



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

Published quarterly by the

**KIPLING SOCIETY**



**JULY 1943**

**VOL. X No. 66**

**PRICE 2/-**

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY,  
100, GOWER STREET  
LONDON, W.C.1

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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## Notes

*THE MS. OF "RECESSIONAL."*  
THE manuscript of *Recessional* has been purchased by Mr. C. W. Parish, the tenant of "Bateman's." Thanks entirely to him this valuable document has been secured for preservation at Batemans. It was put up for sale at Sotheby's on 21st April, and was secured for £75. Mr. Parish notified Mr. Harbord (our Chairman) who sent a personal subscription and suggested acquisition for the Society; but that was not then possible, and we can only admire the spirit and promptitude of Mr. Parish, who intends to offer it to the National Trust for permanent preservation in the cabinet in Kipling's study. With the help of subscriptions from his friends and encouraged by a charming letter and a subscription from Mrs. Cambridge, the money has been provided.

When purchased it was simply folded in an envelope, but on the advice of Sotherans, it has been mounted between sheets of glass and bound in red leather, much to its advantage.

Everyone who has seen the manuscript has hailed it as a good "fair copy," as the old phrase goes, and an admirable example of that clear and candid penmanship which the poet wisely and resolutely acquired early in his press career. This was for the sake of easing the labours of the native staff and avoiding errors. Moreover, he retained this same hand with little or no variation all his life.

As many a Kipling expert is well aware, there is another holograph manuscript of *Recessional* in existence, which Mr. Gabriel Wells of New York, the celebrated collector, bought at the end of 1930 for the sum of £650 sterling. It is enough to say that the present one is an original manuscript and it was given by the

author himself to a relative by marriage, a Mrs. Goodwin, from whom it subsequently passed into the possession of her nephew, Mr. John J. Foster of Liverpool, so the pedigree is authenticated. This is reassuring in every way, for there is hardly a manuscript of our generation so tempting to the forger, or so universally acclaimed as a masterpiece of inspiration. Recollection goes back to the Diamond Jubilee year of Queen Victoria when it was composed in thanksgiving, as it were, and loyal homage. Hence the poet's refusal to accept any honorarium, (see *Something of Myself*, Chap. VI). On its appearance in *The Times* it was reproduced pretty well all over the world, and hailed as a perfect example of literary merit and a true expression of the National Spirit. Connoisseurs in style were loud in their applause because of its jewelled phraseology and the ease with which it embodies some of the most exalted passages of Holy Writ. One finds it hard to conceive a period when it will not be recited as a supplication on the one hand, and an Empire's Magnificat on the other. Every member's thanks are due to Mr. Parish and all concerned for the way in which a great treasure has been secured for permanent preservation in our midst.

### ABOUT IT AND ABOUT.

Mr. Caddick in the present issue, picks a few conspicuous holes in the monograph vogue of the period, and it is refreshing to find how recent criticism of Kipling in these latitudes affects a discerning mind so many thousand miles away. All one can say from this end of the cable is that after reading a succession of these laborious and unblotted estimates at the rate of one or more a year, the conviction grows that

they are products of energetic incubation more than anything else. It almost seems as if certain publishers either instigate some such attempt among their clientèle, or catch too eagerly at the first effort of the kind that comes their way. Incidentally, that is why the foul fiend, birth-control, who is nowadays getting the basting he so well deserves, might seek a better field for his inactivities in the world of print.

It may be that in an era of "copy-cat" competition and unoriginality like ours, this process of hatching books "about it and about" is almost inevitable after the departure of a man like Kipling. But the deplorable result is that where he has feasted us for years with the food of the gods, we decline into a welter of sawdust and small beer, adorned with all the "hay-wire bunk" of tired and barren minds. Nor can anything save us from the sequel of ineffectual ferocity where Jones replies to Smith, and Brown reviews the lot in equal parts of jargon and ineptitude.

#### ONE THING IN COMMON.

It would be interesting, therefore, to see what readers with a far perspective like Mr. Caddick's would say of a recent lecture here in London by an Indian critic, Mulk Raj Anand. In dealing with the English novels

of the 20th century on India, he covers a deal of ground with the zest of an inquiring mind, but his judgment bears traces of the critical schools I have described. He bulks Kipling with his contemporaries as a victim of the "Victorian hangover," when surely he was a shining exception. He rejoiced in escaping the usual round of university, profession, politics, society and sport, and came into his own by a side-route that Indians of all men should appreciate. So far from being a spokesman of our conventional upper middle class, he kept resolutely aloof from the Kensingtonian surroundings of his kindred, and studied English life on a pittance that was quixotic in its self-imposed attenuation. During this second apprenticeship, you may say, his only relaxation was hard work, and his only patron was Duke Humphrey. If the lecturer would study his Kipling more closely, and not spell Hauksbee "Hawkesby," much that he says would be readable and welcome, for he admits Kipling's mastery of narrative, his brilliant naturalism, and his "sheer literary virtuosity"—whatever that may mean. And one thing at least both have in common—their passionate and unquestioning love of India.

J. P. COLLINS.



### Miss Frances A. Keitland

WE much regret to announce the death of Miss Frances Anne Keitland, of Llandudno, a valued member of the Kipling

Society. Miss Keitland has always

taken keen interest in our work and by the terms of her will, a bequest was made to the Kipling Society.



### Churchill and Kipling

MR. Basil M. Bazley writes: "From *Only the Stars are Neutral*, by Quentin Reynolds, we learn that the author spent a good deal of time with many big men of the day. Among these was our Prime Minister, who is sketched as a man of wide literary tastes; he probably retains his fresh outlook on vital war matters by being able to switch off to a rich variety of literary talk at a moment's notice. This is Mr.

Reynolds's comment:—"His (Churchill's) conversation was like a chameleon on a rock. It darted back into antiquity; it touched on Greece and that reminded him of a canto in *Don Juan* and he talked of Byron; it somehow streaked half-way across the world to India, and that reminded him of Kipling. 'I've got a lot from Kipling,' he said enthusiastically. 'Ah, there was a singer of songs!'"

## The Original Gunga Deen

by LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MacMUNN

WHEN Kipling was a young journalist, and dined in clubs and messes with the young bloods, evening sing-songs usually ended with a most popular songyclept *Gunga Deen*, and the Christmas camp fires at Lahore would have re-echoed to its refrain. It was written by some versatile officer, probably a little earlier even than the days of Ted Hobday, the Gunner, who was responsible for so much.

Now Gunga Deen is not a usual name for a *bheestie* the man of *Behisht* or Paradise, who soothes the parched tongues as Dives prayed to Lazarus. The *bheestie*, belongs, certainly in Hindu circles, to the untouchables, though high in that order, which also has its divisions. The *bheestie's* name is generally some short word of one syllable of the aboriginal, though euphuists of the East may add a second name of some consideration when his kindly services are appreciated. But since Gunga Deen is a charming name, redolent of holy Mother Gunga, and pleasing to the ear, we may think it probable that Kipling chose it as the title of his touching and truthful ballad, rather than the discordant Bhagga or Pheru. He would certainly be very familiar with the name as belonging to an Indian servant.

So it will do us no harm to read the original Gunga Deen, which will recall at least to the older generation and for aught I know, the present one, many an evening of song after the pigsticking or duck shoot. Except for the name, it has little to do with Kipling, save that he must certainly have helped at its singing! This is how it ran, so far as my memory goes, and it was written in the metre and sung to the refrain of *My Scots Lassie Jean*.

### Gunga Deen

Now in India's sultry clime, where  
you have to spend some time

Without your English servants you  
must do

you must do

So when first I came to land, on this  
hot and burning strand  
As a valet I engaged a mild Hindu  
mild Hindu.

This dusky son of sin, came and met  
me with a grin,  
And showed to me some chits not  
overclean

overclean  
And from these chits I knew that a  
bearers' work he'd do

And he answered to the name of  
Gunga Deen  
Gunga Deen.

Now 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 mornings you're afraid I'll  
be late upon parade,

And you call me ere the sun begins  
to rise,

begins to rise;  
You say 'sahib' beside my bed till  
I long to punch your head

Though I own that that proceeding  
is not wise  
is not wise.

Now in this sultry clime, twelve  
o'clock's your dinner time :  
Its a custom that I do not like at  
all

like at all;  
When I shout out ' *Quai Hai*,\* you  
are off upon the sly,

And your *Roti Khana*† seems to  
last all day  
last all day.

When you want to go on leave, you  
sit at my door and grieve,

And tell me that your father's  
going to die

going to die :  
You address me as Huzoor, and  
'Protector of the Poor,'

Its astonishing how easily you lie,  
—easily you lie.

Oh Deen, Deen, my bearer Gunga  
Deen, what a lot of your re-  
lations I have seen,

They're of various shades of brown

and I think that half the town  
Are related to my bearer Gunga Deen  
Gunga Deen.

\*Who's there.

† Dinner. (Literally : 'Hot meal.')

There must be more, and there was a harrowing ending when you left the East, and this perfectly competent and thoughtful friend,—friend more than servant, despite his quaint ways,—but like Mulvaney, I misremember. Perhaps Stalky is word-perfect. But it does not matter, for in a song like this you can always add or subtract *ad lib* !

Gunga Deen must have been one of those who say 'master riding our horse' or 'dining in our Mess,' and thus identified themselves with you and your interests. A few years ago I went out to India as Colonel Commandant of Artillery with a message to British and Indian ranks, from King George our royal Colonel-in-Chief. There on the quayside at Bombay was my old bearer, just to start me off for a day or so, with a perfectly groomed son to travel up country with me. It was the same spirit of the real Gunga Deen that Kipling puts into his ballad.

## The Egg

### That It Is Given To Very Few Of Us To See

By A. J. C. TINGEY.

GENERAL Sir George MacMunn writing in "Rudyard Kipling : Craftsman" observes that though he has read the well-known story *They* a great number of times he is still doubtful about the precise meaning the author intended to convey. If such a thoughtful student of Kipling is puzzled by the story there must be thousands of other readers who have found themselves gravelled by it. We have no right to assume that the tale is a mere word-pattern without any meaning like some modern poems, so let us see what can be done to elucidate it. What is the underlying theme or motif of the story? Not, I think, the ghost children, those very unconvincing manifestations of the supernatural. We shall be on firmer ground if we seek the key to the story in the fact that the Lady of the House is blind, and treat it as a study of the reactions of a blind person to her environment. On this basis the interest is psychological rather than psychic. Although blind in the physical sense the Lady can see very well with her mind's eye, so well in fact that she can read the thoughts of those she meets and talks to. The powers she exercises are not of occult origin, but result from the unfolding of inborn faculties which some individuals possess, but very few develop these gifts to a

transcendent degree.

#### EMOTION AND COLOUR.

When the narrator visits the House for the second time he finds a fresh point of contact with the Lady in that they both have the gift of visualising human feelings in terms of colour. The idea that there is a close analogy between emotion and colour cannot be said to have any scientific basis, but many minds have been attracted by it and in the sphere of the arts, attempts have been made to express the emotions evoked by different colours in the form of musical composition.

For the benefit of those who have not recently read the story I must transcribe the next passage which is one of the most singular in Kipling's writings :—

"D'you mean a dull purplish patch like port wine mixed with ink?" I said.

"I've never seen ink or port wine, but the colours aren't mixed. They are separate—all separate."

"Do you mean black streaks and jags across the purple?"

She nodded. "Yes—if they are like this," and zig-zagged her finger again, "but it's more red than purple—that bad colour."

"And what are the colours at the top of the—whatever you see."

Slowly she leaned forward and traced on the rug the figure of the Egg itself.

"I see them so," she said, pointing with a grass stem, "white, green, yellow, red, purple, and when people are angry or bad, black across the red—as you were just now."

"Who told you about it—in the beginning?" I demanded.

"About the colours? No one. I used to ask what colours were when I was little—in table-covers and curtains and carpets, you see—because some colours hurt me and some made me happy. People told me: and when I got older that was how I saw people."

Again she traced the outline of the Egg which it is given to very few of us to see.

#### "THE ORPHIC COSMOGONY."

What does the author mean by the Egg, and why is it associated in his mind with the colours of the solar spectrum? Surely the allusion must be to the Orphic Egg whence all creation issued; the second part of the question needs to be answered at greater length.

Orpheus flashed like a meteor across the skies of early Greece. He was the originator of a remarkable philosophical and religious system which was an inspiration to his contemporaries. His ideas did not appeal to the tyrants and demagogues who afterwards seized political power in the numerous Hellenic states. They rejected his doctrines and did their utmost to suppress them, with the result that a few centuries after his death, his name meant no more to the man in the market-place than that of the mythical inventor of the art of music. Such of his concepts as survived were preserved and handed down in a system of oral tradition by his disciples who had their rallying point at the Temple of Delphi. Consequently, the little that is known about him can only be derived from the writings of men who were acquainted with this tradition.

It will be sufficient for our purposes

to give a brief outline of the Cosmogony of the Rhapsodists which was based on Orphic teachings. At the summit of the system stood Chronos (time), next come Aether (bright fiery substance), and Chaos (space). Aether is the universal fire, or vital essence, which penetrates all things, personified as Agni by the Hindus and as Ormuzd in the religious cult of Zoroaster. Chaos may represent interstellar space or the inert formless mass out of which the universe was made. After these forerunners comes the Egg, believed to be the offspring of Chronos and Aether or, alternatively, of Aether and Chaos. In either case Aether was one of the progenitors and it thus came into being as the Egg of Light. It deserves this name not only because it was formed from the Light of Heaven, but out of it Phanes, the Light of this World, proceeded. After the manifestation of material light the creation of the natural organic world became possible. From the earliest beginnings of civilisation humanity worshipped the sun as the source of light, warmth and life, but the Orphic Cosmogony presents in allegorical form the philosophical concept that before the creation of visible natural light there must have existed an essential incorporeal Light, in itself the creative spirit of the universe.

#### DELPHIC INSPIRATION.

Thus Kipling by an indirect allusion carries us back to the temples, cults and mysteries which were part of the glory of ancient Greece. In fact our author may be said to have found a Delphic inspiration for his story in more senses than one, for can we not discern in the character of his austere clairvoyant a figure as redoubtable as the Pythia who pronounced the oracles of Apollo, the solar deity of the Hellenes? Her eyes are unseeing but her mind is illuminated by celestial Light.

Reference : James Hastings, *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*.

## The Development of a Genius

### Mrs. Carpenter's Book

by BASIL M. BAZLEY

*RUD YARD KIPLING: A FRIENDLY PROFILE.* By Lucile Russell Carpenter. (Illus. Argus Books, Chicago. 1942. \$2.00.)

THIS charming little study of the personal side of Rudyard Kipling is dedicated by Mrs. Carpenter to the memory of her husband, a fitting tribute to a recognised authority on Kipling. The book is short—regrettably so—but it contains more real information than many a longer work. It sets out "to show the generous, friendly, human side of Kipling, and not generally known to the formal public." It is not a literary critique, but a sketch of the human side of an author whose rightful place in English Literature "may safely be left to Time."

It is the fashion to 'debunk' great men as soon as they are dead. Here we have the converse; Mrs. Carpenter tells us that Kipling "to his circle of real friends, wherever they were, showed a love and loyalty, charm and graciousness that endeared him to all." These traits are worthy of particular mention, as his private life was even more the subject of attack by a certain section of critics than his literary eminence. The known contemptuous reticence of their subject encouraged many in the most outrageous statements—even to repeating that most absurd legend that he was not entirely a white man. Mrs. Carpenter uses the word 'grotesque' for this story. She is equally good on the Brattleboro' quarrel, out of which some writers, distinguished rather for imagination than good taste, have devised a *cause célèbre*.

The great value of this essay is that it shows us the development of a genius,—the hundred-and-one effects of family surroundings and local influences. (One sometimes wonders whether Kipling would have painted those wonderful word-pictures of Japan, in *From Sea to Sea*, had he visited the country after the fruit

blossom had fallen). We are told of the makings of *Captains Courageous* and why the American edition is dedicated to Dr. Conland, the Brattleboro' family physician. We also learn something of the sojourn in South Devon at Maidencombe, near Torquay. There is a good comment on the Poet Laureate business, about which much nonsense has been talked and written.

Mrs. Carpenter does not indulge in slavish adoration, nor does she sing a hymn of unqualified praise. She just gives us a simple and well-told narrative of the very considerable part of Kipling's life with which she and her husband were acquainted. All details are absolutely first-hand; all judgments are made from the personal knowledge of intimate friends. Here, for instance, is a quotation of the first paragraph of the last chapter—a very fair specimen of the delightful style in which the whole book is written: "It would be absurd to claim that Rudyard Kipling always measured up to the high standards he set for himself, but it is safe to say that few men have aimed so high and attained so much. He was a man of moods, inclined to indulge in spells of gloom, and enjoyed the swing of expressive writing; so that when painting his unhappiness or loneliness—which were real enough—he used vivid colours. Self-reliant in the exercise of his genius, he was dependent on the companionship of congenial friends for real happiness. Whatever the mood of his writings, in the fundamentals of his life he was ever a high-minded and courageous man, never seeking the easy or popular way, but guided by duty, service, sincerity, a high sense of responsibility and reverence for his work."

The publishers have devised an excellent format: an attractive binding, paper of high quality, and very beautiful clear type. There are thirteen interesting and well-produced illustrations.

## Kipling's Historical Verse

By THE REV. AENEAS MACDONALD

The second part of an address given to the Melbourne, Australia,  
Branch of the Kipling Society.

IT was a fortunate choice and hour when the Kiplings settled down in Sussex where the past was continually to confront and challenge him. So did his remarkable imaginative powers begin to develop upon the hitherto practically quiescent historical side.

Mr. Eliot, who lays it down that he is speaking in particular of the stories rather than the verse, declares that Kipling saw the past through representative figures in that past. That observation is borne out by the two Puck books to which we have referred. The *Parnesius* stories make Roman England live as seen through the eyes of that young Centurion, while in *Gloriana* and *Simple Simon* the same thing is done in a similar way with the England of Elizabeth. What is thus true of the stories—that the past is conveyed through figures out of that past—is also to a degree true of the verse, but only to a degree. There the past is also conveyed to us through inanimate things, as in Puck's Song that we have quoted, and in other ways as well. One essential note of the Elizabethan Age is given perfectly in *The Queen's Men* :—

"Valour and Innocence  
Have latterly gone hence  
To certain death by certain shame  
attended.  
Envy—ah ! even to tears !—  
The fortune of their years  
Which, though so few, yet so  
divinely ended.

They did not stay to ask  
What prize should crown their  
task,  
Well sure that prize was such as  
no man strives for;  
But passed into eclipse,  
Her kiss upon their lips—  
Even Belpheobe's, whom they gave  
their lives for !"  
And could smuggling live again more  
vividly than in *A Smuggler's Song*—  
"If you wake at midnight, and hear  
a horse's feet,

Don't go drawing back the blind,  
or looking in the street;  
Them that ask no questions isn't  
told a lie.

Watch the wall, my darling, while  
the Gentlemen go by !  
Five and twenty ponies,  
Trotting through the dark—  
Brandy for the Parson,  
'Baccy for the Clerk;  
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,  
And watch the wall, my darling,  
while the Gentlemen go by !"

From a field such as this one can  
but draw examples; to go over the  
whole ground would demand more  
time than we can spare,—pleasant  
as the task would be.

Were we to talk of historical verse  
in an even narrower sense, the sense  
that is, in which Macaulay's *Ivry* or  
*The Armada* is historical, the description  
in verse of some selected  
event of the past, there is exceedingly  
little of that in Kipling. But we  
have one book in which Kipling  
collaborated with Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher  
to write a School History of England.  
On what basis the collaboration was  
worked out it would be interesting  
to discover, but we can take it as  
certain that the sets of verses, by  
which here and there, the prose is  
broken, are from Kipling's own pen.  
They are not put in for the sake of  
ornament, either; they are more likely  
to stress something which in his  
judgment is of special importance.  
Looking them over with such a suggestion  
in mind, the reader finds himself  
with something of real interest,—what  
matters in English history as seen  
by Kipling,—at any rate, what in his  
judgment, ought to matter to a school  
child.

It would be an interesting exercise  
for anyone not knowing the book  
to forecast where the verse would  
thus break through the prose. With  
any one who knew his Kipling the  
surprises would not be many. But,  
turning to the list of these poems,  
*The River's Tale*, which opens the

book explains itself :—

" Twenty bridges from Tower to Kew  
Wanted to know what the River  
knew,  
For they were young and the  
Thames was old,  
And this is the tale that the River  
told."

The lines recount the story of the past in England up to the beginning of history, and confirm the impression that our poet is now strongly seized of the conviction that the past, and all the past, is both behind and present in the present.

The Roman Centurion witnesses to the fact that, unlike Germany, England had long and salutary experience of the Roman discipline. The verses also lay stress on a familiar thought, (indeed the Centurion might be kin to Parnesius in *Puck of Pook's Hill*) the thought of the land's power to assimilate, to absorb its conquerors. *The Pirates in England* and the *Saxon Foundations of England* are the next points where the prose stops for a moment, with the *Danegeld* presenting an opportunity which Kipling cannot resist, of preaching to a favourite text.

William the Conqueror carries the same teaching as the Saxon Foundations, that of foundations hidden deep beneath the present, but on which it still depends.

*The Reeds of Runnymede* was again an inevitable stopping place—  
" And still when Mob or Monarch  
lays

Too rude a hand on English ways,  
The whisper wakes, the shudder  
plays,

Across the reeds at Runnymede.  
And Thames, that knows the moods  
of kings,  
And crowds and priests and such-  
like things,

Rolls deep and dreadful as he  
brings

Their warning down from Runny-  
mede !"

We pass by such poems as *My Father's Chair*, *The Dawn Wind*, *The King's Job* and *With Drake in the Tropics*, which each mark a point where a tendency in English history becomes visible or a new departure is typified.

We then find ourselves in the

Stuart times with two sets of verses, *Before Edgehill Fight* and *The Dutch in the Medway*. Edgehill, we recall, was the first encounter of the struggle between King Charles and Parliament, when for the first time English steel was drawn against brother English. It is an arresting note which here our poet strikes :—

" There is no change in the patient  
land

That has bred us every one.

She should have passed in cloud  
and fire

And saved us from this sin  
Of war—red war—'twixt child and  
sire,

Household and kith and kin,  
In the heart of a sleepy Midland  
shire,

With the harvest scarcely in."  
Brother stands ready to fight brother,  
but it is a sin against the past that  
made war between brother Englishmen.

*The Dutch in the Medway*, in its turn, must have been a quite un-escapable invitation, with its terrible proof of the folly of unpreparedness, for one who was soon to be in the thick of Lord Roberts' fight for conscription.

When we come down to the chapter recounting the growth of Empire could we ask anything better to introduce it than those fine swinging lines to *Brown Bess*? She was responsible for that growth, if anything or anyone was :—

" Though her sight was not long  
and her weight was not small,

Yet her actions were winning,  
her language was clear;

And everyone bowed as she opened  
the ball

On the arm of some high-gaitered,  
grim grenadier."

Some of the other sets of verses seem less apposite, and in any case, we need not pursue the examination further. We have offered sufficient samples.

In *Songs from Books* there are certain songs—to use Kipling's own word—which are specially dignified with an historical date. *A Tree Song*—  
" Of all the trees that grow so fair,  
Old England to adorn "

is provided, for some reason obscure to me, with the date A.D. 1200.

To look them over does not suggest that any of these dates indicates anything likely to be specially useful for us to-day, and we shall make no attempt to investigate them or examine the poems to which they are attached

.... In conclusion, what has been essayed here is to give, not a commentary on each of an array of poems, but a canon for your own employment, and a justification for its acceptance.

## Rudyard Kipling

### Mr. Shanks's Reconsideration

By A. E. CADDICK  
(New Zealand)

[Mr. Edward Shanks's book, "Rudyard Kipling: A Study in Literature and Political Ideas," was reviewed in No. 54 of the "Kipling Journal," (July, 1940). The following note is reproduced by courtesy of "The Press," Christchurch, New Zealand.]

"CE très grand écrivain appartenait aujourd'hui à l'humanité tout entière. Rudyard Kipling est mort, mais sa lumière ne s'éteindra jamais."

These, the closing words of an article by M. André Demaison in "Les Nouvelles Littéraires" a few days after Kipling's death, suggest an evaluation of his work a little more discerning than that of some of his own countrymen. "Le plus beau conteur du monde," like any other writer with strong opinions which he is not afraid to utter, had both spiteful detractors and honest adverse critics. There is no need to survey their attacks, though some of them make interesting if sorry reading. No one will pretend that all Kipling's work is good, or that his opinions are necessarily right. But it seems a foolish thing to allow political or personal bias to cloud or sway literary judgment. In any case, the Rudyard Kipling who, according to one writer, "went up like a sky-rocket, and came down like the stick," seems to have become a fixed star of no little magnitude.

Mr. Edward Shanks, in the introductory chapter of his book,\* quotes some of these criticisms and in a

\*Rudyard Kipling. *A Study in Literature and Political Ideas*. By Edward Shanks. Macmillan. (7/6d. net.)

dispassionate manner attempts to account for them.

#### STAGES.

Kipling's literary life lends itself to division into "periods" beloved of a certain type of critic. Thus one may speak of the Indian Period, the Travel Years, the Years in America, the Years in England, and so on. Even if we admit the necessity for this (which we do not) each is merely a stage in the growth of a writer and in the development of his genius. The fact that Kipling did outgrow many of his youthful exuberances seems to disappoint and even to annoy some critics who cling in a determined fashion to a few of his earlier or poorer writings and pay scant attention to the later and frequently much finer work. But even in his youthful stories there is enough to rank him as one of our best tellers of tales.

Mr. Shanks's survey of Kipling's early life and of the influences which helped to mould him as boy and youth is good. Perhaps he is inclined to underestimate the formative power of the first six years of Kipling's life when "we went into the dining-room with the caution, 'Speak English now' . . . . So one spoke 'English,' haltingly translated out of the vernacular idiom that one thought and dreamed in." This period of early childhood and the "Seven Years Hard" of journalism in India played a very important part in forming the Rudyard Kipling of the collected stories. They were the main source of the Anglo-Indian tales that surprised and delighted the world of 60 years ago and since.

But Kipling did not continue to write only Anglo-Indian tales or

tales about the British soldier of the "old" nineteenth century army. And this seems to have disturbed and annoyed some of his detractors. Though nothing was too small for him to notice—and use, if necessary—he was no mere snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. That he did have an eye for detail as well as for the unusual gave rise to a legend that he was a fine reporter of events (which he was), but not a great creative artist (which he also was).

However, some of his critics do admit his genius. It was said of him, six months after his death, that all creative power left him in 1915, after his son John was posted missing, believed killed. The best, indeed the only answer to this is not to abuse the foolish fellow who made the statement, but to read the stories Kipling wrote between 1915 and 1936. These tales vary in merit; but some bear the stamp of the master story-teller, the mark of genius that caused André Maurois to write :

When the passage of time has stripped his work clear of associations, it will be seen that Kipling was not only the greatest English writer of our generation, but the only modern writer who has created enduring myths.

The reader of Mr. Shanks's book will find much that he may disagree with, be he Kiplingite or not. But whatever one's opinion of Kipling, one must acknowledge the thorough and impartial manner in which Mr. Shanks has carried out his work. He deals fairly trenchantly with those who charge Kipling with glorifying war, and adds, "If he ever did, and I do not admit that he did, save in a few moments of unguarded exuberance, assuredly he recanted before he was very old."

One thing Kipling did do, and that was to carry, to some extent, the Dickens idea into the short story, with the private soldier, the sailor, the fisherman, the farm-worker, the engineer, the civil servant, and the host of people serving Britain overseas as his characters instead of Dickens's English workmen. He may be said to have helped to "democratise" the short story as Dickens did the novel. And like Dickens he did

not hesitate to criticise his own country or his fellow-countrymen if he deemed it necessary. This, of course, did not endear him to a certain type of official mind. And, on the other hand, when he did write in praise of Britain, Jingo was too mild a term for him. Perhaps in these days, when the earth seems to be melting, his vision may seem a little clearer to those who, as far as his warnings went, had eyes to see but saw not.

#### KIPLING'S FAITH.

Mr. Shanks makes one curious criticism : "He (Kipling) does not seem to have looked with any confidence to Christianity for the consolation and assurance that he needed." This is a rather startling remark to anyone who has read much of Kipling, and suggests, not so much a misunderstanding of him as a tendency to steer clear of the implications that accompany an honest acceptance of Christian belief. "There are signs," says Mr. Shanks, "that he was attracted by another religion, one which had already disappeared from the earth when our civilisation was just beginning to take shape." Mr. Shanks refers to the cult of Mithras, which is mentioned in that splendid story *The Church That Was at Antioch*, and in the earlier *Puck of Pook's Hill* tales about the young Roman officer, Parnesius. But Kipling also sees resemblances in Mithraism to Freemasonry, though this does not suggest that he prefers it to the latter or finds it more satisfying to mind and soul. Mr. Shanks seems to have strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel to obtain from this story a leaning to Mithraism.

It has been held against Kipling by some of his critics that he referred frequently to the Old Testament and quoted more from it than from the New. A statistically inclined member of the Kipling Society says this is not so : the references to the New are more numerous than those to the Old Testament. This may or may not be true, but no one who has read the later Kipling stories can miss the constant turning to the Gospels and Epistles. One verse seems to have beaten a refrain in his mind : "If, after the manner of men, I have fought with the beasts

at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not?" It runs through that queer tale, *A Madonna of the Trenches*; it is the title of a story, *The Manner of Men*, told by the captain of the ship that was taking Paul to Rome and was wrecked at Malta; and Paul is the theme of the tale, "a little shrimp of a man, but—but he seemed to take it for granted that he led everywhere." And apart from this possible misunderstanding Mr. Shanks has not even mentioned that beautiful and moving story, *The Gardener*. It is hard to find evidence for this alleged dissatisfaction with Christianity and not very difficult to find evidence to the contrary.

#### TWO STORIES.

*The Gardener* is the story of Miss Helen Turrell, who had gone to the South of France "under threat of lung trouble" and after a long stay there had returned, "thin and worn but triumphant," with a baby boy, who (so she told the village) was the son of a scapegrace brother accidentally killed in India. The little boy grew up under her care, was later swallowed by the 1914-1918 war, and was posted missing. After the Armistice his body was found and Helen crossed to see his grave. This is the end of the story.

A man knelt behind a line of headstones, evidently a gardener, for he was firming a young plant in the soft earth . . . . She went towards him, her paper in her hand. He rose at her approach, and without prelude or salutation, asked, "Who are you looking for?"

"Lieutenant Michael Turrell—my nephew," said Helen slowly and word for word, as she had many thousands of times in her life.

The man lifted his eyes, and looked at her with infinite compassion before he turned back from the fresh-sown grass towards the naked black crosses.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will show you where your son lies."

When Helen left the cemetery, she turned for a last look. In the distance she saw the man bending over his young plants; and she went away, supposing him to be the gardener.

In *The Church That Was at Antioch* Valens, a young Roman officer, while walking down a street in An-

tioc with Paul and Peter, was stabbed by a young Cilician whose brother he had killed in a fight in Tarsus Pass, and whom he had held already as a prisoner but had freed. One of the lictors says, "We can deal with the Cilician later. But what now?"

For some reason the man looked at Petrus. "Give him drink and wait," said Petrus. "I have—seen such a wound." Valens drank, and a shade of colour came to him. He motioned the Prefect to stoop.

"The Cilician and his friends . . . . Don't be hard on them . . . . They get worked up. They don't know what they are doing. Promise."

"This is not I, child. It is the law."

"No odds. You're father's brother. Men make laws—not gods. Promise! . . . . It's finished with me."

His head eased back on its yearning pillow. Petrus stood like one in a trance. The tremor left his face as he repeated: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Heard you that, Paulus? He, a heathen and an idolator, said it!

"I heard. What hinders now that we should baptize him?" Paulus promptly answered.

Petrus stared at him as though he had come up out of the sea.

"Yes," he said at last. "It is the little maker of tents . . . . And what does he now command?"

Paulus repeated the suggestion. Painfully, the other raised the palsied hand that he had once held up in a hall to deny a charge.

"Quiet!" said he. "Think you that one who has spoken those words needs such as WE are to certify him to any god?"

But you must read both these stories to appreciate fully their strength and beauty.

#### PROGRESS, NOT LOSS.

All the later tales are a long way from the work of the young man of 22 who wrote *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and they do not seem to denote any loss of creative and imaginative power. In the last two collections of his work, you will find, in addition to the above, such grand stories as *The Janeites*, that fine tribute both to Jane Austen

and to the men of the heavy artillery in 1918; *A Madonna of the Trenches*, a queer but fascinating story in which we first meet the text from Corinthians which figured in several of his later stories; *A Friend of the Family* (Kipling seems to have a soft spot in his heart for Australians); *The Eye of Allah*, a grand story for artist, scientist, philosopher, or ordinary man; and *The Tender Achilles*. An ex-soldier, reading some of the stories which deal with veterans of the last war, will wonder how Kipling got straight to the heart of things with the modern soldier and soldier-conversations as he has done.

And scattered through the last two volumes are some fine verses.

Of the Kipling of *The Jungle Books*, *Kim*, *Puck*, the *Just-So Stories*, and *Soldiers Three* there is no time to

write. But one fact stands out. Kipling lost no power: he changed. It may be significant for some that in Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Sleeper Awakes*, a Kipling story, *The Man Who Would Be King*, is one of the three literary works of our time mentioned as having survived at the beginning of the twenty-second century. The sleeper remembers it as "one of the best stories in the world."

Mr. Shanks's introduction will help to clear away prejudices against Kipling, and will set the stage for a clearer and uninterrupted view of his writings as a whole. You will then see him in his proper rank—the line extending from Chaucer through Shakespeare and Dickens. It is fairly summed up in M. Demaison's words: "Rudyard Kipling est mort, mais sa lumière ne s'éteindra jamais."

## A Kiplingiana Competition

**D**URING the past few months, there has been a marked increase in the number of references in the press to Kipling and his works. This, it would appear, is inevitable because of the special appeal which R. K. made throughout his career to all those readers, British or foreign, who revered the Union Jack and who cared for the ideals of which it is the symbol. In view of this revival of general interest in Rudyard Kipling, we invite members and non-members to send us cuttings from newspapers, magazines and books, which may be published during any week in the month of August, 1943, which refer to Kipling, or else relate to quotations from his works with or without acknowledgment. We hope that youthful readers especially, will take part in this competition, for we find that young members of the fighting forces are reading Kipling in increasing numbers. The cuttings should be gummed or pinned to separate sheets and should include the name and date of the publication written at the top. If the references concerned occur in books or expensive magazines, copies may be made of the quotations and the names and dates of the publications and the authors and

publishers mentioned. In this way, mutilation of the more permanent literature will be avoided. It is hoped to deal with the most interesting of the cuttings submitted, in future issues of the *Kipling Journal*. The terms of the competition are:

To members or non-members who send us the greatest number and the best selection of cuttings and references, the following prizes will be given: (if the number of entries exceeds twelve, there will be four prizes):

First prize for Kipling Society members  
£2 2s. 0d.

First prize for non-members  
One year's membership and £1 5s. 0d.  
Second prize for members  
£1 5s. 0d.

Second prize for non-members  
One year's membership and 10s.

If the entries prove to be more numerous, the prize list will be extended.

Entries should be sent by October 1st, 1943, to Mr. R. E. Harbord at 68, Warwick Square, London, S.W.1.

*NOTE:—In view of present conditions, the competition can only apply to correspondents resident in the British Isles,*

## Kipling's Queer Sailing Directions—II

by T. E. ELWELL

[The first part of this article appeared in the April, 1943 issue of the "Kipling Journal."]

A STRANGE mix-up of masts occurs in *The Burning of the Sarah Sands*. She was "a small, four-masted, iron-built screw steamer." First the foremast went overside during a squall. Then fire consumed "the mizzen-mast, the farthest aft of all the masts." This is news to sailors who have always known the after mast of four as the "jigger-mast." But the contemporary scribe of the disaster had evidently never heard this name, and Kipling, writing from information received, is also unaware of it. It is amusing to watch him skipping and dodging the need of a fourth name. "The main-mast, though wrapped round with wet blankets, was alight," he says, "and everything—my italics—abaft the main-mast was one red furnace." That gets rid of the awkward unchristened one, but later we are told, "Of the four masts only one Was left." Which one? is a question for sea-lawyers during many dog-watches. If the jigger was considered the mizzen, then the mizzen would become the main, and, the fore not being in dispute, the real main-mast would survive. Still, one mast was never named, and where Kipling mentally stopped it must remain unknown.

Later we read, "if you can realize what it means to be able to see a naked screw-shaft at work from the upper deck of a liner, you can realize what had happened to the "Sarah Sands." Now what engineer or seaman can imagine heat intense enough to melt the iron tunnel, leaving the shaft in sufficient alignment to revolve? The "Sarah Sands" was burnt eight years before Kipling was born, and, as he speaks of seeing photographs of the disaster, he may have written from a memory of pictures and accounts in old illustrated weeklies. His version of it first appeared in the Xmas No. of *Black and White* for 1898, and was reprinted as part of *Land and Sea Tales* in 1923. There is little difference in the periodical

version except that it states "She was a small, four-masted—you must specially remember the masts," the last six words, non-appearance in the book not altering the puzzle in the least. But it almost seems as though the author were trying to remember one mast.

*Many Inventions* contains the sea-serpent story, *A Matter of Fact*, a good tale, with bad technical detail. Here a boatswain steers, too strange a thing to happen at sea, the job being a quartermaster's, or, failing him, an A.B. takes the wheel. A boatswain superintends the crew's daily work. Then, although the "Rathmines" is of passenger-carrying tonnage with bathrooms, a man leaning over the taffrail "drawls" a remark to the helmsman amidships. This reduces the "Rathmines" to the size of a small tug-boat. A wave coming inboard over the bows, washes the narrator aft, and "jams him against the wheelhouse door." Such doors being always at the side of a wheelhouse, waves would wash past, not against them. Finally the crew work a hand-pump, a sheer futility in a steamer whose power-pumps were out of action.

In *The Wreck of the Visigoth* of "five or six hundred tons," five hundred passengers met their fate, and the surviving fourth officer tells the story. A fourth officer on a steamer of this size is hard to swallow, and could five hundred people find standing room on such a deck?

*The Mary Gloster* is a well-known poem, but how many readers have noticed that, although Sir Anthony Gloster is paying his son to carry out a marine burial with his father's body lashed in the cabin of a scuttled steamer, his later promise runs—"And Mac he'll give you your bonus the minute I'm out o' the boat." Only the supposition that Sir Anthony is rambling, which is against the whole argument of the poem, can account for this confusion.

In several places Kipling uses "gunnel" in connection with a ship, though this is only applicable to boats,

and very small craft. "Rail" is the right term for the top of a bulwark.

It will thus be seen that, far from Kipling having mastered sea-terms, he wrote no story or poem of any length about ships without making a mess of it from a seaman's point of view. In this he was no better or worse than other writers who have assumed familiarity with ships. Small wonder that all should come croppers, seeing that the names of the parts of a single square-sail and its gear would fill a page. Who except sailors and sail-makers could say where the "tabling" of a sail is, and where the "roach"? What, to a landsman would the "cocks-combing of a bunt-gasket" convey, what the "lazy-tack," or the "mousing of the cross-jack lee clew-garnet?"

On the other hand, few who knew these things knew how to write good sea stories. Conrad and Clark Russell, Melville and Bullen are among the few, but, as would be expected they, being seamen, found little joy in introducing terms of their daily routine in their romances. Kipling revelled in it because he was a landsman, and found the names new, strange, and fascinating. His works were, and are, enjoyed by many sailors

who make faces over the alocs but enjoy the jam, while Falconer's "Shipwreck" is read by them more as an agreed or debatable method of shortening sail than as a poem.

That Kipling should have escaped scot-free is not surprising. He was a brilliant, newly-risen star, and evidently a long way from his zenith. His success was sweeping, and in the main deserved, while there were few literary men capable of taking him to task over technicalities. Once infallibility in the use of nautical terms was conceded by literary coteries, of what avail was a letter to the "Times" from the second-mate of a barque loading nitrate in Iqueque, or from a refrigerating engineer waiting for frozen mutton at Picton, N.Z.? There was nothing to be gained by an editor opening his columns to such criticism, and there might have been much to lose. The editor himself was not as competent as Kipling over the questions at issue.

Thus it came about that, though not one of Kipling's sea-stories or poems can pass professional muster, yet not one deep-water reader was allowed, in print, to challenge Kipling's seamanship.

## Cape Town

WE are sorry to hear from our friends in Cape Town, that the Branch there has closed down for the duration of the war. It is hoped, however, that its activities may be resumed when peace comes. Meanwhile, we thank the President of the Branch, Mr. Geo. H. Wilson, Mr. H. G. Willmot,

the Hon. Secretary, Miss M. S. Chamberlain, and all those members who have taken an interest in the Branch in the past, for their co-operation and support, and we trust that the time is not far distant when the Cape Town Branch of the Society will once again be in a position to continue its good work.

### EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY'S COUNCIL MEETING HELD ON FEBRUARY 15th, 1943

MINUTE 5. *The Hon. Secretary reported that a number of those Members who pay their subscriptions by Standing Orders on their Banks, had not yet increased such orders to meet the new Home Rate of one guinea. It was agreed that such members should be retained on the Roll but that a note should be inserted in the next issue of the "Journal" to the effect that all arrears thus incurred would be claimed at the end of the war.*

## Letter Bag

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

THOMAS KIPLING, D.D.

THERE is an article in the last number of the *Journal* on Dean Kipling; in which it is stated that he was born about 1775 and in 1778 published a book! This is, of course, obviously wrong.

He was born at Bowes in the North Riding of Yorkshire, four miles from Barnard Castle where my family have lived for many generations. As he had a sizarship to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1764, he would probably be born about 1748. He was a Doctor of Divinity in 1784 and became Dean of Peterborough in 1798. His chief work was editing the *Codex Bezae*, and whilst the Latin is admitted to be faulty, it is considered an important work. Porson wrote a witty epigram pointing out some of the most obvious mistakes.

I believe the Dean erected a spire on one of the Towers of Peterborough Cathedral—this has now been demolished. He died in 1822.

There is no connection with Rudyard Kipling's family, who originally came from the neighbourhood of Richmond in Swaledale, according to a copy of a letter from Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, which I have in my possession.—PERCY F. KIPLING, Millerground, Windermere.

### PORSON'S LINES.

Perhaps the following lines on Dr. Thomas Kipling may not be widely known; they are by Richard Porson.—(Capt.) E. W. MARTINDELL, Oaklea, Hook, Nr. Basingstoke, Hants.

#### To Dr Kipling

(Editor of the *Codex Bezae*)

Orthodoxy's staunch adherent,  
Bishop Watson's great vice-gerent,  
Sub-Professor Dr. Kipling,  
Leave off your Yorkshire trick  
of tipling :

For while thy *Bezae* is in hand

Man's salvation's at a stand.

It was Porson, too, who wrote these lines on a Doctor of Divinity :—

Here lies a Doctor of Divinity,

He was a fellow of Trinity,

He knew as much about Divinity  
As other fellows do of Trinity.

#### " QUEER SAILING DIRECTIONS"

With reference to the article entitled *Kipling's Queer Sailing Directions*, which appeared in the last issue of the *Journal*, even if we admit that Kipling's technical names for certain sails and manoeuvres were all wrong, we should remember that he was a poet, and that he made no claim to expert knowledge of nautical terms.

By chance I have happened on some illuminating comments on this subject of 'spiritual poetry and materialistic prose' in the preface to 'The Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse' edited by Grierson and Bullough, which refers to statements about technical errors in some of the poems. The Editors write : "The poetical value of such statements is not dependent on their truth, scientific or philosophical, but on their fitness to convey the feeling that inspired them, the conviction they communicate of having come warm from the heart and imagination of the poet : that, and the charm of the words and rhythms in which they are conveyed. If one cannot get over the ingenuity—or foolishness—of the poets, or their evident want of philosophic truth, then one had better leave poetry alone, and turn one's attention to science and philosophy, for the truth of poetry is the truth of feeling, and not of statement."

Yes, I agree with Grierson and Bullough. For me and, I venture to believe for most lovers of Kipling's verse—including the lovely *Anchor Song* so much derided by Mr. Elwell—the Poet presents the living soul of the sea as all the text books on navigation are utterly incapable of doing. If only in these forlorn and degenerate days one could voyage to New Zealand in a sailing clipper, some of us would enjoy the trip without knowing or caring about the technical names for this or that bit of canvas. It all depends on the shape of one's head!—GERRARD E. FOX.

## News from Melbourne, Australia

(We were very glad to receive from Mrs. Broughton, Hon. Secretary of our Melbourne Branch, the following report and account of the Annual Meeting, held in February last. We now learn that the original report was sent to us some time ago, but was lost through enemy action. This explains the absence of recent news from Melbourne in the "Journal." It is gratifying to hear that the Branch continues to flourish, and all concerned are to be congratulated on the way its activities have been maintained through a difficult period.)

### ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the Melbourne Branch was held on February 25th. There was a very large gathering of members and friends, including members of the Dickens Fellowship of Melbourne who were special guests. The President, Dr. H. Boyd-Graham, was in the chair. The special programme began with the singing of the National Anthem and the Chairman referred to the great work being done by our Fighting Forces in keeping Australia free. Kipling's *Children's Song*, which had been adapted for the meeting, was sung.

Songs from the *Just So* book were sung by Mr. J. Howden, who was followed by Lieutenant Williams, R.N., with the "Lowestoft Boat" and "Trawlers" from the *Fringes of the Fleet*.

The Guest Speaker for the evening, Mr. Norman McCance, of the *Herald*—a well-known Melbourne journalist—gave a most interesting talk entitled, "Kipling comes to Melbourne." This was much enjoyed, for the speaker had done a great deal of research among the Melbourne records of fifty-seven years ago, and recreated the scene of the days when Kipling passed through the town. Mr. Croll, another journalist who had met Kipling at that time, also spoke.

This was one of the best Annual Meetings the Branch has held and has much encouraged the Committee

to carry on for another year under trying war conditions.

### FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

When the last Annual Report was given in March, 1942, war had come to Australia, and we had to decide once again whether to carry on or disband. It was unanimously decided to continue, but to hold our meetings in the day-time owing to black-out conditions. The good attendance at these afternoons all through was gratifying, and although our numbers have diminished, there are still about 35 faithful members who continue to believe in keeping Kipling's memory green in this community.

After the Annual Report and Balance Sheet had been accepted, our members gave short talks on the "unfading genius of Rudyard Kipling." At the May meeting the book *Traffics and Discoveries* was dissected and excellent short talks were given on seven of its stories. In June we had one of our best afternoons when Mr. Macdonald gave an outstanding paper on Kipling's Historical Verse, which aroused much discussion, (see page 8). Kipling songs sung by Mr. Clarkson, a friend of Mr. Carlson's, were also greatly enjoyed at this meeting. In September, six of our men members gave short chats on Kipling's men which were criticised, and not always favourably, by the ladies. We finished our year with a splendid essay on the Philosophy of Kipling by Mr. Carlson, which was greatly appreciated.

The Library, under the supervision of Miss Strom, has been well used and an anonymous gift of some beautifully illustrated books of Kipling's verses, notably those of the sea, was received in May last.

The Social side of our meetings has been well cared for by Miss Tuxen, but her helper Miss Scott was unable to come in the day-time. We hope, however, to see her again now that we have returned to evening meetings.

It was with a very deep regret that we learnt in April last, that H.M.S. *Kipling* had been lost in action. We felt a personal link had

thus been broken. Suitable notice of the loss was taken by our President at the May meeting, and it is to be hoped that another *Kipling* will be commissioned, when we may be privileged again to help in her outfitting.

The Branch records its thanks

to the Committee and to all those members who have attended the meetings so regularly, while very special thanks given to the President, Dr. Graham, for the way in which he keeps us together in spite of the many and urgent calls on his time in these days of war.

## Kiplingiana

*Press and other comment on Kipling and his work*

R. K. AND ARMOUR.

"TAKE the question of armour thickness," writes *The Engineer*, on 'Armoured Fighting Vehicles in 1942.' The tanks of the last war were only required to keep out the bullets of the machine gun of the day, and their armour thickness was of the order of but half an inch. Such a scant measure of protection could not be accepted in this war, and as better and better anti-tank weapons have been introduced by both sides in ever-growing numbers, so has arisen an insistent demand for thicker and thicker armour, despite its improved quality. Now armour is heavy. Even half-an-inch on a large area is burdensome, and every half-inch added presents a greater and greater handicap. Hence the designer does his best to counteract the load by endeavouring to decrease the cubic contents of the "box" he has to protect.

Rudyard Kipling told engineers all about this in "The Ballad of the Clampherdown," which clearly had a "box" in the 18in. armour class:—  
"It was our warship Clampherdown

That carried an armour-belt,  
But fifty feet at stern and bow  
Lay bare as the paunch of the  
purser's sow

To the hail of the Nordenfelt."  
So, too, in many enemy tanks, while the front is thickly covered, the sides and stern are easier to penetrate."

### THE LITTLE RED DOGS.

In a letter to the "Daily Telegraph," Mr. Arthur Hudson, K.C. writes:—

"Kipling in one of his Jungle Book stories tells how all the big fauna of the forests were terrified of the little red dogs that hunted

them in packs. As individual dogs they were negligible; in a pack they were terrible and indomitable. Their sole defence was the mass-attack.

Our analogous wild-dog packs to be the terror of the U-boats should consist, then, of a multiplicity of mosquito craft, each one's sting to consist of just the number of depth charges, guns and shells judged sufficient for a kill, and some form of a searchlight. Their defence, like that of their namesake, would consist solely in their two special qualities of a speed surpassing that of the U-boat and their manoeuvrability.

A very large number of these craft could be built for the cost in time, labour and material of one destroyer. Each pack would have accompanying it a parent ship, at which to refuel and replenish stores when necessary and re-arm after an attack.

Such an arm, perfectly trained for its job, could become so terrifying to the U-boats that they would in the end dread to surface.

Until we have beaten the U-boat the supreme aim should be attack rather than defence, and to build, not the greatest number of cargo boats, to give the U-boats more targets, but the smallest number with which we can safely carry on while we build more fighting craft of every useful description."

*We invite every member individually to help by enrolling one friend as a member of the Kipling Society, and those who for any reason are unable to do so, are asked to send an equivalent donation to be allocated to the "Journal" fund. Applications for membership (or donations) should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, The Kipling Society, 100, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.*

# The Kipling Society.

FOUNDED IN 1927 BY J. H. C. BROOKING.

## President :

Maj.-Gen. L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky")

## Vice-Presidents :

Lt.-Col. R. V. K. APPLIN, D.S.O.

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