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## Notes

### A *KIPLING SURVEY*.

THE appearance of another book with Kipling in the title instead of the signature is nothing remarkable, but this time one is assured on the publisher's authority that its arrival is "a landmark in the history of English literature." Accordingly, when one has taken breath and faced the ordeal of encounter, it is a relief to find that the "landmark" sentence is only part of a trade "blurb," and the book a selection from the poet's works, by Mr. T. S. Eliot, with a prose introduction of some length. Mr. Bazley has done the Society a service by wading through some of the typical reviews of the book in question, and furnishing us with a mosaic of extracts set forth with commendable moderation.

### A *STALE FALLACY*.

As one might expect from such a quarter, Kipling is assessed as a maker of verse rather than a poet, and there are two conceivable reasons for the revival of this jaded fallacy. One is that in his native modesty, Kipling once denied that the laurels of poetry belonged to him or were even claimed. The other reflection is that this same badge of versifier has been freely applied because Kipling had stormed the heights

of literature from the beaten tracks of journalism; and people who have no discernment in fine distinctions will go on confusing or contrasting the two to the end of the chapter.

### *COUPLING UP*.

Macaulay's scorn failed to cure the public of what he called its "schoolboy love of antithesis," and it retains all its old weakness for thought-hunting in couples. This finds expression with loose thinkers who are always comparing and contrasting journalism and authorship, and they reveal this foible when they try and find a line of demarcation between Kipling's achievements in each by turns, or both together. He never turned his back, as many successful authors have done, upon his old profession. At the height of his fame, when he had a patriotic message to deliver, he vindicated his powers by raising the one to the level of the other, as for instance, when he paid his tribute to the Navy and wrote "A Fleet in Being." And who is there to do it for us now?

### *MESSAGE OR NOT*.

To return to the links and differences between verse and poetry one critic fails, like everybody else, to lay down a line of demarcation or distinction between the two pursuits, and then falls back

upon a suggestion more plausible than convincing. He puts it forward that verse is recognisable because it has a message or intention, a "something definite to say," whereas poetry leaves this form of servitude or bridle behind, and yields itself up to the raptures of inspiration. Another has laid it down that verse is the recital of ideas in action, whereas poetry is not; but this reasoning again is arbitrary and futile. It argues that the Circean book in the "Odyssey" surpasses the glorious fight at the end. It implies that Macaulay's "Lays" are inferior to Thomson's "Seasons" and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" is poorer stuff than his "May Queen" or "The Miller's Daughter." To carry the figure further still—the ballad of "Chevy Chase" that Sidney loved would rank as lower than Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy"—which, as our old friend, Euclid, would say, is absurd.

#### THE LEAP TO LIFE.

What of the lyrics where both forms are combined? Have we no favourite pieces—and Kipling's of the number—where ordinary verse leaps to "Heaven's gate" in a final couplet or a single line—possibly a single word? Does not this reveal the folly of trying to coerce the Ariel stuff of imagination into pigeonholes? For if the outstanding lines are poetry, then obviously the whole piece is a poem, and the veiled approach is simply a shelter or a tunnel for conception to emerge from. Bret Harte gave us an excellent example of this in "Relieving Guard," and Kipling's work is full of passages no less apt.

#### FIRST PRINCIPLES.

In justice to the ineffectual critic or reviewer of to-day, he has to live and work among writers and writing where in too many cases the effort is laborious and the resultant mouse is stillborn or non-existent. No one can toil through Mr. Bazley's mosaic of extracts, (to be found on a later page) and fail to see how pedestrian and mediocre most of them are, especially in relation to the glow and power of a mind like Kipling's. What he once styled the Literature of Escape appears to be the desire and destination of many a modern scribe, trudging *longo intervallo* in the wake of a shaggy and primeval ancestor, who broke away from the routine of hunting and fighting in order to devise folk-tales for wife and children. Alas, the art of fictive or poetic invention seems at present under a darker cloud than that of war. Here there is no redemption save by hard probation and genuine merit. Much of the twaddle Mr. Eliot has occasioned seems the merest exudation of bathos and banality. It is the casual throw-off of callow empirics who raid the realms of print before they have mastered the first principle of authorship, and this, as Lowell said, consists very largely in "knowing what to leave in the inkpot."

#### TRUE WAR SONG.

Why should this greatest of all wars occasion so much feeble and ephemeral writing? Rather, one would think, the fearful ordeal through which the world is passing, should steady men's minds and turn them to thoughts of gratitude. They should bethink them of Kipling as the man who made

its threats and presages articulate long before the world would listen, and drew the worst of its fangs by pointing the way to victory through the steep defiles of unity and devotion, of courage and endurance. And now, when it might so easily have been too late, these lessons are forcing themselves home in every paper that we read. There was another respect in which he overtopped his contemporaries, for no one was readier to acclaim the fund of fine poetry among his juniors—work like that of the Grenfells and the Brookes, of Sorley and Ledwidge and Vernede, of Edward Thomas and Edmund Blunden. Save in their writings there are few survivors of that shining group, but if we examine the letters of those who passed on, most of them nominate Kipling as their laureate and exemplar in the chronicling of all that is best in loyalty and war.

#### A WOEFUL SLUMP.

It would be a crushing anticlimax to sample the average jingles of to-day, which are not even verse, let alone poetry. Most of it is utterly without form and void, mere tuning-up towards scannel discords, mere groping in the dark for a meaning that is not worth the pains, a cult of uglification which would do credit to the stodgiest sculpture of the neo-Sadistic school. Yet there is reassurance in the thought that this nihilism of the mind has had its day, and that the wave is surely passing. The other day the cadets encamped in one of our southern counties were visited by a poet of the period whose so-called verse adorned the school

libraries when these young men-at-arms were in the O.T.C. His lecture was trumpeted in advance as a discourse on current poetry, and all seemed well. The youngsters had complete liberty to attend or stay away, but when the hour arrived, the hall contained an audience of four, so that the fixture perished by consent.

The moral speaks for itself. Young Oxford may have bumbled anti-belligerence in peace-time debates, but it has long ago made up its mind about this war, without any help from hostile propaganda. And most of the lads who come home on leave, to receive their decorations and renew their zeal by contact with the Motherland, are free to confess that of the few books they care for, one is usually a volume of "R. K."

#### A RECENT PURCHASE.

Of special interest to members of the Kipling Society is the recent purchase from Dobells by Mr. Frank R. Ballard of the unique Kiplingiana collection made by the late W. A. Young of Bromley, who was second Editor of this *Journal* from 1927 to 1931. Included are original reviews, parodies, special articles and newspaper cuttings. We hope to publish in the next issue of the *Kipling Journal* a list of the items concerned. In the meanwhile, Mr. Ballard kindly offers to lend any of the pieces concerned to members who would like to borrow them for research. The collection of cuttings and other matter, he informs us, is "really wonderful" and testifies to the amount of time and trouble taken by Mr. Young in gathering the items together.

*R. K. AND K. R.*

The earthquake note in this issue recalls one of Kipling's earliest friends and dedicatees. The late E. K. Robinson was his genial chief of the press in India, and by the time this gifted junior followed him "home" to London, E. K. R. was on *The Globe* and editing its light anecdotal column "By the Way." No one ever conducted it so wittily or so well—not even the late E. V. Lucas, who was one of his successors; and a veracious story will illustrate the happy-go-lucky gaiety of spirit that reigned in the office of that pink and pungent evening paper.

A certain notable trial at the Law Courts was being reported in its columns day by day, and everything depended on the printing of the verdict without delay. Alas, that packet of reporter's "copy" never arrived, and it turned out next day that instead of taking it to *The Globe* office, the bright new messenger dropped it into the letter box of The Globe Theatre, further along the Strand. And when E. K. R. told the story to R. K., it may be imagined how their memories went back to similar freaks of fate in India.

*A SUGGESTION.*

Branch Secretaries are sometimes at a loss to find new schemes for a programme in which members may conveniently join. Has it occurred to any, we wonder, to hit upon a plan which links R. K. with the stirring events of the day? Geography still has

a charm of its own, especially when construed by a master hand. Why not invite members to draft a rough Mercator map of the world, and then star it over with as many names as each can muster from memory, of the places dealt with in his works and affected by the war?

*A FORTHCOMING RECEPTION.*

Members who have already received the Annual Report and Accounts will have noticed the reference to the plans for a Tea-Reception, which will be given by the Kipling Society at the Dorchester, Park Lane, London, at 4 p.m., Wednesday, June 17th immediately after the Annual Conference.

The name of the guest of honour will be notified to members shortly, but it is hoped that our President, Major General Dunsterville, will preside and we hope there will be a large attendance of members at this meeting, which is our first function to be held in war time. Tickets cost 5/- each, payable at the door. Members are invited to bring as many friends as possible.

*H.M.S. KIPLING.*

Our congratulations to officers of *H.M.S. Kipling*, who have recently been decorated as follows—Commander Sinclair Ford—D.S.O. Lt.-Commander Hoggett—D.S.C. Sub-Lieutenant Ashmore—D.S.C.

These awards were for distinguished service in the operations at Crete.

## The Rough Ashlar

### Some Kipling Affinities

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

IT was in the autumn of 1888, that I first landed on "India's Coral Strand," when the little green Kipling Books from Wheelers were first appearing on the railway bookstalls, and his verses had cheered the readers of *The Pioneer* and the *Planter's Gazette* and his "Turnovers" mightily improved the pages of the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore for two or three years. One read the green books and laughed again, especially when he poked fun at the mighty, and that great Indian Civil Service that we knew as "The Heaven-Born." But it was not quite nice to discuss him at the tables of the great, for in India you should not poke open fun at authority, as this amazing young journalist was doing. It was far up on the Chinese border a year or two later, near the "Burma Road," that the mail climbing the mountain paths on elephant-back, brought a volume of his latest, *Barrack Room Ballads* to the camp fire.

#### THE WORLD-STORMING

I think we realised that the world-storming had begun, and his stage had out-grown "The Shiny." Then and there, someone started to sing *Mandalay*, impromptu, not to the air to which it has been officially set, but to a slightly truncated version of "The place where the old horse died" to which indeed it went well enough, and was a change from a much sung song from a burlesque from *Mandalay* itself, sung to "Old Dog Tray" that ran thus:—

"Burma's a pleasant place to serve in  
There you've got no income tax to pay,  
And every *lugale* may meet his *mingale*  
In the neighbourhood of Ma-andalay."  
And the rest I misremember, as Mulvaney would have said. Anyway *Barrack Room Ballads* took us by storm, and somehow I am always mindful of a very hot trek to the Relief of Sima in the June that followed, at the head of two mountain guns, when all the way in my head ran the song of the ark from the same book and how . . . .

"Twas most onaisy sailing and the wind  
was always failing,  
And the ladies in the cabin didn't like the  
stable air.

In the heat and the dust amid the burning toungeyas, it seemed to go in my head to *Gilhooley's Supper Party* or *The Slattery Mounted Fut* or one of that group. One got through the long marches well enough on it, and I often re-read it, if only to be aware of the jungle smells that it recalls. "And that's a long time ago, lady"—indeed half a century.

#### THE ROUGH ASHLARS

Those of us who poke our noses into old books and old libraries, are always coming across one of the sources of some quaint quotation or effective phrase, that one has met in Kipling's work, from Holy Writ or the Pseudepigrapha, to Shakespeare, Marlow, or Ben Jonson, away to Chaucer and the Norse Sagas. So I think we may trace the foundations or perhaps the rough ashlar of some of his early Indian stories and verse in two or three popular books that appeared in the eighties or late seventies, all of which Kipling must have enjoyed and perhaps reviewed.

*Curry and Rice* or *The Overland Route* dealt with an earlier period which his stories barely touched; but the *Lays of Ind* by Aliph Cheem, who was a cavalry officer, would have been very familiar to him, and the greatest of them all, *Twenty-one days in India* or *The Tour of Sir Ali Baba, K.C.B.*, by the distinguished young Foreign Office Civilian, Charles Aberigh Mackay, which appeared in 1881, must have been food and drink to his humour. There are two more of the period, *Tribes on my Frontier* and *Behind the Bungalow*, the first a study of the fauna that lurked around your compound, the latter a charming study of your Indian servants, both by the Bombay gentleman who wrote under the initials E. H. A.

I don't think *Rikki-Tikki-Tavi* would have lived quite so vividly without E. H. A. or that some of the stories

of the Indian servant would have had quite their sympathetic ring without a perusal of *Behind the Bungalow*. Mrs. Hawksbee and also Venus Annodomini must owe something to Mrs. Lollipop in *Twenty-one Days*. Compare this :—"Have you ever watched her at a big dance? She takes possession of some large warrior who has arrived lately from the battle fields of Umballa or Meerut, and she chaperones him about the rooms, staying him with flagons and prattling low nothings. The weaker vessel jibs a little at first, but gradually the spell begins to work, and the love light kindles in his eye."

Aberigh Mackay indeed is the prime source, one may think, of more than one Kipling story, in different vein, but traceable. The opening sketch of Ali Baba's, *The Viceroy*, surely contributed something to *The Germ Destroyer* and even to *One Viceroy Resigns*. But it was Aberigh Mackay who has dubbed the Governor General "The Grand Ornamental." "THE SPIRIT OF A THOUSAND BEETHOVENS"

It is indeed perhaps lucky that he died young, for few careers would have survived so subtle a gift. I in my youth, before I dreamed of moving in such circles, thought his sketch of The Commander-in-Chief, most searching: "Nobody knows when a Commander-in-Chief is born . . . but when a Commander-in-Chief dies, the spirit of a thousand Beethovens sobs and wails in the air: dull cannon roar slowly out their heavy grief: silly rifles jibber and chatter demoniacally over his grave: and a cocked hat, emptier than ever, rides with the mockery of despair on his coffin." No, Kipling never poked fun at Commanders-in-Chief, partly because in his day the C-in-C was Bobs himself, though he *did* write those never republished verses about Bobs Jobs. But I, the irreverent, enjoyed that poor empty cocked hat.

But when we come to *The Travelling M.P.*, *The British Lion Rampant*, then we are getting very near "Paget,

M.P. was a liar, and a fluent liar therewith." Listen to Aberigh :—

#### THE TRAVELLING M.P.

"There is not a more fearful wild fowl than your travelling M.P. . . . who cannot distinguish the molluscous Baboo from the osseous Pathan, but will actually presume to discuss Indian subjects with you unless strict precautions are taken." And then Aberigh ascends to a power of expression worthy of Kipling himself, calling him "a ridiculous old Shrovetide cock." *Cardozo the half-caste in Lays of Ind*, has some affinity with *His Chance in life*, that story of which the gem is the trembling policeman coming to the equally affrighted telegraph signaller, with that distant strain of the *Herrenvolk* in him, and asking :—"What orders does the *Sahib* give?" So the almost submerged white spark shone clear for that glorious half hour, and then sputtered out.

Even Gunga Din does not come from fountains pure, for *Behind the Bungalow* deals faithfully with the Man of Paradise, and the song Gunga Deen was sung long before Kipling's days. It was sung to "Scotch Lassie Jean," and it ran somewhat thus :—

"My bearer Gunga Deen is supposed to keep me clean  
And be always at his master's beck and call.  
Beck and call  
In the morning you're afraid I'll be late upon parade  
You say *Sahib*, by my bed, till I long to punch your head.  
Punch your head  
You smiling, fat, salaaming, Gunga Deen and so forth.

#### STORIES OF CHILDREN

Kipling's stories of children are wistful and pathetic, and *His Majesty the King* and *The Story of Muhammad Din* may well owe something to *Baby in Partibus*, to *Memsahib* and to *Behind the Bungalow* sketches, and also now and again to something that Latakia—otherwise Philip Neville—may have written. So there it is and there is little written today that has not its roots in the past, for "what has been, is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun"

## Kipling at Home

by DOROTHY PONTON

*(This is the first of a series of three articles by Rudyard Kipling's former Secretary. The second and third instalments are entitled, "Kipling at Work, 1911-1923" and "Kipling's Farm)."*

**I**N the hot dry summer of 1911, I paid my first visit to Kipling's home.

Outside the little station of Etching-ham, on the borders of Kent and Sussex, stood a one-horse vehicle which conveyed its passengers through the picturesque country-side to Burwash, about four miles west of the station. For three parts of the journey, the ground rose gently, then a sudden dip brought you to the outskirts of the village, where stood the Rector's house. A steep hill, skirted by primitive cottages on the one side and an old-fashioned inn (called 'Admiral Vernon') on the other, led to the village proper. At the top of the hill the road bore a little to the left; past another hill topped by the old church, and straight on through the village to the 'Bear Inn' where the passengers descended. For a small sum the driver offered to convey me to Bateman's. A five minutes' drive brought us to the top of Bateman's lane, made conspicuous by a modern house, known as the 'Red House,' and a less red letter-box let into the wall. Here the bus turned due south down a very steep and rough lane. On the right hand extended fields, with an orchard and an old house off the lane (called 'Little Bateman's') a spinney darkened the other side of the lane. In the valley, but not quite at its foot, rose 'Bateman's' the Jacobean house of Rudyard Kipling. Beyond the lane it was a mere track, but a wider lane met it at right-angles and ran almost due east to Dudwell Mill Farm.

A dense yew-hedge screened the grounds from inquisitive eyes; an oak gate gave entrance to the flagged, beautifully kept lawns, which led to the massive porch, bearing the date 1634. Creepers adorned the porch

on either side and climbed to the windows of Mr. Kipling's study.

A tug at the bell brought a grey-haired parlour-maid to the door. She led me across a large hall, paved with black and white squares, and ceilinged with oak and beam rafters; the walls had oak wainscoting and a vast arched chimney-piece occupied the west wall opposite the leaded-light windows. A massive draw-table, with carved legs and oak benches on either side, stood near the windows, and an oak cupboard against the south wall.

Passing under a stone door-way, opposite the staircase, the maid opened a door on the left and ushered me into the parlour, simply furnished in keeping with the character of the house. Opposite the parlour was a smaller room, used at that time as a school-room.

Just before passing under the stone doorway in the hall, a few steps on the right-hand side led up to a small room, used by Mrs. Kipling for transacting business. It made an ideal little study, lined on three sides with book-cases, below which were roomy cupboards. At the other end of the hall, opposite the stone doorway, lay the dining-room, the walls of which were covered with Spanish leather. A little hatch-way, hidden behind an oak panel, revealed the kitchen.

On ascending the stairs, the chief bedroom lay on the left of the landing. This room contained a fine old carved French bedstead and furniture to match. The room opposite the stairs served as Mr. and Mrs. Kipling's bedroom, and that on the right of the staircase led to Mr. Kipling's study. This was a large room over the porch and hall. The main windows faced east, overlooking the front lawn and down the lane leading to Dudwell Mill Farm. The west and north walls were lined with book-cases, reaching almost to the ceiling, and here the author kept his collection of cherished books. A long table, facing the window, contained his

writing-materials and favourite pipe-rack. A couch stood near the wide fireplace. A narrow passage, opposite the stairs, had a bedroom off the left and, at the end of the passage was another. Another flight of stairs led to a spare-room, and the rest were attics used for the domestic staff or for storage purposes.

Near the school-room door was a massive oak door leading into the grounds which faced south. The first thing that caught the eye, on looking straight ahead, was the beautiful lawn with its avenue of limes and at the end of the lawn, the flower-beds, quiet in colouring except for a sudden streak of vivid hue standing out from the rest. A broad flagged terrace, the cracks of which were filled in with tiny herbs that wafted an odour of peppermint as you passed them, bore to the right and faced undulating pastures beyond the garden. At the end of this terrace a path ran to the right and left. That on the right went round the main house to two hop-kilns, converted into a cottage where the gardener at this time lived. Later on a new cottage was built for the gardener outside the garden, and the hop-kilns were used as servants' quarters, with one room reserved as the secretary's office. Beyond the kilns the path broadened into a motor-drive eastward, but continued in a northerly direction past the garden sheds and into the vegetable garden.

The flagged path to the left of the terrace ran south along the edge of the lawn, beyond which was the square lake and a glorious rose-garden set about a circular pool. Continuing south, the path skirted a grass tennis court, and was edged with borders of snowy carnations. The flagged path ended abruptly at the river bank, but a gravel path to the right continued along the bank, edged with sweet-briar, hazel, alder and spindle-trees. A few yards farther on was a wooden bridge beside an old forked pear-tree, which crossed the main stream; a few steps downwards brought you to another little bridge, overhung with elder bushes, this crossed an arm of the stream which fed the old water-mill, and was helped by the quiet 'chug-chug' of a dynamo, to

supply electric power to Bateman's. A low wooden gate separated the grounds proper from Park Mill and Park Mill Cottage.

The old Mill House was a white wooden building of very ancient date; the part adjoining the stream was used as a store place for timber and other things necessary for repairing old buildings without descending to the use of modern contrivances; the residential portion was at that time occupied by the chauffeur and his wife. Park Mill Cottage consisted of a converted hop-kiln used at this time as the residence of the secretary and the governess, with a maid in attendance. A rough field occupied the frontage of these houses, and in it was the well—the sole supply of water. A wooden gate gave entrance to the rough cart-track which was, in fact, a continuance of the main Batemans' lane.

The Dudwell, in the summer of 1911, was hardly more than a trickle of water, and the stream looked innocent enough, but stormy weather soon converted it into a rushing torrent, and the dusty lane became a bog of Sussex clay. Even Bateman's itself was not immune from invasion when the stream was in spate and Mr. Kipling, on one occasion at least, dashed from his bed in the dead of night to rescue some valuable rugs from being submerged by the muddy water that welled over the great hall like a lake of pea-soup. Part of the tennis-court disappeared into the stream after a storm, and its place was later taken by a modern 'en-tout-cas' court which rather spoilt the old-world look of that part of the garden.

When the river was in spate it made strange sobbing noises, and the wind, rushing through the valley, often sounded like a woman's scream. Legend attributes these sounds to a tragedy that occurred in the neighbourhood during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. At that time the place belonged to an iron-founder, Richard Moyes, a widower with an only daughter. Among his workmen was a Frenchman, Jean Crapaud, who fell in love with the daughter. Moyes dismissed the man, but he would not leave the neighbourhood. One night, when the

river was in flood, Moyes heard someone creeping downstairs. Finding his daughter's room empty, he seized his sword and rushed towards the mill. There, on the bridge, he found the lovers and, as he sprang

at the Frenchman with drawn sword his daughter threw herself between them, received the thrust and fell screaming into the river. Her body was never recovered.

(To be continued)

### Sniff

From the novel "Winter of Discontent" by Gilbert Frankau.

(published by Messrs. Hutchinson, and reprinted by permission of Mr. Frankau and the publishers).

If you can't peep ahead or even about you,  
Or use your wits as common folk must do ;  
If you can't trust yourself, and most men doubt you,  
And there's a reason for their doubting too ;  
If you were born too tired to earn your living,  
Or, knowing the whole facts, prefer half-lies,  
Or, constitutional taker, shrink from giving,  
And yet can talk that good and look that wise :

If you can't think—and precedent's your master ;  
If you can't dream that life's a soldier's game ;  
If war won't make you move one knot the faster,  
And overtime's the only treat you claim ;  
If you can't bear strict orders straightly spoken ;  
If all you're built for is an office stool—  
Worn-out and stooping, soft-skinned for a token  
You're one-tenth twister and nine-tenths the fool :

If you won't leap, however long your looking,  
And hate all chaps in blue or khaki cloth,  
And never breathe the word, when ten are cooking,  
That one can brew a cheaper, stronger broth ;  
If you've no nous, no go, no guts inside you  
Except to wait your turn—and then hold down,  
Until short years with pensioned ease provide you,  
The cushy job of Hob, Nob, Dobb or Brown ;

If you daren't mount the clouds or keep sea-station,  
If handling Bren guns hurts you over-much,  
If all you know about administration  
Is how to muck-up everything you touch ;  
If you can merely fill the unfilled minute  
To pass and pass and pass till Kingdom Come,  
Yours is the Civil Service, Up, and in it,  
And snitch one K.B.E. the more, you bum !

## 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."

## " A Choice of Kipling's Verse "

*A commentary by Basil M. Bazley on the Press criticisms of T. S. Eliot's book.*

QUITE a number of reviews of Mr. Eliot's book have appeared in the Press: we cannot be surprised at this, as its publication has been something of an event of the first importance in what may be termed the higher criticism. A new selection (in this case a long one) of those pieces which an independent observer deems worthy of note is always of interest; it is doubly so in this case, as Mr. Eliot, one of the more prominent poets of to-day, is a "high-brow" and in style the very antithesis of his subject. Prefacing this collection is an Essay which is a most important contribution to a better knowledge. Lastly, though the "high priests and pontiffs" of literary journalism may not agree, Kipling to-day is being read and quoted more than even in the days of his early popularity.

Among this bundle of reviews we find many good and original comments. First and one of the best is that of *The Spectator* (2-1-42):—"Many critics have denied to Kipling the title of poet and one of the reasons why Kipling is so difficult to place is well put by Mr. Eliot . . . Mr. Eliot's essay is an admirable example of the finest type of criticism. He succeeds in making us look at his subject's work with freshly opened eyes and he is at once sober, illuminating and sound." This review concludes by drawing attention to Kipling's prophetic quality, though it may seem strange that this should be necessary in these days.

*The Observer* (28-12-41) devotes nearly a column to this subject, enlarging on Mr. Eliot's remarks about Kipling's patriotism:—"It is his preaching that has principally stood in his way; nor does an astonishing poem, 'The Fabulists,' which Mr. Eliot takes as a resting-place half-way through his essay, really justify that. In old days truth was told through a disguise, because to tell it openly cost the teller his life, as now in Germany; yet he knew there were ears

hungering to hear it. The fabulist who seeks in a free country to drive truth home is in a different position; the more he sugars his pill the more men eye it, and the less they respect those who gulp it down. Even now it is Kipling's popularity rather than his unpopularity that is held against him, though every one must recognise that his main lesson of military responsibility and foresight, the lesson that truth and justice are not self-protective, was dinned into deaf ears." Again:—"He is great undeniably, and in the versatility and perfection of his accomplishment perhaps unparalleled. To ignore his gift, to refuse the massive and sometimes beautiful contribution he can make to our national inheritance, on grounds of superficial distaste, would be absurd." We do not damn the literary power of Demosthenes and Caesar, although they were patriots, though some of our new-clever forget the late Professor Saintsbury's dictum, that subject in poetry does not matter. But Kipling did write with a purpose (this is bad art to small minds), so many critics voted that he was like Cato—a bore, or like Cassandra—never to be believed.

We have a striking proof of the truth of the foregoing from the *New Statesman* (3-12-42), where we learn that "among writers of the last hundred years provisionally labelled Fascist the names of Carlyle, Lawrence, Kipling recur." Who were the impartial, divinely-appointed judges who did the labelling? As might be guessed, this review (a very long one) is mainly a diatribe against Kipling and a lecture to Mr. Eliot for liking Kipling. The end is worth quoting, to show how far prejudice can go:—"Mr. Eliot rejects the idea that there is any Fascist tendency or even any flattery of national, racial or imperial vanity in Kipling. The second of these accusations seems to me proved by many passages, some reprinted here. The first is more questionable, but if mob appeal, appeal to cruelty,

hatred of intellect, and the propagation of a politico-religious race doctrine are indications of the near-Fascist or pre-Fascist writer, then Kipling is one. His aims, it seems to me, make it impossible for him to be a great poet (Saintsbury thought differently—B. M. B.) Fascism itself appears to rule out the possibility of any good art, and we must expect its fore-runners to share the taint." Some of my readers may ask, why mention rubbish of this sort? I do so to show the existence of a peculiar prejudice (or jealousy?) and of a political view that did much to render us unready for attack by the above-mentioned Fascists.

A really good type of critique appears in the *Listener* (15-1-42), where the reviewer begins by saying that "the modern ballad is a type of verse for the appreciation of which we are not provided with the modern critical tools. We are therefore inclined to dismiss the poems, by reference to poetic criteria which do not apply." One wonders how much this statement will bring repentance to those who through ignorance and prejudice have misjudged Kipling. From this the reviewer passes to other aspects and slightly enlarges Mr. Eliot's findings:—"It is time that Kipling was assessed as an artist, quite apart from whether you like his message or not, a message which, by the way, is seldom understood from the mistaken idea that because Kipling was lucid he must therefore be shallow." The hasty thinker is given a warning against dismissing Kipling lightly or pigeon-holing him without a second thought:—"Kipling was far too varied a genius, too consummate a craftsman, to fit easily into categories." Mr. Eliot warns us against this, but this review points out that he "builds up the verse Kipling around his ballads, his hymns and his epigrams. This is certainly a sound position to take up, well-supported by the selection Mr. Eliot has made. But it is possible to see more in Kipling than even Mr. Eliot does." To follow this, we have a good comment on Kipling's religious mysticism, noting, among others "M'-Andrew's Hymn":—"This is more

than one invention out of many; it is a profound emotion; but we would not wish to quarrel with Mr. Eliot over details; we would wish rather to thank him for a first-rate critical essay, and a gallant attempt to clear innumerable semi-highbrow minds of cant." Which is sound sense.

In another long review the *Sunday Times* (? date) has some good—and bad—things:—"The aim of Kipling's virtuosity was always a violent precision. His adjectives and phrases started from the page. He forced you to see, hear, touch, smell as vividly as words can compass those ends, and when this was inconsistent with an aesthetic impression—well, that kind of beauty went by the board." Tribute is paid to Kipling's vividness, though there is more of the reviewer's opinion here and elsewhere than that of Mr. Eliot. I cannot imagine Mr. Eliot writing:—"The emotions which his poems rouse, though keen and often well worth having, are not among the most valued that poetry is capable of exciting." There is a good deal more of this damning with faint praise:—"His prejudices remained those of the public schoolboy in some directions, and his generousities, too." (This is a chestnut.) But I, and others, must join issue on the ending of these remarks on Kipling rather than Eliot; after speaking, quite erroneously, about Kipling's narrowness, the reviewer ends thus:—"His conception of God when it was not Calvinistic in the widest sense (God Fate) was as tribal as that of the Old Testament." We could give many quotations to disprove this assertion; my choice is "The Two-sided Man."

From the *Tatler and Bystander* (7-1-42) we get a really good idea of Mr. Eliot's book:—"Here, old favourites alternate with the less well-known of Kipling's experiments. Mr. Eliot indicates what he has liked himself . . . . Those who think they do not like Kipling may think again, and those who do like him may understand why they do." There is a good note on the poet or verse-writer topic: . . . "Mr. Eliot suggests that where-

as the poet is always primarily interested (or worked upon) by himself, by his own reactions to any subject, the verse-writer is more interested, or worked upon by his subject than he is by himself. He is, in fact, more impersonal, less self-conscious." This is a good review all through, and it keeps to the point.

Little now remains, but we may glance at three shorter notices. The *News Chronicle* (29-12-41), short and slightly patronising, says that "he (Mr. Eliot) explains in a very interesting preface why he thinks Kipling's verse deserving of the adjective 'great'." The *Manchester Guardian* (2-1-42) calls the book, "a very interesting appreciation of Kipling which in days of greater space would lend itself admirably to many reflections of agreement or challenge." It disagrees with Mr. Eliot's opinion of 'Gethsemane,' which it calls "simple, moving," etc.—an opinion which most of us will share. The 'critique' of the *Irish Press* (13-1-42) is too

childish to merit either comment or quotation.

In conclusion, we may regret that hardly any of the reviews say anything about Mr. Eliot's selection of verse; whether or not we agree with this is not the point—he has the right to choose, and his choice is interesting. Possibly the real reason is that many of the critics, in spite of their pontifical poses, know so little of Kipling's work that the task of selection (or refection) would be beyond them. On the very notable judgment by Mr. Eliot, that Kipling was a maker of Verse, not a Poet, it may be said that Kipling was in the main a maker of Verse, though he does, and not infrequently, burgeoon into real and great Poems. Still, Mr. Eliot's verdict that, as a writer of great verse, Kipling's position is not only high but unique, should convince even the dullest of his detractors that his place among the Great in our English Literature is fixed.

## The Kipling Broadcasts

**M**ANY members of the Kipling Society will have listened with interest and pleasure to the Kipling Broadcasts which have recently been made through the medium of E.N.S.A. By courtesy of Mr. Reginald Arkell, of the Broadcasting Division of E.N.S.A., we give the following details:—

### FIRST BROADCAST

#### EAST IS EAST

- Song : " Song of the Banjo."
- Recit : " The Last Lap."
- Recit : "'For all we have and are."
- Song : " Tommy."
- Recit : "M'Andrews' Hymn."
- Recit : " Buy my English Posies."
- Recit : " The English Flag."
- Extract : " In Ambush" (Stalky & Co.)
- Song : " Mandalay."
- Extract : "Education of Otis Yeere."  
(Wee Willie Winkie).
- Song : " Mother O' Mine."
- Extract : " Madness of Private Ortheris."  
(Plain Tales from the Hills).
- Song : " Absent-Minded Beggar."
- Song : " Boots."
- Song : " Recessional." (St. Paul's Choir).

### SECOND BROADCAST

#### WEST IS WEST

- Recit : " Sussex."
- Song : " Rolling down to Rio."

Recit : " Puck's Song."

Song : "The Ladies."

Songs : " Merrow Down " and " Camels Hump."

Extract : " An Habitation Enforced."

Song : " Dawn off the Foreland."

Recit : " If."

Extract : From speech by Mr. Kipling on " Invasion."

Recit : " For all we have and are."

Mr. Arkell writes:—"The two broadcasts were immensely popular and it was noticeable how largely Rudyard Kipling was thereafter quoted in the Press and by public speakers, including Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, in the House of Commons." "There was," he adds, "a welcome revival, which was the object of the broadcasts, in which the Director of E.N.S.A., Mr. Basil Dean, took a strong personal interest." Valuable assistance was rendered—in the compilation of these broadcasts—by Rudyard Kipling's literary executors, his agent, (Mr. Watt) and his daughter, Mrs. Bambridge. Mr. Roger Ould and Mr. Macqueen Pope also rendered valuable help, in making the arrangements.

## Boer War Incidents

by VICTORIAN

In the *Delhi Morning Post* of April 7, 1900, there appeared an article about a Highlander's good luck in having a chat with Kipling in a hospital at Rondebosch. The Highlander recorded this event as follows :—

"Of all people in the world, whom do you think I had a chat with this morning? Mr. Rudyard Kipling. I had left my marquee to go out and sit under a tree and have a quiet cigarette, when on looking round I saw advancing towards me a little man in a khaki serge suit—Eton jacket, black polished shoes and grey felt hat. "Could you tell me," said he, "where I can find one of the Canadian Sisters?" "I will show you," said I, "but, pardon me if I am rude, are you not Mr. Rudyard Kipling?" "I am," said he smiling. "I am so glad to see you," said I. "I am a great admirer of you and your works, especially your *Seven Seas* and *Barrack Room Ballads*." "Ah, indeed," said he, still smiling and looking at me through his peculiar spectacles with his bright eyes. "Do you like the *Seven Seas*?" "Yes," I replied, "I know a few of each by heart. I like *Back to the Army Again*, *Sergeant*, and of the *Seven Seas* that Scotch one" (here I was at a loss for its name). "*M'Andrew's Hymn*," he said. "Yes," said I, "I enjoyed that so much." "I think that one very good," he said, "although I say it that shouldn't"—this with a merry twinkle. "It took a long time to work up! What is your name?" he continued. "Stewart," said I. "Oh, I am a Macdonald on my mother's side, and she taught me never to like a Campbell," he went on laughing heartily; and his laughter being infectious I laughed too . . .

He offered me a box of cigarettes, which I accepted gladly. The paper which I am sending you, the *Army and Navy*, he gave me as he left. He also wished me good luck and said he was so pleased to meet me. It put him in mind of the old days in the messes in India; but "they are all youngsters there now," he

added regretfully. I was delighted beyond words . . . I recognised him at once from his photo. He is not so tall as I am, but well built, with slightly stooping shoulders; very sallow complexion, short thick brown moustache, humorous mouth, and eyes that make you smile when you look into them. His utterance is very rapid and very distinct, and struck me as being decidedly Scotch. . . . I believe he is gathering material for his book. He sees everything, I should imagine from his look and manner."

In 1900, too, Captain Llewellyn J. Phillips, commanding the Active Service Volunteer Company of the South Wales Borderers, writing from Kettering Siding, Cape Government Railway, South Africa, said; "On my journey to Beaufort West I happened to get into the same carriage as Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He was very affable (not at all the sort of fellow you would imagine from the description of him in the abortive attempts to get interviews with him), and seemed greatly interested in all the Volunteers in South Africa. When we got to Frasersburg Road, where the company of the Welsh are, he got out of the carriage, and was immediately surrounded by about fifty "Tommies," and seemed in his glory in conversing with them. I never saw such hero-worship as at Beaufort West. It had leaked out that he was travelling by that train, and the whole of the town, old and young, white, black and yellow, crowded into the station to get a glimpse of him. This morning I received a packet containing two bottles of laudanum from him . . . I administered the first dose of it this morning and when I told the man from whom the medicine had come, his eyes gleamed with appreciation."

In *With Number Three and Surgical and Medical*, Kipling recorded the great interest he took in wounded and unwounded soldiers in the Boer War, and at that same period he wrote *Stories of the War*, some of which have only been collected recently

in the *Sussex Edition* of his works, nearly forty years after they first saw the light of day. Of *Stories of the War* the *Spectator* of 6th March, 1900, said :—"We trust that the *Stories of the War* by Mr. Rudyard Kipling which are appearing in the *Daily Express* will be very widely read. We are anxious that they should be read because they contain lessons of the war, moral and physical, theoretical and practical, which it is essential that the nation should learn if it is to become fit for its work—if, that is, it is to survive in the great international struggle for existence. These tales tell us with poignant iteration that we must learn to work and to understand that we must be honest at heart instead of being arrogant fools, and that we must give

up the habit of always trying to despise something. We cannot, of course, epitomise half a dozen stories, but we must single out for special praise the wonderful study of the young British subaltern in *The Outsider* . . . . The picture is, we fear, to a great extent a true one, and we are heartily glad that Mr. Kipling is going to get to close quarters with this national vice, despising—one which is "perverting, defacing, debasing" our whole social life."

The pity is that all these Boer War stories can only be read by the millionaires who can afford to pay an exorbitant price for the *Sussex Edition*, unless the volume containing them can be seen in one of the larger public libraries, or the original files of the *Daily Express* of 1900.

## Kipling's Gift Romance

*More About the Kipling Inkstand*

IN the last issue of the *Journal*, (December, 1941) reference was made to the Georgian Silver Inkstand given by Rudyard Kipling to his sister, Mrs. J. M. Fleming, which she, in turn, recently presented to the British destroyer *H.M.S. Kipling*. The following further details appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening News*.

"Mrs. J. M. Fleming, sister of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, has presented to the British destroyer *Kipling* an inkstand of Georgian silver which the famous author gave to Mrs. Fleming in June 1890—on her first birthday anniversary after her wedding in 1890.

The inkstand was originally inscribed "A. M. F. d.d. R. K., 1890."

Mrs. Fleming has added to this the following :

"*H.M.S. Kipling d.d. A. M. F., 1940, 'Flirt, murder, marry, but steer clear of ink.'—R. K.*"

Mrs. Fleming described how she came to make the gift, which is considered by the officers and crew of *H.M.S. Kipling* as something unique in the way of presents to a warship.

"ADOPTED "BY THE KIPLING SOCIETY.

"When I heard that a destroyer was to be called after my brother,"

Mrs. Fleming said, "I felt more cheered than by anything that had happened since his death. It appealed to me even more than the supreme honour of burial in Westminster Abbey, and I felt sure he would have appreciated it beyond anything else on earth.

"*H.M.S. Kipling* was launched by his daughter, Mrs. George Bambridge, and the Kipling Society, of which I have the honour to be a vice-president, requested to be allowed to 'adopt' the ship. She—through the medium of her captain and officers—showed a pleasant readiness to be adopted, and her baptismal gifts from the Society were a bronze plaque of R. K. and a silver cigarette box and ash trays.

"Last year a deputation of members of the Kipling Society Council were entertained by the captain and officers on board the destroyer, and the plaque, which now hangs in a place of honour in the wardroom, was unveiled by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, the founder of the Society. This ceremony was followed by a delightful surprise—the presentation to the Society of a plaque in bronze of the ship's boat badge—the well-known elephant's head in profile—holding a lotus. As this

design was originally modelled by my father, I was specially glad it should be thus employed.

#### HER LARGEST GODCHILD.

"I still felt I wanted to give some personal gift—the equivalent, as it were, of a mug or silver spoon—to my last—and largest—godchild, and looked among my possessions for something associated with R. K."

Mrs. Fleming then told of the inkstand and its history, and added: "I sent it with an explanatory letter to the captain. In his charming reply he not only said the inkstand would always be one of the ship's treasures, but invited me, when the *Kipling* came to northern waters, to inspect my 'godchild' and see

my gift in its place. I look forward keenly to this pleasure."

It is not many families which can boast the high distinctions to which this family can lay claim. A cousin of Mrs. Fleming is Lord Baldwin, the former Prime Minister. Another relative, Professor J. W. Mackail, has the Order of Merit.

Rudyard Kipling was buried in Westminster Abbey, while a member of the family to which Lieut.-Colonel Fleming, husband of Mrs. Fleming, belongs was awarded the V.C. Kipling in the dedication of one of his works described Mrs. Lockwood Kipling, his mother, as the wittiest woman in India."



## An Office Earthquake

*It happened at Lahore*

THE late Mr. E. K. Robinson writing to *Literature* on Kipling as a journalist, mentioned an incident that had occurred at Lahore when Kipling and he were editing *The Civil and Military Gazette*. The incident was an unrecorded earthquake. Robinson wrote about it thus:—"Of all journalistic feats we had most reason to be proud of our earthquake. The earthquake occurred at about 2.30 a.m. one Sunday morning. In those days the Saturday paper, dated Monday, according to Anglo-Indian practice—used to go to press in the small hours of Sunday morning to catch the Bombay and Calcutta mail trains. It was always practically finished by midnight, and only one page remained "open" for telegrams. On this occasion we had spent the hours from midnight till half-past two at the Club, which was emptied by that time of revellers, and returned to the bungalow, where we both noticed a slight tremor as of an earthquake. To verify the matter we looked at a hanging hook on a door: yes, it was swinging, so in went a paragraph in the paper among the very latest

news, announcing a "slight earthquake at Lahore." Not another soul in Lahore or in any part of the Punjab or India felt that earthquake, and the Government observatory knew nothing of it. It was our own private and special earthquake, and we treasure its memory. After the last English earthquake Kipling wrote to me:—"This here English journalism isn't what it's cracked up to be. They can't have an earthquake in England without taking up two columns of the *Times* to describe the effects and to verify the direction and the nature of the shock. This does not give scope for invention. Now I remember the time when you and I could just make an earthquake, same as the Almighty, slip it into the "local" at 3 a.m. of a Sunday morning, and go to bed with the consciousness we'd done our duty by the proprietors. Wonder what they'd say on the *Globe* to so strictly local an earthquake as ours?" Those were the days when the waste-paper basket under the editor's table used to receive some of Kipling's rejected MSS. over fifty years ago.—E. W. M.

## The Making of England

*The second part of an Address to the Auckland, N.Z., Branch of the Kipling Society—by Mr. F. S. Townley-Little, Chairman and Vice-President.*

DAN, like so many other boys, was in trouble over his Latin, hence by a natural sequence of ideas, it is fitting that the next epoch should deal with the Romans in Britain. It is the story of Parnesius, a Roman knight born in Britain, who by the magic of Oak, Ash and Thorn, appeared to the children and told them of wondrous happenings. Rome at this time was beginning to fall and be conquered in her turn, and gradually all the soldiers of the legion were being recalled there from foreign service, in many cases against their will. The tale "A Centurion of the Thirtieth" gives a vivid description of these days, and it is continued in "The Great Wall" and "The Winged Hats" which tell us of Hadrian's Wall that still exists in the north of England, the trouble with the Picts and Scots, and then of the coming of the Vikings with their wing-shaped headgear.

These three tales deal essentially with the Making of England. "Hal o' the Draft" takes us further on in history to the days when smuggling was rife, and gun-running was one of its features. "Dymchurch Flit" is a story of the departure of the fairies from England. Old conditions for them had changed and they had perforce to seek a more congenial clime. After many a futile attempt they were able to sail away, steered by the two sons of a widow—one blind and one dumb. Puck alone remained behind—Puck who is with us to-day for those who have eyes to see him. When the fairies left England Puck was said to be the only one who remained; but here I must join issue with Rudyard Kipling in this assertion, for I maintain that—to those with the eyes to see and the ears to hear—the fairies are still

The last story in the book, "The Treasure and the Law," deals with the days when John was King, and the refusal to grant him money without redress of grievances. Now we

are taken back to Pevensey Castle. A certain man named Kadmiel had by chance discovered the gold hidden there by Sir Richard Dalyngridge after their return from "The Joyous Venture," as told earlier. To prevent the gold from coming into the King's hands, Kadmiel, by a pretended scare about the plague, had caused himself to be shut up in Pevensey for a while and secretly abstracted the gold which he placed in a boat and, taking it out to sea, threw it overboard. So much for human riches! This ends the book, and the children—forgetful of all under the magic of Oak, Ash and Thorn, return home singing "Rewards and Fairies" at the top of their voices. This is a fitting introduction to that book of the same name which likewise contains twelve tales, each embodying an episode concerned with the "Making of England."

The first tale "Cold Iron" is the story of a Fairy Child who must not touch iron under the penalty of turning mortal. But in spite of all precautions the iron was touched and the child wore on his neck the iron collar that marked the badge of servitude among the Saxons. Now just as "Puck of Pook's Hill" was more or less historical, so is "Rewards and Fairies" largely allegorical, and most of the stories point a moral. Here we have the idea of the putting aside of ease and pleasure and the willing adoption of the yoke of servitude for others.

In "Gloriana" we go back to the "spacious days of Great Elizabeth" and she appears to the children as a Queen indeed. Here the great lesson inculcated is patriotism and the willingness to sacrifice self for the love of country. In spite of many faults Elizabeth was one of the greatest sovereigns England has ever known and could sway and govern the hearts and wills of men, and this is evidenced by the way in which the two cousins go forth to fight abroad for her.

"The Wrong Thing" is the story of Hal o' the Draft—the great craftsman—and the Italian workmen, Torrigiano and Benedetto. This is a lesson in how the best of which one is capable must be produced at all costs and how inferior work leads to trouble. There is the jealousy between the rival workmen, ending almost in tragedy, averted in the end by laughter.

"Marklake Witches," to those who read it aright, is full of pathos. It is the story of Philadelphia, the young girl who was yet Lady of the Manor, and who ruled everyone. Over her hung the fatal shadow of consumption, but like so many under this curse, she thinks it but a passing ailment.

"The Knife and the Naked Chalk" takes us back to primitive times. The lesson taught by this is one that Kipling is always inculcating—that of the sacrifice of self for the good of others. In these days the Beast ravaged the land and killed the people and the only weapon against it was a magic knife. To obtain this a sacrifice was necessary—that of the right eye—and this the man who afterwards became the Keeper of his People and the Slayer of the Beast, willingly made, and the people revered him as the great god Tyr. It is a story full of moral instruction for all who sit in authority over others.

"Brother Squaretoes" treats of the old days when Louis XVI was King and France was trying to found an empire in America and his attempt also to keep at peace with England. The story, as narrated by Pharaoh the Gipsy, tells of the love subsisting between Washington and the Indians and his determination not to go to war with England.

"A Priest in Spite of Himself" is a continuation of the American tale but later on there comes into prominence M. Peringuey, selling

buttons for a livelihood, who is really no other person than Count Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Périgord, that baffling figure known as Talleyrand, who played so great a part in Franco-American history. He was also a Bishop, hence the title of this story.

"The Conversion of St. Wilfrid" is a plea for religious tolerance, and shows how the priest was at last brought to confess the virtue and the wisdom of the seal who could speak and teach a truer charity and simpler religion than that of the priest himself.

And so with the other stories. "A Doctor of Medicine" and "Simple Simon" show the same ideal of duty and teach the same lesson of sacrifice for others—the one the discredited and despised doctor who saved many a life during the plague year: the other the story of the simple-minded man who yet saved the life of his hero—Sir Francis Drake.

The last story in the book "The Tree of Justice" is one of much pathos and brings Saxon and Norman close together. The old beggarman who was brought to the court of Henry I turns out to be none other than Harold, the last English King, who was not killed as supposed at the battle of Senlac. At the last even Henry recognises him as Harold, and then the poor old man, tossed about upon the storm of life, dies in the arms of his ancient retainer, Hugh. This is a masterpiece of contrivance, and the death of Harold in Henry's court typifies the passing of the Saxon and the establishment of the Norman as Lord of England. And so end Kipling's histories and allegories, so closely interwoven as to be inseparable, when they deal with such a subject as "The Making of England."



*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.*

## Branch Report

### AUCKLAND, N.Z.

MRS. Buchanan, the Hon. Secretary of the Kipling Society Branch at Auckland, N.Z., sends us the following list of subjects of addresses and readings given to the members of the Branch during the past very successful season (1941-42).  
March 31st, 1941.

"Kipling and the Empire," by Mr. D. W. Faigan (Chairman).

Readings by Mr. Faigan : "The Parting of the Columns," "The Colonial," "The Return," "The Song of the Lathes," "Where are you going to, all you Big Steamers?"  
April 21st, 1941. 30 members present.

(a) Kipling's early journalistic days in India.

(b) Departmental Ditties.

(c) Rupee Books.

Address by Mr. Brandon (10 minutes).

Readings by Dr. Northcroft : "The Post that Fitted," "A Code of Morals," "Pink Dominoes." Readings by Mr. Faigan : "The Betrothed," "The Rupaiyat of Omar Kalvin," a passage from "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat," and "Giffen's Debt." Readings by Mr. Brandon : from the Rupee Books "Black Jack."

May 19th, 1941. 24 members present.

(a) Kipling in London 1889-1892.

(b) "The Seven Seas."

(c) Mowgli.

Address by Mr. Bullen (10 minutes).

Readings by Mr. Faigan : "Danny Deever," "Gentlemen Rankers." Readings by Miss Hull : "The Men that fought at Minden," "Mandalay." Readings by Mr. Bullen : "Bill Hawkins," "The Ladies," "The Short Story—Annie Bragin."

June 16th, 1941. 44 members and friends present.

(a) Kipling and Cecil Rhodes.

(b) "The Five Nations."

(c) Mowgli.

Address by Miss Hull. (10 minutes).

Readings by Mr. Bullen : "The Song of the Banjo." Readings by Mrs. Key Jones : "The Song of the Flowers." Readings by Dr.

Northcroft : "Tiger Tiger." Readings by Miss Hull : "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal." Readings by Mr. Faigan : "M'Andrew's Hymn," "The Three-Decker."

July 21st, 1941. 28 members present.

(a) Kipling as Traveller.

(b) "The Five Nations."

(c) Stalky.

Address by Mrs. A. Buchanan, Hon. Secretary (10 minutes).

Readings by Miss D'Arcy Jones : "White Horses." Readings by Mr. McAlister : "The Explorer." Readings by Miss T. Wilson : "The Bell Buoy." Readings by Mrs. Rickeaby : "The Return." Readings by Miss Boulton : "A Little Prep" from *Stalky & Co.*

August 16th, 1941. 50th Meeting. 36 members and friends present.

(a) Kipling as Short Story Writer.

(b) Post-war poems.

(c) "Thy Servant a Dog."

Address by Mr. Faigan, Chairman (10 minutes).

Readings by Miss McFarland : "Thy Servant a Dog." Readings by Mrs. Faigan : "The Changeling," "Solomon's Quarry," "Jane's Marriage," "We and They," "The King's Pilgrimage," "The Vortex."

September 15th, 1941. 38 members and friends present.

Kipling and Children.

Address by Miss Boulton (10 minutes).

Readings by Cynthia Kenrick : "Smuggler's Song." Readings by Miss Boulton : "Morrow Down." Readings by Marjorie Court : "Just So Stories : How the Whale got his Throat," "How the Camel got his Hump." Poem : "Land of our Birth," "The River's Tale."

October 20th, 1941. Last meeting of the season. 28 members present.

Kipling as poet of Empire.

Address by Mr. Noiman Boyes.

Readings by Mr. Bullen : "Russia to the Pacifists," "For all we have and are." Readings by Mr. Boyes : "Parting of the Columns." Readings by Mr. Faigan : Extract from *Kim*.

## Letter Bag

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

### KIPLING'S WARNINGS.

"No doubt but ye are the People—your throne is above the King's—Whoso speaks in your presence must say acceptable things: Bowing the head in worship, bending the knee in fear—Bringing the word well smoothen—such as a King should hear"

IT was good to see a long extract from Rudyard Kipling's Jubilee Day speech in the last number of the Journal. The time is ripe that we should be reminded of this and of the many other warnings of national insecurity which he gave us. It so happened that this speech of May 6th 1935 was largely lost. It was broadcast at 9 p.m. at the end of a wonderful day—a day of joy and heartfelt jubilation by a people that even then had almost forgotten how to jubilate. Naturally few people were listening in, and naturally—given at such a time—a profound lesson was largely lost, although it ended in a noble tribute to the Ruling House. I have even found a number of members of the Kipling Society who were ignorant of this speech. May we not now have it separately printed in its entirety, and purchasable for a small sum?

It is not so much for the sake of recognising a great writer's prevision of events that we ought to be reminded of Kipling's warnings, but in an effort to secure the value of his teachings against the time when the knowledge of personal safety will again loose the tongues and pens of those who have taught otherwise. Just now we hear little of those who stopped the building of the Singapore Base, who made

" . . . a sport of your shrunken hosts and a toy of your armed men." of those who lost to us—

"Those hours which we had not made good when the Judgment o'ercame us."

Do not we remember the old doctrine—always, for some strange reason, listened to in respectful silence—

"Money spent on an Army or Fleet

Is homicidal lunacy . . ."

My son has been killed in the Mons retreat,

Why is the Lord Afflicting me?

Why are murder pillage and arson

And rape allowed by the Deity?

I will write to the *Times*, deriding our parson

Because my God has afflicted me"

Then the utter pathos of the last lines of "The King's Pilgrimage"—

"All that they had they gave—they gave—In sure and single faith.

There can no knowledge reach the grave To make them grudge their death

Save only if they understood

That, after all was done

We they redeemed denied their blood

And mocked the gains it won."

Not so long ago there were those who said that *Mary Postgate* is inhuman and unnatural: just how long will it be before those same voices are heard amongst us again? Surely it is for the Kipling Society to try to secure us all against an undisputed repetition of this kind of "intellectual" reasoning.

There are those in the Society who have the approach to the public ear and eye and the skill to employ it to effect. May this letter from one who has neither, inspire those who have.—T. C. ANGUS, Banks Farm, Lambourne End, Essex.

### KIPLING INDEXES.

As you tell me that interest was aroused in my lists of Animals of the *Jungle Books*, and you ask me for more details of my Kipling hobbies, I give you some particulars. I write "hobbies" as distinct from my great general interest in Kipling and all he wrote—I am an original member of the Society.

I am making two indexes—No. 1 is a "Concordance" of the Poetry, and No. 2 is a Dictionary of People and Places named or mentioned in the Prose.

*General.* This work I do as a hobby in itself. I find I want something to do when listening to broadcasts and find no difficulty in doing the mechanical work at the same time. The main part of the work is routine, and I find it restful, but as I am a busy man at all times the task will occupy me for several years. At one time I thought of making a concordance of all Kipling prose, instead of just a dictionary of proper names, but I shall not live long enough for that.

What is the object of these Indexes ?

(a) To establish a complete record of all the stories and poems in which the various characters appear.

(b) To get some idea of the number of words used by Kipling in his verse.

(c) People are constantly asking, "Where did Kipling write . . . ?" the usual reference being to his verse. The reply may be "such and such a poem," but unless you are well acquainted with the verse yourself you cannot find it. Or the reply may be "he did not write that," but it is very difficult to prove a negative without the help of some such index as I hope to compile. It may not be of much use to the ordinary reader, but it might be of value to the Kipling Society to consult my card indexes from time to time, and I am hoping to make them so available.

To start the work I had first to give a number to every story and poem, etc.; prose is numbered from 1 upwards, verse is numbered from 5000 onwards. As my own collection

of Kipling is fairly complete, I have been able to do this with the help of Chandler's Summary, keeping the numbers in chronological order as nearly as possible. This of itself has meant two indexes—one numerical and the other alphabetical. Had I not done that it would have been necessary to use the full title of a story or poem each time I recorded a word—now I only have to put down a number. The indexes are on the loose-leaf system.

1. *Concordance*. So far, I think, nearly a quarter of the verse is completed, but owing to the war I have less spare time and so I am leaving this for the time and concentrating on the other.

2. *Dictionary of People and Place Names*. This I have only recently started although I have had it in mind for a long time, and I believe it will develop into an interesting collection.—R. E. HARBORD.

(We hope to publish in due time, some further records of Mr. Harbord's labours in this connection.—Ed.)

## Kiplingiana

*Press and other comment on Kipling and his work*

### A MAGAZINE ARTICLE.

S. T. Giles," in the Edinburgh "Evening News," writes :—"One who "had a lifelong knowledge of Rudyard Kipling " makes some pungent comments on a magazine article which attempted an analysis of the author's life and character. According to my correspondent, the article contrives a picture that is far removed from reality. Exception is taken to the description "stunted, swarthy, half-blind, and uncouth." It is pointed out that Rudyard Kipling was over 5ft. 6in. with broad shoulders and a well-developed head, and that his cousin, Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, who is but an inch or so taller, is not habitually described as "stunted." The magazine writer proceeded :—"Whether one reads his autobiography or his Indian stories, one must be blind not to see that he fell under the spell of the Anglo-Indian administrators. He thought them the salt of the earth. He did open-mouth-

edly revere what must have been a very ordinary collection of Anglo-Indian officials, and the more they snubbed him the more he worshipped."

Kipling's friend replies that the critic's standard must be unusually high, for his "very ordinary collection" included Lord Roberts—whose "snubbing" of Kipling took the curious form of becoming his life-long friend—of sundry Lieutenant-Governors Aitchison, Lyall, Sir Denzil Ibbertson, none of whom can justly claim to be "very ordinary," and Sir W. W. Hunter, whose social brilliance was matched only by his scholarship. The long list would culminate fitly in Lord Dufferin, whose "severe rebuff" took the quaint course of having inscribed in letters of gold *The Song of the Women* on an inside wall in Helen's Tower at Clandeboye. And as the scholarly person who replies to the writer of the magazine myth really knew Rudyard Kipling very well, it would appear that the

critic has been more than "half-blind" to the facts."

#### RECESSIONAL.

In the London *Daily Sketch*, a correspondent, Mr. R. H. Bellairs asked:—"Why does nobody write a real tune to Kipling's *Recessional*, a hymn which ought to be sung at least once in every place of worship every Sunday? The tune "Melita" generally used is far too luscious in character for such a theme. After hearing Vaughan-Williams's noble setting of *For all the Saints* I feel strongly that he is the man to do what we need."

In reply, Mrs. Bambridge, (Rudyard Kipling's daughter) wrote:—"I should be most grateful if you would tell your correspondent, R. H. Bellairs, Cheltenham, that the only tune to which the *Recessional* should be sung is that of the hymn "For those in peril on the sea."

The first line of this is "Eternal Father, strong to save."

My father, the late Mr. Rudyard Kipling, wrote the *Recessional* to this tune, and it was to this setting that it was sung at the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's after the last war."

Another correspondent, Mr. F. C. Lee, referred to Sullivan, and wrote:—"It is on record that Kipling once asked Sullivan to compose a tune suitable for *Recessional*."

After several attempts, none of which in Sullivan's opinion did justice to the theme, the composer gave it up, telling Kipling that he, at any rate, could not hope to compose a tune more in harmony with the words than *Melita*."

#### KIPLING—NEARLY.

The chapter on Rudyard Kipling, in Holbrook Jackson's *The Eighteen Nineties*, writes a correspondent in the *Daily Herald*, London, "gives, among others, the lines appended below—with a trifling alteration not calculated to cause unrest to the spirit of the dead author.—(W. W., London, N.)

Given to strong delusion, wholly believing  
a lie,

Ye saw that the land lay fenceless, and ye  
let the months go by;

Waiting some easy wonder: hoping some  
saving sign,

Idle—openly idle—in the lee of the fore-  
spent line,

Idle—except for your boasting—and what  
is your boasting worth

When uttered by senseless brass hats—the  
most dangerous fools on earth?

#### A SONG FOR SECOND DOG WATCHES.

(Tune:—*Spanish Ladies*).

Mr. T. E. Elwell sends the following lines, which he wrote soon after Rudyard Kipling's death.

Farewell and adieu to you, little commander,  
Farewell and adieu on your uncharted main  
For you've received orders to sail from  
Old England,

And none of us know if we'll see you again.

The first book we saw was called "Many  
Inventions,"

We read it on deck in the tropic moonlight;  
From cabin and half-deck it went through  
both fo'csles,  
And was washed overboard in Australia's  
Bight.

The next book we saw it was called "The  
Day's Work,"

By then of all brass-bounders' joys we were  
shorn;  
Chocked off on a shelf, with a sextant beside  
it

It weathered the invading waves of Cape  
Horn.

Now the signal is flown for the making of  
stern-boards,

Against all the head-winds of age we must  
beat,

So we reave off jaw-tackle, pipe up early  
memories,

And tack back again to your well-written  
sheet.

We'll rant and we'll roar—as much as we're  
able,

We'll rant and we'll roar—though wheezy  
no doubt;

Until we strike soundings—wherever the  
land lies

And take our discharge from bronchitis  
and gout.

Farewell and adieu to you, Master of English,  
Farewell and adieu to you, Spinner of

Yarns;

And though you've had orders to gain a  
far offing,

We read you, till us too, a falling glass warns.

#### FRANCE AND KIPLING.

Free French soldiers recently visited Windsor Castle, under arrangements made by the United Associations of Great Britain and France of which the King and Queen are patrons. "The Frenchmen," writes the *East Anglian Times*, had tea at Rudyard Kipling's old school, Imperial Service College, which moved from Westward Ho, Devon, to Windsor early in the century.

Kipling's *Jungle Book* is very popular in France, and the visitors were interested to see the school portrait of Kipling. Later the boys showed the French guests round the school."

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