



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

Published quarterly by the

**KIPLING SOCIETY**



**DECEMBER 1946**

**VOL. XIII No. 80**

**PRICE 2/-**

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

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## *Notes*

### *H.M.S. KIPLING.*

TWO world wars have accustomed us to the laudable practice of so many a British town or borough planting the mantle of its adoption on a warship of the Royal Navy. From that time forward the sponsor keeps her staff and crew going with birthday and other favours, just as in war-time it sent those extra needs and comforts likeliest to eke out official supplies. There could be no heartier way of keeping touch across far distances of service, and certainly no better way of indicating that unity of feeling which by land or sea is embodied in the ideal of loyalty to the flag. But it must be rare for an organisation like ours to be associated with a ship dedicated to a famous and beloved author, especially in the acute degree which had been reached when, after so many memorable adventures the gallant vessel was sunk by enemy aircraft on the 11th of May, 1942. Readers may judge, then, of the sense of privilege some of us derived from hearing the log of H.M.S. "Kipling" related in fitting terms from its christening to the end. And all this came in the shape of a lecture by an officer who had shared a great part of those experiences, and revealed the enviable faculty of recalling them with conciseness and descriptive force.

A summary of this vivid talk (delivered at the Society's rooms in mid-October) is to be available, I understand, so there is plenty of excuse now to refrain from recording what a crowded chapter of varied

peril and dare-devil courage it unfolded, from the fortitude of night operations along Mediterranean coasts and channels that teemed with mines, to many an enterprise by day beneath a skyful of enemy aircraft intent on inflicting that finishing stroke. All this was delivered with that boyish self-effacement and jaunty enjoyment that mark your true-born mariner, together with an added relish of humour that he inherits from his sire. For Lieutenant Niall Robinson, D.S.C. is the worthy scion of our Honorary Secretary, and Sir Christopher has given us many a taste of this quality in his contributions to the Journal, as well as in Council debates.

### *A FAMOUS TRIBUTE.*

At the close of the lecture there was a shower of handsome compliments, from Mr. Victor Bonney, the Chairman, down to a group of those late arrivals and diffident souls who usually gather at the back of a well-filled hall, but come out strong on the note of applause. To one of these, the occasion recalled a night in the late Victorian time after the split which broke up the Liberal party and set Irish affairs back by nearly half a century. Mr. Chamberlain had the satisfaction of hearing the maiden speech of his son and heir, capped as it was by a splendid tribute from his former chief, the G.O.M. Mr. Gladstone had the knack of forgetting party grudges at a moment like this, and the House cheered as he rose and said Austen's speech was "calculated to bring

pride to a father's heart." Perhaps if there had been time, this anecdote might have been paid to Sir Christopher by word of mouth; but in any case here it is, with all the affection his friends bear him in full measure.

#### ANGELS AND MINISTERS.

A humble commentator like the undersigned, who knows his place better than to put his head out unawares, like President Kruger's tortoise—especially in more exalted company—may nevertheless venture a word of appreciation in support of Colonel Brown's interesting missive in this month's "Letter Bag." What impresses one in a glance at "The Hosts of Heaven" is the airy serenity with which Sir George McMunn can live and move and have his being—when he likes, of course—among the august and angelic hierarchy of the super-stratosphere, or words to that effect. As he has showed in previous papers, he has browsed to some purpose among the literatures of the East, and has a way of drawing on Oriental lore to illumine those supernatural passages of Holy Writ which were so dear to Kipling.

In a college debate I once heard the question asked, how it was that a man like R.K., the descendant of Nonconformists on both sides, should have shown such command of eschatological matters that were supposed to be the special hunting-ground of the pundits of the older schools. This artless query drew several rejoinders. One was: "The answer is a single word,—Genius." Another was a reminder from Macaulay that for sheer imagination nothing in the range of our seventeenth-century literature exceeds two masterpieces which we owe to the Puritans—"Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost." Few of our mundane seers or poets or prosers have come nearer to the essence and economy of Heaven than the preaching tinker of Bedford and that sublime and staunch old outcast, Milton. Needless to say, they were dear and familiar figures in Kipling's Valhalla but it was from the Bible direct that, like them, he drew so much of his inspiration.

#### MEDICINE HAT AGAIN.

We are indebted to our Boston contemporary for the text of R.K.'s exchange of letters with the champion of Medicine Hat, at the time when that picturesque and distinctive name was running the risk of being dropped in favour of some typical alternative like Bannerville or Bugginsboro. Those who really study the name and its environs, or, better still, have passed through the place during an eastern or western traverse of Canada, are prone to trace its origin in some quaint formation of the land surface years ago, and rejoice that so much antiquity attaches to a name which after all has everything to recommend it. We can all relish the quaintness of the many Red Indian names that stud the map of middle and western Canada, like Saskatoon or Okanagan or Winnipegosis. One likes to think that the object which inspires this place-metaphor, was a two-level hill which from a distance resembled the flat black headgear that may have adorned some early missionary or doctor. In any case, Kipling's was just the mind to perceive the bearings of such a title, and the whimsies of his letter in its honest indignation are as fresh today as when they proved irresistible years ago.

#### HONOURS TO THE FALLEN.

Colonel Milburn of Harrogate, has obligingly forwarded the programme of a thanksgiving service at St. Mark's Church there, to celebrate the "Victory achieved in the Battle of Britain, 1940." After an appropriate sermon from the Vicar, the Recessional was sung to Dykes's tune, as the closing hymn, while a collection was taken for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. The service was attended by the Mayor (a former Flight-Lieutenant), and members of the Corporation, as also a large number of service units. Subsequently a choice wreath was laid upon the town's war memorial, and it would be hard to think of a more moving and Christian way of showing how proud a British community can be of its men of war and their self-sacrifice for the beloved Motherland. J. P. COLLINS.

## The Hosts of Heaven

### IN KIPLING PROSE AND VERSE

By Lieut-Gen. Sir GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

IN his later writing and verse Kipling has sometimes turned his attention to the complex subject of Angels and Archangels and the Hierarchy of Heaven. He has made for us the enigmatic and allegorical story of *Uncovenanted Mercies* in "Limits and Renewals," with Gabriel and Michael and Azrael and the characteristic figure of the 'Archangel of the English.'

In the *Legend of Mirth* we have a long story of how the Almighty taught the Four not to be too intent on their duties, but to pay tribute to lighter moments. This is how it begins:—

"The Four Archangels so the legends tell

Raphael, Gabriel, Michael, Azrael." But before going further we might perhaps explore the authorities for such beings. It must of course rest on the conception that the Almighty must have many to do His biddings, and therefore must have an hierarchy to control the hosts. The belief in angel messengers is very strong and widespread; that in Guardian Angels, especially so, and indeed maintained in the New Testament beliefs, is perhaps the most comforting and acceptable in all ancillary Christian and Moslem teaching. Such knowledge as we have of the Archangels comes from the Jewish beliefs.

#### THE ANCIENT NAME.

According to these there were seven. The names all end in the ancient Name of God—"El"—that ancient name of the desert and of the patriarchs, known to us best as Beth-el—"The House of God" that bloomed into Allah in the revelation of the Prophet Muhammad and perhaps hint at the mystery of *El Shadai*, the Tetragramaton and the 'Ineffable Name.'

These are the seven:—

Michael "Who is like unto God"  
 Gabriel "The Strength of God"  
 Raphael "The Healing of God"

Zadkhiel "The Righteous of God"  
 Chamuel "He who sees God"  
 Japhiel "The Beauty of God"  
 Uriel "The Spear of God"

Azrael, the Angel of Death, however, was not actually accounted as an archangel.

The Seven are referred to in Revelation 8: 2, and Michael and his hosts in Rev. 12: 7. The term 'chief princes' is used rather than 'Archangel' and we read of Michael again in Dan. 8: 16 and of course in Luke as the Announcer, as well as also appearing to Zaccharias. Raphael is referred to in Tobit and Uriel in the 2nd Esdras.

The Moslem version of the Archangels is somewhat different, only four being recognized, and referred to as *Karubiyum* (Cherubim) viz., Gabriel, Michael, Azrael, Izrafel (The Trumpet of God) who will sound the trumpet at the Last Day.

#### KIPLING'S FOUR.

Kipling's Four are slightly different from the four of Islam and are a selection from the Jewish Seven. It will be remembered how they,

"Being first of those to whom the Power was shown  
 Stood first of all the Host before the Throne,

And when the Charges were allotted,  
 burst

Tumultuous-winged from out the assembly first

Zeal was their spur . . . .  
 It was zeal, almost *trop de zele* that animated them, and their only thought was "Have I done my best?" The shining courts were void:—

"Save for one Seraph whom no charge employed

To whom the word 'Beloved, what dost thou?'"

By the Permission came the answer soft

'Little I do, nor do that little oft,

As is The Will in Heaven so on  
 earth  
 Where by the Will, I strive to make  
 men mirth '  
 He ceased and sped, hearing The  
 Word once more,  
 ' Beloved, go thy way and greet  
 the Four.'  
 And so the Seraph found them and  
 artfully entreated them till they  
 " In utter mirth forgot both Zeal  
 and Pride."  
 They went back to the Throne,  
 " Ere weak with merriment the Four  
 returned  
 Not in the order they were wont  
 to keep—  
 Pinion to pinion answering sweep  
 for sweep  
 But shouting adrift twixt star  
 and star.  
 Not first nor last of Heaven's high  
 Host, the Four  
 That night took place beneath  
 the Throne once more.

The understanding light behind  
 the eye,  
 And in the silence waiting on the  
 word  
 Received the Peace and Pardon  
 of the Lord !"

It would seem that Kipling, who  
 knew so much of the things that  
 matter, was thinking of that old  
 morning prayer that craved the  
 gift of sympathy towards one's  
 fellows, ' and please Lord, the twinkle  
 in my eye.'

*Uncovenanted Mercies* I have lately  
 ventured to discuss in the Journal,  
 Suffice it here to say that the  
 conception of their swift movement  
 in space of Gabriel, Michael and  
 Azrael, past the Mercy, with Satan  
*en suite* had power and vision to stil-  
 us.

When we turn to *Debits and Credits*  
 we find *On the Gate* the scenes  
 at Peter's Gate at the sudden increase  
 in seeking souls, which the first  
 World War brought about, and the  
 difficulty of competing with the rush,  
 and the impossibility of getting the  
 dossiers in time. But it is largely  
 extravaganza, and a satire on the  
 procedure of Government offices under  
 pressure, without anything of the  
 grandeur or sympathy, except in the  
 actions of St. Peter that stand out

at times in *Uncovenanted Mercies* ;  
 it is the Archangels that intrigue  
 him more than the Angel Host. But  
 the old verses of 1891, *Tomlinson*,  
 may be read carefully, as Tomlinson  
 is brought from Berkeley Square,  
 " And they came to the Gate within  
 the Wall where Peter holds the Keys."

It is worth reading carefully, as to  
 how Tomlinson is handed to the  
 Devil, who finally unmindful of what  
 Abraham said to Dives, lets him  
 back to earth with the admonition

"And carry my word to the sons  
 of men or ever ye come to die."

It shows that even in those days  
 Kipling's thoughts dwelt on the  
 Toils and Powers and the idea of  
 Satan as part of the Almighty's  
 scheme, that we see in *Uncovenanted  
 Mercies*. Also do we read in it the  
 suggestion of the belief in Islam, that  
 every human soul has two Guardian  
 spirits, one to record his good deeds  
 and the other his evil ones. Also  
 it should be remembered that Satan  
 told Tomlinson to be more of a man,  
 both in his good deeds and his bad !

I cannot trace that Kipling ever  
 wrote, as he well might have done,  
 of the two Angels who sit in the  
 Moslem tomb by the side of the body  
 of the newly departed, to examine  
 his record in this world. To this  
 day Moslem tombs are dug with  
 ample space for both to sit, as you  
 may know to your peril if you ride  
 over a Moslem Cemetery trying to  
 avoid the mounds, and your horse's  
 feet go through to the resting-place  
 that is not under the mound.

There is a somewhat pathetic lilt  
 in *The Four Angels*, and the offers to  
 Adam of things and powers he  
 did not want or things he could not  
 make " As Adam lay a dreaming  
 beneath the Apple Tree."

#### THE HEAVENLY HOSTS.

In *The Last Chantey* (1892 and that  
 is a long time ago) he begins with  
 allusion to the Heavenly Hosts,

" Thus said the Lord in the Vault  
 above the Cherubim

Calling to the Angels and Souls  
 in their degree."

But Cherubim are beings of whom  
 we know little save from Ezekiel's  
 vision on the river Chebar (near  
 Mosul) and the fact that there were

two on the Mercy seat and two giant ones in Solomon's Temple, and that to the Moslem the word is equivalent to Archangel. Again does Kipling allude to them in that most charming *Return of the Children*, the children whom 'the Cherub's dove-winged races' did not amuse, the children who wanted to go home to their mothers—

" Over the jewelled floor, nigh weeping,  
ran to them Mary the Mother  
Kneeled and caressed and made  
promise with kisses and drew  
them along to the gateway—

Yea, the all-iron unbribable Door  
which Peter must guard and  
none other

Straightway she took the keys  
from his keeping, and opened  
and freed them straightway,  
Then to her Son Who had seen  
she smiled . . . . He said  
'Thou hast done no harm,'"

That is better stuff perhaps than  
*On the Gate.*

And thus to end with one charming  
allusion to 'The Sword of God'  
" When a lover hies abroad  
Looking for his love,  
Azrael smiling sheathes his sword,  
Heaven smiles above "

## The Confessions

OF AN OLD-TIME KIPLING COLLECTOR

By Captain E. W. MARTINDELL

(The following article is reproduced by permission, from 'The Book Collector's Packet,' a miscellany of Fine Books, Bibliography, Typography and Kindred Literary Matter, published monthly by the Black Cat Press, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. The Editor of "The Packet," Mr. Lloyd Emerson Siberell, was recently appointed Honorary Corresponding Secretary in the U.S.A. of the Kipling Society).

I HAVE often been asked why I collected Kipling's works and how I did so. The reasons why Kipling appealed to me are many and various. To start with, like Kipling I was born in India and left it when a young lad. My forbears for three generations had served "John Company," otherwise the East India Company, both in the Army and in a civilian capacity. My elder brother, who was in the P.W.D. in Burma, brought back with him to England on his first leave in 1891, I think, two small grey paper covered booklets entitled *Wee Willie Winkie* and *Soldiers Three* respectively, which I devoured greedily as a schoolboy who not only knew something of Indian life, but could even patter Hindustani. My brother had also brought home a slim book of poems

called *Departmental Ditties*, which I read and enjoyed to the full.

Thereafter when I was an undergraduate at Oxford University I read each Kipling book as it was published, because I shared Kipling's sentiments and appreciated his style. *Kim* to my mind is the highwater mark of Kipling's writings, possibly because of its Indian colour.

KIPLING "FIRSTS."

How I came to collect Kipling's works was due to the fact that about 1909 or so I found that I had acquired a number of Kipling "firsts," though not any of the scarcer and high-priced ones. Then it was that I started visiting second-hand bookshops and picked up several bargains; next I attended book auctions, and also bought every Kipling story and poem as they appeared in magazines or newspapers. At this time I unearthed a hitherto unknown Kipling item published in Santiago de Chile. I refer to *With Number Three, Surgical and Medical*, which was a reprinting of newspaper articles and stories of the Boer War. This started me on the search for Kipling's original contributions to *The Pioneer* and *Civil and Military Gazette* (Lahore) and I made the interesting discovery

that the story as it originally appeared very frequently was considerably altered on its publication in book form, and I tracked down many "uncollected" items, so I made a close study of my subject and was amply rewarded for the work that I put in.

#### BIDDING AT BOOK AUCTIONS.

Although the rarest Kipling productions such as *The United Services' College Chronicle*, *Schoolboy Lyrics*, *Echoes*, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Quartette*, *Turnovers from the Civil and Military Gazette*, *Letters of Marque No. 1*, etc., commanded fairly high prices even when I purchased my copies, they had not reached the peak prices of 1929-1930. The time came, however, when I had to abandon bidding at book auctions in person, as I discovered that whenever I attended such sales the dealers immediately spotted me and I would be run up to a higher price than I was willing to give, though I once turned the tables on them, but that is another story.

Consequently I went to one of the biggest booksellers interested in Kipling items and got them to bid for me. This puts me in mind of my most successful *coup* right under the noses of the trade. It occurred after I had sold my own collection and whilst I was working on the second edition of my Kipling bibliography. I refer to what was known as the "Crofts Collection," which belonged to Mr. Crofts who was a master at the United Services' College, Westward Ho!, when Kipling was a boy there. I studied this collection carefully before the sale and went and saw my bidding bookseller, who confided in me that it only consisted of old newspaper cuttings and the like, and would not fetch more than £10 at the outside. I told him I wished to bid up to £20. He assured

me it would never reach that sum. I was determined to secure the collection, knowing what was in it, so I informed him that I had an important engagement on the day of the sale, but I should make a great effort to get to the sale room in time and, if I did and the unexpected happened and someone was foolish enough to bid over £20, I should face him and, until I turned my back, he was to go on bidding. Well, I managed to get to the sale a few minutes before the collection came up and my bookseller spotted me. It was as well, as another bookseller ran up the lot to £50 before my man secured it. He commiserated me on having to pay such a ridiculous price for so much "rubbish." I replied that I was satisfied with my purchase. Well, not long after I disposed of six items of the "rubbish" for £1500, and the balance of the collection realised £450. It consisted of some hitherto unknown items from the *Calcutta Review*, etc., as well as original corrected proofs and so forth. You see I had studied my subject and the dealers had not.

#### ADVICE TO WOULD-BE COLLECTORS

My advice to would-be collectors of Kipling is: Do not do so unless you are really keen on Kipling's writings; Then make a study of them, even though it may mean time and hard work, but remember that the rarities are now pretty well located and, if they ever appear in the market, are likely to reach a high price even if they never climb to the peak prices of 1929-1930. Finally only buy perfect copies, spotlessly clean within and without, and collate them and see that they have all the points mentioned in the bibliographies that have appeared to date. *Ex-perto crede*.

*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."*

## Kipling's Advice To 'The Hat'

THERE is now in the possession of Colonel B. S. Browne, a long-standing and valued member of the Kipling Society, a valuable souvenir of Rudyard Kipling, known as the 'Medicine Hat' letter. It bears the signature of the editor of the leading Boston (Mass.) newspaper, and was used as a New Year Card by Lawrence Winship's father. By courtesy of Mrs. Bambridge, we are permitted to publish here a copy of 'this little tract for the times.' Here is the reprint:—

KIPLING'S ADVICE  
To  
"THE HAT"  
IN RESPONSE TO AN APPEAL  
FROM  
AN OLD-TIMER  
OF MEDICINE HAT, ALBERTA  
...

### TO THE READER.

This little tract for the times is printed in order that certain gentlemen who are known to their intimate acquaintances as 'Kipling fans' may possess a 'first (separate) edition' which some of their rivals in the engrossing game of book collecting will not be able to buy.

Another reason for making a booklet out of these two letters is the fact that everything from Mr. Kipling's pen has an especial interest to all who profess to care for the technique of writing English for publication. This is quite another matter than suggesting that everything he has written is to be considered as Literature. It does not even hint at any opinions concerning the amount of space that will be allotted to his work by those who write on the history of English literature a century hence.

A part of the price that Mr. Kipling pays for the way in which he wooed the Fame that has so splendidly rewarded his endeavours, is this lively interest in his most casual writing. There is a justification for this interest in the fact, which in a measure explains its existence, that Mr. Kip-

ling has always had something on his mind. Most of the time this has nothing to do specifically with what he is writing about, but inevitably it affects both what he says and the way he says it.

Mr. Kipling, during his productive period, always found a place in which to publish anything that he wanted seen in print. The result is that the development of his ideas can very often be traced over a period of several years. When the first signs crop out, they have every appearance of being merely the sub-conscious expression of some passing thought. Later, as the idea begins to take shape and its possibilities become patent, it is put through all its paces in prose and verse, until it comes under the wire in the perfect form of *M'Andrew's Hymn* or *The Brushwood Boy*.

No other English writer, not even Thackeray, offers anything like a commensurate opportunity for those who are trying to learn how to write for publication, to study in detail the methods practised by an author who succeeded in doing just this. The most skilful literary craftsman of his generation provides all the material for a text book for beginners of his profession. Very few will question that Mr. Kipling possessed a large share of unmistakable genius; but it is of the variety of genius indistinguishable from unremitting effort directed by an intelligent ambition. This is the soundest justification for a confident prediction that the whole of his writings will retain a place in the corpus of English literature.

G. P. W.

Shandygraft,

New Year's Day, 1923.

Dear Mr. Kipling,

I am aware, in fact all of us in Medicine Hat are aware, of the interest you took in our little city in your two trips across the continent.

Of course *you* have very many things to think about, but I am going

to be importunate about a certain matter which is vexing our souls here, for not only have you been kind enough to show your interest locally, but we look to you as the Father Confessor of the Empire, and ask you to help us poor stragglers with advice, who are living on the distant frontier. You know, no doubt, that the name of our city is a translation of the old Cree name of the place. It is rich in Indian traditions, and eloquent with war-songs of the Blackfeet and the Cree, with which I will not bore you.

Besides this, to us 'Old Timers,' the name has grown warm in our hearts. Here we have courted our sweethearts, married and begot children, and have built our homes, driving our tent pegs deep into Mother Earth, and are going to remain here to hold up the old British traditions as long as the good God gives us breath.

Well, unfortunately, some newcomers, Sons of Belial (who knew not Joseph) have arisen and WANT TO CHANGE THE NAME OF THE CITY.

It smacks too much of the Injin, smells fearfully of the tee-pee fire, and Kini-ki-nick—reminds outsiders of the whacking lies (may God forgive them) of the U.S.A. newspaper men in regard to our weather, and so forth. In a moment of weakness, our city fathers have decided to submit the question to the vote of the rate-payers instead of ordering the proposers to be cast into a den of burning fiery rattlesnakes.

Can you help us with a few words of encouragement in combating these heretics? Your influence here is great. If it is shown that you are against the proposition, it will help us materially.

Apologizing for this long letter, I remain, Dear Sir, Yours faithfully,  
Francis F. Fatt.

\* \* \*

Batemans, Burwash, Sussex.  
December 9, 1910.

Dear Sir,

I have received your letter of the 22nd November which interests me intensely, both as a citizen of the Empire and as a lover of Medicine Hat,

You tell me that a public vote is to be taken on the question of changing the city's name. So far as I can make out from what I heard when I was with you in 1907 and from the clippings you enclose, the chief arguments for the change are (a) that some U.S. journalists have some sort of joke that Medicine Hat supplies all the bad weather of the United States, and, (b) that another name would look better at the head of a prospectus.

Incidentally I note both arguments are developed at length by the "Calgary Herald." I always knew that Calgary called Medicine Hat names, but I did not realize that Medicine Hat wanted to be Calgary's little god-child.

Now as to the charge of brewing bad weather, etc. I see no reason on earth why white men should be bluffed out of their city's birthright by an imported joke. Accept the charge joyously and proudly, and go forward as Medicine Hat—the only city officially recognized as capable of freezing out the United States and giving the continent the cold feet.

Let us examine the name—Medicine Hat—I haven't my maps by me but I seem to remember a few names of places across the border such as Schenectady, Podunk, Schoharie, Poughkeepsie, Potomac, Cohoes, Tonawanda, Onenoto, etc. all of which are rather curious to the outsider. But times and the lives of men (it is people and not prospectuses that make cities) have sanctified the queer syllables with memories and associations for millions of our fellow creatures. Once on a time these places were young and new and in process of making themselves. That is to say, they were ancestors, with a duty to posterity, which duty they fulfilled in handing on their names intact; and Medicine Hat is today an ancestor—not a derivative, nor a collateral, but the founder of a line.

To my mind the name Medicine Hat has an advantage over all the names I have quoted. It echoes, as you so quaintly put it, of the old Cree and Blackfoot traditions of red mystery and romance that once

filled the prairies. Also, it hints, I venture to think, at the magic that underlies the city, and as years go on, it will become more and more of an asset. It has no duplicate in the world; it makes men ask questions; and as I knew more than twenty years ago, draws the feet of the young men towards it; it has the qualities of uniqueness, individuality, assertion and power. Above all, it is the lawful, original, sweat-and-dust-won name of the city and to change it would be to risk the luck of the city, to disgust and dishearten Old-Timers, not in the city alone, but the world over, and to advertise abroad the city's lack of faith in itself. Men do not think much of a family that has risen in the world changing its name for social reasons. They think still less of a man who because he is successful repudiates the wife who has stood by him in his early struggles. I do not know what I should say, but I have the clearest notion of what I should think of a town that went back on itself.

Forgive me if I write strongly, but this is a matter of which I feel strongly. As you know, I have not a dollar or a foot of land in Medicine Hat, but I have a large stake of interest and very true affection in and for the city and its folk. It is for this reason that in writing to you I have taken a liberty which to men who have known the city for several months or

perhaps three years must seem inexcusable.

In conclusion it strikes me that the two arguments put forward for the change of name are almost equally bad. The second is perhaps a shade worse than the first. In the first case the town would change its name for fear of being laughed at. In the second it sells its name in the hope of making more money under an alias, or as the "Calgary Herald" writes, for the sake of a name that 'has a sound like the name of a man's best girl and looks like business at the head of a financial report.'

But a man's city is a mere trifle more than a man's best girl. She is the living background of his life and love and toil and hope and sorrow and joy. Her success is his success; her shame is his shame; her honor is his honor and her good name is his good name.

What then should a city be rechristened that has sold its name?—Judasville.

Very sincerely yours,  
Rudyard Kipling.

These two letters were printed in the "Medicine Hat News" for December 22nd, 1910, and they have again been put into type at the Sign of The George twelve years later as a slight contribution to an effort to check the increasingly widespread tendency toward universal conformity.

#### TO OUR MEMBERS

**W**E thank all those members who continue to send us encouraging messages about the Journal and the work of the Kipling Society.

Many have given practical support to the Society in various ways. We highly appreciate their interest. We invite every member individually to help by enrolling one friend as a member of the 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, 105, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

## *Kipling and the Engineers*

By R. M. HARVEY, M.I.E. (Australia)

*(This is the third and concluding part of an address by the Vice-President of the Melbourne Branch of the Kipling Society to Members on the Branch's Annual Meeting Night).*

I HAVE already mentioned the big error in my comments on Mr. Elwell's paper, and now I think we may leave the marine engineers and look at some of the *land-inhabiting* species. Kipling must have met many engineers in the service of the Indian Government. First rate men like Findlayson, Hitchcock and Scott, and second rate hacks like Potiphar Gubbins. They were not different from their opposite numbers in any country today.

### *THE ARMY'S ENGINEERS.*

Then, too, he must have met many of the *Army's engineers* whom he has immortalised, and with good cause. In every campaign, but most particularly in this present war, and on every Front, they have distinguished themselves by carrying out as part of their duty, operations which call for the highest courage. They are no longer the single corps of which Kipling wrote, the complexity of modern equipment has divided them into the Royal Engineers and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. They still "go in front with a fuse and a mine," and in addition they must find and clear away mines and booby traps, dispose of live bombs and repair damaged tanks under fire. I don't think that it is still said of them that their Colonels are "Methodist, married or mad." That gibe, I fancy, arose in earlier days because to the "Ephesians of the old Church" who made up the officers of the non-technical corps, the more studious and quieter engineer officers may have seemed rather quaint people. No words of mine can add lustre to their reputation so it is idle to praise them. As a civilian engineer

I may perhaps be allowed to envy them.

I asked you to remember 1886 and the thrust-block, that problem child of the old engine room. In that year an English physicist named Osborne Reynolds investigated mathematically the behaviour of oil in a bearing and evolved a hypothesis for certain hydraulic phenomena. This work many years later was to prove immensely valuable in the design of aircraft but it is not of that I would speak here. Forty years ago, as a result of the study of Reynolds's work, a young Melbourne engineer evolved by pure reasoning the perfect thrust bearing. In one step, all the old limitations and imperfections were removed. From a limiting pressure of 60lbs. per square inch of bearing area at moderate speed, it became possible to carry 3000lbs. at high speeds. The power capable of being applied to a single propeller shaft was multiplied an hundredfold. At one stroke, as it were, the size of ships was increased enormously and the practice of engineering accelerated. For his work he has received the blue ribbon of the mechanical engineering world, yet although he still lives in Melbourne, few of its inhabitants probably know his name. I have mentioned him, although his connection with Kipling is but tenuous, because he typifies the highest type of engineering brain, that which can marry the mathematical researches of the scientist to the practice of the workshop and produce a perfect answer to an engineer's prayer. And he is withal the most genuinely modest of men and I trust will never know that I have spoken of him here. (This is A. G. M. Michell, M.C.E. (Melb.), F.R.S., and James Watt International Medallist).

### *"ON THE QUIET SIDE."*

What kind of men are engineers away from their work? Rather on the quiet side perhaps,—dull, their

wives might say ; " stuffy " was the term used by the better half of one of Australia's best known engineers. They are usually good fathers and faithful husbands, very seldom do they appear in the Divorce Court ; but this may be simply an example of their lack of enterprise. They are usually too poorly paid to figure in the social columns and too busy to wish to. They are inclined to scrupulous honesty in their calling and the " Gods of the Copy-book headings " stand watchfully over them waiting for the least slip to bring down retribution. It has been said that " the doctor buries his mistakes but the engineer's mistakes bury him." Worse still, they sometimes stand as memorials to his miscalculations. He is conscious always that he is the only professional man who is called upon to guarantee his results, and this is a very sobering thought. If the doctor does not cure you and the lawyer loses your case, you must pay them just the same. But if you engage an engineer to design and construct some project for you, and it fails, even partially, you may refuse to pay and in some cases may even recover damages from the poor wretch. The doctors and lawyers, of course, have strong and well organised trade unions who see to it that no such danger is allowed to threaten their members.

And over all is the great responsibility of serving their fellowmen which is laid on all engineers, all over the world, at all hours of the

day and night. From the moment the telephone calls the doctor to their births until the motor hearse delivers their corpses to the Crematorium, the " poor little street bred people who vapour and fume and brag " are dependent on the engineer for every necessity of life. Maybe they go " from Grace to Wrath, to sin by folly led, it is not his to judge their path, their lives are on his head." Just and unjust, they receive their morning's milk, their h. and c., their news, often even the air they breathe. They must be warmed, cooled and amused and fed. The lightnings must be harnessed that they may have light and music, and that their messages may pass across the whole circle of the globe. The hills are cut down for them, the valleys are filled up, the deep laid bare, the stratosphere conquered, that they may pass above them, pleasantly sleeping and unaware of the nameless engineers who have made these things possible.

But in an age when swing band leaders and crooners make the headlines, anonymity may well be a distinction. So if you find them rather quiet and not very picturesque remember why they have little time to burn on social repartee.

Kipling, at any rate thought them worthy of a word of praise and by that word some of them have been made immortal. To him then be the thanks of all true engineers.

AMEN.

*Members are particularly requested NOT to make out cheques for their subscriptions, etc., to individuals. They should always be made payable to " The Kipling Society."*

*Members overseas are asked to note that, owing to currency difficulties, we cannot accept cheques or bills on overseas Banks (unless payable at a Branch in the United Kingdom). Ordinary currency notes, however, can be easily negotiated in London.*

## Something of Kipling

By B. S. TOWNROE

Director of The Franco-British Society

IN his *Something Of Myself*, Mr. Kipling told in 1937 many facts about his earlier life. Here are some new stories about him which have never been published before.

I first met Kipling in Liverpool in 1915 when, of course, his reputation was world famous. At that time as Assistant Secretary of The West Lancashire Territorial Association, it was my privilege to assist Lord Derby, then the President of the Association, in his recruiting campaign, which led to him becoming Director General of Recruiting at the War Office, and laid the foundation of the 'Derby Scheme' of Voluntary Registration. But that, as Mr. Kipling so often wrote, is another story.

Recruiting in the spring of 1915 was very sluggish in the Lancashire seaside town of Southport. Normal methods of arousing local interest had failed. Accordingly Lord Derby gave me permission to telegraph to Mr. Kipling at his home at Burwash, to ask him to speak at an open air meeting to be addressed from the balcony of the Town Hall, Southport. It was a forlorn hope, but to our surprise a few hours later arrived a telegram accepting.

### R.K.'S KEEN INTEREST.

I met Mr. and Mrs. Kipling as they stepped out of their train at Liverpool, and over tea he asked many questions about our recruiting methods, the response of public opinion, and the attitude of the Labour Party and the local Trade Union leaders. These were, in fact, giving very great assistance in Lancashire to Lord Derby. We then set off by car to drive to Southport across the Fylde, that little known, rather remote, and very rich agricultural district of West Lancashire. Mr. Kipling took the keenest possible interest in everything he passed, but particularly in rural methods of farming, the state of the fields, the shape of the stacks, and pointed

out special features of interest with the zest of a boy with a new toy.

On arrival at Southport he was so intrigued by the distant view of the sea miles away that he asked to be allowed to make a personal exploration of the town and to drive out to the beach and the distant view of the Lake District. Eventually he met the local 'big-wigs' in the Town Hall, and then spoke through loud speakers to thousands of people gathered together in Lord Street and the gardens below. He indicted the Germans for all their cruelties and infamous treatment of the civilian population in Belgium. His words were profoundly condemnatory of German militarism. The theme was the way France and England were being attacked by barbarians. It was the most powerful attack on German methods that had been made, and it was cabled to all parts of the world. It had an immense Press at the time.

### " DOODLING."

After the war I was lucky enough to serve on a Committee which Mr. Kipling attended regularly, but at which he rarely spoke. He used to sit there looking at times profoundly bored, especially when certain people talked at too great length. During such orations he amused himself by "doodling" on scrap paper in front of him, or making little impromptu sketches. He was, however, careful to tear up all this artistic work before he left the table, knowing, I suppose, how quickly it would be seized upon by souvenir collectors. After one of these lengthy meetings he remarked with a twinkle in his eye, to Miss Cook, the lady who was taking down notes—"How men do talk!"

I met him at that time in both London and Paris. One of my most vivid memories is the sight of him and Mrs. Kipling standing alone, and looking tired and rather forlorn,

at an Embassy garden party in Paris given by the late Lord Crewe. It was surprising that they had not been recognised by the French and lionised, for he was of course, extremely popular in French literary circles.

I searched for two vacant chairs and offered these to them both. They were very glad indeed to sit down and so I had the good luck to have a quiet talk with him all alone. He referred to his Southport speech and expressed grave anxiety about the future relations of France and Great Britain, remarking that we were still wandering in the confusion of the No Mans Land which lay

between the old world and the new.

During the remainder of his life he helped our Franco-British work in many directions, but we tried in vain to persuade him to be the Guest of Honour at one of our banquets as he disliked the possibility of being broadcast. He expressed, however, again and again his hope that the two countries would re-establish together the foundations of the peace of the world, not on pious dreams or amiable hopes, but on those ancient virtues of logic, sanity and laboriousness with which her history and her own indomitable genius have dowered France.

## Letter Bag

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

"HELLEBOROSUS."

REFERRING to Mr. Wilkins' letter on page 12 of the *Kipling Journal* dated July, 1946, "helleborosus" means "needing hellebore"—which grew particularly at Anticyra on the Corinthian Gulf, and was a recognised remedy for mental diseases. It is mentioned more than once in the Satires of Horace and in the "Ars Poetica."—S. A. COURTAULD, 8, Palace Green, London, W.8.

"UNCOVENANTED MERCIES."

We must be grateful to Sir George MacMunn for his article on "Uncovenanted Mercies." Its challenging form and the deep questions that it raises must have sent all who find R.K. worthy of study to a careful re-reading of the story, and a careful reading always repays the reader a thousandfold, for Kipling is what one might call a pin-point artist and, like some of the Pre-Raphaelites, bears examining with a magnifying-glass if all the beauties are to be discovered. That, perhaps, is why he is not more popular in this high speed age: people simply won't give the time necessary to assimilating his later work.

Sir George asks what Kipling meant by the tale. In all the later volumes you must study the accompanying

poem, for it always throws light on what is often obscure in the story, and is not "Azrael's Count" clear enough? The subject is the well-nigh omnipotent power of love in the Female of the Species for either child or spouse. Love in the male is only a secondary power, but the two combined eject the two Archangels and His Satanic Majesty at the end of the story!

The lesser subject is the interesting character of the Archangel of the English. I think that Sir George is hard in likening him to a parson: plenty of "A" Branch staff officers are just as bad, and he is referred to by Satan as a schoolmaster. Surely he stands for all that Kipling most disliked in the post-war spirit of his countrymen: the easy optimism and the refusal to face the facts of history.

I would suggest that the discussion on the character of Satan is rather beside the point. We must never take Kipling seriously when dealing with the next world, for he never tires of the humour of picturing us all unchanged in the midst of the symbolism of the Book of Revelation. It is at its best in "Dinah in Heaven," but it begins with the souls of the Jolly Mariners having coarse and tarred thumbs, and goes on with Captain Wentworth reading "Per-

suasion" in limbo. I dare say that many of my readers could think of others. In "Uncovenanted Mercies" it reaches its supreme absurdity in the Archangels, while traversing unlimited space, being dependent on human respiratory organs, and having to swallow when the pressure gets too great! And surely the rag begins with the first words of the story where it is suggested that the Order Above is but the reflection of the Order Below, when obviously the converse must be the case if we are to take it seriously. The Eternal must transcend the Temporal.

Sir George makes the point of its being the last story in the last book,

but is there any significance in this? Does anyone know what governs the order of the stories? Is it purely a chronological sequence of compositions, or are they arranged in some way that the Author considered appropriate to their style and matter? This is a subject of great interest, and light on it would be very welcome.

"Uncovenanted Mercies" carries on and intensifies the subject of the preceding story, "The Tender Achilles" for that turns out to be an example of what a woman will do for one whom she loves.—B. S. BROWNE, Lt.-Colonel, Bournstream, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.



## *Sound Reading Preferred*

SOME LIBRARY DETAILS FROM BRADFORD

A MEMBER of the Kipling Society in Yorkshire in sending the following note from the *Yorkshire Post*, writes: "It is interesting to note that Library borrowers at Bradford are going back to—among others—Rudyard Kipling":

The newspaper reference runs:—"An expanding international outlook appears to be developing among Bradford people for, during the year ended August 12, there was a notable increase in the number of books issued by the Bradford Libraries Department relating to history, biography and travel.

In his report Mr. W. H. Barraclough (Chief Librarian) expresses the opinion that, although there are plenty of modern novels available, these books are not as acceptable as some of the older works.

In his view there are "far too many books on the war or spy stories" which have little originality to distinguish them one from another. The result is that many borrowers have gone back to novelists like the Brontës, Jane Austen, Blackmore, Bennett, Galsworthy, Kipling, Naomi

Jacob, Storm Jameson, Walpole, Georgette Heyer, Howard Spring, J. B. Priestley and Sabatini.

Despite the war-time decrease in the city's population, the number of issues during the year under review (2,855,369) was actually 41,735 more than in the previous year, and compared with 2,451,737 in 1939-1940. An interesting feature, too, was the fact that the increase was set up by 272 fewer borrowers (61,740) than in 1942-43.

The classification of the total issues was as follows: Philosophy and theology, 19,743; history and biography and travel, 135,415; law, politics and commerce, 102,762; art, science and natural history, 101,048; general literature and fiction, 2,476,260; poetry and drama, 20,141.

Types of books, other than fiction, that have been popular during the year are biographies, travel, the war, aeroplanes and aeroplane construction, post-war reconstruction, town planning, Government reports similar to the Scott and Uthwatt Reports and reinstatement in civil employment.

## Kipling in California

By ELIZABETH BIRNIE  
(Los Angeles, California)

(The following article is reprinted from the 'Vancouver Daily Province' by courtesy of the editor and the writer. It was sent by Mr. Gordon S. Hopkins, of Hopkins Landing, British Columbia, and relates to the replica of the Church at Rottingdean, Sussex, which Rudyard Kipling attended, that has been erected to his memory at Mount Forest Lawn, California).

LEGEND has it that North America to Kipling meant a belligerent brother-in-law and some worthless property on Burrard Inlet, but I think he would be pleased if he could visit the Church of the Recessional in Glendale, California, today.

During the latter part of his life he lived in Rottingdean, in Sussex, in the shadow of St. Margaret's Parish Church. Every Sunday he and his family would wend their way down the narrow lane\* leading from The Elms to the little church on the downs, and it was there that he composed "Recessional" and dreamed out the immortal "Kim." A perfect replica of the Church now stands atop Mount Forest Lawn, in full view of the Pacific.

The original St. Margaret's lies in a fold of the Sussex Downs, midway between Brighton and Newhaven. It dates from the time of the Saxons but was rebuilt by the Normans after 1065. Pirates attacked it in 1377, but again it was repaired.

Forest Lawn's architects sailed for America at the outbreak of World War II.

They did their job well. The spirit of England comes to life as you mount the grassy slope and suddenly see the simple Norman tower rising above the trees.

Just so must Kipling have seen it as he turned the corner at the village green. And there is the great lych gate, where in olden days the

congregation tarried to discuss the vicar's sermon, the winding path, and the massive, welcoming door.

Inside there is organ music and the rich glow of stained glass windows. With painstaking care every detail of the original church has been re-produced—the hammer beam trusses of the nave, the polychrome carvings in solid oak, the magnificent rose window above the entrance.

A door to the left of the chancel opens on to Vestry Walk, with its breath-taking panorama of Sierra Madre Mountains. But it is only the view that is different—just as at St. Margaret's a gnarled tree shelters in a stone alcove, and drops its leaves on the walk. What it meant to find and transplant such a tree, only the gardeners of Forest Lawn can say.

### BUST OF KIPLING.

The path leads back to the forecourt with its four stone plaques framed in ivy and English holly. On one is a bas-relief bust of Rudyard Kipling, and on the others are carved three of his best-known poems—"Recessional," "If," and "When Earth's Last Picture Is Painted."

But the closest link with the poet is found in a wing adjoining the main church. There have been collected rare books and manuscripts and personal relics, both of Kipling and the church he loved so well.

In a place of honour is a page from *The Times*, July 18, 1897. It contains the first printing of "Recessional," Kipling's sober contribution to the frenzy of Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. With it is a little note:—

"Enclosed please find my sentiments on things; the sooner it's in print the better. Couldn't you run it tonight, so as to end the week piously?"

And the editor obliged by running it next morning at least.

There are first editions of "If" and "The Light That Failed," many

\*It may be noted with reference to the 'narrow lane,' that only a few yards of bare common separate the Church from The Elms.—Ed. "Kipling Journal."

personal letters and photographs, and the magnificent Sussex edition of his works.

But perhaps most interesting of all are the personal mementoes sent over by the parishioners of St. Margaret's when they learned of the project. There is one of his favourite chairs, a pen he often used, a cracked clay pitcher sent by a former maid, etc.

Why is California so interested in Kipling? Well, there is a very personal story behind it all. Dr. Hubert Eaton, the builder of Forest Lawn, used to discipline his little

boy by making him memorize passages of poetry.

On *one* such occasion he had to learn "Recessional," and both father and son were deeply touched by it.

Years later, when Dr. Eaton was in England seeking a church to symbolize the spirit of Forest Lawn, he remembered the poem.

Surely Kipling must have worshipped in no ordinary church to pen those simple, moving lines . . . . And so was born the Church of the Recessional.

"The tumult and the shouting dies—the captains and the kings depart . . . ."

## Kipling the Cryptic

By T. E. ELWELL

A PLEASANT voyage of exploration, to discover Kipling at his whimsical best, may be sailed through the quarto *Just So Stories*. Notes on its illustrations have appeared in one or two numbers of the *Journal*, but nothing exhaustive has yet been attempted. Angela Thirkell, one of a favoured few has in *Three Houses* called the printed stories "dried husks" compared with their recital by Kipling. This may well be believed, but the missing moisture must have been restored per picture.

Beginning outside, we find the front cover signed with two "K's" facing each other. This surely should indicate that Kipling senior had a share in the design. The frieze and dado on front and back covers consist of "twos and twos" going into Arks at the top and bottom of the spine. The Arks float under two "A's." Incidentally, owing to faulty register, the zebus at the top of the back cover of my copy have their black and white legs entwined in true "Tishy" fashion.

Counting initial and tail-pieces in, there are thirty-four illustrations. Full-pages 9, 28, 37, 73, 79, 93, 185, 229 and 241 are signed with an Ark under a capital A. Take A away from A.R.K., and what remains but

the well-known initials? Further, R.K. pronounced phonetically gives Ark, and Kipling in 1887 was Maronically a Royal Ark Mariner. The design no doubt refers to all this. In the dado of page 23 the Ark is grounded at the foot of Ararat, which, with a lateral wisp of cloud, forms the A; on page 185 the Crypticism is cleverly hidden as high lights on the water in the bottom right-hand foreground.

The remaining illustrations bear an open or hidden R.K. Naturally in the avowed puzzle-picture on page 57 they are hidden in the middle foreground between Leopard and Ethiopian, a thin, straggly R. and a bold, black K, with a white hind leg; but they are better concealed round the tooth below the eye of the sperm whale on page 5, the eye that Kipling "remembered and strove after . . . . in *Just So Stories (Something Of Myself)*, p. 129).

The initial O on page 123 surrounds an Ark into whose run R.K. has been hammered with nails. Her house-flag carries the initials of Noah, Shem, Hara and Japhet and under her Plimsoll disc appear the letters N.A.S. and N.A.W. Now N.A.W. was always printed WNA—Winter North Atlantic, with W—Winter; S—Summer; IS—Indian Summer, and

FW—Fresh Water, but I have not seen a North Atlantic Summer.

In the tailpiece on page 131, R is the girl with uplifted hands, and K is the fantastic spear-thrower, the letters are hidden in the icebergs of the initial N on page 85, also in the body-markings of the right-hand peacock of the I on page 63.

But the best examples of elfishness are the runes ? on page 141. I decypher them thus—left-hand column, "This is the story of Taffimai all written out on an old tusk. If you begin at the top left-hand corner and go on to the right you can see for yourself the things as they

happened." Right-hand column "The reason that I spell so queerly is because there are not enough letters in the Runic alphabet for all the words that I ought to use to you, beloved."

The strip below the tusk has the same Kipling runic, and again on page 197 they hold a confession of the author-artists. But, as the key has now been disclosed, perhaps the Council will offer a copy of the *Just So Stories* to the back-room boys and girls of all ages who can break these two sentences. In case they may, I withhold their meaning for the present.

## Kipling Library Notes

By W. G. B. MAITLAND

RECENT additions to the Library include *The Dipsy Chanty* and *Mandalay*, both of which were presented by Mr. N. Lawson Lewis of Cleveland, Ohio, whose name is so familiar to readers of the *Journal*, and to whom I should like to offer my very grateful thanks on behalf of the Society. Mr. Lewis' keen interest in out-of-the-way Kipling items is our gain for, without his knowledge and kindness in remembering the Society the Library would be the poorer.

As both these little volumes are rather unique and somewhat scarce a brief description may not be out of place.

*The Dipsy Chanty* was privately printed by Elbert Hubbard in East Aurora, N.Y. in 1899 and contains a selection of the poems from *Barrack-Room Ballads* and *Departmental Ditties*. Its special interest lies, perhaps, in the fact that *The Vampire* is collected here for the first time. It originally appeared in the Catalogue of the Tenth Summer Exhibition at the New Gallery in 1897 where it caused something of a sensation. Incidentally, only a limited number of copies of *The Dipsy Chanty* were printed and few exist to-day.

*Mandalay* is of interest in that it

is one of the now rare "Lark" classics which Doxey of San Francisco produced so attractively in 1899.

As the last number of the *Journal* went to press a gift of supreme importance came to us from Mrs. Fleming in the shape of an autographed, inscribed copy of *School-boy Lyrics*. This is by far the most important item in the Library, and one of which we may be justly proud, not merely on account of its undoubted intrinsic value, but because it is the first example of Kipling's work ever published in book form. It was printed by his Parents in India in 1881 whilst Kipling was still at school. It is also of special interest in that it is the only Association copy in our possession, being the one Kipling-gave his sister when they were in India, and in which he wrote the following inscription:—

This is the writer's autograph  
Rarer than any ever writ

Therefore he bids you cherish it.

I am sure members will wish me to offer on their behalf their most grateful thanks to Mrs. Fleming for her wonderful generosity. *School-boy Lyrics* is a real collectors' gem, and we are indeed fortunate in possessing something so closely connected with its author.

*The Kipling Society*  
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