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CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES—J. P. COLLINS	1
MY BROTHER, RUDYARD KIPLING—ALICE MACDONALD FLEMING	3
A NOTE FROM BULAWAYO	5
SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS ON KIPLING'S WRITINGS— H. CRICHTON-MILLER, F.R.C.P.	6
KIPLING AND SOCIALISM—	
SIR STEPHEN ALLEN, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.	9
"RECESSIONAL" IN RETROSPECT	12
RUDYARD KIPLING THE UNIVERSAL—OUR FELLOW MAN—	
MRS. GUY GODDARD	14
AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM RUDYARD KIPLING—	
FROM A SANTIAGO, CHILE, BOOKSHOP	15
ON READING KIPLING—W. G. B. MAITLAND	16

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Notes

ROSEMARY AND RUE.

THE members of the Society are fortunate in having persuaded Mrs. Fleming to shake the memory-basket once again, and give us the sparkling paper which opens the present number, and will be concluded later. One wonders if or how far the average reader will descry among these childhood vignettes, the very character of dominant partner she half-condemns in Lamb and the "old Jake poet." Her denial certainly holds in respect of Rudyard as a lad—that vivid, affectionate playboy with the violet eyes, and a name among the Indian servants for being "the Little friend of all the world." But when the 'teens were lingering out, and she put to him her dilemma about an admirer who could not be shaken off, the answer was as ferocious as anybody could desire, for it was "Shoot the brute." And this, as Ortheris would say, was "not so bloomin' rummy when you come to think of it, neither."

BROTHER AND SISTER.

By the way, one parallel occurs to mind. This was George Eliot's reverie in a series of sonnets descriptive of early garden romps with her brother, and ending with these caressing couplets:—

His years with others must the
sweeter be

For those brief days he spent in
loving me.

But were another childhood-world
my share

I would be born a little sister
there.

EXILE FROM INDIA.

Sister-lore in literature and biography is extensive and peculiar, perhaps, and it rounds up all the beatific virtues in the calendar. But it would be hard to find instances

more human and engaging than this sisterly championship of a beloved brother, extending from Bombay to Hampshire, and rounding up a dozen years of fun and laughter wherever these were possible. Nevertheless, that first exile from India must have been almost unendurable for either of the pair. Those were sombre years at Southsea, as we all know, and irradiated India so much the more in these youngsters' hearts, which is worth recording to India's credit in these times of her division and disillusion. Of course the interpreter-wallahs will have it that those days of misery in what Kipling himself called the "House of Desolation" proved beneficial in the long run, and that the ogress's barbarities may have served to deepen his nature and make him a man before his time. But the probabilities are that he would have been assured of a development worthy of his genius without those years of dingy persecution, as Westward Ho was soon to prove. At any rate, we owe Mrs. Fleming one splendid sentence with a stinging touch in the tail, where she says that the old she-cat at Southsea was "intent on weakening the affection between the poor little people marooned on the desert island of her home and heart."

R.K.'s FIRST BICYCLE.

The Bulawayo bicycle story in this number has just that light and mirthful satisfaction that Kipling would enjoy. Its *mise en scène* is well in keeping with another radiant period in his career—the dusty sunshine of a pioneer camp in the pot-luck days of South Africa before the wars, and the Humber machine that climbed in price far more easily than it ever did those rough and hilly roads. The present writer's recollections of the early "penny-

farthing " type centred in the cradle of its production, and include a terrific cycle " boom " followed by a crash that ruined thousands of small investors. This certainly cost Birmingham and Coventry an awkward slump in the sober and downright reputation they had earned by twenty years of invention and toil. If Kipling had cared to beat up the records and the local colour, he might have made a short story out of that Midland "boom" as dramatic and as human as anything he ever penned. But it could not have beaten this episode of Cecil Rhodes and Metcalfe turning up as "Ruddy's" sureties for payments on that sea-borne Humber which he hailed as a bargain at three hundred per cent !

DEVOTION BY THE TON.

A recent light leader in *The Times* brings home to us an eastern story of the type that Kipling loved, and it comes this time from Patiala. It seems that during the recent panic-stampede of hordes of refugees, some score of mahouts in the Maharajah's employ decamped with their scarified neighbours, but left more sorrow in their wake than ever they caused in their flight. For the elephants in their charge were left deserted, and sickened well nigh to death because they refused to take any food or drink from strangers. Hunger strike like this meant putting an end to one of the finest tame herds ever known. This was absenteeism with a vengeance, and vengeance gone awry, to be sure. So the decree went forth from his Highness to search all camps until the deserters were found, and bring them back at any cost or hazard, but with no delay.

So said, so done ; the delinquents returned to be made much of, and to make more of their suffering victims. It seems strange to dwell on the weakness and decay of sturdy beasts like elephants, but the loyalty of these noble creatures had brought them to death's door, and it has taken weeks of care and coaxing to win them back to a normal state. The story likes us well. It unites the narrative raciness of "My Lord the Elephant" and the wise affection

that Kipling's father bestowed on his elephant chapter in *Beast and Man in India*. Moreover, it goes to show how point-device the master-writer was in all his observations, whether the subject was Hathi Bahadur or Terence Mulvaney.

A CARGO OF KIPLINGIANA.

Is there anything quite so pathetic as an old and dilapidated scrap-book ? The Bradford Central Library authorities have been good enough to send for the Society's library shelves a collection of Kiplingiana made by some northern devotee in the 'nineties or thereabouts. It consists of a substantial pair of boards bracing some seventy pages of thick buff paper, but the spine of the book has perished in spite of repair operations years ago, and the weight of the book tells why. The early pages begin with *Barrie* items, and then come *Zangwill* and other enthusiasms ; but when *Rudyard Kipling* blazes over the horizon, all else disappears. There are portraits and caricatures and articles galore, and one never sees a trail of illustrations like these without noting how, as the half-tone blocks improve, the draughtsmanship tends to decay. Then when the new luminary had swum into the public ken, there came his first real trespass on our national conventions.

"A FAMOUS VICTORY"

The well-remembered passage about "muddied oafs" and "flannelled fools" fairly bristles with rejoinders and parodies, leaders in *The Times* and dilettante columns by *Andrew Lang*, and "ballads and paragraphs and the devil knows what." However, as we readily recall, the author manfully stood his ground, and well he might, seeing how recently our President, *Lord Wavell*, has had to raise his voice in the same direction. They declaim against the absorption of the average citizen in activities which should be a means and not an end, especially at a time when the fortunes of the nation are demanding every hand's turn they can summon to their aid. The budget just described closes with 1912, and there is no word of another volume.

J. P. COLLINS.

My Brother, Rudyard Kipling

By ALICE MACDONALD FLEMING.

(On August 19th, 1947, Mrs Fleming broadcast a talk entitled 'My Brother Rudyard Kipling,' the first part of which is reproduced below. It is published by courtesy of the B.B.C. and by permission of Mrs. Fleming. The second and concluding part of the talk will appear in our next issue).

IT is eleven years since my brother Rudyard Kipling died, and as the slow years lengthen I find I no longer dwell on the Kipling Boom in 1890—delightful and amusing as was that diverting surprise—or on the rich and crowded years before sorrow and death came to his hearthstone. I take refuge rather in our very early days together when a sturdy little boy, not quite six and a spoilt baby of three and a half—that was *me*—were left by their parents, who were going back to India, to face a cold world alone. And it was a *very* cold world, without one familiar face. And we were left with strangers who were very unkind to us. I think child psychology is better understood now. No kind and loving parents would leave their children for years without giving them any preparation or explanation.

As it was, we felt deserted—everything had gone at once. Mama, Papa, our home in a garden full of sunshine and birds. Dear Ayah, who was never cross; clever Meeta, our bearer, who made toys out of oranges and nuts; Dunnoo, who took care of the fat white pony which Ruddy would call Dapple Gray; and Chokra, the boy who called the other servants and only grinned and didn't mind when I pelted him with my bricks. All gone at one swoop—and why? "Aunty"—as we called the woman we were left with—because she was no relation—used to tell us we had been left because we were so tiresome and she had taken us in out of pity; but in a desperate moment Ruddy questioned her husband and he said that was only "Aunty's" fun, and Papa had left us to be taken care

of because India was too hot for small people. But we knew better; we had been to Nassick, the Hill Station of Bombay. So what could be the real reason? We couldn't think—and it worried us terribly.

EARLY INFLUENCES.

I wonder if psycho-analysts are correct in their claim that early influences can poison or seriously overshadow later life. According to their gloomy theories my brother should have grown up morbid, misanthropic, narrow-minded, self-centred, shunning the world and bearing all men a burning grudge. Whereas, of course, he was just the opposite. Certainly between the ages of six and eleven, he was thwarted at every turn and inhibitions were his daily bread. I was rather spoilt—before I saw through 'Aunty'—but Ruddy was systematically bullied day and night. I think 'Aunty's' very worst defect was her unceasing desire to weaken the affection between the poor little people marooned on the desert island of her house and heart. She took the line that I was always in the right and Ruddy always in the wrong—a very alienating position to thrust me into, but he never loved me the less for her mischief-making. There could hardly have been a more miserable childhood.

However, we amused ourselves together. We had a sort of play that ran on and on for months, in which we played all the parts. I'm afraid there was generally a murder in it; or we ran away to sea and had the most wonderful adventures. I was the reader in those days, funnily enough, because I had more time as I didn't go to school.

I remember telling Ruddy *David Copperfield* which I much preferred to *Ministering Children*. It was strange, but Ruddy only learned to read with the greatest difficulty; I think, because he was too clever. I've noticed it with other clever children. A clever child will listen as long as you like while you read to

him but can't be bothered with "A fat cat sat on the mat." Now I was interested in the fat cat and wanted to follow up its story. I remember a thing Ruddy said to me quite seriously—I must have been four then, because I had been promoted to reading my verse of the psalms at family prayers while Ruddy was still spelling letters into syllables. I was probably crowing over him and he said, "No, Trix, you're too little, you see; you haven't brains enough to understand the hard things about reading. I want to know *why* 't' with 'hat' after it should be 'that'."

FLAXEN HAIR.

In his early days Ruddy was a sturdy little boy in a sailor suit, with long straight fair hair—yes, flaxen fair—eyes like dark violets and a particularly beautiful mouth. He was thoroughly happy and genial—indeed, rather noisy and spoilt. Mother used to say that, like Kim, he was 'Little friend of all the world' and that's what the Indian servants in Bombay called him before we came home. Shyness and Ruddy were never in the same room; I was shy, but he always spoke for both of us. He always looked upon me as a fairy gift, and he never resented my coming as some little boys would have done. When people asked him in Bombay, "Is that your sister?" he would say, "No, that is my *lady*."

When Ruddy was thirteen and I was eleven he went to school at Westward Ho, and I lived with mother in London. She had come home hot-foot from India because Ruddy's eyes had got so bad that a doctor had written to her about them. I remember how at that time we all had a lovely holiday at a farm in Epping Forest; I don't know how mother survived it, we were so absolutely lawless and unchecked. Our cousin, Stanley Baldwin came for a six-week's visit and we infected him with our lawlessness too—even to donkey riding. He brought a bat and tried to teach us cricket, but we had no time for it—it entailed too much law and order.

Then, before he was seventeen, Ruddy went off to work in India; I was left behind with three kind old

ladies in Warwick Gardens. I should tell you that, for a while, Ruddy had a fancy to be a doctor; I think he regarded it from the noble point of view as an ideal profession. But a wise friend of our aunt's took him to a post-mortem. Ruddy never described it to me; all he said was, "Oh, Infant,"—I had become 'Infant' by then, not 'Trix'— "Oh, Infant, Mark Twain had a word for it." Dramatic pause. "I believe I threw up my immortal soul." He threw up, anyway, the idea of doctoring. He was writing verses like anything by this time.

DEVOTED COMRADES.

Funnily enough, just at the time when most boys cast off home life, Ruddy returned to it like a duck to its pond. I really believe that the happiest time of his life—and mine—was when we all lived together after I came out to Lahore. He was eighteen then and I was fifteen. Although Ruddy and I were always devoted comrades there was never any Charles - and - Mary - Lamb or Dorothy - and - William - Wordsworth nonsense about us. We were each going to live our own lives in our own way; he wasn't going to devote himself to nursing my grey hairs or anything of that kind. For instance, there was a man who wanted to marry me—a lifelong friend of Ruddy's—and he kept on writing me letters. I took one of them to Ruddy one day and said, "Here's Herbert again; what *am* I to do?" Ruddy shifted his pipe to the other side of his mouth and said, "Shoot the brute!" That was all the help I got from *him*.

By this time, of course, Ruddy was writing with both hands and a pen in his mouth, as mother used to say. Till fountain-pens came in he was a persistent pen-biter; in every room in our house there was a writing table and *on* every table was a tray of pens and father said he couldn't find a pen that wasn't bitten into a faggot at the end. So he took to dipping them in quassia. Ruddy always discussed things with me, and I can still recognise "something of myself" in his writing—in *Departmental Ditties* especially. Mother and I used to

drop severely on things his women said in *Plain Tales*. "No, Ruddy, no! Not that." "But it's true." "Never mind; there are lots of things

that are true that we never mention." . . . Yes, I think that was the happiest time in both our lives.

(*To be concluded*).

A Note from Bulawayo

(A reader, Mr. George S. Wilkins, of Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia, writes: "The enclosed cutting from our *Bulawayo Chronicle* will perhaps be of interest. Duly I know well, and remember his early days in Bulawayo, although I did not arrive here till 1902. There is no mention of a Bulawayo visit in 'Something..... of Myself,' but R.K. did refer to it in a letter to me which you published in the April 'Kipling Journal'.")

BEHIND many an up-to-date business in Bulawayo to-day lies a pioneering story. Some times it is little more than an anecdote. Sometimes—as in the case of the story behind the forming of the firm of F. Issels and Son, Ltd.—it is a part of the great veld-saga of the founding of Rhodesia. (I have been interested to come across *My Trek*—the autobiography of the late Mr. F. Issels—in several valuable collections of *Rhodesiana*).

Among the anecdotes, that of Rudyard Kipling and Charlie Duly and the bicycle is well known to the staff of Messrs. Duly and Co., but is probably little known to others. I think it is delightful.

CASH ONLY.

It began when Charles Duly rode into Bulawayo on a bicycle in August, 1894—53 years ago—dismounted wearily and looked about him at the dusty little town. He felt every inch a traveller and a pioneer, for he had raced along in ten days from Johannesburg, passing ox-wagons that were taking four or five months on the road.

Those were the days when maize was "stabilised" at £14 a bag, and eggs sold at 40s. to 48s. a dozen. But far more valuable than all these were bicycles—for shortly after his arrival had come the Rebellion and the rinderpest, and all transport was at a standstill.

He had the monopoly of the cycle business in Bulawayo. His old shop was where the Carlton Hotel now stands. He contends that he never advanced prices unduly. Humber cycles, for instance, "never rose above £45 each, if brought in by wagon, nor above £50 each if brought in by coach." A strict condition of his business was that "everything was for cash."

UNHEARD OF.

Into this flourishing concern there walked one day "a scruffy little fellow," dressed in khaki slacks. He asked Charlie Duly to hire him a bicycle, which was an outrageous request—though one made every day by members of Plumer's Relief Force trying to get back to the Union. When he found he was getting nowhere he said sharply: "I don't think you know who I am. I'm Rudyard Kipling."

As that obviously meant nothing to the cycle merchant the little man swung round on his heel. But as he was leaving he said: "I'll bring a guarantor."

"He'll have to be a good one," replied Duly.

"Very well, I'll bring two."

"They'll have to be two good ones," Duly retorted.

O.K.

Later Mr. Metcalfe (afterwards Sir Charles) came into the store, holding the little man by the arm. "I say, Duly," he called out, "he isn't much to look at, but he's all right. I'll guarantee his account."

And in the doorway, laughing heartily, stood Cecil Rhodes!

Rudyard Kipling mounted the second-hand bike. Its hire was 7s. 6d. a day. By the time he returned it he had paid considerably more than it would have cost him to have bought it outright—which was what Duly had urged him to do.

Some Psychological Observations

ON KIPLING'S WRITINGS (I)

By H. CRICHTON-MILLER, F.R.C.P.

(This is the first part of a paper read at a meeting of members of the Kipling Society in London in October, 1947. The second part will appear in our next issue).

IF I were asked to describe in a sentence the true nature of Kipling's writing I would say "A social vision characterised by relentless realism, rigid individualism, and compelling responsibility." There are three features on which I shall ask you to concentrate first, virility, adventure and inspiration. I shall begin with *The Mary Gloster*.

I've paid for your sickest fancies ;
I've humoured your crackedest
whim—

Dick, it's your daddy, dying ;
you've got to listen to him !

'Never seen death yet, Dickie?
Well, now is your time to learn,
And you'll wish that you held my

[record
before it comes to your turn.

Master at two-and-twenty, and
married at twenty-three—

Ten thousand men on the pay-
roll, and forty freighters at sea !
Fifty years between 'em, and every
year of it fight,

And now I'm Sir Anthony Gloster,
dying a baronite :

I didn't begin with askings. I
took my job and I stuck ;

I took the chances they wouldn't,
an' now they're calling it luck

I am sure you have all recognised
these outstanding features.

First virility :—" I didn't begin with askings. I took my job and I stuck." That is the claim of the man who "made myself and a million" and then comes his utter contempt for the effeminate son. Sir Anthony Gloster would have agreed with Emerson's dictum—"We are breeding men with too much guano in them." It will always be difficult for the virile man to tolerate the effeminate youth. It has always been a sinister feature

of social decadence when public opinion swung in favour of the effeminate group.

Then adventure :—" I took the chances they wouldn't, an' now they're calling it luck." When social and economic security is provided for all, the factor of adventure is bound to wane. This may be inevitable or desirable but it is to be recognised and not ignored as an impoverishing, ment of life rather than 'life more abundant.'

Then we come to inspiration :—

" I was content to be master, but she said there was better behind." Note that Anthony Gloster's one and perhaps only source of inspiration was his wife. In life she fostered his vision and after her death she guided and protected him.

" Saving the money (she warned me), and letting the other men drink."

Indeed his entire religion and faith in survival turned upon her.

" I believe in the Resurrection, if I read my Bible plain."

In short Gloster's vision was all personified in Mary Gloster.

(At this point in the address, *The Explorer* was read by Mrs. Crichton-Miller).

There can be no doubt about the virility running through the entire poem.

" I could reach the township living, but . . . He knows what terrors tore me . . .

But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the other side."

And of adventure, surely this is the purest example of the creative vision defeating the wise calculations and cautious inhibitions that kept all the others at home ?

" Something lost behind the Ranges,
Lost and waiting for you. Go !"

Note that in these two poems Kipling elaborates the character-forming qualities of Nature's two great educators—Mountains and the Sea. And does not history teach us again and again that it is through

lifelong contact with these two great forces that races have acquired leadership and dominion. Wordsworth wrote:—

"Two voices are there ; one is of the sea
One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice ;
In both from age to age Thou didst rejoice,
They were Thy chosen music, Liberty !"

Kipling, of course, deals with the sea far more extensively than with mountains, but that was to be expected from his background. And now inspiration ; note the very significant contrast between Gloster and the Explorer. With the Explorer the creative vision came by direct intuition:—

"Till a voice, as bad as Conscience,
rang interminable changes. . . .
"Then I knew, the while I doubted—
knew His hand was certain o'er me."

This distinguishes him as the true prophet, whereas in the other case the dynamic vision was mediated by Mary Gloster to her husband.

Now T. S. Eliot in his incomparable essay, says that for both Dryden and Kipling "Wisdom has the primacy over intuition." I cannot express an opinion about Dryden, but, greatly daring, I would venture to doubt that pronouncement as applied to Kipling. It is true that Kipling wrote:—

"If you can dream and not make
dreams your master"

but *on* the other hand the Explorer acted not on wisdom but on intuitive inspiration, and, whether his vision was first hand or not, Gloster repudiated wisdom all through his life. For wisdom, as I understand it, does not cover adventure, however dynamic or creative.

There are two other points of resemblance in these two poems. First the extreme individualism on which Kipling laid so much stress. The Explorer's very exit from his social group was secret. Gloster took a partner McCullough,

" . . . but better, perhaps, he died."
The other point is the phase of confusion and bewilderment that so often interposes itself between frustra-

tion and fulfilment. With Gloster it was an attempt at escape:—

"So I went on a spree round Java
and well-nigh ran her ashore,
But your Mother came and warned
me and I wouldn't liquor no more."

With the Explorer it was 'a nervous breakdown' to use the misleading description in current usage.

"I remember going crazy, I remember that I knew it."

And in each case the vision saved the adventurer.

Incidentally, T. S. Eliot considers *The Mary Gloster* and *MacAndrew's Hymn* the two monologue ballads in which Browning's influence can be recognised. I cannot help wondering why the Explorer was not included under the heading.

And now I want you to consider *The Explorer* from the symbolical point of view. It is always possible to repudiate the symbolical significance of any parable, allegory or myth. But that does not make for the enrichment of life. It is always more comfortable to do so. But the question we have to answer is not whether the tale has or has not symbolical significance, but how far, if at all, the author was conscious of the symbolism. For instance Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* like C. S. Lewis's *Pilgrim's Regress* is clearly on the conscious plane. The great myth of Jonah was certainly unconscious for it treats of the theme of re-birth centuries before Christ enunciated it. Many of Barrie's writings, such as *Dear Brutus* and *Mary Rose* contain much symbolism of which the author was clearly unaware. In Kipling's case I prefer to leave the matter undecided. Let us take *The Explorer* as an allegory regardless of how far its author meant it to be so or not. The same theme is treated in *The Pilgrim's Progress* and in the story of Peter walking on the water.

In the first stanza we hear the call of reason, commonsense and complacent achievement. But the Explorer was not making his escape from destruction as did Christian. Like Peter he was taking a risk that could only be justified by success. The danger was all before him. In short,



THE SHUTE SCHOOL BRANCH OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

This picture shows the members of an active and flourishing group who form the Shute School (near Axminster, Devon) branch of the Kipling Society. The former Head Mistress, Miss M. F. Bridie, who organised the Branch, is seen on the left. She recently retired and continues to be Chairman of the Group, which is now conducted by the English Mistress at Shute School. A note on this Branch appeared in the April 1947 issue of the *Kipling Journal*. Photo by James Townsend & Sons, Ltd., Exeter.

the great adventure is forced upon Christian whereas it is *chosen* by Peter and the Explorer. There are those that reach their ultimate philosophy of life because they are driven to escape from the materialism or indifference of their social group. Others choose a speculative revaluation of their own accord. In each case the adventurer detaches himself from a complacent group. Christian's fellow citizens refused to believe in their imminent danger. Peter's companions were in danger enough already. The Explorer's neighbours were confident that there was no sense in going further. On a materialistic basis they also chose safety first, but the Explorer predicted that they would follow where he had blazed the trail. All creative adventurers in the spiritual world tend to be followed by uncreative imitators to whom the line of action, belief or valuation has been rendered commendable because it can be undertaken with safety. And these are the same neighbours as the Explorer left behind him drinking in the town. The satisfaction of the 'safety first' materialists has, as often as not, to be maintained by an anodyne

—it may be whisky or movies, vain exhibitionism or vain repetitions. There will always be a hundred forms of opiate available to maintain complacency. In each case the call came to one alone—one whose wireless was tuned in to hear the divine summons and in each case it was a vision of life more abundant than was the essential basis of confidence. But this goal was, in the Explorer's case, sought for posterity, whereas in Peter's case it was personal. In the Explorer's triumph the personal and the racial goal were simultaneously achieved :—

"Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker . . .

Then he chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours."

This is the hall-mark of prophetic adventure—it satisfies by its own creative achievement the coercive power of the inspired quest, and at the same time it opens the way for others to a larger life. The inspired visionary by renouncing reason makes it reasonable for the priest-led to follow. And of Kipling we can say that he was the Explorer with a great vision for posterity.

(To be continued)

Kipling and Socialism

*From an Address to the Auckland, N.Z. Branch of the Kipling Society.
BY SIR STEPHEN ALLEN, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.*

THE New Zealand newspapers, a few months ago, contained a most interesting reference to Kipling. Its purport was an account of a discussion by the so-called "Brains Trust" of the B.B.C. in England. A question had been asked, whether this century had produced any first class literary figure. Ian Hay at once answered: Kipling. No other member of the "Brains Trust" would admit Kipling to this distinction, but the only other name suggested, by Dr. Joad, was that of G. B. Shaw. The question was dropped, after the usual indeterminate and somewhat pointless discussion characteristic of the "Brains Trust."

The discussion gives occasion for consideration. What constitutes a great man in literature, and why should the names of two men who are at the opposite poles of thought, and whose ideas, doctrines and teaching are the complete antitheses of one another, be selected by any one as being possibly the greatest writers of their age?

To those of us who are members of this Society, who have read Kipling's works and have studied his ideas, the choice of Kipling as a great writer, perhaps the greatest of his age, causes no surprise, whether we are in complete agreement with it or not. His writings appeal to every student of literature, and to every thoughtful man; and they appeal also to everyone into whose hands they come, to the young as well as the old, and to the ignorant and unlettered as much as to the wise and learned. Instances of this universal appeal could be multiplied, but I do not intend to follow that line of thought in this paper.

Then also, Kipling's stories are not "dated." They are just as fresh when read today as they were when first written, and so far as we can predict, they will so continue. Their simplicity and natural style, the ease with which they are read,

and the effortless sequence of the events they narrate, are their marked features. All these points argue strongly for the greatness of Kipling's work, and no doubt, in the opinion of those of us present prove the claim made by Ian Hay on his behalf.

THE BEST CLAIM TO GREATNESS.

Probably when Shaw read an account of the B.B.C. dialogue, and particularly the assertion of Dr. Joad that Shaw had the best claim to greatness among writers of his period, that astute old gentleman was amused . . . I do not know to what extent members of this Society are acquainted with Shaw's works, or if any have read them carefully. For myself, I can claim only a partial knowledge of them. I have found them difficult to read, and I confess rather dull, and I think the contrast between the two writers, Kipling and Shaw, lies in the fact that as opposed to Kipling, Shaw needs to be read in the light of contemporary events. His works are "dated" and in the course of years become stale, while his style is involved and unnatural. If a claim to greatness must be founded on the enduring nature of the author's works, and the likelihood that they will be read with as much pleasure in the future as in the past, then surely Shaw cannot be compared with Kipling.

I must avoid following the tempting sidetrack of comparison between the two writers, however, and I ask why should Ian Hay be the champion of Kipling, while the rest of the "Brains Trust" doubted or advocated the claims of another. The answer is extremely simple, and may be stated in two words—"politics" and "propaganda"—the latter word I use, because though objectionable, it seems to have become firmly rooted in the English Language. Dr. Joad practically admitted the answer, when in disparagement of Kipling, and in disproof of his greatness, he said that

his writings were too imperialistic I forget the exact phrase used, but that is its substance.

There is an obvious fallacy in Dr. Joad's reasoning. If we were to admit the correctness of the basis of his argument, it would follow that any one holding the views which Kipling held and advocated, apart from his merit as a writer, could not be considered great because of those views. The nature and quality of the writing are not to be taken into account, says Dr. Joad, because it is the views held by the author that matter. If we were to apply the same reasoning to Shakespeare, we should inevitably arrive at the same conclusion, because his patriotism and sincerity as an advocate for his country are so patent, that if he lived in this age he must undoubtedly have fallen under the same ban as a "jingo" and an imperialist. I shall not quote from Shakespeare, but as instances, consider the famous speeches of Henry V. before the battle of Agincourt and John of Gaunt in "Richard II." Each of these speeches breathes the same spirit as that shown by Kipling in so many of his short stories, the same love of his country, the same knowledge of his countrymen, and all that can be summed up in the word patriotism.

NOT A SOCIALIST.

I venture to think that the true reason for the refusal of Dr. Joad and others to include the name of Kipling among the immortals of literature, should be expressed differently, and not merely implied. The reason is that Kipling was not a socialist, and was so far from being one, that he wrote more than one destructive satire directed against socialism, and exposed the nonsense of its theories so completely that the followers of that doctrine must always do their utmost to decry him, and to prevent his works from being read. This standpoint is the natural and logical one for the followers of socialistic teaching, which results in intolerance of all traditional restraint, and antipathy to all that we have been taught to value, respect or revere in the government of our own country.

A learned Frenchman, M. Faguet,

a member of the French Academy, some thirty years ago wrote a book which was translated into English under the title of "The Cult of Incompetence." This book showed how when democracy was pushed to its extreme, becoming what we style socialism, it must lead to incompetence in everything, and the adulation of the second-rate, because when the masses govern, they cannot bear that anyone should be more competent than the average of themselves. This applies in every branch of government, and not only there but in every form of activity in which the general public are interested, and even to the making and reading of books. I venture to quote—

"Democracy has this drawback, that it cannot retain within itself and encourage eminent men." In a Democracy "if there be some one person or more than one . . . whose virtue is so pre-eminent that the virtues or capacity of the rest admit of no comparison with his or theirs, he or they can be no longer regarded as part of a State." "Mythology tells us that the Argonauts left Heracles behind for a similar reason; the ship Argo would not take him because she feared that he would have been too much for the rest of the crew." It is not necessary always though to resort to a method of lopping off the heads of the tallest poppies, and take the advice of Machiavelli, in order to reduce the influence of ability. Socialism has another effective and simpler method. This method of counteracting the influence of those men who betray any superiority of attainments whatever, is being reduced to a science, and will do all it can "to level, by one way or another, every individual eminence, great and small, that dares to vary by the merest fraction from the regulation standards." Although written thirty years ago, you will agree I am sure, that M. Faguet's book had a certain prophetic insight.

BACK TO PLATO.

I go back further, and quote a translation of Plato's somewhat sarcastic reference to democracy, by which must be understood its extreme form of socialism. "This form of

government certainly seems the most beautiful of all, and the great variety of types has an excellent effect . . . See with what condescension and tolerance democrats despise the maxims which we have been brought up from childhood to revere and associate with the welfare of the Republic. We believe that unless a man is born virtuous, he will never acquire virtue, unless he has always lived in* an environment of honesty and probity and given it his earnest attention. See with what contempt democrats trample these doctrines under foot and never stop to ask what training a man has had for public office. On the contrary, anyone who merely proposes zeal in the public interest is welcomed with open arms. It is instantly assumed that he is quite disinterested."

Of course nowadays no one reads Plato, so it does not matter if his reputation is too well established for there to be any hope of destroying it. Since no one reads philosophy, it does not matter what a wise man says. Nowadays also, few would think of reading the work of a learned Frenchman. There is no need to ostracise or disparage such authors. They have no influence, because no one knows more of them than their names—if so much as that Kipling, however, stands in quite a different

category, because whether or no he has a claim to greatness, his writings are still widely read, and may still exert a powerful influence in literature. What is the remedy for this? How can this influence be diminished? How can the reading of Kipling be discouraged? Subtle means must be used. It is not easy to do, but it is attempted by the use of disparagement, by trying to fix epithets of ridicule on the writer, and so endeavouring gradually to restrict the study of his works and in consequence the circle of his admirers. So it is that we find Kipling styled a "jingo," that term reminiscent of the South African war and earlier nationalism, and we are told he is "imperialistic" in an attempt to persuade us that in these days of lost imperial vision there is no need to read his books.

Whatever may be the ground for propaganda against him, however, and whether or not his "imperialistic" sentiments were too prominently displayed in his writings generally, there is little to justify any accusation against him—even if such sentiments are considered culpable—in the many volumes of his short stories, which may be his most lasting contribution to English literature.

(To be continued)

R.K. and Railway Trains

WITH reference to the note entitled "Connecting the 9.15" by Mr. T. E. Elwell, in our last issue, Captain E. W. Martindell reminds us that there is one article which relates entirely to a train, (a hospital train in the Boer War), called "With No. 3," in which are recorded R.K.'s personal experiences with the wounded. He mentions that there were two articles, viz., "With No. 3" and "Surgical and Medical." "With No. 3" appeared in the *Daily Mail* on April 21, 23, 24 and 25, 1900, and "Surgical and Medical" also in the *Daily Mail*, on May 1 and 2, 1900. He unearthed a hitherto unknown Kipling rarity, when he was making his collection. It was just "With No. 3 Surgical and Medical" published in Santiago de Chile in 1900 by Hume

& Co., Libreria Inglesa.

"The story goes," writes Captain Martindell, "that an Englishman employed by Hume & Co., thought it a good idea at the time of the Boer War, to advance interest in the doings of England and the English, and so induced his employees to publish this booklet, which also contained a poem by R.K. entitled *Auld Lang Syne*, as well as letters from Julian Ralph, Charles E. Hands and Douglas Storey, war correspondents. As a large part of the stock remained unsold several years later the whole lot was destroyed. At the time I came across it during the 1914-18 war, it was the only copy known to exist, though by the time my Bibliography was published, five other copies were unearthed."

"Recessional" in Retrospect

MANY of our readers who saw the article from *The Times* with the above title, which was reproduced in the last issue of *The Kipling Journal* (No. 83), will be interested in the following two notes from Sir Roderick Jones, of Rottingdean, which appeared in *The Times* of July 22nd, 1947 and August 30th, respectively, and also Mr. Edward Shanks's letter in *The Times* of July 31st, 1947. The first letter is as follows:

Sir,—The leading article in *The Times* on the fiftieth anniversary of your giving *Recessional* its first, and far-famed, publicity, reminds me that, but for an accident, the poem might have been lost to mankind for ever. Kipling, either momentarily unconscious of the depth of the inspiration that had driven him to compose it, or else, more likely, dissatisfied with his attempt to give voice to his mood, next morning threw the poem into the waste-paper basket with odds and ends on his desk which he was sorting out for destruction.

The Kiplings lived at The Elms, Rottingdean. A guest in the house, Miss Sara Norton, daughter of Charles Norton, the eminent American scholar, witnessing this eliminating process, asked Kipling's leave to ransack the basket. Leave given, Sara soon came across a sheet headed *After*, a poem on Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the impassioned celebrations of which had just ended. Struck by the distinction of the poem, a devout and austere protest against vulgar rejoicing and national vainglory, she begged Kipling to spare its life. So insistent was she that he suggested taking counsel with his aunt, Lady Burne-Jones, whose opinion he valued, and who lived just across the village green at North End House. So thither the two repaired, with Mrs. Kipling.

"Aunt Georgie," as she was called, at once sided with Sara Norton and urged immediate publication. Whereupon Kipling went carefully through the poem, made and initialled a few

alterations, and then wrote at the foot :—

Done in Council at North End House.

July 16.

Aunt Georgie.

Sallie.

Carrie and Me.

("Carrie" was Mrs. Kipling).

A clean version was dispatched, post-haste to *The Times*. It appeared on the leader-page the following morning, July 17, 1897, under the title "Recessional," and met with instantaneous popular acclaim. Kipling gave the original signed draft to Sara Norton. At her death it passed to her sister, Miss Elizabeth Norton. She transferred it for safe keeping to Kipling's cousin, Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, and I believe that it may now be seen at the British Museum, thanks to Lord Baldwin, who wisely presented it ten years ago to the Trustees as a gift to the nation.

Yours etc.,

RÖDERICK JONES.

North End House, Rottingdean,
Sussex.

The second note runs :—

Sir,—Having seen my letter in *The Times* of July 22 last about Kipling's *Recessional*, Miss Elizabeth Norton writes to me from York Harbour, Maine, United States :—

My gift of the original manuscript was given direct to the British Museum through the medium of Lord Baldwin. I wished to be eliminated as much as possible and to have the gift particularly connected with my sister, whose intellectual acumen saved this great poem for all time. I consulted Mr. Mackail and Lord Baldwin, both old friends, and it was decided, at my request, that he should present it to the British Museum. So it never remained in his possession."

May I ask you, in fairness to Miss Elizabeth Norton and in the interests of historical exactitude, to spare space in *The Times* for the foregoing? The point is, Miss Elizabeth Norton did not transfer the manuscript to Lord Baldwin, Kipling's cousin, "for

safe keeping " but for the specific and immediate purpose of presenting it to the British Museum, she herself remaining in the background so as not to draw credit away from her dead sister Sara.

Yours, we.,

RODERICK JONES,
North End House, Rottingdean,
Sussex.

MR. EDWARD SHANKS'S CONTRIBUTION.

The following letter from Mr. Edward Shanks, appeared in *The Times* dated July 31st, 1947 :—

Sir,—If, as I have always thought *Recessional* marks a turning-point in Kipling's development both as an artist and a political thinker, then the circumstances of its composition are of some considerable biographical interest. The account given by Sir Roderick Jones appears to be the correct one. (Incidentally, it follows the account given in your columns several years ago on the occasion of the presentation of the manuscript to the British Museum by Lord Baldwin).

But two other accounts exist, both of them by Kipling himself, which agree neither with this nor with one another. In *Something of Myself*, he says that he composed the poem as a " nuzzur-wattu (an averter of the Evil Eye)". It was not until after he had been away on the naval manoeuvres of that year that he considered that the time had come for publication. However, in what may have been a newspaper interview quoted by Mr. Thurston Hopkins, he is represented as saying that *The Times* had commissioned him to write a poem on the Jubilee, that he found it extraordinarily difficult, and that only when letters of entreaty became imploring telegrams did he shut himself up with the resolve not to emerge until the poem was done. The result was *Recessional*. Unfortunately, Mr. Thurston Hopkins's collection of Kiplingana is no longer in his possession, and when I applied to him for the source of this quotation he was unable to give it to me. There does seem to be some inherent improbability in the statement attributed to Kipling.

Perhaps, Sir, your own archives might throw some light on the matter.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD SHANKS.
Kilve, Park Copse, Dorking.

** On April 18th, 1901, *Literature* (the predecessor of *The Literary Supplement*) published the following statement in its " Notes of the Day " :—
" So many accounts of the way in which *Recessional* reached *The Times* have been published on ' the very best authority ' that it may be as well to dispose of them by the publication of the following letter which enclosed the MS. :—

Dear—,—Enclosed please find my sentiments on things—which I hope are yours. We've been blowing up the Trumpets of the New Moon a little too much for White Men, and it's about time we sobered down. If you would like it, it's at your service—on the old conditions that I can use it if I want it later in book form. The sooner it's in print the better. I don't want any proof. Couldn't you run it to-night so as to end the week piously?

If it's not your line, drop me a wire.

Ever yours sincerely, R. K.

" The poem appeared the next morning. Mr. Kipling was asked to name his own price, but absolutely declined all payment."

The " Dear — " was presumably the late C. F. Moberly Bell, Manager of *The Times*. The above quotation may be taken as disposing of the statement, alleged to have been made by Kipling in a newspaper interview, that *The Times* was pressing him for a poem on the Jubilee. No record of any such request to him has been found in the archives of this office, though there is a cutting referring to the alleged interview. This cutting is dated December, 1898, but unfortunately there is no note of the name of the paper from which it comes. The account given by Kipling in *Something of Myself* does not appear irreconcilable with that given in *The Times* of December 20, 1937, and by Sir Roderick Jones in his recent letter.

Rudyard Kipling

THE UNIVERSAL—OUR FELLOW-MAN

(The second part of an address by Mrs. Guy Goddard at the Annual Dinner of the Victoria, British Columbia, Branch of the Kipling Society).

"If England was what England seems,
And not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, and paint,
How quick we'd chuck 'er. But she
ain't !

HOW much of Kipling is in those lines—in that after-thought. All through his lighter work, he gives one rap after another at England, her rulers, beliefs and deeds ; but always his is a friendly and loving irony, and through it all gleams and glows like a gem, his love for all that is his heritage, and he teaches people throughout the world, who are able to understand and see below the surface, the grandeur and greatness of England. Even when she falls short of them, we feel with him that it is out of character and against British nature—that she is meant to be great—that greatness is her fate and that the small things that happen are but slight hesitations in the sweep of her destiny.

While at home, this lost legion of repatriated men dream of alien places they have known in her service, far away other exiles long for the England of their youth—of home and friends and of Christmases long past. Read *Christmas in India*.

KIPLING AND DICKENS.

A few evenings ago, my husband and I were discussing this little talk and he said, "How would you compare Kipling and Dickens ?" First, it seems as though these two great authors are held more in memory at the present time, by clubs such as yours, than any others except Bobbie Burns and Shakespeare. In humanitarianism and love for their fellow men, these four are outstanding. For this reason, if for no other, their names will endure. All the world loves a lover—yes—and all the world loves, admires and remembers lovers of their fellow men. While Dickens and Kipling wrote much more to force upon the public mind, the reali-

zation of the evils, sorrows and trials of the masses, all four have pictured the life of their time and environment as no other writers have done. What would our language be if it were not for the quotations they have bequeathed us. How terribly lacking in picturesqueness our literature would be without the types they have brought to life—Tiny Tim, Scrooge, Little Nell, David Copperfield, Tam-o-shanter, the Cotter and his wife, Tommy Atkins, the Gadsbys, Kim, Fuzzy Wuzzy and even the Commissariat Cam-u-el, without Ophelia, Hamlet Rosamonde and hundreds of others, that have become part of our very selves.

Of the four, Kipling was the most cosmopolitan. He had lived years in India, the States, and was widely travelled—but more than that, he had widely lived. Wherever he was he made himself part of the life and got—as an actor must do to be successful—into the very skin of those he was with. How vividly he gives us the men, small or great, who helped to build our Empire, soldiers, sailors, prospectors, old settlers, younger sons, gold miners, kings, natives, the rich, the poor, black, white and yellow. He drew truly what he saw and knew, and truth was his ultimate gauge of everything and every man's worth. Read *When Earth's Last Picture is Painted*.

Good or bad, it was "The God of Things as They Are" that held him. It was the man who was neither good nor bad, who had never done anything on his own initiative, but copied others in his good or evil deeds, that he could not forgive. You remember that even the Devil would not accept poor Tomlinson's ghost, but sent it back to earth to have another try for Heaven or Hell. Just doing nothing or being nothing, got him no place, even dead.

It is sometimes said that Kipling disliked women—due no doubt to

"A rag and a bone and a hank of hair,"
of *The Woman Who Didn't Care*

probably. One cannot read his autobiography without discovering how false this is. He loved his mother and his Aunt Georgie dearly and tenderly and he has given us numerous kind and gentle characters in his stories and poems, like his *Unknown Goddess*, *The Light That Failed*, *The Pink Domino*, etc. It was not in his nature to dislike men or women as such, but as types he could and did and minced no words about it.

Rudyard Kipling was a great believer in the *Spirit That Moves In Man*. In his conclusion to the poem *Natural Theology* he says:—

" This was none of the good Lord's pleasure,
For the spirit he breathed in man is free.
But what comes after is measure for measure,

And not a God that afflicteth thee.
As was the sowing so is the reaping—
Is now and ever more shall be,
Thou art delivered to thy own keeping,

Only thyself hath afflicted thee !",

A CHAIR OF KIPLING.

This man of many moods, of much wisdom and of great understanding author of an immense number of different kinds of writings, was at his best in the things he wrote about England. I would like to see a Chair of Kipling in every school in the Empire, so that from their earliest years our young people could learn to appreciate what it means to belong to this Commonwealth of free peoples, and to honour, as he deserves, the man who wrote the greatest tribute ever written to any country's flag. Read *The English Flag*.

An Autograph Letter

FROM RUDYARD KIPLING

FROM A SANTIAGO, CHILE, BOOKSHOP

WE are indebted to Mr. Tom P. Jones, of Rio Seco, Punta Arenas, Chile, for the following copy of an R.K. autograph letter, which he bought in a bookshop in Santiago, Chile. The letter is reproduced by permission of Mrs. Bambridge, who writes: " I remember the stories mentioned in it quite well, and how much we enjoyed them as children."

The Woolsack, Rosebank.
Mar: 11, '03.

Dear Mrs. Nesbit-Bland,

Your letter of the 15th Feb. comes out to me here but not the Red House. I will go into Cape Town and get it from the bookseller.

It has been on the tip of my pen to write you again and again—on the " Would be goods " several times because I laughed over them riotously; but more particularly about the Psammead yarns.

My kiddies are five and seven (they can't read, thank goodness) and they took an interest in the Psammead stories—a profound and practical interest. Their virgin minds never

knew one magazine from another till it dawned upon Elsie that " a thing called the Strand " " with a blue cover and a cab " was where the Psammead tales lived. I have been sent for Strands in the middle of the month, I have had to explain their non-arrival; and I have had to read them when they came. They were a dear delight to the nursery and they were discussed and rediscussed in all possible lights. You see we have a sandpit in our garden and there was always a chance of a Psammead!

I wish I could tell you what a joy it gave them and how they revelled in the fun of it. A kiddy laughing at a joke is one of the sweetest sights under heaven and our nursery used to double up and rock with mirth. They were very indignant when the series came to an end and they profoundly disapproved of the Little Red Indian stories. Why, I cannot say. It is a matter beyond me. They liked best the magic gold and the attempt to buy horses and carriages, and next to that the growing up of the baby.

In another year I shall give 'em the Would-be-goods again. They've had bits of it but it doesn't appeal, like the Psammead, to their years. If it isn't impertinence to say so I've been watching your work and seeing

it settle and clarify and grow tender (this sounds like a reviewer but it isn't). With great comfort and appreciation.

Very sincerely yours,
RUDYARD KIPLING.

On Reading Kipling

By W. G. B. MAITLAND.

A FRIEND once asked me my reasons for being so interested in Rudyard Kipling. Finding it a little difficult to give a convincing reply I turned the tables by asking him why he collected postage-stamps—and "Colonials" in particular. He answered more or less as follows:—"Because I believe a man should have a hobby to occupy his spare-time—something to give him an interest outside his ordinary work-a-day world. I specialize in "Colonials" because British stamps are the finest in the world."

"Exactly," I replied, "now you know why I am a Kipling collector. Books are *my* hobby and, in my opinion, Kipling is the best English author. There is as much in the book-collecting game and the study of one author's work as there is in stamp-collecting. It's an interest." And I left it at that.

THE FIRST BOOKS.

The first books of Rudyard Kipling's that came my way were the *Jungle Books* which I read, or had read to me when I was about 8 or 9 years old. To me Mowgli was a real living person, as were his friends and companions in the Jungle, and I never tired of his adventures. *Rikki-Tikki-Tavi* was, I think, my favourite, but I could never understand how it was that Nag and Nagaina were not discovered and destroyed long before. It never occurred to my child's mind that had they been killed sooner there could never have been a story about a mongoose!

These two books meant as much to me as Anna Sewell's *Black Beauty*, which took turn and turn about with Mowgli, Bagheera and Gray Brother,

as the regular "hour-before-bed-time" story book of my childhood.

Some ten years or so were to pass before I turned again to Kipling to read the second of his most successful full-length books (*Kim* is the other). This was *Captains Courageous*, which I read during a voyage to India. As proof of how much I enjoyed the story of young Harvey Cheyne, I still possess the self-same volume, now somewhat battered and worn. It has survived many thousands of miles of travel, and goodness knows how many house-movings. It is a fine story, even though the descriptions of life on the Grand Banks have been the subject of much adverse criticism from old Newfoundland and Massachusetts fishermen, but it is criticism one can afford to ignore. The errors are incidental and for the most part unimportant.

LATER YEARS.

Apart from a nodding acquaintance with *Barrack-Room Ballads* and *Departmental Ditties*, still more years passed before I read anything further. Then, one day, whilst browsing round the shelves of an Eastbourne bookseller, I began to glance through his stock of Kipling in their neat limp red-leather bindings. My choice fell on *Stalky & Co.*, the book I had so often been offered when a boy, but which I had always refused as having no appeal. I bought it and several others, thus opening a door to a veritable treasure house which even now never fails to reveal some hidden gem.

Stalky & Co. I revelled in, at once realizing that I should have found it rather too mature for ray boyhood choice of literature. I remember being vastly amused at the ribald jokes

made at the expense of *St. Winifred's* and *Eric, or Little by Little*, those two Victorian horrors which I had read as a boy, and secretly loathed—for much the same reasons as Beetle.

The book had a particular appeal for me because it was about my own old school, the United Services College, although I did not go to it until after its removal from Westward Ho to Windsor. I found the same customs, traditions, rules written and unwritten, existed in Kipling's day as in mine—even to some of the slang. The School Crest and Motto—"Fear God, Honour the King"—remained unchanged despite the fact that during its somewhat troubled existence the "Coll" had absorbed two other schools.

Although a boys' book I do not recall ever hearing it discussed by other boys, but I distinctly remember, as I read it for the first time, that my father used to tell me it was said the book had harmed the school.

I have often wondered how anyone could imagine the escapades of Stalky, M'Turk and Beetle to be anything but pure fiction. Admittedly it is an unusual book but the old U.S.C. was an unusual school. If A. C. Benson had taken the trouble to read the book as a chronicle of fictitious incidents in the lives of equally fictitious schoolboys, instead of condemning it and its author out of hand, he would have realized that *Stalky & Co.* was never intended to be taken as autobiographical.

Steeped as he was in the traditions of Dr. Arnold and Dean Farrar he could not conceive that men like Cornell Price and "King" could exist. And here it may be appropriate to explain that "King"—the caustic-tongued classics Master whom Beetle was always lampooning, was one of his closest friends to whom he sent many of his literary efforts from the *Civil and Military Gazette* and *Pioneer*. However, Benson soon had reason to alter his earlier opinions of Kipling's probable doleful end as an author.

Anyway, I voted it a much better book than *Eric* or *St. Winifred's*.

The Day's Work and *Many Inventions* next claimed my attention, carrying me into a wonderful world of bridge-building, steamships, locomotives and animals.

Life's Handicap and *Kim*, with their tales of India appealed to me as they must do to all who have been "shipped somewheres East o' Suez." But it was not until 1927 when Mr. Brooking came along with the Kipling Society that I began seriously to collect Kipling—and I've been doing it ever since.

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