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Notes

By J. P. COLLINS

CRITICS OF SORTS.

OUR correspondence shows much interest among members concerning the topic discussed in last number—the curious and miscellaneous treatment accorded to Rudyard Kipling by certain contemporary critics. Whereas some of these heartily deplore his passing away on the eve of the present momentous struggle, and despair of seeing his successor as an Empire Laureate, there are others who seem disposed to abuse him for having appropriated so much of the lustre and "limelight" of his period.

Volumes might be written to show that he was far more modest than such commentators seem to believe. Here the evidence would range from his own rash determination in early life to stay and be an Indian journalist and "let London go hang," down to the climax of his fame and success as a poet, when he disavowed any such title, and was content to rank simply as a "maker of verse." This mild and unassertive attitude by no means agrees with the halo of assumption and audacity that some of his critics try and spin around his brows. Thus "we are forced to the conclusion that too much of this pseudo-criticism of to-day is spoil-

ed by prejudice, literary inexperience, "cussedness," or simply the automatic reaction of a new period and fashion supervening upon another era no longer in a position to answer for itself. But talking of lustre, how can we commiserate self-constituted oracles who impair their eyesight by too much glaring at the sun?

JARGON OUT OF PLACE.

If this unserviceable kind of paper-waste were confined to Kipling, one might be less disturbed, but unfortunately it is not. Each new monograph we buy or borrow tells the same story. For instance, we are tempted by the name of Keats only to find his mother coarsely assailed; or we find the glamour of Dickens spoiled by hopeless over-emphasis on the "amoroso" pedal. Burke is rigged out in the extravagant habits of Sheridan; and Milton is held up for obloquy, not as a limner of Satan and Moloch but a pioneer hero of divorce.

In short, our national Valhalla collapses into a double-dyed chamber of horrors. Landor is displayed as a disreputable termagant who could not write prose for "nuts" (the "nuts" are our authority), and Byron himself is libelled, if that be possible, alike as a

poet and as a man. In such a cataract of gratuitous and indiscriminate invective, who shall escape? All we can do is to stack our set of Kipling a shelf or two higher, and save him from contact with such literary pot-wallopers and scavengers in a thin disguise.

SLOGANS AND CATCHES.

The fact is that these cremationists of literature are incapable of reading the signs of the times, or consequently of distinguishing between the ephemeral and the permanent. Every week brings its quota of tribute in all sorts of ways, as if to show that R.K. is as much in the minds of men as ever. Indeed, it shows the very progress of the war which he warned us against, is inseparable from his increasing and mounting reputation. His name and message are inseparable from our leading articles and Parliamentary debates, the correspondence columns of the best papers, and the headings that adorn our broadcasts and perorations. Quotations from his pen serve as titles for new books of all sorts, his ringing slogans are imported into war movements and pamphlets, in various controversies here or overseas he is quoted as an authority, and the occasions are numberless when he and his works are cited with honourable mention in the world's reviews and magazines.

Someone lately referred to his jest about the Kensal Green of the newspaper files (a neat metaphor in one of his wittiest verses), but nobody surely can forget the mild sarcasm he put into a skit on the unclassifiables of

his old profession, as follows :—

But the bubble is blown and
the bubble is pricked

By Us and such as We
Remember the battle and stand
aside

While Thrones and Powers
confess

That King over all the children
of pride

Is the Press—the Press—
the Press!

COLOUR AND SHADOW.

Since General Wavell turned to the "Jungle Book" to find a stinging parallel with the God and Magog of Totalitarianism, the scenario-writers have been occupying themselves in plundering the great quarry of Kipling's works in order to provide fresh conquests for the film. The latest is a new Technicolor version of the "Jungle Book" which bids fair to excel anything attempted yet in the portrayal of forest and jungle life amid the blaze and warmth and vividness of southern Asia. But for the benefit of America's children and our youngsters in their midst, the story has been overhauled for the National Board of Review.

In the alert western method, a series of interesting queries have been framed which bear upon the plot and persons of the story. We can recollect no other instance of a veteran author, alive or dead, being requisitioned so repeatedly in the course of production in order to commend the new film, and incidentally to show how lavish this jungle epic is in everything that can interest young and eager minds

through the transmutation of colour and shadow. Finally the youngsters themselves have been drilled with a questionnaire of extreme ingenuity in order to bring out the originality of the story, and its appeal in picture form to arrest the young folk's attention for years to come. Some of the critics demur to an interpolation of western smartness into the dialogue and plot, but this was more or less inevitable nowadays, even in Kipling's Jungle.

THE SEVEN SEAS.

A correspondent has asked the "Daily Telegraph" which are the oceans Lord Trenchard had in mind the other day when he drew on Kipling for the familiar phrase of the *Seven Seas*. He used it first in the middle 'nineties, and FitzGerald had used it in his version of Omar forty years before that. The Persian in all probability was talking through his fez, in a strictly poetic sense, of course, because it is doubtful if he had scraped acquaintance with any more than two such waters—that is to say, the Indian Ocean (as we style it to-day), and the Persian Gulf. This query, by the way, has crossed the stage more than once as an ingredient of discussion in this *Journal*; and Kipling himself specified the group of seas he had in mind once as the North and South Pacific, the North and South Atlantic, the Indian, the Arctic and the Antarctic Oceans.

But there have been other interpretations, some of them based on the supposition that in the throng of visions and splendours crowding through the poet's mind,

he may conceivably have forgotten which particular waters he had had originally in mind. This is a far-fetched supposition, and could hardly be shared by every reader. But at least the scope of the interpretation may be enlarged by recapitulating the various readings which have appeared in print at one time or another. The *Seven Seas*, then, have been numbered by various correspondents as follows :—

(By the Mercantile Marine) :
The Yellow Sea, the Sea of Japan, Java Sea, Banda Sea, Flores Sea, Sea of Celebes and Molucca Sea.

(By a member of Lloyd's) :
The Seas of Arafura, Banda, Celebes, Flores, Java, Sulu and Timor.

And so on. But it is worth while adding that many years ago someone compiled a list of fifty-five seas and oceans in alphabetical order of names, and sent it to Kipling, who agreed as to the old age of the expression, and then marked the list off as already said. Finally, this diversity of views may very well conclude with these lines from his poem *The Flowers* :—

Far and far our homes
Are set round the Seven Seas :
Woe for us if we forget,
We who hold by these.
Unto each his mother-beach,
Bloom and bird and land—
Masters of the Seven Seas
Love and understand.

D.S.O. FOR LIEUT. NIALL ROBINSON.

We congratulate Lieutenant Niall Robinson of *H.M.S. Kipling* upon the recent award of the Distinguished Service Cross.

H.M.S. *Kipling*: An Epitaph and a Suggestion

By FRANCIS McMURTRIE

MEMBERS of the Kipling Society will have learned with deep regret of the loss in action of H.M.S. *Kipling*, four and a half years after the date on which her keel was laid. News of her end was given in the following official Admiralty communiqué, issued to the public on May 12 :

"Yesterday (Monday, May 11) afternoon a force consisting of four of our destroyers was heavily attacked by enemy aircraft in the Eastern Mediterranean. H.M.S. *Lively* (Lieut.-Commander W. F. E. Hussey, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.) was hit and sunk. The remaining three destroyers were subjected to further heavy air attack by the German Air Force during the evening. H.M.S. *Jackal* (Commander C. N. Lentaigne, D.S.C., R.N.) and H.M.S. *Kipling* (Commander A. St. Clair Ford, D.S.O., R.N.) were both hit. The *Kipling* sank. The *Jackal* was taken in tow, but had to be sunk by our own forces during the early hours of this morning, since it became impossible to save the ship.

The next-of-kin of casualties in H.M.S. *Lively*, H.M.S. *Jackal* and H.M.S. *Kipling* will be informed as soon as possible. It is known that more than 500 officers and men from these three ships are safe, so the total number of casualties cannot be heavy.

During these air attacks Beau-fighters of the R.A.F. destroyed one Heinkel 111 and damaged at least two Heinkel 111's and five Junkers 88's."

Enemy accounts of this action add little of value to the above brief narrative. According to the German version, the destroyers were attacked to the south of Crete, while the Italians said it was off the coast of Cyrenaica. The former would appear to be the more probable, in view of the reputed strength of the Luftwaffe in the island of Minos.

This is not the first time the destroyer *Kipling* has been associated with that island in the war news. As stated in the April number of the *Journal*, her captain, Commander A. St. Clair Ford, was awarded the Distinguished Service Order, and two of his officers, Lieut.-Commander. (E). H. C. Hogger, R.N., and Sub-Lieut. P. W. B. Ashmore, R.N., each received the Distinguished Service Cross, for operations in Cretan waters during May, 1941. On that occasion the Royal Navy took heavy toll of the German invading forces which attempted to pass by sea. Unfortunately, being without air support, our warships suffered heavily, the cruisers *York*, *Gloucester*, *Fiji* and *Calcutta*, and the destroyers *Greyhound*, *Hereward*, *Imperial*, *Juno*, *Kashmir* and *Kelly* being sunk in action with enemy aircraft. Ultimately a large proportion of the British troops in the island were evacuated in spite of all the enemy could do to prevent their being embarked.

On January 2, 1942, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Fleet, issued the following communiqué from his flagship at Alexandria :

"During the advance of our Army in Libya, the enemy appeared to have been making special efforts to interfere with our supplies by sea. In this they had little success, while our counter-attacking forces have done great execution. They have sunk one Italian and two German submarines and brought in prisoners. The forces carrying out these successful operations included H.M.S. *Farndale*, *Kipling*, *Hasty* and *Hotspur*."

In an interview given the same day *to a number of Press representatives the Commander-in-Chief added the following remarks :

"There are indications that a fair number of enemy submarines have been operating in the Eastern Mediterranean. Apart from trying

to dislocate our sea line of communications, there is evidence that they have attempted to maintain the Bardia garrison by submarine. The enemy is chary of using surface craft. Also there has recently been a noticeable slackening of hostile air activity. This is believed to be due to the Libyan and Cretan aerodromes being waterlogged.

From the three submarines definitely sunk—which is probably a modest estimate—there have been taken 40, 50 and 40 prisoners respectively. All the submarines were destroyed by depth charges dropped by our forces on the surface.

The captain of one British rescuing destroyer said some of the Germans were truculent, ill-behaved and of the Gestapo type, and had¹ asked to be separated immediately from the Italians. The captain of the British destroyer suggested that the Germans might be dumped into the sea to solve the problem, but for humanitarian reasons this proposal was not adopted."

In the first instance Commander D. T. Dowler, R.N., was appointed to command the *Kipling*, to date August 1, 1939; but on the outbreak of war he was transferred to a sister destroyer, and relieved by Commander A. St. Clair Ford, who was still captain at the time of the ship's loss. For a short time in the early part of this year, while Commander St. Clair Ford was on sick leave, Commander J. S. M. Richardson, D.S.O., R.N., held the command.

Officers serving in H.M.S. *Kipling* when she was commissioned in 1939 included Lieut.-Commander J. E. S. Bush, R.N., Lieut. J. K. L. Evans, R.N., Lieut. D. V. M. MacLeod, R.N., Lieut.-Commander (E). E. C. Senior, R.N., Gunner (T), N. W. Fox, R.N., and Midshipmen E. A. Burnham and P. A. Chubb, R.N.R. At the same time, Lieut. N. B. Robinson, R.N.V.R. (son of the Hon. Secretary of the Kipling Society) and Surgeon Lieut. E. W. Rees, R.N.V.R., also joined the ship.

In 1940 Lieut. C. J. Steel, R.N.V.R., and Sub-Lieut. J. S. Woosley, R.N.V.R. were appointed to her. Several changes in personnel occurred in 1941, Lieut.-

Commander (E). H. C. Hogger relieving Lt.-Com. Senior as "Chief," Sub-Lieut. P. W. B. Ashmore, R.N., replacing Lieut. MacLeod, and Surgeon Lieut. J. I. A. Jamieson, R.N.V.R., and Gunner (T). A. J. Stanton, R.N., succeeding Surgeon Lieut. Rees and Mr. Fox, respectively. Other appointments in 1941 included Lieut. W. T. Sinclair, R.N.V.R., Acting Sub-Lieut. A. J. C. Baker, R.N.R., and Midshipman F. M. H. Milburn, R.N., the first-named being relieved within a few months by Lieut. D. H. Wilkinson, R.N.V.R. More recently, Lieut. (E). P. G. Fyers-Turner, R.N., has taken the place of Lieut.-Com. Hogger, promoted.

Other officers who have served in the *Kipling* are Lieut. W. D. Shaw, R.N., Midshipman A. E. P. Deane, R.N., Midshipman R. G. Shaw, R.N., and Midshipman C. N. Russell, R.A.N. The appointments of the last three were for short periods of training.

A LINK WITH THE SOCIETY

It is felt that the connection of all these officers with H.M.S. *Kipling*, and thus with the Society, is one that needs to be placed on record in these pages. The first reference to the ship's officers in the *Journal* will be found in the issue for December, 1939, where it is mentioned that the Hon. Secretary had been invited to lunch on board. He found the captain and the first lieutenant to be "great admirers of Kipling, and most enthusiastic about the connection between their ship and the Society." A fuller account of this luncheon appeared in the *Journal* for April, 1940.

It was on April 6, 1940, that a deputation from the Council visited the ship. After a plaque of Rudyard Kipling had been unveiled by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, Founder of the Society, and a silver cigarette box and ashtrays had been presented to the Ward Room Mess, a replica in bronze of the ship's boat-badge was given to the Society.

Other gifts to H.M.S. *Kipling* from the Society and its members included books, magazines and papers for the ship's library, dartboards, binoculars and knitted and other garments

from the Comforts Fund that was instituted. In 1940 a donation of £30 provided a special Christmas dinner for the ship's company.

Last year Mrs. J. M. Fleming presented to the *Kipling* a Georgian silver inkstand which her brother had given her in 1890. As she put it, "I felt I wanted to give some personal gift, the equivalent of a mug or silver spoon, to my last and largest godchild."

THE NAME OF KIPLING

Though the name of Kipling has temporarily disappeared from the Navy List, that is no reason why such a cordial association should be allowed to lapse. It should be possible for members, in spite of the inevitable delays of war time, to preserve touch with the officers and men who have served in H.M.S. *Kipling* until such time as another ship of the name is launched.

The Admiralty Committee on Ship Names is always ready to welcome suggestions. The early revival of *Kipling* as the name of a new ship is one which the Society might well make. It would be by no means the first case of the kind, *Gurkha* being a recent instance.

In a broadcast by Commander Anthony Kimmins, R.N., some mention was made of the *Kipling's* share in the Cretan operations, which is quoted below :—

"At dawn on the morning of May 23 the Huns made their third and final attempt to invade Crete by sea. Actually only two enemy ships made the attempt. They were sighted creeping towards the beach at the first streak of dawn. The Fifth Flotilla tore in to intercept and sank both of them. The first was full of Hun soldiers who leapt overboard in their full heavy equipment. The second was loaded with ammunition. Shells from the *Kelly's* and *Kashmir's* 4.7's soon found their mark and set her on fire.

All this had happened in full view of the Hun airborne troops,

who had already felt the effect of the destroyers' guns. You can imagine their fury at seeing their much needed supports scuppered at the last fence. You can imagine the air sizzling with their impassioned signals for the bombers to concentrate on the destroyers who had been responsible ; and it wasn't long before they came. The first to arrive were the high level bombers. They started at 5.30 in the morning and continued until 8. Hundreds of bombs were dropped, but both the *Kelly* and *Kashmir* then managed to escape unscathed. At 8 a large formation of dive-bombers took over and were more successful. The third wave got the *Kashmir* with a 1,000-lb. bomb abaft the funnel. The *Kashmir* broke in two and sank in a couple of minutes.

Shortly afterwards another 1,000-pounder hit the *Kelly* abaft the engine-room. At that moment she was steaming full out at 30 knots and heeling over under helm. The speed of the ship and the force of the water on the wrenched plates in her side were too much. She heeled further and further, and 50 seconds after being hit turned turtle.

Some three and a half hours later, the destroyer *Kipling*, of the same flotilla, who had been detached earlier and had herself been repeatedly bombed, managed to reach the scene. In spite of further and continued dive-bombing, she got the survivors of the *Kelly* and *Kashmir* safely away.

Up till now it had been clean fighting, and there was no question that our sailors had developed a sneaking admiration for these dive-bombers. But now, as their victims lay helpless in the water, those same pilots flew up and down close to the surface while their rear-gunners riddled our men with machine-gun bullets. I think they'll live to regret doing that.

So ended the Hun's third and final attempt to invade Crete by sea."

On the Road to Mandalay

by LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MacMUNN,

THE Road to Mandalay has a sad significance for all now, lovers of Kipling or not. Much nonsense has been talked of neglect of precautions and a word or two on this may not be out of place. For long the Defence of Burma has been a subject carefully studied by the General Staff. But, and it is a very big 'but,' never from the point of view that France would collapse and her remnant sell Indo-China to Japan. That altered the whole problem. Defence was only considered against a China who always laid claim to Burma, and to whom at any rate till quite lately, the Government of Burma including our own, paid tribute. But that did not justify, so it seemed, the making of an otherwise useless road at the expense of the Indian and Burmese peoples.

The quite unnecessary political idea that made a Burma separate from India, deprived her, moreover, of the regularized military support of her great neighbour. The Burmans can never defend themselves, being worthless as troops and not much good as Quislings. The district of Tharradwaddy always did include a fanatical, but unwarlike party, all people of whom Kipling wrote "They shot at the strong" (*i.e.* from a safe distance) "and slashed at the 'weak'" (who could not respond), and the wounded British or Indian soldier has been the principal enemy that they contended with. Therefore when taken they have been "disposed of" by our troops without form or ceremony. But such Burmese troops as there are, a few battalions, are raised from Kachins, Karens, and Chins, Mongoloids all, who all furnish troops of the Gurkha type. Their behaviour from such accounts as have come through have been admirable. The battalion of Kachin Rifles sent late to the Tigris in the last war, put the "fear of God" into the Kurds, taking the rebel chief Sheikh Mahmud them-

selves, at the Bazian Pass, in Kurdistan, and much impressing the Kurds with their *dahs*. The Kurd is a gentleman who will sling rifles and bandoliers and knives over himself, but who dislikes cold steel as a cat hates water.

But Malaya and Burma are the hapless victims of the collapse of France; and Vichy's treachery which brought the thousands-of-miles-away Japs to our coasts, added to the contemptible turpitude of our last two pre-war Premiers who destroyed the Navy and feared to tell the people of what the Service Chiefs told them about defence in the Pacific. The result is Mandalay in flames. Theebaw's teak palace gone, and so many of all the beautiful things and memories we in this country have treasured of the "Road to Mandalay where the flying fishes play." That line has often been criticised by the ignorant, thinking Kipling wrote of the Irrawaddy running north and south, whereas

"Where the flying fishes play
And the dawn comes up like thunder
Out of China 'cross the Bay"

refers of course to the troopships going East across the Bay of Bengal for Rangoon and Mandalay. Our Press writers, who so often get their allusions wrong, have talked of Mandalay as Burma's 'ancient capital.' That, of course, is tosh. It was built by Theebaw's predecessor, for it pleased most rulers and dynasties to build them a new capital. But Theebaw's palace, the military headquarters and British club when I knew it, was beautiful enough, with its gilded teak and pagoda roofs, inside the crenelated fort wall of Tartaresque design, but of little military value. Myitkhyina, 'the town of big fish,' has gone too, lying as it does on a very wide reach of the Irrawaddy. That is sad but it was a mushroom town, with, when I knew it, only a few traders' booths

where Ma Shwe Mas smoked big cheroots, and Kachin and Shan-Talok girls made googoo eyes, round a pongyed Military Police post and stockade. It will re-appear as soon as the cloud has passed, as will Mandalay, but who will rebuild, in all its picturesqueness, the gilded teak architecture of Theebaw's Palace, I don't know.

Kipling wrote three sets of Burma verses, each of great charm and power, *Mandalay*, *Boh Da Thone*, and *The Grave of the Hundred Head*, the last two redolent of all that must have been happening as our men forced their way through the bamboo jungles. Then there was Mulvaney's story of "Lung Tung Pen."

"Boh Da Thone was a warrior bold
His sword and his sabre was bossed
with gold."

Like most Mongoloids he was entirely ruthless on the warpath.

"He crucified noble, he scarified mean
He filled old ladies with kerosene,—"
this latter to make them show where their valuables were. He was entirely contemptible as a warrior, but entirely Hun and Nazi in spirit as far as the weak and helpless were concerned. Have you read what a sergeant reported as done in the truly Eastern way, to six murdered and mutilated men of his regiment? If so you will understand why Quislings

are so quickly 'disposed of.' *The Grave of the Hundred Head* tells much the same story of ambush by those who shot at the strong for safety's sake.

"A snider squibbed in the jungle—
Somebody laughed and fled,
And the men of the First Shikaris
Picked up their subaltern dead,
With a big blue mark in his forehead
And the back blown out of his head."

Incidentally, I don't know if any one has noted the usual Kipling subtlety of fact in this yarn of typical verse. The Indian officers were Subadar Prag Tewarri and Jemadar Hira Lal, Oudh Brahmins both, of a Hindustani regiment of classes now not enlisted, for their military value was not first class." If you mentioned Indian Officers today they would usually be Sikh, Dogra, or Moslem. The Oudh men were dying out, but the Oudh regiments were in Burma at the time of which Kipling wrote, and their names are a very good mark to his intimate knowledge. Ah well! there it is, and for the moment, affairs touch the *lacrymae rerum*. But not for long till we once more see, to quote another Kipling line, "The King's Peace over all dear boys, the King's Peace over all." But Boh Da Thone will have a rough time for "The Black Tyrone have seen their dead."

The Annual Conference

THE Annual Conference of the Society was held in London on June 18th, when Mr. R. E. Harbord, the Chairman of the Council, presided in the absence of the President. (An account of the proceedings will appear in our next issue).

The business meeting (from which telegrams of greeting were sent to our Overseas Branches) was followed by a gathering at the Dorchester Hotel, when members and their friends had tea together and compared notes on the progress of the Society during the past year. This was the first social meeting of members in London since the outbreak of war, and they were specially gratified by the attendance of the President, Major-General Dunsterville, who had travelled up

from the country for the occasion. His inspiring talk was very highly appreciated. As a writer in the "Daily Telegraph" commented, "He, the original Stalky is the only one living today of the famous 'Co,' now that Beetle has followed McTurk into the shades. Indeed, he is the sole survivor of those who knew Kipling well in the days when, as the General once unfeelingly remarked, 'we were a lot of potty little schoolboys.'" Sir Christopher Robinson described some of the experiences of the survivors of H.M.S. Kipling, who he said, were expected to arrive in this country at an early date. They will be warmly welcomed by the members of the Society when an opportunity arises to meet them,

Kipling at Home II

by DOROTHY PONTON

(This is the second of three articles by Rudyard Kipling's former Secretary. The first, "Kipling's Home," appeared in the April, 1942, number of the "Journal.")

KIPLING AT WORK 1911-1923.

BETWEEN 1911 and 1913 the verses and chapter-headings of Mr. Kipling's prose works were collected in *Songs from Books* and many of the short stories and verses written, which were later published in *A Diversity of Creatures*. While the suffragettes were very active, Mr. Kipling drafted his verses *The Female of the Species*. The suffragettes, as a body, objected to Mr. Kipling's view on votes for women, and threats to burn down Bateman's reached him, but he quietly ignored them and pursued his own policy.

On the declaration of war against Germany in August, 1914, Mr. Kipling sounded a rousing call to arms in his verses, *For All We Have and Are*, followed by the prophecy of the German moral collapse in *Zion*, and a moving eulogy on the death of Earl Roberts when visiting the Indian troops at the Front. At the beginning of 1915 he visualized the mental sufferings of a sick German woman in *Swept and Garnished*, followed by *Mary Postgate*, which showed how an unimaginative English woman reacted against a German airman, who had fallen from his machine after dropping bombs on the village and killing a little girl.

After the loss of his only son (2nd Lt. John Kipling of the 2nd Battalion, Irish Guards), who was reported 'wounded and missing' after the Battle of Loos in September, 1915, Mr. Kipling revealed, in some measure, his unspoken grief, in the verses, *A Nativity*, and *My Boy Jack*. *Endor* uttered a stern warning to all who hoped to trace their lost ones by resorting to spiritualism and *A Song at Cock-crow* ruthlessly criticised the attitude of the Vatican towards atrocities committed by the enemy, as did also some of the *Epitaphs*. But through the gloom of those years, Mr. Kipling

always welcomed anything that lifted the pall for a moment and in *A Recantation* he praised the Music-hall artists for their invaluable services in lightening the burden of the troops at the front by their entertainments. And when rumour attributed the manufacture of margarine from corpses, he electrified some friends by reciting the following lines :

"Charlotte, when she saw what
Hermann

Yielded up when he was dead,
Like a well-conducted German "

Spread him thickly on her bread."

In *Mesopotamia* he severely blamed the Government for its lack of proper medical provision for the wounded in that part of the world, and in *The Hyaenas* he denounced the Press for its unfair criticism of Lord Kitchener after his death in the *Hampshire*. His verses *The Choice* were written as a sequel to *The Question*, after America joined the Allies. In *The Song of the Lathes*, he describes the feelings of a widowed munition-worker, and *Gethsemane* provides the poignant monologue of a soldier before he is gassed. In *Justice* he sternly warns the Allies against the folly of offering too easy terms to the enemy. His verses, *The Irish Guards*, outlined the history of the regiment his son joined, and he was already collecting material for his history of *The Irish Guards in the Great War*.

In 1921 Mr. Kipling was made a Master of the Sorbonne and in November the family went to France for a brief period. At the Sorbonne Mr. Kipling gave an address entitled *The Virtue of France*, and read a thesis before the assembly. At Strasbourg he delivered three speeches, *A Return to Civilisation* at the University, *The Trees and the Wall* at the University Banquet and *Waking from Dreams*.

During my secretaryship from 1919 to 1924, Mr. Kipling's chief work was *The Irish Guards in the Great War*, a work of two volumes written as a memorial to his son. It was a work of poignant memories ; for he knew many of the men who had

been killed in action. Some of the material for the book was collected from the diaries of officers—mere scraps of paper stained with the mud of the trenches—or even flecked with blood.

The Irish Guards, 1st Battalion, returned to England in March, 1919, and the 2nd Battalion were disbanded later. Some of the officers spent week-ends at Batemans,' when they doubtless gave the author first-hand information of certain engagements at the front, which he skilfully wove into the fabric of the whole story. Often Mr. Kipling would take his visitors along the banks of the Dudwell to fish. "It's a strange thing," he said, "these war-worn youngsters, who didn't mind killing Huns, will blanch and squirm when the moment arrives to attach a worm to the end of a hook." "Please, would you mind doing it?" they will plead and look the other way."

As the regiments were disbanded, many of the young officers—whose education had been interrupted by the call to arms—returned to college. Mr. Kipling's verses, *The Scholars* and *The Clerks and the Bells* describe their attempt to return to the studies of youth. But with an occasional side-step to create some vivid word-picture on some important current event, or to find relaxation in some lighter vein, Mr. Kipling bent his whole genius to completing this masterpiece of the Great War. "This will be my great work," he once said, and at another time. "It is being done with agony and bloody sweat."

He worked at it methodically and with the utmost care to get all details correct. His usual method of procedure was to study the subject closely and then set down, in his own inimitable style, the result of this study. This formed the original manuscript. When the typewritten copy was presented to him, he pruned or expanded it, and the next copy would be subjected to the same process **till**—perhaps not until four or five copies had been carefully revised—the finished article would be laid aside till a final revision of the whole was made just before publication.

His handwriting was sometimes difficult to decipher and he once

accused me of making 'pot shots' at an undecipherable phrase. But, when I admitted my guilt and asked what I was to do about it, he smiled and said, "Continue the pot shots. They sometimes give me an idea; anyway I like 'em better than blanks." At another time he threatened to get a typewriter of his own—and did. But the work composed on it was, at first, much more undecipherable than the other. "The beastly thing simply won't spell," he complained. One day he came stealthily to the office window and stood for a moment listening while I was typewriting. "How did you know I was there?" he exclaimed, as I turned to see what he wanted. I pointed to a glazed calendar standing on the roll-top desk. "Oh, I see!" he observed solemnly. "A perfect reflector of all that goes on behind your back. I shall have to be more circumspect in the future. This visit was prompted by professional jealousy to discover your speed on that infernal machine."

On one occasion a whole chapter of the Irish Guards history, which had been sent for a fourth revision, disappeared. Mr. Kipling asked me to return it, and when I said it had already been returned there was some consternation. Nobody could find it and it was not until the library was being checked some weeks later that it turned up inside another book in Mr. Kipling's study.

Every scrap of manuscript was supposed to be returned as soon as it had been copied, and Mrs. Kipling jealously guarded these till the end of the year, when they were sent to London to be mounted and then placed in safe custody. One day—not long after the typescript had gone astray—Mr. Kipling asked for the copy of a page of manuscript, which he supposed had been given to me. I denied having received it, and Mrs. Kipling looked very suspiciously at me. "Are you sure it is not in the office? I'm almost certain it was given out," remarked Mr. Kipling seriously. I asked what it was about and then added, "I have no recollection of receiving that piece" whereupon Mr. Kipling went off humming, as was his wont when bothered. But, before I had been in the office half*

an-hour, he appeared at the window with a broad smile and placed the missing sheet on the table. "Here it is. I'd only forgotten to tear it off my block. Sorry!" he said. "Thank you. I'm glad it has been found," replied I. "And I'm glad I didn't say 'Quite certain it was given out'." added he.

In the early summer of 1922 Mr. Kipling, as a member of the Imperial War Graves Commission, went to visit the graves when King George V made his pilgrimage there. Mr. Kipling's verses, *The King's Pilgrimage*, were published on this occasion.

By the end of the summer, the Irish Guards History was ready for publication—at least almost ready. But when Mr. Kipling handed it over to be forwarded to the printers, Mrs. Kipling chanced to turn over a few pages and her keen eyes lighted upon certain alterations in Mr. Kipling's handwriting. "But this is not the final copy, Rud," she remarked. Mr. Kipling raised his eyes to Heaven in despair, and then glanced quickly at me. "It's all right, Carrie," he said after a blank pause, "I've made only a few alterations; they're quite clear." But Mrs. Kipling was adamant. No typescript, bearing any alterations in Mr. Kipling's handwriting, must leave the house. He bowed wearily to her wishes and the work was handed to me to be re-typed at high pressure. "I appreciate your industry," said Mr. Kipling when the last fifty pages were handed to him, "and still more the fact that you never turned a hair when the whole thing was decanted upon you and you settled to the load."

In August Mr. Kipling, whose health had been troubling him for some time, suddenly became desperately ill and was rushed to London for an X-ray examination. On his return he kept to a special diet, but though this restored him partially to health, he always looked ill. "Shall I always have this pain?" he once asked wearily, but the doctors assured him all was well. During the autumn the proofs of the Irish Guards History were corrected by dint of sheer will-power. In November Mr. Kipling became ill again, and as he was then strong enough to bear an operation, this was decided upon in the hope of effecting a cure. The operation was performed at the Middlesex Hospital and he returned to Bateman's within three weeks. Gradually he recovered some of his former vitality and, while convalescing, wrote portions of *Propagation of Knowledge*—a new chapter on the immortal *Stalky and Co.*, and *The Janeites* which was published later with other tales.

In February, 1923, Mr. Kipling attended the annual dinner of the Royal College of Surgeons and eulogised the skill of the surgeon in his speech *Surgeons of the Soul*.

When he was strong enough to travel, Mr. Kipling went abroad with his family, and on their return in May, 1923, turned his attention to writing short stories, many of which appeared later in the collection of prose and verse entitled *Debts and Credits*.

(To be continued. The next and last article in this series, entitled "Kipling's Farm" will appear in the next issue of the "Journal.")

Major-General Rimington

BY the sudden death on April 30th of Major-General J. C. Rimington, C.B., the Kipling Society suffers the loss of one of its most loyal members.

General Rimington was one of the very few remaining Westward Ho boys who were contemporary with the Stalky trio, and at one time for a short period he shared a study with Kipling. He had the peculiar nickname of 'Potiphar,' but none of us could ever remember the cir-

cumstances that led us to this rather absurd choice. However, we always spoke of him as Potiphar up to the day of his death. I knew him personally as a good soldier and a staunch friend, and his sudden end came as a great shock to me.

Members of the Society will recall the short articles contributed by General Rimington to recent issues of the Magazine.

L. C. DUNSTERVILLE .

The Genius of Rudyard Kipling

His Verses on Soldiering and Sport in Two Continents (Reprinted by permission from "Horse and Hound.")

KIPLING was born in Bombay in 1865 and educated at Westward Ho, Devon, but returning to India in 1882 became famous when just turned twenty by his stirring verse and graphic stories of Indian military life—*Departmental Ditties*, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Soldiers Three*, *Barrack Room Ballads*, the *Jungle Books*, and *Kim*. These made him perhaps the most popular writer of the day. He received as the first Englishman the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907 and died in 1936. Although primarily regarded as the apostle of Empire, Kipling's works contain many stories in prose and verse of sport and stirring events of flood and field, notably *A Sahib's War* and *The Captive* in prose, and *M. I.* (Mounted Infantry) and *Lichtenberg* (New South Wales Contingent) in verse, the first of which opens as follows :—

I wish my mother could see me now, with
a fence-post under my arm,
And a knife and a spoon in my puttees that
I found on a Boer farm,
Atop of a sore-backed Argentine, with a
thirst that you couldn't buy.
I used to be in the Yorkshires once,
(Sussex, Lincolns and Rifles once),
Hampshires, Glosters and Scottish once !
(*andlib.*)

But now I am M.I.
That is what we are known as—that is the
name you must call
If you want officers' servants, pickets, and
'orseguards an' all—
Details for buryin'-parties, company-cooks,
or supply—
Turn out the chronic Ikonas ! Roll up the—
M.I.

There are seven stanzas in this poem, too many to quote further, but to those who served in the South African War the witty satire with which they are charged is beyond compare. The *raison d'être* of the M.I. was the inability of the authorities at the beginning of the war to realise that the immobility of heavy-booted infantry was fatal to the success of rounding up mounted Commandos of Boers who knew every square yard of the veld. Mounted infantry had therefore to be raised in a hurry ;

horses and ponies were imported from all over the world, sent up to the front weeks before they were acclimatised, and the wastage of horseflesh was lamentable and scandalous. Here are two stanzas from *Lichtenberg* :—

Smells are surer than sounds or sights
To make your heart-strings crack—
They start those awful voices o' nights
That whisper "Old man, come back !
That must be why the big things pass
And the little things remain,
Like the smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain."

I have forgotten a hundred fights,
But one I shall not forget—
With the raindrops bunging up my sights,
And my eyes bunged up with wet ;
And the crack and the stink of the cordite—
Ah.. Christ ! My country again !
The smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain.

In 1910 appeared *Actions and Reactions*, which contains besides *Garm*, *a Hostage*, a tale of the loan of a bull terrier to the author by a Tommy in India. Another story is called *Little Foxes*, in which figures an account of a foxhunt in Ethiopia and what happened to a foolish spoilsport globe-trotter there. The poem, *The Power of the Dog*, is one of Kipling's best creations.

There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day ;
And when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more ?
Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

When the fourteen years which Nature
permits
Are closing in asthma or tumour or fits,
And the vet's unspoken prescription runs
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,
Then you will find—it's your own affair,
But . . . you've given your heart to
a dog to tear.

It was said at the time that when the Poet Laureateship was vacant in Queen Victoria's reign that Kipling would have been offered the post if he had not written a poem called *The Widow at Windsor* to the theme of which Her Majesty took exception, but as it was a comparatively inoffensive piece of writing I think this unlikely.

The chorus runs :—

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor ;
 And 'ere's to 'er stores and 'er guns,
 The men and the 'orses what make up the
 forces
 O' Missis Victorier's sons,
 (Poor beggars ! Victorier's sons !)

But for a whiff of the Victorian barrack-yard nothing can bear comparison with *Back to the Army Again*, in which poem is portrayed in the inimitable jargon of the old soldier the sentiments of an ex-infantryman. Would that space permitted its recital here !

ANGLO-INDIAN LIFE.

Kipling's short stories in *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *The Day's Work* deal exclusively with incidents of Anglo-Indian life. *Miss Youghal's Sais*, *The Broken-Link Handicap*, and *The Rout of the White Hussars* are tales respectively of police work in Upper India, up-country racing, and how an English cavalry regiment was stamped by a skeleton-mounted drum-horse which was thought to have been shot after being cast by the Colonel. In the first Strickland, a police officer, who had mastered from A to Z the ins and outs of lingo and ways of native criminals, is refused by the parents of his ladylove on account of his serving in the worst-paid Department in the Empire. After one long talk with Miss Youghal he disappears for three months from police life, and in a disguise which no one but the lady detects, takes service as a native groom in her father's stable. It is not difficult to guess the sequel. The author opens the *Broken-Link Handicap* tale with the remark, "There are more ways of running a horse to suit your book than pulling his head off in the straight. Some men forget this. Did you ever know Shackles—bay waler gelding, 15 hands 1³/₈ in, coarse, loose, mule-like ears—barrel as long as a gate-post, tough as a telegraph-wire, and the queerest brute that ever looked through a bridle ? He was of no brand, being one of an ear-nicked mob taken into the *Bucephalus* at £4 10s. a head to make up freight and sold raw and out of condition, at Calcutta for Rs. 275. He trained himself, ran himself, and rode himself, and if his jockey insulted him by giving him

hints he shut up at once and bucked the boy off. But he was beaten in the end ; and the story of his fall is enough to make angels weep." In his last race of all, backed to win a small fortune, Shackles's jockey, a lad from Perth, Western Australia, got "stage fright," owing to hearing an echo from a brick-mound in the last lap, rammed his heels into Shackles's side, and the horse stopped short, slid along the course for fifty yards, and bucked his rider off. *The Rout of the White Hussars* cannot possibly be told as a potted tale. Suffice it to say that two subalterns, one of whom was Hogan-Yale, an Irishman, bought the cast drum-horse at its sale, staged an internment of another old waler trap-horse and despatched the former at the gallop with a skeleton wired on his back to the barrack-yard at watering time. The White Hussar riders and horses scattered and broke and fled at the sight.

I suppose that thirty years ago *The Maltese Cat*, which appears in *The Day's Work*, was known and read in every Mess in India and the United Kingdom. Briefly it is an account of a final between the polo team of "a poor but honest infantry regiment," and the Archangels, a crack cavalry regiment, playing with half a dozen ponies apiece. It is inconceivable that Rudyard Kipling, who had never played polo, could have described with the faithfulness to detail of T. F. Dale or Moray-Brown the niceties of the give and take of a polo match, but he did. The Maltese Cat, who was bought by his owner, the Captain of the Skidars team, out of a vegetable cart in Malta, is the hero of the match, and in the final goal for his side, to save his rider who had broken his collar-bone, turned sharp to the right of the goalpost, straining his back-sinews beyond hope of repair. "When Lutyens, his owner, married, his wife did not allow him to play polo any more, so he was forced to be an umpire and his pony on these occasions was a flea-bitten grey with a neat polo-tail, lame all round, but desperately quick on his feet, and as everyone knew, Past Pluperfect, Prestissimo Player of the Game."—H.R.T.

The Making of England III

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

NOW, with England established in all her glory, let us note the reaction of the Great Dominions and Colonies towards her. When the question of the independence of Canada arose, what was that country's answer, even while asserting the right to freedom of action?

"The gates are mine to open—

As the gates are mine to close—

And I abide by my Mother's house

Said our Lady of the Snows."

And then note the tie of affection between England and South Africa, a tie that remains unbroken in spite of all politicians and separatists:

"Lived a woman wonderful,

May the Lord amend her,

Neither wise nor kind nor true

But her pagan beauty drew

Christian gentlemen a 'few

Hotly to attend her.

Christian gentlemen a few,

From Berwick unto Dover,

For she was South Africa

And she was South Africa

She was our South Africa,

Africa all over!"

Then again Australia, at the birth of the Commonwealth, in that wonderful poem. *The Young Queen*, asserting at the one time both her dependence and her independence.

"It shall be crown of our crowning
to hold our crown as thy gift:

In the days when our folks were
feeble thy sword made good
our lands,

Wherefore we come in power to
seek our crown at thy hands."

And so with all the dependencies of England. In the terrible days from 1914-1918, the way in which they rallied round the Motherland is an assertion that should for ever still be the voice of the Little Englander and the separatist and prove to all the world the solidarity of the British Empire. Although these following words were really written for a gathering in the Albert Hall of the survivors

of the Indian Mutiny, yet they apply with equal force to any crisis that may arise in the British Empire to-day.

"One service more we dare to ask—

Pray for us, heroes, pray,

That when Fate lays on us our task

We do not shame the day!"

And is not an Empire like this worth righting for? Kipling has sounded

many a solemn note of warning—never more needed than to-day—when, in

these times of treachery and disloyalty, truly one's foes are sometimes

those of his own household, we hear the prophetic note in *The City of Brass*.

"For the hate they had taught
through the State brought the
State no defender,

And it passed from the roll of
the Nations in headlong surrender."

But how many there are who will not heed the handwriting on the wall till the day of doom is actually upon them! In *The Islanders*, though written at the time of the Boer War, the warning is as clear to-day as it was then to those who are unprepared.

"When ye go forth at morning and
the noon beholds you broke,
Ere ye lay down at even, your
remnant under the yoke."

What greater patriotic poem has ever been written than Kipling's *Song of the English*? How "can one do better than end on the same note as the poet in his idea of service—of stainless honour—and of obedience to the higher powers.

"Fair is our lot—O goodly is our
heritage!

Humble ye my people and be fearful
in your mirth!

For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,

He hath smote for us a pathway
to the ends of all the Earth!

Keep ye the law—be swift in all
obedience—

Clear the land of evil, drive the
road and bridge the ford.

Make ye sure to each his own
 That he reap where he hath sown ;
 By the Peace among our peoples
 let men know we serve the Lord."
 And we have England's answer
 and her promise to her Dependencies.
 " 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."
 The great Empires of the past—Assyria,
 Persia, Greece, Rome—where are they
 to-day ? All have disappeared and

left nothing but monuments and
 relics behind—beautiful in their decay
 perhaps, but naught save the dead
 ruins of a vanished past. For they
 were built on an insecure foundation.
 The British Empire has its roots
 in the great principles of truth, justice
 and righteousness, and as long as
 it is true to these ideals, so long will
 it stand and flourish. Let us keep
 in mind those solemn words of Kipling's
Recessional—never more pregnant
 with meaning than now—

" Lest we forget—lest we forget !"

Kipling as Journalist in India

IN an article which the late Mr. E. Kay Robinson contributed to *Literature* on " Rudyard Kipling as a Journalist " he states that he wrote to Kipling in 1886 and told him that a man who could write as he could should go home to England, to London, where fame could be won ; but he replied in a characteristic letter as follows :—" You ought to know better at your time of life than to knock a youngster off his legs in this way. How do you expect anyone will be able to hold me after your letter ? Would you be astonished if I told you that I look forward to nothing but an Indian journalist's career ? Why should I ? My home's out here ; my people are out here ; all the friends I know are out here ; and all the interests I have are out here. Why should I go home ? Any fool can put up rhymes, and the market is full of boys who could undersell me as soon as I put foot in it. Let us depart our several ways in amity. You to Fleet Street (where I shall come when I die if I'm good) and I to my own place, where I find heat and smells of oil and spices and puffs of temple incense and sweat and darkness and dirt and lust and cruelty, and—above all—things wonderful and fascinating innumerable. Give me time, give me seven years, and three added to them, and abide the publication of *Mother Maturin*."

Mother Maturin was the great work

by which for many years Kipling proposed to make his name. In 1886 he had 350 foolscap pages of its manuscript lying at the bottom of a 'bruised tin tea box.' It was, he said, " the novel which is always being written and yet gets no forrader."

After describing the pains which Kipling took to get the wonderful knowledge he displayed in his work, Mr. Robinson went on to reveal where Kipling got his stories. " By the road, thick with the dust of camels and thousands of cattle and goats, which winds from Lahore Fort across the River Rair, there are walled caravan-serais, the distant smell of which more than suffices for most of the Europeans who pass ; but sitting with the travellers from Bokhara or Badakhshan in the reeking interior Kipling heard weird tales and gathered much knowledge. Under a spreading *peepul* tree overhanging a well by the same road squatted daily a ring of almost naked fakirs, smeared with ashes, who scowled at the Europeans driving by, but for Kipling there was, if he wished it, an opening in the squatting circle, and much to be learned from the unsavoury talkers. That is how his finished word pictures take the life-like aspect of instantaneous photographs. When, moreover, any man acquired a reputation for special skill in his calling, to him Kipling always went for knowledge. From men like Warburton of the Police,

J. R. Bell* of the Civil Engineers,

(*J. R. Bell was the original "Bridge Builder" in Kipling's story of that name. He spent twenty years in India in the P.W.D. and died at Ightham, Kent, in July, 1912.)

Mulroney of the Medical, Henderson of the Secret Service, and others—mostly dead now—he learned the secrets of life and work and crime on the large and often lurid scale that fits the colouring of an Eastern canvas." —E. W. M.

Jerome K. Jerome on R.K.

R.K.'s importance in the literary field in 1900

I CAME across the following *Idle Ideas*, by Jerome K. Jerome, in *The Sun* of May 7th, 1900, which shows how chagrined some authors of that period were at Kipling's importance not only in the literary field, but in the world at large as well :—

"I speak on the subject with bated breath. I know the retort courteous and otherwise that can be made against me. For months I have struggled against the inclination to say it. I have wrestled with my evil nature ; I have tried to bring myself concerning this thing to a proper frame of mind, but the devil in me has got the better of me ; I try to keep silent, but he drives me on to say it. It is an awful speech to make. What will become of me when I have done it I dare not think. My conscience cries frantically to me. Fight against this evil impulse ; think what you are doing. I can hardly expect that afterwards I shall have a single friend left to me. I see mothers snatching their children from my path for fear of contact with me. I hear the curses of all good men ringing round me in my sleep. I know it will not be undeserved if I have to end the rest of my miserable life shunned by the human species. I even wonder if afterwards my very dog will not desert me. Yet I have come to that pass when I must say it or expire in spontaneous combustion. It is this—and I beg the printer to put it in the smallest type he can command in the hope that it will escape attention : "I'm getting just a little wee bit tired of *Mr. *Kipling."

"Already I feel better. The die

is cast, my fate is sealed. I am waiting to see what happens to me. Five minutes have passed, and no lightning has yet descended upon me from Heaven. The sky has not even become suddenly overcast. I have said it, and I live. Why is this ? Can it be that there is any legitimate excuse for me ? The mood will pass. I shall return to read my Kipling again with the profit and pleasure I once derived from him. But since this war began he appears to have dominated the universe to the exclusion of all other beliefs. Kipling day by day has grown into a sort of nightmare. "Kipling and the Queen," "Kipling and the German Emperor," "Kipling and Tommy Atkins," "Kipling in the Hospital," "Kipling in the train that's going to the Hospital," "Kipling before he got into the train that went to the Hospital," "Kipling on the Boers," "Kipling on People who dare to express an Opinion on the Boers," "Kipling on People who dare to say anything about People who say anything about the Boers," "Kipling on the War," "Kipling on the Causes that led to the War," "Kipling on the Settlement that is to come after the War," "Kipling on Everybody and Everything under Heaven, except Kipling," "Kipling at the Front," "Kipling round the Corner." For the last six months it has been Kipling this and Kipling that, Kipling here and Kipling there, till there has come over me an unholy longing to find a corner of the globe that Mr. Kipling doesn't boss, and go and live there. Maybe this is the best thing that could happen to me, only I don't know where to find it."

VICTORIAN.

Letter Bag

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

TWO OF OUR MEMBERS IN JAPAN.

I AM sure members will learn with regret that Mr. and Mrs. Gatenby, who joined the Kipling Society in its earlier days, have been interned in Japan. Mr. Gatenby had been for a number of years a Professor of English at a University College in Fukushima, and latterly at a place called Sendai. They were keen members of the Society and were always interested in our activities. They are close friends of mine, and until the outbreak of war we had carried on a regular and constant correspondence giving them all the latest "Kipling" news.

In October of last year I had a postcard from them written in July (!) asking for news of us all. I wrote off at once, but unfortunately Japan had by that time entered the war, and my letter was returned to me as "Undeliverable." Then came another card written in October which reached me in December—and that is the last word I have had from them. G. wrote of their plans to return home in March (1942)—now, alas, impossible.

I am in touch with the Foreign Office, who will let me have any further details of the Gatenbys' fate or whereabouts as soon as this information leaks through. If I hear anything further, or get an address to which I can write, I will ask the Editor to publish it in the *Journal* as I believe many members will like to write a few words of comfort and cheer to relieve their hardship.—W. G. B. MAITLAND, 39, Marlborough Place, London, N.W.8.

THE WORD "STEER."

The word "steer" in the last lines of the first paragraph of my letter in the December, 1941 *Kipling Journal*, is a misprint for "sheer." To "sheer to port" is to surge in that direction whether under way or not. In the case quoted the ship was not under way, but the reaction from the starboard anchor's breaking out would send her head to port.

Motorists mentioning a "skid" parallel perfectly a sailor who talks of "taking a sheer."

My sentence would be well understood by sailors because of its context, but landsmen may sense a contradiction in "steer" without having steerage way.—T. E. ELWELL, Drew's Court, Churchdown, Gloucester.

SHAKESPEARE AND KIPLING.

A correspondent recently wrote to the President asking if there was any record of Kipling having referred to the tradition that Shakespeare was consulted with regard to the actual wording of parts of the Bible, and particularly in regard to the Psalms. General Dunsterville referred him to the story "Proofs of Holy Writ" which was published in the *Strand Magazine* of April, 1934, since collected in the *Sussex Edition*. Attention was drawn to the fact that the Psalms were translated from the Hebrew in the year 1610. In that year Shakespeare was 46 years old, and it will be found that the 46th word from the beginning of the 46th Psalm is "shake" and the 46th word from the end of the Psalm is "spear."

Were such codes usual at that time? It is a matter of great interest, of course, and although Kipling does not deal with the Psalms, but Isaiah, the whole question will be of general interest to students of Kipling as well as of Shakespeare.—LONDON MEMBER.

[*Captain Martindell informs us that an exhaustive account is given of the Authorised Version of 1611 in the introduction to Scrivener's "Cambridge Paragraph Bible," 1873. There is also Eadie's "The English Bible, an External and Critical History of the various English Translations of Scripture," 1876, which is one of the fullest popular accounts extant of the whole subject and contained in two volumes. Sir Sidney Lee makes no mention of Shakespeare having anything to do with the translation of the Bible in his "Life of William Shakespeare."—Ed.]*

Kiplingiana

Press and other comment on Kipling and his work

WAR IN KIPLING LAND,

IN the *Yorkshire Observer* of February 6th the following note appeared :

Japan is now carrying war into the Kipling Country.

It has long been known to us that the blackest crimes at Clapham may be chaste at Martaban. But only the more earnest students of Kipling knew with precision where Martaban was, the rest of us being content in the assurance that it was somewhere hot, romantic, slightly sinister, and (of course) East o' Suez. Now, thanks to the Japanese, we all recognise this place where the moral values of a London suburb were upset, as a town of strategic importance in Burma.

Similarly, that old call sent out so long ago from beside the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea, has now been answered. "Come you back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay." But it is no longer merely the dawn that comes up like thunder over China 'cross the Bay.

As I browsed through Kipling, tasting the old fascination of temple-bells, and winds in palm trees, and the Best of the Breed in tropic lands, I encountered a delightful parallel between two speeches. Squadron-Leader J. B. Nicolson, V.C., speaking in Leeds the other day as part of the Ark Royal Week proceedings, said : "I ask you if you have done your best, to do a little more, and, if you have not done your best, to do a lot more."

Speaking in May, 1912, Kipling said : "If you give a man more than he can do he will do it. If you only give him what he can do, he'll do nothing." Kipling's old friend, the British Tommy, now fighting against the background of Kipling's verse, should, on this showing, never feel that the Far Eastern situation is too much for him. In the end, he'll "do it."

"THE BLUE LAST."

In Dorset Street, a little steep street

that falls off Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, I noticed (writes a correspondent in the *Manchester Guardian*) the lower part of a broken building being picked to pieces to be carted away. It looks a domestic building and near its doorway is some ironwork that obviously held a sign. I remember the sign—it was "The Blue Last,"—and the house was an inn until the last war, when it became an office building, and the blue last, a roughly carved wooden model, was taken to a public-house near by.

But the old Blue Last had its legends. One was about Rudyard Kipling writing his "Absent-minded Beggar" during the Boer War at the "St. James's Gazette" office, which was opposite, needing inspiration for his 1st verse, and coming over to the Blue Last for a pint of beer. Some pundits have it that it was Kipling's "Bolivar" that prompted the excursion, and certainly its last verse justified the pint.

But its literary associations go back beyond Kipling. Early in the century I had a chop there, and a friend who took me there drew out the dingy waiter about them. "Thackeray came here, didn't he?" The waiter replied, "Oh, yes—Thackeray. He was a regular. Yes, he cut that initial there on the pew—there it is, 'T.' Yes, 'T' for Thackeray, sir." Later we asked him about Tennyson—"he used the inn, didn't he?" The waiter was ready for us. "Tennyson, yes—he was a regular too. Let me see. Yes, he cut his initial somewhere. There it is. Yes, 'T'—'T' for Tennyson."

GENERAL MACARTHUR AND KIPLING.

The Daily Sketch recently published an extract from a letter written by General MacArthur before the United States came into the war, which throws light on his character. It was sent "from Marilla to comrades of the last war and says : "I am hard

at work in this far-flung outpost in the Pacific trying to prepare it to meet any crisis that may arise.

I only hope that if I have to fight again I may find behind me such troops as composed the 42nd Division. Swift and sure in attack, tenacious and determined in defence, they aroused perfect confidence in their own commanders and a sense of anxiety and concern in the ranks of their opponents.

They truly constituted what Kipling calls 'first-class fighting men.' Give them my affectionate regards."

UNITY.

The following cutting from the *New York World Telegram* has been sent to us by Mr. William Britton Stitt, of New York. This appeared on Monday, December 8th, 1941.

"Till, dazed by many doubts,
he wakes.

The drumming guns that—have
no doubts."

Kipling wrote that, back in 1894, of "An American" and "The American Spirit."

America has been attacked. The drumming guns are sounding. And many problems have been solved on a Sabbath day. Chief of these is the problem of national unity. We will have that unity—from here on.

America now turns, as Kipling said, "A keen, untroubled face home, to the instant need of things."

THE IMMORTALITY OF KIPLING.

Another cutting has reached us from the American press—this time from the *New York Herald Tribune*—sent by Mr. Paul E. Vernon, Brooklyn, New York. It is given below in full :—

"Rudyard Kipling would have been seventy-six years old if he had lived until tomorrow. With what grim concern he doubtless would have watched the struggle that is going on for the preservation of all that he held dear! This tremendous conflict has not yet produced, so far as we can see at the moment, any outstanding literary voice; it has re-awakened more than one memory

of the heritage which Kipling left. For some time before his death in the early part of 1936 there were obvious signs of what might be called a Kipling revival; those signs, in the intervening years, have multiplied. He had a rare something that persists through the decades, and we could not ignore it if we tried.

A new edition of his works, to be known as the Burwash Edition, is soon to be issued. But that is by no means all. Just as the older people are 'turning back to their Kipling, so are the young ones making the discovery that here was a writer whose seductive cadences never die. The young men about town, in uniform and out, are given these days to quoting from him. They are remembering his *Recessional*; in the bars there is heard the song about the little lost sheep, and there is talk of Fuzzy-Wuzzy and all the rest.

It is, to be sure, rather far-fetched to attempt to consider Kipling as a champion of the democratic ideal. He was, in his way, a Diehard Tory, and there is no need to try to deny his jingoism, his Imperialism and his preoccupation with ways of life that are somewhat out of date today. But that is not the point; he had something more than all that, and that is why he survives. And among those immortal qualities were a high and stirring gallantry, a courage that never failed in the face of the most terrible circumstances, and a spirit—adventurous, romantic and essentially decent—that must appeal always to the men and women who are on the right side of this battle to the death. From Dover to Singapore, Kipling's is still a voice of the far-flung battle line."

£5,000 KIPLING RELICS.

A presentation copy of Kipling's "The White Man's Burden" fetched £125 in New York when sold with 400 other Kipling relics, which totalled over £5,000.—B.U.P., from the London "Evening News."

BLUNT AND KIPLING.

The following note from Mr. William White, of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington, U.S.A., appeared in *Notes and Queries*—"One source

of literary odds and ends which has not been thoroughly investigated is the catalogues of rare-book dealers. Time and again these privately printed books have contained first and only printings of letters, diaries, poetical fragments and marginalia; and while they are published for purely commercial reasons, they are nevertheless sometimes important to the scholar. In a catalogue printed in 1936 by Mr. David Magee, of San Francisco, California, I found this summer two bits of choice literary criticism written by A. E. Housman in two books by Wilfrid Blunt and Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Magee tells me that they were printed also in Joseph Henry Jackson's book-review column in the San Francisco *Chronicle* some time during the summer of 1936, but they are so delightful and typical of Housman that they deserve wider circulation.

On the half-title of Wilfrid Blunt's 'Love Sonnets of Proteus' (London, 1898), Housman, evidently disappointed with the poetry, inscribed the following quatrain in pencil:

If boots were bonnets,
These might be sonnets.
But boots are not;
So don't talk rot.

The other comment by Housman appears on the last page of Rudyard Kipling's *The Seven Seas* (London, 1896) opposite the famous line "Shall draw the Thing as he sees it For the God of Things as They Are!" Housman's couplet in pencil reads:

The God of Things as They Are is never
the God for me,
For He is the God of Things as They Did
Not Ought To Be.

Another comment by A. E. H. on Kipling was pencilled in his copy of 'The Five Nations' (London, 1903), now in the possession of Mrs. William S. Kuder, of Oakland, California. On p. 56 of this book, opposite Kipling's line, "David went to look for donkeys, and by God he found a kingdom!" Housman corrects the other poet's history with the acid remark: "by God he didn't."

TO MY FAG.

A note appeared in *The Scotsman* dated December 24th 1941:—(Sir Mark Young, the Governor of Hong-Kong, was at one time the fag of Professor Oliffe Richmond, of the Chair of Humanity in Edinburgh University. To mark his appreciation of his former fag's heroic stand Professor Richmond has sent us the following lines):—

Mark, you were tough and grim enough
As a youngster, and a memory lingers
Of you in your fagmaster's chair
Curled in your muddy boots (that made
me swear),
My Kipling clutched between most inky
fingers.

Tough, grim and gay, you went your way
When I was a don and you a scholar.
No need of me or my chairs or books:
You gave the softer arts but sidelong looks,
And glowered on fools, but more in scorn
than cholera.

Once we met by chance (you were home
from France)
At Charing Cross and the train from Dover,
You from the trenches muddy and grim—
Fagmaster proud you stopped to welcome
him,
Still by your hands and boots his fag all
over.

Now you've Chinese boys to fag for plays;
For (here there can't be two opinions)
Men have found in you the sterling stuff
Of Kipling's Britisher grim and tough,
And sent you, Governor where you best
belong
With more than toasting-forks to hold Hong-
Kong.
The toughest, grimmest job in the King's
Dominions

"NINE-AND-SIXTY WAYS."

The *Oswestry Advertiser*, in a competition note, has this reference:—
"I wonder if any of you have read a poem by Rudyard Kipling in which he writes: "There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right." I thought of that quotation when I was opening the entries for our competition in which I asked you to give a list of words beginning with the letters "Can." For I have had 99 entries and as Kipling says, every single one of them is right. Now there's a problem for you"



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