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Notes

A KIPLING TREASURY.

IT restores the balance of the Kipling Society as a cohort of disciples to be able to say that its members have done justice to Kipling's well-earned eminence in literature, before turning to the study of his views and powers as an observer and commentator on affairs. They have prepared a brochure of choice and reprove extracts from his works, as if to prove the literary faith that is in them, and spread it among others who have never come under his influence—the younger generation especially. These are hardly propitious times for producing anything which is neither propaganda nor officialism in more or less of a disguise. The work is the careful product of a group of Council members who have long been enthusiastic lovers of his writings, and I cannot help congratulating the many young readers who may be drawn into the circle of his captivation in so pleasant and easy a manner.

R.K.'s GALLANTRY.

The little word "dateless" covers a multitude of delinquencies when it comes to casual references to an uncertain past, and many an autobiographer must have echoed Lamartine's prayer for Time to suspend its course, and bring back yesterday. My reference in the last batch of these notes to Sir Ian Hamilton's memories of India and pretty Sally Graham, has brought the editor a delightful letter or two from Mrs. Fleming, Kipling's sister, in which she sets the clock right with a jerk. It seems it was a technical anachronism to mention the comely Sally in the same seasons with our poet, for he was some years her junior. If that is so, I am heartily sorry for Sally, and there's no help for it. But I confess to being incorrigible

when I recall how mature our poet was, even as a lad, and I cannot exclude the thought that even in the fast life of Simla in the 'seventies, not even Mrs. Hauksbee could puff away the memory of a social beauty who had faded out a few years before. Besides, R.K. was a journalist first and an author later, and we know how familiar he was with the office files. Is there no *pot-pourri* in the human heart, and is there no survivor of that generation who can tell us what became of Miss Graham in the calendar of fact?

THE SEVENTH SENSE.

By the way, Mrs. Fleming has the virtue of the true correspondent, for like Mme de Sévigné and other stars in the same constellation, she no sooner dismisses one subject but she raises another. She alludes, for instance, to that rare and mysterious gift, the "sight," which is supposed to pass by a kind of semi-celestial right to the seventh child of anyone already possessed of this curious endowment. There is usually rare entertainment in the disclosures of any such favoured person, far beyond the reach (it seems to me) of professional sirens and sorceresses, from the oracular Eusapia Palladino away back to our homely Mother Shipton. That being so, I am encouraged in the hope of being allowed to return to the subject in a later number. And here it possesses all the more appeal because R.K. in his attitude towards this "seventh sense" seems to have been alternately respectful and derisive.

LORD WAVELL'S VISIT.

Recently Lord Wavell paid a surprise visit to the Kipling Society's offices in Gower Street, where he met the Hon. Secretary and the Editor. The Viceroy's interest in Kipling and his works is well known,

and we learn that at the moment he is particularly anxious to purchase a set of the Sussex Edition. We shall be glad to hear from any member who may be able to help Lord Wavell to obtain one.
NEW VICE-PRESIDENT.

It establishes another golden link with Australia that the Society is able to welcome as an addition to its illustrious Vice-Presidents the Earl of Gowrie, who has left an ineffaceable name there as a most memorable Governor-General. Lord Gowrie will

be remembered as Military Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1905 by a large number of our Irish members.

A COMMANDER'S MARRIAGE.

The Council of the Kipling Society have sent their congratulations and a wedding present to Commander St. Clair Ford, (who was the Captain of *H.M.S. Kipling*), on the occasion of his marriage. In acknowledgment Commander St. Clair Ford sends his greetings to the Society.

J. P. COLLINS



Annual Conference

THE Annual Conference of the Society was held at 105, Gower Street, London, W.C.1., on Monday, 4th June, 1945 when the following business was transacted :

1. The Accounts and Annual Report for 1944 were, on the proposal of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. Brooking, unanimously adopted.

2. On the motion of Mr. Maitland, seconded by Mr. Randall, the President, Vice-Presidents and Honorary Officers of the Society were unanimously re-elected for the current year. The Meeting placed on record their high appreciation of the work done by the Honorary Officers during the past year, and sent their Greetings to the President, expressing the hope that he may be long spared to lead and inspire the Society in the years to come.

3. Messrs. Milne, Gregg and Turnbull were unanimously re-elected Honorary Auditors of the Society, with a special vote of thanks to Mr. Turnbull for his continued interest in the Society, and for the valuable advice on financial questions which has always been so readily placed at its disposal.

4. The Meeting expressed a special desire that Mrs. Bambridge should

be elected a Vice-President and invited to become a member of the Council of the Society, and a resolution to that effect was carried with acclamation.

5. In response to questions by members, it was announced that the regular Members Meetings would be resumed in the Autumn.

COUNCIL MEETING.

After the Annual Conference, a meeting of the Council of the Society was held for the purpose of appointing a Chairman for the ensuing year.

Mr. E. D. W. Chaplin, the Honorary Editor of the *Kipling Journal* was proposed and seconded as Chairman, but before the matter could be put to the vote, Mr. Chaplin expressed his appreciation of the honour, but explained that his other duties prevented him from accepting the office. He proposed, however, and Mr. Harbord seconded, that Sir Christopher Robinson, the Honorary Secretary, should be Chairman for the year and the latter was unanimously elected.

Invitations to become Vice-Presidents of the Society were sent to Lady Cunynghame, Sir Charles Wingfield, Sir Alfred Webb-Johnston and Mr. Victor Bonney.

Kipling's Opinion of the Germans

by BASIL M. BAZLEY

IT is sometimes charged against Kipling that his views about nations were liable to change, though he would not be alone in this. However, no lack of consistency is to be found in his faith in the British Empire, his love for France, and his dislike of Germany; there is, in his line of thought, a close connection between these three opinions, but for the moment we are concerned mainly with the third.

This dislike—hatred is perhaps not too strong a word—of everything German is of no recent growth; it takes us back, roughly, to the beginning of the century. Possibly the first indication to Kipling of Germany's enmity against Britain came from the late Kaiser's telegram to Kruger in 1896, whereby the Boer Government was heartlessly deceived. Anyway, it was during the Boer War that Kipling began to see our real enemy emerging. In 1902 came that great poem, *The Islanders*, a jeremiad in the best sense of the term, which evoked almost universal ire in England for its supposed attack on all sports. But it was a warning against allowing sport (and other things) to obscure the national danger:—"Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and a toy of your armèd men."

TRUE WORDS.

How true are these words when applied to 1911, or, even more, to "the drugged and doubting years" between Versailles and Munich. Were we not "given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie," while "waiting some easy wonder, hoping some saving sign." Then followed that prophecy which became terribly real in 1940:—

For the low, red glare to southward when the raided coast towns burn?

Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time to learn.

In this poem Kipling asks, "What is your boasting worth if ye grudge

a year of service to the lordliest life on earth?" E. V. Lucas, doubting that "the lordliest life on earth" merely meant conscription, wrote to Kipling, asking for his ruling; the answer was that it referred to "life so long untroubled, that ye who inherit forget." He pointed out in his letter to Mr. Lucas that "the next war will be a civilian's affair. The People themselves will be attacked from overhead without warning and before Army or Fleet can mobilize. If we have not enough fighting planes up and out (it will be a question of hours) to beat off the enemy bombers, we shall be gassed and burned to quietude in a few days" (1931). In a later poem, *The City of Brass* (1909) the tale of our unreadiness is further stressed.

As a nation we were unready in 1914 and even more in 1938. We get an idea of how Kipling would have lashed the appeasers in *The Holy War* (1917):—

No dealings with Diabolus

As long as Mansoul stands.

He felt so strongly about Germany that in his *Limits and Renewals* (1932) the swastika vanished from the title page and from the cover also in his autobiography and *Souvenirs of France*. In 1935 he is quoted by the *Echo de Paris*, warning the French that constant German attempts were being made to upset the Entente. Earlier, in 1921, he spoke at the Sorbonne about the ruthlessness of the Wehr-Wolf—note the accuracy of the prophecy:—"If our leaders had accepted the folk-tales for a guide our world, to-day desolated, would have prepared against the Wolves . . . and would have made sure also that the cycle of suspense, treachery, and terror would never repeat itself."

In May, 1935, speaking to the Royal Society of St. George (reported only, I think, by the *Times*) he told Britain that our enemy in '24 or '25 was preparing for attack:—"It was now arranged that in due

time we would take steps to remedy our more obvious deficiencies. So far, good; but if that time were not given to us—if the attack of the future was to be on the same swift 'all-in' lines as our opponents' domestic administrations"—well, we know now.

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

ORGANISED MISERIES.

Neither let us forget, as we did after 1918, how the Germans behaved in the very recent past, improving on their previous record, of which Kipling spoke in decisive tones at Folkestone in Feb. 1918 :—" But we have no conception . . . of the range and system of these atrocities. Least of all shall we realise, as they realise in Belgium and occupied France . . . the cold organised miseries which Germany has laid upon the populations that have fallen into her hands, that she might break their bodies and defile their souls." In a poem, fitly called *The Outlaws* (1914), he tells us of German behaviour :—

Coldly they went about to raise
To life and make more dread
Abominations of old days,

That men believed were dead.
This point is also mentioned in the French edition of the Fletcher and Kipling *History of England*, in a chapter added in 1932 :—" In both Belgium and France the Germans committed cruelties hitherto unknown in civilised warfare, with the firm determination to inspire terror."

As to methods of fighting, two quotations will show how our enemy's standards in peace or war differ from ours. The first is from the tale, *The Edge of the Evening* (1913); a German plane has been taking photographs over England and comes down in a private park through engine trouble; the owner of the park offers assistance :—" He thought—so did I—'twas some of the boys from Aldershot or Salisbury. Well, sir, from there on, the situation developed like a motion-picture in Hell. The man on the high side of the machine whirls round, pulls his gun and fires into Mankeltow's face." The second item is naval; Kipling takes these words from one of our

officers :—" Oh, if Fritz only fought clean, this wouldn't be half a bad show. But Fritz can't fight clean."

Rear Admiral Chandler sent me a column from the *San Francisco Examiner* (3 June, 1917), whose correspondent reported some remarks made by Kipling in France :—" Everywhere these Germans do evil, whether they be soldiers, shopkeepers, travellers, missionaries. They do evil deliberately. It is their nature. It is the mark of their nationality."

In the years preceding 1914 and 1938, we did not heed Kipling's warnings, every one of which has been borne out by events. He warned us at Folkestone in 1918 against compromises "put forward by Hun agents and confederates among us. They are busy in that direction already." *The Lesson* (1902) tells us to-day to profit by our sad experiences :—

It was our fault, and our very great
fault—and now we must turn it
to use.

We have forty million reasons for
failure, but not a single excuse.
The last line of *The Islanders* gives
a further reminder :—

On your own heads, in your own
hands, the sin and the saving
lies!

One thing in particular Kipling states clearly and stresses strongly—Anglo-French friendship and co-operation, based on mutual regard, proximity of situation, and identity of aims. At the Sorbonne in 1921 he speaks of France and England as being "the twin fortresses of European civilisation of to-day." In the same year, at Strasbourg, he says :—" Listen a little while I speak to you of my own race, for there are foolish people who would try to build a wall between France and England . . . We must look to it that they do not even find the chance to make a preliminary reconnaissance for this work. They are very clever. They are utterly without scruple, since it is vital to their attack upon our civilisation that that wall should be made." Hamlin Garland in *My Friendly Contemporaries* (1932) quotes Kipling verbatim on the French attitude in that year :—" You cannot blame them for keeping up their

armies. They must be prepared to defend themselves. If a man has been attacked by the same bulldog twice you can't convince him of the harmlessness of that particular animal."

In *Souvenirs of France* he speaks of German humbug after defeat :— "Since the first need of the unrepentant sinner is to make 'a face for himself,'" the first German manoeuvre for position in the real war was to uproot the idea of Boche responsibility for the not-wholly unsuccessful preliminary campaign."

Events since the German surrender bear this out—there are people who do not believe the accounts of the concentration camps, whose care is for Germany to be rehabilitated (they say nothing of the countries outraged by Germany). Presently the cry for help will go up again; note what Kipling said in 1933 :—"He (the German) borrowed on all sides to recondition his untouched factories and his quite adequate railways. It will be tried again, as it was before :—" There followed, presently, a passionate propaganda that 'Civilisation' should 'put Germany on her feet' because she was in economic ruin and her heart had changed.

After 'Civilisation' had sufficiently studied that ruin and satisfied herself, at some cost, of the worthlessness of German currency, the mark returned to parity as a machine-gun re-hoists itself over the apparently abandoned trench. The manoeuvre to abolish her internal debt cost Germany no more than a few thousand old and unusable persons wiped out, perhaps by starvation. It was magnificent, and it was the first step of the real war which began at a quarter-past eleven on the 11th November, 1918." (cf. Stresemann's remark that Germany's great mistake in 1914 was in being too openly the aggressor).

Some critics may say that the above opinions—there are many more—on Germany contradict the beautiful lines. The Children's Song with its opening words "Land of Our Birth"—

Forgiveness free of evil done,

And love to all men, 'neath the sun.

The answer to this is given in a speech Kipling made at Southport in June, 1915 :—"However the world pretends to divide itself, there are only two divisions in the world to-day—human beings and Germans."

Coming to Consciousness

"I THINK the following extract from the *New Republic* of New York, dated October 25th, 1943, may be of interest to members of the Kipling Society who have not already seen it. It occurs in a review entitled 'The Poet of Encirclement'—of T. S. Eliot's 'A Choice of Kipling's Verse,' and runs :—

"What is it then, that makes Kipling so extraordinary? Is it not that while virtually every other European writer since the fall of the Roman empire has felt that the dangers threatening civilization came from *inside* that civilization (or from inside the individual consciousness), Kipling is obsessed by a sense of dangers threatening from *outside*?

"Others have been concerned with the corruptions of the big city, the *ennui* of the cultured mind; some sought a remedy in a return to Nature, to childhood, to Classical Antiquity; others looked forward to a brighter future of liberty, equality and frater-

nity: they called on the powers of the subconscious, or prayed for the grace of God to irrupt and save their souls; they called on the oppressed to arise and save the world. In Kipling there is none of this, no nostalgia for a Golden Age, no belief in Progress. For him civilization (and consciousness) is a little citadel of light surrounded by a great darkness full of malignant forces and only maintained through the centuries by everlasting vigilance, will-power and self-sacrifice. The philosophers of the Enlightenment shared his civilization-barbarism antithesis, but their weapon was reason, *i.e.*, coming to consciousness, whereas for Kipling too much thinking is highly dangerous, an opening of the gates to the barbarians of melancholia and doubt. For him the gates are guarded by the conscious Will (not unlike the Inner Check of Irving Babbitt)."•

LONDON MEMBER.

The Politics of Rudyard Kipling

by LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MacMUNN

SOMETIMES when I have ventured to write of Rudyard Kipling, (especially an article or a letter), I receive angry letters from Pinkoes, denouncing us both. Rudyard Kipling is, in fact, a compendium of all that is evil! Worst of all he was an Imperialist, which apparently is a bad thing. But those who know prefer the word 'Empire' to Commonwealth—not that 'Commonwealth' is not an admirable name, but in our case it is a little tarred with the Pinko complex.—However, we must admit that Kipling was an Imperialist, if that word denotes admiration of the Empire and the men who made it. He achieved all those young men who have gone to India in the past for her saving, and all round the globe, to found the trade that has made our wealth, and enabled us to pay for social services as well as good wages. **DEMOCRACY.**

But pondering over this charge that he was an Imperialist, (and even a Fascist), I thought that one might well try and study what his politics really were; in other words, what was his attitude to his fellow men and to the rather futile word 'democracy' which it is now the fashion to use instead of 'Representative Government,' which is the only form of Democracy that works, even in this good-tempered country. Government by the few, chosen by the people, is what we stand for, and that is the only alternative to government by Sten gun. So let us try and discover what Kipling's politics were as revealed by his written word. Before, however, we investigate such indications as there are, it would be well to clear up once again the matter of the verses that are undoubtedly the *fons et origo*, of the Pink Kipling Complex, *The White Man's Burden*, written in 1899. In the first place the verses were written in America for Americans, at the time when the typical mudslinger and propagandist was pouring out vituperation on the American administration of the Philip-

pines. Centuries of Spanish misrule, had produced chaos amid the many races of various religions that inhabited the mountains and tracts, away from the settlements of semi-Spaniards, and semi-Spanish civilization in the big towns. Racial hatreds, pogroms, fierce guerilla warfare, had all to be cleared up, and patiently the Americans did it. Katherine Mayo went there to curse, and came away blessing, and then thought the propaganda about India might be equally false. Hence *Mother India*. But the motive equally fitted our own young men, who drained swamps, defied witch doctors, sleeping sickness and every other evil, in Africa, as in earlier days in India.

"Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child."

It seems sympathetic and kindly enough, and a tribute to those with enthusiasms . . . yet it turns the little Pinks a Tyrian purple.

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT.

But when we come to Politics with a big "P," but few things stand out. The Socialism of the lesser lights of Labour, that would bind controls on everyone, and would need a Gestapo to operate it, obviously Kipling had no use for, though fair deals for all, leaps from his pen . . . the kind of Socialism, that would, as the Prime Minister has recently said, destroy our national fabric with no signs that they have aught to take its place. We see how Kipling resented this line of thought in his *An Imperial Rescript*. It was when the young Kaiser, full of half-baked ideas, called a world conference to tell his audience how all shall be equal and none greater or less than another, and the ballad shows how a girl's laugh upset it, and all the tired folk of the nations turned him down.

" . . . From the East and the West
they drew—
Baltimore, Lille, and Essen, Brum-
magem, Clyde, and Crewe.
And some were black from the
furnace, and some were brown
from the soil.

And the young King said:—I have
found it, the road to the rest
ye seek

The strong shall wait for the weary,
the hale shall halt for the weak."

But the girl's laugh across the
hall tore it. Every man thought of
his own girl, or his own home, and
those he would work for. The Yank
called "W. Hohenzollern, I guess
I shall work till I drop," and the English-
man thundered "The weak an' the lame
be blowed! I work for the kids an'
the missus," while the bearded Ger-
man said "If Schmitt bust in der
pizness, we collars der girl from
Schmitt." Therefrom you might infer
that Kipling was "A Liberal true."
How much he was in sympathy with
the true worker you may gather
from *The Wage Slaves*.

"But such as dower each mortgaged hour
Alike with clean courage—
Even the men who do the work
For which they draw the wage—
Men, like to Gods, that do the work
For which they draw the wage."
SHARP VERSES.

Then we can trace a bitter hate
for public men whose action is not
straight. There are bitter verses that
voiced the public anger at allegations
that the 'Liberal Party funds, had
been favourably invested on informa-
tion known only to the Cabinet.
Sir Rufus Isaacs was one of the officials,
and the verses ran perhaps unduly
sharply, but this is how they ended—
"Stand up, stand up, Gehazi,
Draw close thy robe and go,
Gehazi, Judge in Israel,
A leper white as snow!"

Bitter words, and overmuch so for
the occasion!

In the same vein was *Cleared*,
a fierce diatribe against the politi-
cians who were cleared of the charge
of inciting to murder and outrage.
"Cleared," honourable gentlemen! Be
thankful it's no more:—

The widow's curse is on your house,
the dead are at your door."

They never told the ramping crowd
to card a woman's hide,

They never marked a man for
death . . . what fault of theirs
he died?"

Bitter stuff that again showed a
widespread indignation, at what is the
murder side of the pre-Celtic strain
in the Irish melange that Mr. De-
Valera has found as hard to deal
with as ever "the Castle." The real
Irish he loved, and in *The Mutiny
of the Mavericks* and some of Mul-
vaney's *dicta*, you see them both.

Dereliction from Public Duty was
also his bugbear, as witness *The
Last of the Light Brigade*, which caused
the public to rally to the salvation
of twenty survivors of the Charge,
who, not being Chelsea Pensioners,
had no hope but the workhouse.

That dereliction he chastised in
"*The City of Brass*,"

"And because there was need of
more pay for the shouters and
marchers,

They disbanded in face of their
foemen their yeomen and archers."
(1909).

• And then *Natural Theology*. How
does it run?

"Money spent on an Army or Fleet
Is homicidal lunacy . . .

My son has been killed in the
Mons Retreat.

Why is the Lord afflicting me?"

Of sorrow for all that is wrong in
our make-up he had a lively sense.
The *Record of Badalia Herodsfoot*,
and that pathetic ballad *The Liner
She's a Lady*, touch the very *lacrymae
rerum*.

But of Politics there is not much
revealed, although perhaps enough
to let us see where he stood in the
make-up of Merry England.

TO NEW READERS

THE Kipling Society exists to honour
and extend the influence of Rudyard
Kipling in upholding the ideals of the
English Speaking World. We invite all
readers of Kipling who are not yet mem-
bers to join our Society. The ordinary
membership Subscription is One Guinea
per annum. New readers are especially
invited to correspond with us at 105,
Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

Sixty Years Ago and Later

A JUSTIFICATION OF R.K.'s ATTITUDE TO THE GERMANS

by MAJOR-GENERAL L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B., C.S.I.

(The President of the Kipling Society has allowed us to make a selection of passages from an unpublished book entitled "Stalky Settles Up." The first extract, entitled "Stalky's Apologia" appeared in the April, 1945 issue of the "Kipling Journal.")

"FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE."

THOSE who want to realise the attitude that Rudyard Kipling maintained towards the Germans before he passed away may find it expressed in and after what he wrote of the last war. But if there are some who believe him capable of believing the Germans were equal to reinstating themselves in world-opinion, they would do well to credit him with that prophetic power of his to forecast the future and look upon the Germans as we see them to-day. What I want now is to recall the high estate from which they have fallen, by showing the tolerant and pleasant relationships between our races during my student days of sixty years ago and later, before the thirst for *Weltmacht* seized them and ground them under the heels of Nazidom.

In conversation on several occasions with R. K. I tried to get him to see that the Germans might possibly have some good points, but he would have none of it. It looks today as if he were entirely in the right, and if they ever had any good points they have quite succeeded in eliminating them from the national character.

My father was a great admirer of the Germans, and the study of their language was his principal interest in later years. He had not the least idea of the modern German mind in the political sense—his Germany was always just the land of Goethe and Schiller. I am very glad to think he died in 1913, and so escaped a heart-breaking disillusionment. He was a widower and from 1900 to 1910 he lived a carefree bachelor life in Neuenheim, a suburb

of Heidelberg. There he kept open house for both British and Germans for ten years and would have stayed to the end, but my sisters objected to this disloyalty to England, and at a time when he was weak and feeble after a long illness, they brought him home.

Looking back on those years so long ago one seems to see one of the under-lying causes of this fierce German desire to knock out the English—our calm, subconscious, but not intentionally offensive attitude of superiority. I have many happy memories of Heidelberg, that romantic old town, the headquarters of a famous university, containing also a very large colony of English people, but on my last visit in 1930, found it no longer gay with Korps-studenten thronging the streets with their picturesque caps and uniforms.

In the hotel in which I stayed during this late visit, I made the acquaintance of a young German who was stupid enough to believe I was humbugged by all this peaceful demonstration of very obvious war aims, and in general conversation he seemed to think he would be doing me good if he chose the theme of England's inability to go to war even if she wanted to. "In any case you are practically unarmed," he said, "and common sense would suggest to you the advisability of staying out." He reminded me, in fact, of German officers I had met two years before the outbreak of the last war—men who were more honest and discussed the eventuality openly and frankly. Said Hauptmann von Bergen—"I don't see how you could put up a show at all; you have no army."

"True enough," was my reply, "but we'd get one somehow if the need arose. Our navy is still supreme and always will be."

"I doubt if your navy is equal to ours to-day," was his answer. "The bed-rock of war is soldiers. Now

in case of mobilisation what number do you think you could muster?"

"Oh, I haven't the least idea, but I reckon we're good for say 200,000."

"Laughable, my dear fellow.

Don't you know that we could start on the first day of mobilisation with two millions? Ten of our highly-trained fellows to every one of your half-trained lot. What on earth would you do?"

"I haven't the least idea, but we'd do something, and at the end of it all we should come out as usual on top."

"Tell us how you're going to do it."

"I've just said I don't know, but if you and I do as we are told, and wait, we shall doubtless see."

So you see, they got the best of the argument, as such, but in the end they have waited and seen, with what result the world very well knows.

Riding one day from attending parade on the Tempelhof, my horse slipped and fell in one of the principal streets, and my host laughingly suggested it indicated the downfall of England. But as the old horse got on his legs again and I returned to the saddle, I retorted:—"And now, you see I am once more in the saddle as firmly seated as ever."

Here let me subjoin a passage or two from a most remarkable article written by Dr. Bruno Wachsmuth, which appeared in the "Monatschrift für das deutsche Geistesleben" of March, 1939:—

"The conquest of India and Egypt was less the determined aim of a domineering, power-hungry government than the unwilling adaptation of British policy to a military situation created locally by individual officers.

"This fact" that the English thirst for power and conquest lay rather with the army than with the Government in London, explains the opinion of many English historians that 'England conquered India in a fit of absent-mindedness.'

"It must be said that to the honour of British statesmanship, it never left the army in the lurch at the decisive moment. It might hesitate and waver—and be held responsible for the catastrophe of Khartoum, where Gordon and his 10,000 men

were slaughtered by the Mahdi's followers in 1885. But ten years later General Kitchener was provided with the means of restoring the honour of the British soldier by his victory at Omdurman.

"A British Government never incurs the resentment of a true soldier by placing him in a position of danger, but only by imposing upon him a task of shame. England has never, in however dark a diplomatic hour, forced her soldiers to haul down the flag and make a shameful retreat. No British officer in the 19th century had ever to suffer the indignity to which the French Government subjected Major Marchand at Fashoda.

"The English officer is a born soldier founded on a mixture of hunter and sportsman. He is of those who love danger, gambling with life. He does not put on a new character with his uniform, but remains like any other Englishman, true to the ideal of the 'gentleman.' Military training, like nearly all leading professions in England, is preceded by long years at a public school.

"The spirit of these people is best illustrated by a scene from the much-read school novel *Stalky and Co.*, by Rudyard Kipling, the poet of British Imperialism. A member of Parliament visits the school to make a patriotic speech. The author describes the effect. 'In a hoarse voice he shouted things about the Hope of Honour and the Dream of Fame of which boys would never speak even to their best friends. He desecrated the secret places of their souls with rhetorical outbursts and gesticulations.

"After many words he seized a cloth-draped staff. This—this was the visible symbol of their country—worthy of all honour and respect. Let no boy look upon this flag who was not determined to add to its imperishable glory! . . . The boys looked on in silence. The school had never unfurled the flag; the masters had never mentioned it; their fathers had never explained it to them. Hitherto it had been a hidden thing, secret and apart. Perhaps the speaker was drunk.' These sentiments the author ascribes to his hero, *Stalky*.

" I should like to close with a scene from the Great War, which makes clear what the Englishman expects of his officers and with what kind of task it entrusts them The military collapse of Russia and the peace negotiations of the Bolsheviks at the end of 1917 revived the old English bugbear of imminent danger to their India. They feared that the Germans would gain control of the Batum-Baku oil line, unearthing the manganate ore of the Caucasus, and appropriate the inner Caucasian corn-country. Most-alarming of all, the trans-Caspian railway between Baku and Bokhara might fall into their hands.

" The distance alone made it impossible for the English to appear in the threatened district with any considerable concentration of troops. So they decided to entrust this most dangerous mission to a handful of the élite, 'a few Englishmen of the right sort,' as Robertson called them. This 'hush-hush brigade,' as it later became known in England, consisted of about a hundred officers and two hundred men (motor-drivers, machine-gunners, etc.) It was therefore purely an officers' undertaking.

" The best men were chosen of the Asiatic services, prominent front soldiers from all battlefields. The selection intentionally included members of all the Dominions. Some of the whole Empire should share in the attempt to close the fatal gap. Their leader said later : ' It is certain that there has never been a better choice of fighting men.'

" The path of the little company from Baghdad to Hamadan and En-

seli, by ship to Baku and back again, was an Odyssey of dangers and a shining monument to British soldier-ship. Dunsterville as the prisoner of Bolshevik robbers entertaining them with funny stories until the moment had passed when they could safely shoot him—these are only episodes among many.

" Naturally it was not the task of the expedition to confront the Germans face to face. The aim was to organise the revolt of the Georgians, Armenians, and northern Persians against the Germans and the Turks. The art of dealing with men, supported by that time-honoured standby, bribery, was to harness the power in others which the expedition lacked in itself. The little expedition cost thirty million pounds Finally the chaos of Bolshevism, the military collapse of Germany and Turkey closed the danger-crater of themselves. Although these men never encountered a soldier face to face, the English still believe to-day that they foiled here a German enterprise the consequences of which might have been fatal."

It is hard to understand how the publication of such a book, full of praise for the English character, could have been permitted by the German censor at a time when Hitler was already contemplating war with this country.

I suppose it was just overlooked at the moment, and later when it must have met the eye of an official, the unfortunate author was probably ordered for instant execution.

(To be concluded)



Enrolling New Members

NO greater service can be rendered to the Kipling Society at the present time than that of enrolling new members, and the Council is particularly grateful to all those who are helping in this way. Members are invited to send in the names

and addresses of friends at home or abroad who they think would be interested in receiving particulars of the activities of the Society. Lists of names should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, The Kipling Society, 105, Gower Street, London, W.C.1,

Kipling and Home Influences

by SIR STEPHEN ALLEN, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.

(Part 2 of an address to the members of the Auckland, N.Z., Branch. The first part appeared in the April, 1945 issue of the "Kipling Journal.")

I REFER now, very briefly, to a story of another type, *A Deal in Cotton*. I am not greatly concerned with the matter of this excellent and polished tale, but more with its setting in the house of the Stricklands. It shows their little family circle, the father retired from the Indian Police, the mother, and the son on leave from some district which he administers in a remote dependency. We see the family at home, and more by what is implied, and the way in which the story is presented to us, than by its actual words, it shows the influence of home on the younger Strickland, and indicates how his character has been shaped and moulded. Like many other stories, it is worth reading again from this point of view.

FAMILY HISTORY.

I pass on to *The House Surgeon*, that story of the house which was obsessed by recurrent waves of deep depression—in the words of the book—a live grief beyond words—not ghostly dread or horror, but aching helpless grief—overwhelmed us, each, I felt, according to his or her nature, and held steadily like the beam of a burning glass. "The House Surgeon of the story, not a doctor in a hospital, but so called because he is able in the end to overcome the mystery of the house, succeeds in dispersing the shadow. He finds out that long before, one of the three Miss Moultries, who formerly lived there, had died, as her sisters believed by suicide, but really by accident; and her unquiet spirit had all the time been trying to make this clear to successive inhabitants of the house, so that the stain on her memory should be removed. We get the double effect of the influence of the house itself, as a house, on the McLeods, its present owners,

and the influence of their old home life and upbringing pervading the lives of the surviving Miss Moultries after the death of Miss Agnes, and finally the resulting peace as the story reaches its climax. It is a touching family history, and reveals—as I think it is designed to—the powerful effects of early training, family affection, environment, education, and in brief home influences. The picture of the McLeod family, incidental though it is to that of the Moultries, also illustrates the cause and effect; the life of the family centres in its new house, and its influence spreads through and becomes part of them.

HOUSE AND HOME.

In *An Error in the Fourth Dimension* we have a case in which house and home failed to avert the distressing action of Mr. Wilton Sargent, which led to his early return to America. Perhaps he did not stay at Holt Hangars long enough, or perhaps his first enthusiasm for England led to a too violent reaction, when he found he really had not obtained a true insight into the customs of his adopted country. Be that as it may, it stands as an example of the failure of a home to shape the life of its occupant.

At the end of *The Day's Work*, we come to the story of *The Brushwood Boy*. A somewhat strange, metaphysical story. It recounts the dreams of a little boy, Georgie, and how these dreams gradually wove themselves into the tales he used to invent for himself in that first state between sleep and waking, and how when he had grown up, those same dreams came to have a physical reality, and were found to have been shared by the girl in the story, and finally shaped their lives and destinies. In this story too we find the same picture of a happy home life as in *A Deal in Cotton*, and though the emphasis again is not laid on it here, we are expected to see for ourselves, without tedious explanation, that it is home which has formed George's

character, and that its influence continues radiating through his life in which it is the most important thing of all. The dreams and the home are mingled and inter-twined.

I refer in passing to one story—*The Children of the Zodiac* in *Many Inventions*. It is allegorical in form, and its main theme seems to be the transitory nature of life. Perhaps it is designed to teach the value of kindness, forbearance and mutual toleration, as well as resignation to whatever life may bring. It is not entirely in point, but is a kindred subject because it shows the mutual effect of one life on another, and the permanence of early influences.

THE EFFECT OF ENVIRONMENT.

In *Debts and Credits*, there are two stories, *A Madonna of the Trenches* and *A Friend of the Family*, where the scene is laid in a Masonic Lodge in which the events are narrated. Both show the effect of environment on conduct and character. In the former, Strangwick is the natural product of his early surroundings, though really the story has not so much concern with him particularly as with the lives of his friends and relations. In the latter, Hickmer—or Hickmot—the Australian, contrasts with his friend Bert Vigors, who lost his life in the war. Both relate more of the lives of a little group, than the story of a single home; but the persons in each group are closely connected, and subject to the same type of influences. Neither gives intimate details of home life—perhaps Kipling kept such details for the homes of people more fortunately situated, the kind of home of which he had personal experience—but both stories stimulate the imagination, and enable one to see the kind of surroundings in which the actors were brought up, and the way

in which their lives were moulded and influenced by them. In these as in so many of the other stories, much is revealed with a great economy of words.

I come now to the story *They*, in *Traffics and Discoveries*. This pathetic little story, and the poetry—*The Return of the Children*—which precedes it, show clearly the overwhelming importance which Kipling attached to home and its surroundings. The influence here is so strong, that even after death it draws the children back, and not only the children who really belong to the house. The Lady cannot see them, she is blind, but their presence is more real to her for that very reason. To her visitor, who relates the story, there are given occasional flashes of sight, as well as the sound of children, and these make him believe they are really there and that he will see them soon. "At last I had triumphed. In a moment I would turn and acquaint myself with those quick footed wanderers." But almost immediately he knows they are but spirits—"Then I knew. And it was as though I had known from the first day when I looked across the lawn at the high window." Possibly, however, it is the poem preceding the story which is most striking, and I quote one verse—

"Neither the harps nor the crowns amused, nor
the cherubs' dove-winged races—
"Holding hands forlornly the Children wandered
beneath the Dome,
"Plucking the splendid robes of the passers-by,
and with pitiful faces
"Begging what Princes and Powers refused;—
Ah, please will you let us go home?"

One gets such a clear picture of the children, a little confused by the brightness and noise around them, and longing to get back to old familiar places, where they used to play and wander.

(to be continued)

Kipling Questions Answered

FROM time to time in future issues of the *Kipling Journal*, we hope to be able to print a selection of questions sent in by readers, with the relative answers. Questions should be of general interest, and those of an abstruse or controversial nature cannot be dealt with, nor can we undertake to answer enquiries as to, say, a single line of verse. Below we print the first selection of questions, which in this case have been answered by our Hon. Librarian, Mr. W. G. B. Maitland. (The initials preceding the question are those of the senders).

Q. (L. N.) What is the title of the story—one of the last Kipling wrote, in which Shakespeare and Ben Jonson are engaged in translating a chapter in the Bible?

A. (L. N.) *Proofs of Holy Writ*. 'Strand' Magazine. April, 1934.

Collected in 'Sussex Edition' only.
Q. (M. C.) Can anyone tell me the title of a story in which a policeman is kidnaped, taken for a long motor-drive and finally dumped in a private zoo?

A. (M. C.) *Steam Tactics*. 'Traffics and Discoveries.'

Q. (A. B.) About 1904 there appeared in the 'Daily Mail' a whole series of verses, entitled, *The Muse Among the Motors*. Have these been collected, and if so in which volume?

A. (A. B.) *The Muse Among the Motors* is collected in the *Inclusive Verse Edn*: 1885-1932.

Q. (G. B.) Can you tell me where *The Ballad of the King's Mercy* first appeared?

A. (G. B.) 'Macmillan's Magazine,' Nov. 1889. It was signed 'YUS-SUF.'

Kipling and Mark Twain

"HAVE you ever printed the Mark Twain story?" asks Mr. N. Lawson Lewis, (Secretary of the Rowfant Club, Cleveland, Ohio), whose note on Kipling's "On Dry-Cow Fishing" appeared in No. 72 of the *Journal*, December, 1944.

"In 1898 or 1899," he writes, "Kipling was in New York and took pneumonia, from which he came very-near death. The American public and the newspapers were quite wonderful in their expressions of affection and concern. Indeed, the *New York American* (a Hearst paper!) printed an editorial very severely criticising the street commissioner because, said the editor, it was the filthy condition of the streets, full of slush and melted

snow, that had given Kipling the cold that led to pneumonia. Kipling, of course, recovered and everyone was happy. At this time Mark Twain was in London. One evening he was to make a speech at a banquet, and he began by saying that he had for some days worked on a clever remark which he was about to give, and he would be disappointed and grieved if his audience did not applaud properly, for the words had cost him much work and thought. Then he said: "Now that England and America have been joined in Kipling, may they never be severed in Twain!" The applause was all that he had asked for."

Members of the Kipling Society who possess letters, press cuttings, photographs or sketches associated with Rudyard Kipling and his works, which they think might be suitable for publication in the Journal, are invited to send particulars to the Hon. Editor, The Kipling Journal, Lincoln House, London Road, Harrow-on-the-Hill. In the case of cuttings from overseas publications, senders are asked to obtain formal permission to reprint from the Editors of the journals concerned, for which due acknowledgment will be made in "The Kipling Journal."

A Great Writer And the little Englanders

By CANDIDUS

(This article is reproduced by permission of the "Daily Sketch," London).

IF Rudyard Kipling were to revisit the glimpses of the moon and were to look for the Kipling Society, he would be surprised to find it housed in Gower Street.

And he would probably be very annoyed, not because of the ordinary Bloomsbury residents, but because Bloomsbury is regarded as the heart and centre, of a pretentious and rather alien literary and political cult which, among its other absurdities, was never tired of belittling Kipling himself.

All through his working life, right from the time when he scored, precociously, his first success, Kipling's belittlers, who were and are on the whole a puny breed, pursued him with quite extraordinary venom.

Not that he ever cared. Not that he would have cared even if, as offset, he had not enjoyed enormous popularity with the millions and the admiration of those of his fellow craftsmen whose admiration was worth having, notably such men as George Moore, and, in a younger generation, Osbert Sitwell, T. S. Eliot and Edward Shanks.

If I had been asked, I should have said that it was a popularity which suffered little or no decline even in the years immediately following his death, when it is usual for an author to pass into a period of eclipse.

It is a point on which only his publishers can give an authoritative ruling. However, the Kipling Society announced in a circular letter issued recently that "from evidence in the Press, at least, it seems clear that there is a revival of interest in Kipling's works," so one must assume that the interest slackened to some extent.

It could, at the worst, be only temporary, for Kipling is probably the greatest short-story writer who

ever lived. George Moore used to say that he was the only writer, since the Elizabethans, who had used the whole language, and it is true, alike of his prose and verse.

"AN ELIZABETHAN:"

There is no cause for astonishment in that, for Kipling was in spirit an Elizabethan. His stature was such as to make us forget that his detractors, with their finicky and fragile talents, were ever born.

What particularly roused the anti-Kiplingites to frenzies of denunciation were his politics and his alleged love of cruelty. As to the second, Kipling was an exceedingly kind man, destitute of all conceit and self-complacency. He was devoted to children, and children were devoted to him. He was more than devoted to his own, to whom he gave a golden childhood so different from what he himself experienced, which he movingly described in *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep*.

As to his politics, the head and front of his offending in that field was that he believed in the British Empire, and so, by definition, always opposed the endeavours of the Little Englanders to weaken the Imperial connection and the Imperial power to defend itself against the Empire's unsleeping enemies.

Who will say, in this year of grace, when the British Empire can justifiably stand forth as the saviour of civilised mankind, that he was wrong and that the carping Little Englanders were right?

One of the most foolish accusations that were brought against Kipling was that he despised the Indians. He despised some of them, just as he (and we) despise some Englishmen. Those who incurred his contempt were precisely those whom the vigorous Indian races despised—that is, the Bloomsburians of Hindustan, the type which he depicted with merciless truth in "The Head of the District,"

That type is entirely despicable, wherever it is to be found, and it is to be found, unfortunately, almost everywhere.

Of course, Kipling loved India with the love that is founded on knowledge and understanding, just as the late Francis Yeats-Brown did. The result is that you will find more of the real India in *Kim* (the finest evocation of the Indian scene ever written) and in *Bengal Lancer* than in all the other books on the subject put together.

"THE LITERARY GAME."

What especially endeared Kipling to me, as one of his loyal readers and disciples, was his refusal to play "the literary game," and his resolute determination to steer clear of the cliques and coteries. Not for him were the log-rolling and back-scratching that are so distasteful a feature of the contemporary literary arena.

He lavished the artist's care on his productions and then sent them out with a "take it or leave it" label attached to them. And he was capable of drinking a glass of beer without proclaiming it at the top of his voice all over Sussex as if it were news of tremendous import.

That shows the difference between him and some of the others of the writing tribe. He was not constantly looking at himself in the glass or the tankard. He was no Narcissus posing as John Bull. He never posed at all; he did not need to, for posing is the refuge of the second-raters.

Kipling was born in Bombay. He died in Middlesex Hospital. His sepulchre is the British Empire and his monument the grateful and enduring remembrance of hosts of readers in all the five nations and on all the seven seas.

The Kipling Library

MR. JOHN SANDERSON'S BEQUEST

"IT is with mixed feelings," writes our Hon. Librarian, Mr. W. G. B. Maitland, "that I announce the late John Sanderson's bequest of the remainder of his Kipling Library—a feeling of sadness at the loss of a friend and of gratitude for his generosity. This bequest consists of the thirty-six volumes of the *Outward Bound* edition published by Charles Scribner. With the books John Sanderson presented to us before the war this latest addition creates a quite considerable library in itself, and is one in which I shall take great pride.

We now have in the Library three complete and separate editions of Kipling's works, i.e., the *Uniform Edition*, published by MacMillan, the final and most up-to-date collection ever published, namely the *Sussex Edition*, and now Scribner's *Outward Bound* edition. Thus, both English and American publishers employed by Kipling are fairly represented. Nor must the well-known New York firm of Doubleday, Page be omitted from this brief note for we have several of their Kipling volumes on our shelves."

A Projected Kipling Book

WE understand that two members of the Kipling Society in the United States are at present working on a book which is designed to show the effect and influence of Kipling upon various undertakings, under such headings as: Politics, The Stage and Cinema,

Music, Cartoons, Foreign Literature and so forth. Any member who has suggestions to make or material to offer to assist the authors is invited to communicate with Major Irving Mansback, 831, Paxinos Avenue, Easton, Penn., U.S.A., who will gratefully appreciate such information,

Melbourne Branch

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

WE were very pleased to receive further news from Australia from Mrs. Broughton, the Hon. Secretary of the Melbourne Branch of the Society whose Annual Meeting was held in February, 1945. We congratulate her and all associated with the Branch, upon its excellent progress during the past year. The following is a summary of Melbourne's Seventh Annual Report:—

"Since our last Annual Meeting in February, 1944, our numbers have been steadily increasing, and at each meeting there are many visitors. That Annual Meeting was most successful, with Mr. Norman McCance again our Guest Speaker. He gave an excellent Talk on "Kipling as Master of Words." In April our men members dealt with "Kipling and the Merchant Sea-men," with Captain Doorly of Port Philip as a special speaker. In June we held our Ladies' Night with "Kipling and the English Country-side" as the subject. The leading paper on this has been published in our *Journal*. In August a new member gave an interesting Talk on "Kipling and Rhythm" as illustrated in his Ballads. In October the book *A Diversity of Creatures* was discussed by six members, and will be continued later on. Thanks to Miss Strom and Mr. Harvey, we were given a special treat in November when they brought Mr. Erle Cox of the "Argus" to give us an informal Talk on "Kipling

and what he means to me."

The Library in Mrs. Brown's care is very popular. We are greatly indebted to her for the generous gift of a Book Cupboard which was very much needed. The Social side of our meetings has been well looked after by Mrs. Morton, and her helpers, and we are pleased to express the thanks of all our members and visitors for their services. Our Charitable Subscriptions this year were divided between the Gifts for Moresby Society, the Limbless Soldiers' and the Ship Lovers Associations.

The Society suffered a great loss in the death of the Vice-President, Dr. J. F. Mackeddie, last August. His place is not easy to fill, and his presence and genial leading of discussions at meetings is still greatly missed.

The Committee thanks the members who have loyally stood by through the year, and helped to make it so successful, for it has been much easier than any other of the war years, although we are all still much occupied with our war activities. And a special word of thanks goes to our President for his kindly leadership through the year and his unflinching interest in all matters pertaining to the Branch.

It is hoped that during this year we shall see the same increase in membership that we have had in 1944, and so help to keep the memory of our great Empire Poet still green in Melbourne."

A CORRECTION

Some members may have noticed that the No. 72 on the cover of the last issue of the April 1945 number of the **Kipling Journal** appeared in error. The number should have been 73.

ADVERTISEMENT

First Edition of "Stalky & Co."—Macmillan, 1899, Fair conditions with inscription. Open to best offer. Write, L. Barbor-Might, 66, Woodstock Avenue, N.W.11

Obituary

MR. JOHN SANDERSON.

JUST as we were going to press with the last number of the *Journal*, we received the sad news of the passing of Mr. John Sanderson who was both a Life and Donor Member. Mr. Sanderson joined the Kipling Society in its very early days, and was a regular attendant at the Meetings. He was always a keen Kiplingite and in 1937 became a Member of Council, where his views were always most helpful. Latterly ill-health prevented him from attending the Council Meetings.

It will be remembered that shortly before the war he presented his extensive Kipling library to the Society. We now hear that he bequeathed us a further collection of books. His many intimate friends will miss him greatly.

REAR ADMIRAL THEODORE E. CHANDLER.

We regret to record the death of Rear Admiral Theodore E. Chandler, U.S. Navy, son of Rear-Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Kipling Society. Admiral Theodore Chandler was killed in action in the Pacific. The correspondent of the *New York Times* on January 7th wrote:

"The entire flag bridge was ablaze after a Japanese plane had scored a bomb hit. Many men were blown

to bits or burned to death. From the cauldron a staggering figure emerged, shirt and trousers ablaze. A staff officer slapped out the flames of the shirt. Suddenly the figure was helping the sailors to man a hose playing on the blaze. The figure was that of Admiral Chandler. He had to be physically ejected from the bridge and insisted on walking below by himself to the sick bay. The next afternoon, just before 6 p.m., he died after a magnificent fight."

On behalf of the Council of the Kipling Society in London, we express sincere sympathy with Admiral and Mrs. Chandler in their great loss.

MAJOR A. CORBETT-SMITH.

Major Corbett-Smith, whose tragic death we regret to record, was one of the six Founder Members who attended the first meeting of the Kipling Society in 1927. One of the most versatile of men, the late Major Corbett-Smith was musician, dramatist, poet, barrister, gunner and naval and military historian. In 1913 he produced 'Mr. Wu' at the Strand Theatre, and he was Director of Publicity for the British National Opera Company in 1921. In 1923 he was Director of the Cardiff Broadcasting Station and in 1924 Artistic Director of the B.B.C.

The Maharajah's Fag

THE postponed coronation of the Maharajah of Manipur," writes the *Manchester Guardian* in December, 1944, "took place on the first of this month away in the recently war-swept hill country of North-east India, and it is an expectedly homely touch in the *Times* account of the proceedings which describes how the ruler, in gorgeous native robes, rode forth to the ceremony on an elephant 'and smoking his favourite brand of Virginia cigarettes—Wild Woodbines.' Elephants, soothsayers, dancers, heralds and standard-bearers, with propitiation ceremonies to the "sacred serpent of Manipur" that lives in a hole at

the very bottom of the world—all these things seem to be most impressively set off by the picture of the Maharajah 'impassively chain-smoking' from his reserves of Wild Woodbines. Kipling's well-known truism that it is exceedingly difficult for East and West to meet is thus presented with another striking exception to the general rule—the Maharajah's Woodbines from his perch on the coronation elephant seem as good an example of 'fraternising' as you could find. Now if only Mr. Gandhi could make a gesture of that kind!

The Kipling Society.

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