventions*, and *The Day's Work*, bear between them a baker's dozen of sea tales, or tales told at sea. Setting aside *Captains Courageous* of fictional and *A Fleet in Being* and *Sea Warfare* of factual origin, why should *Departmental Ditties* include a perfect poem-picture of a sailor's boarding-house ?

Because, it is here supposed, there was in Kipling's make-up a longing that had been, and that would no longer be, denied. The God of Fair Beginnings had dealt him a good hand, one that it would have been foolish to discard, yet nevertheless, not a hand for the game he most desired to play. Allah, the dispenser of events, entered him for the paper-chase, not for the aquatic championship in which less fame, but a heart's desire, might have been

won. *The Knife and the Naked Chalk in Rewards and Fairies* shows that few understood better than himself, the penalty that tribal idolatry exacts from its god.

Not a disclaimer, but an added proof is a couplet from *The Virginity*—

" Myself it don't excite me or amuse  
To watch a pack of shipping on  
the sea."

It is far from being a poem, and is probably a fair sample of Kipling's finesse. Perhaps it had occurred to him that he had given too much away. To say the grapes were sour is perhaps unwarranted, but it seems safe to assume that desired galleons were ghosting below far horizons.

Only in spirit can the decks of dream ships be paced, and none care for others, even when friends, to notice their eyes focussed on nothing.

Conrad, who realized his nautical ambition in full, at last turned his back on the sea, and throughout his writings dealt little with the technicalities of shipping. Kipling, revelling in ship lore, thereby turned an inward forced draught on his banked fires. So he sometimes satisfied a desire that some of his readers do not possess. Hence, to many people *The Ship that Found Herself* might, without loss, have searched in vain ; while *Postal Packet 162*, whose master could well have been Ariel, her mate Puck, and her motive power

moonshine, impinges plausibly on space, and is making a notable passage through time.

Yet even aboard a companion sky-sailer, equally a Midsummer Night's Dream ship, her crew must "sweat" at something, as in clipper days, and do it to a "chan-ney." Incidentally, it is, among those not of legitimate birth, the best of its kind. Its refrain—

"Mother Rugen's tea-house on the Baltic  
And a dance with Ella Sweyn at Elsinore."

carries at once an oar-sweep, and the long roll of the homeward-bounder.

If, as some believe, we create each our own Heaven, Rudyard Kipling's will surely contain the sea his mariners relieved.

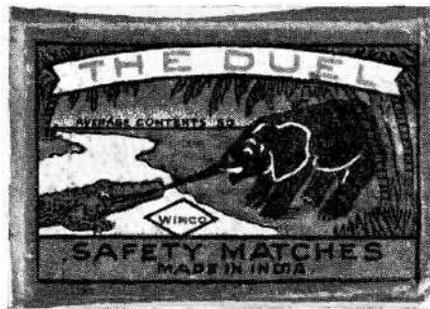
## The Elephant's Child

THE illustration below is taken from a little match-box cover, made in India, which has been sent to us as having some Kipling interest. On this cover is depicted an incident which is found in the story *The Elephant's Child* (*Just So Stories*). The illustration that appears in this connection in *Just So Stories* has this explanation of the details shown therein by the author. "This is the Elephant's Child having his nose pulled by the crocodile. He is much surprised and astonished and hurt, and he is talking through his nose and saying, 'Led go! You are hurtig be!' He is pulling very hard, and so is the crocodile; but the Bi-coloured-Python - Rock-Snake is hurrying through the water to help the Elephant's Child. All the black stuff is the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River (but I am not

allowed to paint these pictures,) and the bottly-tree with the twisted roots and the eight leaves is one of the fever-trees that grow there." Our matchbox illustration merely shows "the duel" between the crocodile and the Elephant's Child without any indication of a helping Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, coming to the rescue of the Elephant's Child.

The banks, too, are not black, but yellow, and the trees are palm trees as distinct from Kipling's "bottly-tree with the twisted roots and the eight leaves." It is, however, a matter of interest that a Kipling story should be found depicted on a match-box cover so far afield as India.

Have any other members come across similar match-box covers of Kipling interest any where else? If so we should be glad to have particulars.



*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.*

## Animals of the Jungle Books II

*The second part of the Alphabetical List compiled by Mr. R. E. Harbord.*

IN the July, 1941, issue of the *Journal*, we published the first part of an alphabetical list of animals mentioned in the *Jungle Books* (from letter "A" to "L") compiled by Mr. R. E. Harbord. The second part of the list (from

letter "M" to "Y"), is as follows.

Mr. Harbord does not claim that his record is complete—comprehensive as it may be—and readers are invited to report mistakes and omissions which will be noted in later issues of the *Journal*.

Mad Elephant of Mandla		Python	..	Kaa—Rock Snake
Male Grey Seal	<i>Sea catch</i>	Racksha	..	Flathead
Mandla—see Mad Elephant			..	Mother Wolf
Mang	..		..	The Terrible
Mao	..		..	The Demon
Matkah	..	Radha Pyari	..	An elephant
Member of the Wolf Pack	..		..	Kala Nag's mother
Mohoo	..	Rama	..	Great herd
Mongoose	..		..	buffalo bull
	..	Rat	..	Chua
	..	Rat—Leaping Rat of the Deccan	..	
Monkeys	..	Rat—Musk	..	Chikai
Mor	..	Red Dog of the Deccan	..	Chuchundra
Mother Seal	..		..	Dhole—The killer
Mother Wolf	..	Red Eye	..	Mongoose
	..		..	Rikki-Tikki-Tavi
Mule	..		..	Chuchundra
Musk Rat	..	Red Flower	..	The leader of the buffaloes
Mysa	..	Rewa	..	Black Snake
Nag—Kala	..	Rhao	..	An elephant
	..		..	Cobra (male)
Nag	..		..	Cobra (female)
Nagaina	..	Rikki-Tikki-Tavi	..	Turtle
Oo	..	Sahi	..	A lone wolf
Outlier, The	..		..	Won-Tolla
	..	Sahi	..	Wolves
Pack, Seonee	..	Scarlet Woodpecker	..	Akela
Pack Leader	..	Sea Cow	..	Rhao—Akela's successor
do	..	Sea Pig	..	Bagheera
	..	Sea Vitch	..	Mao or Mor
Panther (Black)	..	Sea Catch	..	Snakes
Peacock	..	Seal—Father	..	Black bees of the Rocks
People—Poison	..	..	..	White
People—Little	..	..	..	Young
	..	Seonee Pack	..	An elephant
Pershad—Gunga	..	Shark—Basking	..	Wolf—grandson of Gray Brother, son of Phaona
Phao	..	..	..	Wolf—son of Gray Brother
	..	She—Wolves	..	Snakes
Phaona	..	Shere Khan	..	Halibut
Poison People	..		..	Ikki or Haigoo or Sahi
Porloos	..		..	Sea Pig
Porcupine	..	Silent One	..	The crocodile—Jacala (see)
	..		..	She—elephant
Porpoise	..		..	Epatkas
Pride of the Ghaut	..		..	An elephant
Pudmini	..		..	Kala Nag's mother
Puffins	..	Snake—Rock	..	
Pyari (Radha)	..		..	

Snakes—Poison	<i>Poison People, cobras, Krite, etc.</i>	White Cobra	<i>Father of Cobras—Thou (see)</i>
Sona	<i>Black Himalayan bear</i>		<i>Warden of the King's Treasure</i>
Spotted Shark		Winter Wren	<i>Limmershin</i>
Striped One	<i>Shere Khan, the tiger (see)</i>	Wolves Pack (See- one)	<i>See—Akela, Rhao and Sahi</i>
Strong, The	<i>Hathi, the elephant (see)</i>	Wolves—The Lair	<i>Father wolf—Mother wolf—Racksha (see) Graybrother (see)</i>
Tabaqui	<i>The Jackal, one of the Gidur log</i>		<i>The Four Law Brothers</i>
Tailor Bird	<i>The Dish Licker</i>		<i>Lone Wolf—Won Tolla (see)</i>
Terrible, The	<i>Darzee</i>	„ —The Lone	<i>Lone Wolf—Akela (see)</i>
	<i>Racksha—mother wolf</i>		<i>Lahinis</i>
Terrier, Fox	<i>The demon</i>	Wolves—She	<i>A lone wolf—outlier</i>
Tha	<i>Vixen</i>	Won-Tolla	<i>Ferao</i>
Thou	<i>First of the Elephants</i>	Woodpecker (Scarlet)	<i>Limmershin</i>
	<i>A rotted-out tree stump</i>	Wren (Winter)	<i>Cobras, Nag and Nagaina</i>
Tiger	<i>The White Cobra (see)</i>	Wrinkle Skin	<i>Holluschickie—bachelors</i>
Turtle	<i>Shere Khan (see)</i>	Young Seals	
Two Tails	<i>Oo</i>		
Vixen	<i>An elephant</i>		
Warden of the Kings' Treasure	<i>Sea Vitch</i>		
	<i>White Cobra (see)</i>		

(Concluded)

## Bombers over Bateman's

By C. W. PARISH

[ *This note has been sent to us by the present tenant of Rudyard Kipling's house—Bateman's, Burwash.* ]

MY wife and I had enjoyed some months of our tenancy from the National Trust of Mr. Kipling's lovely home, when on a wintry day at the end of December we got a glimpse of war on our doorstep, so to speak.

Our gardeners were agog in the early morning with the news:—"Jerry bomber down at Etchingham last night!"

Etchingham, as the crow flies, is one mile east of this house. The weather was very cold—an east wind—and the ground frozen. Looking later from the bathroom window I saw four fields away to the west what appeared to be a large silver haystack swaying gently in the wind. As soon as I could I went over to it; it was a German parachute hung up in a tiny copse at the boundary of the Kipling Estate with our neighbour Captain Gregory's.

Immense excitement was on foot as a second parachute had been found; but only one airman, who had given himself up to a policeman on the main road. Soldiers were just arriving and a hue and cry commencing for the missing man. I should explain that the plane, which apparently had been engaged by a fighter over the Channel, and had dropped its bombs into the sea—and which was driven inland and shot down—had landed on Colonel Hornblower's tennis court with two dead men on board. Had it not landed fair and square on the tennis court and there burnt itself out, it would have demolished the house only 50 yards away. The position then was that three of the crew of four had been accounted for, and it was very necessary that the fourth should be found.

I returned to Batemans and after lunch decided with my wife that we should walk by the fields to Etchingham and have a look at the "Jerry

bomber." On the way we met a farmer who had found the boot of a German airman. The boot was found half a mile west of the 'plane and the empty parachute 1½ miles west. Where was the airman?

We lost the path and found ourselves in some very lonely isolated fields, and in the corner of one of these I saw a huddled grey mass. Leaving my wife, I went and investigated and found it to be the missing man—quite young, his face horribly disfigured by the fall on to the hard, frozen ground. He wore his parachute harness, but it had clearly broken. He wore no boots—coarse grey socks. There he lay: Hitler's dupe. What a tragedy! His mind poisoned and perverted by Hitler's training for the last six years! A life which might have been useful and happy, ended by this terrible death, by Hitler and for Hitler.

We hurried to the village and reported our find to the police, who at once reported it to "Intelligence," who were very glad to call off the search and send an ambulance for the body, to be placed with the two others in Colonel Hornblower's summer-house. The bright young sentry on duty was not at all pleased by the news that a third "stiff" was on its way. He said: "Two's company!"

My eldest son, who is a bombing Pilot, R.A.F., confirms that the wind would blow off the flying boots. He speaks with experience, having himself had to "bale out," and being a member of the Caterpillar Club whose members have all made a parachute descent in action and have each been given a pretty caterpillar tiepin by the firm who make the parachutes. It seems that when a caterpillar finds himself falling from a branch, he breaks his fall by letting out a tiny thread of silk.

One rather uncanny aspect of the incident is the recollection that at half-past six the evening before, my wife and I were sitting quietly in what Mrs. Kipling always called the "little sitting room," when immediately above our heads (for a line drawn from the scene of the crash to where the parachute was found passes directly through this house) there was passing through the frozen air, swaying and swinging from his parachute, the only man of the four who survived. He may have been only a few feet above our lofty battery of six tall chimneys. Imagine, if his feet had caught them and he had come sprawling down our roof and landed outside our window!! That would have been an adventure indeed, for him as well as for us.



## *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."

## Rudyard Kipling—An Appreciation

Part of a broadcast talk by Mr. Kyrle C. Symons, Vice-President of the Victoria, B.C. Branch of the Kipling Society, reproduced by permission of the Victoria Broadcasting Association.

THERE are people—I am glad not to have met them—who say Kipling has had his day : that is not our view. We would say that he is among the immortals, that his work will never die, that now—of all times—we need and value what he can give us through his writings :— courage, vigour, good sense, steadfastness, love of home and country and Empire, humour, sympathy, sincerity ; a hatred of all that is mean and a love of all that is fine.

There is, nowadays, such a torrent of printed matter—by no stretch of imagination could it be called literature—and people are often glad to go back to the old and tried on their shelves and know they will not be disappointed. I think this is entirely true of Kipling, and it seems to me a test of a great work that you can go back to it again and again and always find something new. Surely that is true of great music, a great picture, a great book !

Kipling has everything, knows everything and expresses it in the most vigorous and convincing style. This is true of his prose or verse ; he is equally at home with either. It has been said that his work is uneven; that he has written some of the best poetry in the world and some of the worst. If that is so, I would rather read Kipling's worst effort than the critic's best. It is, however, generally agreed that in prose he is the master of the short story. While the longer ones, such as *Kim*, *Naulahka*, *The Light that Failed*, have their followers who count them " the finest book in the world, sir," yet I think that it is in such tales as occur in *The Day's Work* that perfection is reached.

I would venture to suggest that if you haven't already done so, you start with the earlier stories—the

ones that made his name years ago—*Soldiers Three*, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *The Day's Work*, to mention three only ; for I am bound to admit that some of the later stories are apt to be difficult to understand. I imagine his tremendous intellect grew and grew and went on growing till it became super-human. It is rather the thing to take one of these more abstruse tales and rave about it. The less you know, the more ecstatic you become, and probably the others know as little as you do of what it means, so I—humbly and gratefully and with no difficulty in understanding them—put in my vote for the *Plain Tales*.

The word that always comes to mind in thinking of his work is versatility—endless variety, the pictures come and go in quick succession, just like the News or the Sports Review on the screen ; Kipling has everything and for every taste.

You may start when you are very young—and continue when you are old enough to be young again on the *Just So Stories*. At school age (and indeed at school-teacher's age) you will enjoy *Stalky and Co.*, though I am sure those tales of his days at *Westward Ho United Service College* are a little overdrawn ; but he knows boys and that is knowledge. Or, if you would like a little history, try *Puck of Pook's Hill* and see the dry bones live before your eyes. As you grow older and seek variety he has it all waiting for you—pathos, humour, strength, beauty—in every walk of life and every part of the world. That is the amazing thing about him, he is as much at home in India, his birthplace, as he is in England—the beautiful Sussex which he loved and made his home, the drab east end of London—he knows them and makes you see them. Read *From Sea to Sea*—essays on his travels in India, China, Japan and America

and you see what impressions he got and was able to impart.

And, as with different countries, so with different professions. He started with light, satirical sketches of Government officials—see *Departmental Ditties*. The army of those days he knew from General Bangs down to or up to those three musketeers of his—the *Soldiers Three*—read one of those stories and you'll want more !

The Navy, especially of later days, thrilled him, as it will you ; indeed, he loved ships and the sea ; especially, I think, engines. *The Ship that found Herself*, *M'Andrews' Hymn*—these could only have been written by a man who knew the job, and it was said of Kipling that when he went on board he made first for the engine room, and after a look round knew more about the machinery than the Chief himself ! but that was equally true of a hive of bees or draining a swamp : he knew it all.

You hump off at a tangent to animals. Did anyone ever know or write of dogs as he did ? and his *Jungle Books* are by many thought to be his finest work.

One doesn't want to be tedious, but the pictures crowd in—to show you what versatility means. I think of the story of the famine in India, *William the Conqueror*, my favourite : of the Polo game—what wouldn't we give to have games reported like the match won by the Maltese Cat ! The stark tragedy of Badalia Herodsfoot, murdered by a brute, the amusing doings of Brugglesmith who had imbibed somewhat too freely, the weird story of Morrowbie Jukes, the grisly horror of *The Mark of the Beast*, the beauty of *An Habitation*

*Enforced*, the prophetic insight of *With the Night Mail*, the pathos of *Mohammed Din*, the little boy who died—and so on almost without end.

You see these things—you can almost smell the dust on the Grand Trunk Road—see the rush of tribesmen, hear the animals moving in the jungle, or hear the wheels whirring in the London mud. You thrill, shudder, laugh, cry as the master hand plays on you. What a wealth is stored up in readiness for those whose knowledge of Kipling is at present limited to *Gunga Din* and *On the road to Mandalay*. As he himself says in *The Explorer*, " I found it and it's yours."

And all we have said of his prose is every bit as true of his verse—and the additional wonder is that he is equally happy in any metre, and runs the whole scale from trivial little flirtatious things like his *Pink Dominoes* to such great pieces as the *Recessional* or *Father in Heaven who lovest all*, which rank among the finest hymns in our book.

You will find some of the poems difficult, but you will also find hundreds to delight you—*Soldier Songs*, *Sea Chanties*, *South African Songs* ; poems grave and gay, strong and tender : and more than once you will find a sermon, wise counsel, sound teaching. If everyone could live up to the standard of that poem *If* what a world it would be !

I have taken up my time and perhaps yours but if, as a result you go off to your book-shelf or to the Library and take out a Kipling, the time will have been well spent. Perhaps you'll become an enthusiast—perhaps you'll join the Kipling Society !



## 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 £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.

## Kiplingiana

*Press and other comment on Kipling and his work*

### THE LASTING KIPLING.

HOPE it will be possible," writes a member, "to include in "Kiplingiana" the article entitled "The Lasting Kipling," which appeared in *The Times Literary Supplement* of December 7th, 1940." By permission of *The Times*, we reproduce this article, as follows:—

The publication as Christmas gifts of a definite edition of the poems of Rudyard Kipling and of a selection of his stories and poems\* at this fateful moment brings up a crop of paradoxes. In the world of literature poetry ranks as the aristocrat, and when, half a century ago, the insurgent *Barrack-Room Ballads* broke into the ranks they had popular acclaim because their realism was near to the general understanding, and even critics were moved by their genuine lilt; but the aristocrats of the art passed glacial judgments on such democratization of literature. To-day, the democrats of the Left, the only true Red-blooded democrats, pass even icier judgments upon this Jack Cade of verse who dared to write in a language to be understood. And disdainfully they draw their imperial caste robes about them as they sentence him for imperialist sedition. There is an element of comic insolence in the spectacle of the masters of obscurity condemning a master of the lightning phrase. And to complete the picture of topsyturvydom the kind of imperial spirit in politics which won Kipling's tribute in earlier days is dead and the Empire has acquired deeper, more universal significances for all whose faith is in freedom. There is none now to do reverence to the tom-tom of Mafeking. This country, at least, learned something from the last war.

\*"Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Definitive Edition" (Hodder and Stoughton, 25s.) "A Kipling Treasury, Stories and Poems" (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.) (These books were reviewed in the April, 1940, issue of *The Kipling Journal*.)

But is all Shelley in his politics and all Kipling in his? One of the dangers of making verse out of current politics is the rein it gives to hatreds. Poetry has no deep well-spring there. Kipling in political mood was a hearty hater with an astonishing vocabulary of invective, culled mostly from the Old Testament. He could fire a broadside of expletives into Little Englanders, Irishmen, Germans and all the "lesser breeds," and this is held against him in disregard of other intuitions and marvellous gifts. When the wind was east he could scold the Irish like a fish-drab, but a tale of gallantry and devotion on a sunny day warmed his generous heart and turned his rhetoric into poetry. His tribute to the Irish Guards in the last War is charged with a tender emotion; and, oddly enough, no Irish poet comes closer to the spirit of Ireland in rebellion. To speak of him as if he were for ever smiting his enemies under the fifth rib with Biblical weapons is to misunderstand or to misrepresent.

We could easily be spared all his early and much of his later political verse; but, as these two volumes give the proof, remove the prejudices and there remains a great body of work—and it is the bulk of it—allied with the national consciousness and the temperament of the race. It has nothing to do with flag-waving, but everything with a noble destiny and a central will. The fruits of past conquests, in Kipling's regard, were moral obligations, not spoil, service, not domination. Whether we like it or not, there was an England of the *Ballads*, of which Kipling was the vigorous and keen-eyed delineator; and, just as surely there is an England of *Puck of Pook's Hill*, the essential England of to-day and yesterday, a country where his delightful and constant sense of beauty in nature and human character has full play in a delicate union of fancy and imagination. What do his opinions on politicians matter, when he can provide

such endless delight? He has given us some of the most memorable characters in fiction, and he takes rank among the great masters of the exquisite art of the short story—which was hardly an English art at all until he made it so. And when the exuberances and arrogances that marked his brilliant eruption into poetry were refined away, a poet stood forth of real lyrical sweetness who observed intensely the spiritual significance of Life. "Lesser breeds without the Law" has been damned as a caddish national boast—but the Law has larger application when we view it, as Kipling did, as something binding civilized Christendom in self-respect and duty.

Seeking to touch the heart of his secret, we find in him a latter-day romantic revivalist, with one thought above all others, intense to the degree of obsession: the thought of man living dangerously in the midst of a mystery, valiant for all his imperfect virtues and crass willfulness, and aware of what he owes to himself and to his God. This is no stale creed left over from the Diamond Jubilee. It is for all time: certainly it has immediacy for us on this afflicted Christmas.

#### KIPLING AT THE FORGE.

The following note, from the London *Evening Standard*, relates to R. K's blacksmith friend of Rottingdean:

Ernie Stenning, the blacksmith, at the 300-year-old forge at Rottingdean, now makes horse shoes for the Government. Stenning was born in the village and has been at the smithy for 40 years. His mate, Fred Hearn, has been with him for 30 years. They have made 1500 pairs of horse-shoes since June.

"My work used to be mostly with racing stables situated round here," Stenning said. "Since the war the stables have closed. The only horses left in the district are one or two on the farms and they come in occasionally for shoeing.

"I have shod Derby runners and Grand National runners, but have not yet seen my boyhood dream come true—to shoe a Derby or National winner.

"I believe my forge is one of the oldest hand-forges in the country.

Rudyard Kipling often came in and sat on the bench. He talked and watched us at work for hours."

#### KIPLING MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Miss Blanche Bigelow sends this description of the Kipling Memorial Church in Glendale, California, which was written by Mr. Edgar L. DeForest Jr., Chairman of the Boston Centre of the Poetry Society of England.

I have seen the church that is being built at Forest Lawn Cemetery in remembrance of Rudyard Kipling. It was under construction when I saw it. The church stands on a big hill commanding a view of the whole city of Los Angeles as well as Glendale and Hollywood. Forest Lawn Cemetery is rather a remarkable place, for there are no tombstones there but little plaques in the ground. The atmosphere is that of a lovely park with fountains and beautiful statues everywhere. There are two other unique little churches—"The Wee Kirk of the Heather" and "Church of the Flowers."

In the Mausoleum is the famous stained-glass window of the Last Supper done by Rosa Casseli Morrell in Italy. She spent seven years on it. The figure of Christ was the hardest to achieve, for each time it could be taken from the ovens it broke. There is a shutter system behind the window so that the light can be controlled. Slowly the mechanism is set into motion and one by one the disciples fade from view until the figure of Christ alone is left seated at the table. The effect is remarkable. If I get to Forest Lawn again I shall take a picture of the church for you."

#### LIBERTIES WITH KIPLING.

A correspondent sends us the following extract from the *Melbourne Herald*.

"Only irrepressible spirits of the R.A.F. and its heaven-sent sense of humour can forgive the liberties it has just taken with Kipling's *If*. Unlike most parodies, however, it even improves upon the original ending with an O. Henry twist that Kipling himself would have approved—in the circumstances.

If you laugh at every black-out stumble Without a murmur, if you

cannot find a pub, And if you can  
eat your rations and not grumble  
About the wicked price you pay for  
grub, and :—

If you can keep depression down

to zero,  
And view it all as just a bit of fun,  
Then, sir, you'll be a blinking hero  
And—what's more—you'll be the  
only one !"



## Branch Reports

### AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

THE first meeting of this Branch was held in November, 1935, with thirty members, and we have now closed our fifth year with forty-two. In the death of Mr. A. Buchanan we have lost one of our foundation members who, although he attended few meetings, was an enthusiastic lover of Kipling's works and took great interest in the welfare of this Society. Several of our most energetic and useful members have left Auckland, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Williams and Dr. MacDiarmid ; we miss them very much. We hope that they will, severally, found a Branch in Wellington, New Plymouth and Hamilton.

Our President (Branch), Sir Stephen Allen, K.B.E., is in Egypt with the New Zealand Forces.

We are grateful to the Secretary, Sir Christopher Robinson, Bart., for his consideration in agreeing to accept our subscriptions just when we can send them in the present difficulties that have arisen here and abroad. We have held seven meetings during this season, the subject discussed at each was one of Rudyard Kipling's long stories—*Kim*, *The Naulahka*, *The Light that Failed*, *The Jungle Books*, *Stalky and Co.*, and *Captains Courageous*. Great interest was taken in passages read from these books and we had good attendances every evening, *Stalky and Co.*, attracted 37 members and friends.

Members made time to come to the meetings in the midst of their

war work for the Red Cross and the soldiers' canteens and hostels. Kipling's prophetic words resounded with new meaning in these anxious and critical days. The Kipling Loan Library will be housed at Mr. D. W. Faigan's University tutorial rooms, which are centrally situated. It will consist of Kipling's works lent by members ; some valuable matter presented to the Branch by the Kipling Society in London, and several books presented by Major Ernest Dawson. Our Chairman, Mr. Faigan, circularised the secondary schools and has met with much encouragement in his idea of attracting young members to the Society. Seven pupils just leaving school will be recommended by the English Literature teachers as honorary members of this Branch for one year. We have had great pleasure in sending some knitted garments for H.M.S. *Kipling* and have received in return much-prized letters of acknowledgment.

We should like to express humbly our wholehearted gratitude to their Majesties the King and Queen, the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, and the Air forces, the Army and the Navy and all the people of Britain who are bearing the protracted agony of this war with such fortitude and courage and who in defending England are defending us.

This Branch sends Greetings to the Kipling Society and its Branches in America and the Dominions.—  
D. W. FAIGAN, Chairman, EDITH M. BUCHANAN, Hon. Secretary.

## VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA.

Eight monthly meetings have been held during the past session. Average attendance 16½. This is a drop from the attendance of last year. Our President is the only one who has made a full attendance. Six Executive meetings have been held, special speakers during the session include Commissioner Parsons, who spoke at our annual dinner, Mr. G. M. Murray, M.L.A. at the November meeting, and Miss Dorothy Davies, who recited Kipling poems at our February meeting.

The Society has now 35 fully paid members, one member has resigned during the past year. This is the same number of members as last year at this time.

Several Kipling poems have been read by members at meetings, and a paper on the prefaces and introductions to Kipling's books, was read by the President at the January meeting. Stories read at meetings have been—*The Captive*, *The Rescue of Pluffles*, *Aunt Ellen* and *False Dawn*. We have had two evenings of pictures, Mr. T. A.

Simmons in October, and Mr. C. C. Wilson in March. A charge was made at the latter meeting, the proceeds being divided between patriotic purposes and the Kipling wool fund.

Mr. W. Syson, of Victoria, presented the Society with a first edition of Kipling's *Soldiers Three*, and the Society has bought a copy of Edward Shanks' book—*"Rudyard Kipling, A study in literature and political ideas."*

In August of last year the Society held the annual picnic at Mount Douglas Park. A Kipling Night was held in November at the Three Service Canteen, at which members and friends assisted with the programme.

We take this opportunity heartily to thank all those who have given their assistance in any way during the session, and also the local press for the publicity they have kindly given us, and especially the knitting circle, which has continued to carry on its good work for the men of H.M.S. *Kipling*.—MARY NEAL, (MRS. W. J. NEAL), Hon. Secretary-Treasurer.

## Letter Bag

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

### A LETTER OF PRATIQUE.

**S**INCE my little theory was written, Kipling's last moving appeal has appeared in the *Definitive Edition* of his poems. I would respect it in thought, and in spoken and written word, for his books have indeed "given me delight."

Yet he has said (*Outward Bound* introduction) that his cargo is "double-and-treble-figured" and that some bales bear "private marks." It is so; the plain tales for, without blame, the superficial reader; deeper meanings for the Freemason, Theosophist and Mystic.

And if a quincuncial pattern is woven in, perhaps unknown to the designer, shall not the buyer delight in that too?

It is not for a "little, little, span" that Kipling will endure, he will be "borne in mind" for as long as the language he wrote in lasts. Our Society "questions the books" in

all lights, doubly, trebly, and Nthly—and the books are full of answers.—T. E. ELWELL, Membership No. 227.

### NO BANANAS!

I was interested in the reference to "Have you no bananas, simple townsmen all? Nay, but we have them certainly . . ." referred to in the quotation from the *Star* on page 3 of the April issue of our *Journal*.

Speaking entirely from memory, I believe that the articles in the *Morning Post* in which Kipling's Song of Bananas occurred, appeared some time after the popular song "Yes, We Have No Bananas," so that Kipling was parodying a popular song rather than preceding and inspiring it.—E. W. PHILLIPS, The House in the Wood, Hindhead, Surrey.

### A PROBLEM FOR SEA DOGS.

Here is a note on a presumed slip of R. K.'s which was pointed out

to me in a private letter some years ago by a member of the Kipling Society who was a captain in the Merchant Service.

When Kipling published his lovely *Anchor Song* and for years later the rule throughout the British Navy and Merchant Service was that when the order "port" was given, the man at the wheel spun it to port and the vessel turned to starboard. Yet in the *Anchor Song*, with all its correct technical expressions, Kipling writes—"Port—port she casts, with the harbour mud beneath her foot."

Should he have written "Starboard—port she casts" or "Port—starboard she casts"? Either of these clumsy expressions would have joggled his rhythm and so "Port-port she casts" satisfies the ear better. Anyhow Kipling once more, even if by accident, showed himself a prophet, for now, by an international regulation, Britain came into line with other nations and, on the order "Port" the wheel goes to starboard but the vessel turns left.

Will sea dogs verify or throw me overboard?—G. E. F.

#### THE HOMES OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

Colonel Milburn states that "his (Kipling's) parents were living at Arundell House, Tisbury, Wilts," and later on makes a reference to a house called "The Gables." This latter house was the home of John Lockwood Kipling; the shed, which he used as a studio for his clay-modelling, is still standing in the grounds. Rudyard Kipling lived at Arundell House; he liked the Wiltshire country, but said that it was too far from the sea.—BASIL M. BAZLEY.

#### A LIST OF STORIES.

Can anyone give a list of stories that were published in periodicals after the appearance of *Limits and Renewals*, and so can only be read in those periodicals or in the Sussex Edition? I know of *Teem* and *Proofs of Holy Writ*. Were there any others?—B. S. BROWNE, Pilot Officer, R.A.F.

#### THE DEFINITIVE EDITION.

With reference to the interesting review of the *Definitive Edition* of R. K.'s verse, which appeared in the April number of the *Journal*, there is only one fault that one has to find with this excellent volume, and that is the price. Rudyard Kipling belongs to the nation—nay» to the empire—and his works, more particularly his verse, should be within the reach of all.

Surely it is not asking too much of the owners of the copyright and the publishers to see that this *Definitive Edition* is available to the public at a reasonable price. If the Shakespeare Head Press can produce *The Works of William Shakespeare* in one volume of 1280 pages for 6s., why cannot Kipling's complete verse of under 850 pages be published at 5s.?—LONDON MEMBER.

#### THE RETURN OF IMRAY.

The following extract from "Master of None," a book of autobiographical sketches by Roland Pertwee, may be of interest to our members.—E. DAWSON.

Page 120. I wrote a dramatic version of Kipling's short story *The Return of Imray*, and having completed it in about an hour and a half, I put it in an envelope addressed to the man I admired more than any other living author. Three weeks later, I received a letter from his Secretary, returning the Play with three small alterations in his own hand, and enclosing a fifty-fifty contract for my signature.

Now, when you have made a hero of a writer and, in fact, know everything that he has written by heart, a happening of that kind is apt to turn a young man's head.

On analysis, it could point only to one conclusion, that I possessed gifts for writing that has been hitherto unexpected. Not a second was lost in buying an exercise-book and starting off as my first original one-act play.—

*Et cetera.*

# The Kipling Society.

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