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Vol. XIII No. 87

October, 1948

Notes

EVERGREEN LAURELS.

MEMBERS of the Kipling Society, and Kipling readers generally, need not imagine vain things about R.K.'s disappearance from the cosmogony of events, for every mail brings multifarious evidence that he lives in the world's consciousness more than ever. For instance, a set of the Sussex edition of his work has fetched £172 in Hodgson's sale room, Chancery Lane. Again, from *The Times* leaders,—surely the serenest emanation of our current British mentality,—to the house-organs of our public schools and even the convivial pop-batteries of universities in the west,—all goes to show that no laureate has displaced him yet in the output of the young generation. And some of us may fairly doubt if one ever will, judging by the queer phase that has come over poetry since his day.

THE JOYOUS U.S.A.

There is a generous reservation for the choruses with which our college stalwarts raise the roof on festive evenings. They range from the strains that R. L. Stevenson recalled from his academic years and Edinburgh cronies, "chaunting in joy as the moon was rising." We can hail with indulgence the free use that the students of Yale have made of Kipling's "Gentlemen Rankers" for their "Whiffenpoof Song." Recently it has cropped up in breezy quarters on both sides of the Atlantic, from John Crosby's queer gossip notes in the *New York Herald Tribune* to the blither paragraphs of the Londoner in the *Evening Standard*. This last authority points out how Yale has for two or three decades regaled itself with these patchwork verses based on Kipling's texture; so it is perhaps the long interval that explains why Mr. Crosby has the assurance to

call our poet's verses "archaic." It is poor fun to find how intellectual America rip-roars R.K.'s stanzas nightly in its cups, and then to prove its originality, merely alters "rankers" to "songsters." This means exchanging an apt British epithet for a Transatlantic nondescript, seeing that "songsterism" is hardly applicable to plagiarists like these.
A SUSSEX CRITIC.

Monographs upon Kipling and his work keep piling up, as if to show how indulgent the authorities in charge of his copyrights are in allowing quotations, two pages at a time. Captain Croft-Cooke in the new volume he adds to Home and Van Thai's series on our modern novelists, seems to mix up his attitudes of irony and approval with vivid effect. For instance, he dismisses the 1,200 tales R.K. contributed gratis to Indian papers as "snappy trifles," though they include "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Soldiers Three." He deals with a masterpiece like "The Brushwood Boy" as a "sickly notion of boy-and-girl love;" and airily chaffs our author with the unexplicable term "underivative!" Even when he comes to the middle periods his tribute is impaired with phrases like "unconscious of his inadequacy" and "rigmaroles of emotion and analysis," and (absurdest touch of all) "jealousy of other men." Then when he compliments Kipling on his "diamond" phraseology, why can he afford us no better example of his own than the quaint oxymoron, "guts and gusto?"
LOVE AND LICENCE.

In order to test the Captain's book by the standards of his firm, I have read and enjoyed Miss Phyllis Bentley's book on *The Brontës* in the same series. Even allowing for her long acquaintance with her theme and her

mastery of the pen, there is a fair comparison between the two studies, if only as authors on authorship. By the way, to an interviewer from the "Sussex Express" the Captain confides that in writing this book he looked on it as a "labour of love" and a chance of repaying "the compliment Kipling paid me when I was a callow youth." This means he was invited to tea at Bateman's on the strength of a book of early poems called "Songs of a Sussex Tramp." Afterwards the poet gave him advice which has since proved invaluable.

PUZZLES AND PRIZES.

There was a wise thing uttered once by Kipling père when he said "judicious leaving-alone did not apply between artists." It comes to mind on reading some interesting letters by our old friend and contributor, Mr. T. E. Elwell, of Regent House, Ramsey, Isle of Man, where he noses out the cryptogram Kipling admits having slipped into "Rewards and Fairies," only to forget the clue, alas, for ever. The account of this piece of ingenuity occurs in the seventh chapter of "Something of Myself," and Mr. Elwell's cunning unravelment may see the light some day when paper returns to its proper status as an asset and blessing to men, instead of a liability, and "the thing that is not." To make his efforts the more palatable, the solver has cast the result into a prize puzzle, but he admits it may appeal solely to the initiated minority. Fortunately less sophisticated minds may take comfort from the fact that the same contributor has elaborated a "Kipling Quiz" with seven questions, and this seems to deserve the honour of print. But here again, the compiler doubts

if any applicant will ever supply a correct solution all through, and after all, we must consider the editorial scope of ways and means.

BRAVO, CHRISTOPHER!

Captain Martindell sets a noble gesture with his annual prize for the best essay by boys of Victoria College, Jersey, on some aspects of Kipling, as well as a junior Kipling prize to boys in the school's preparatory section. Needless to say, his motive from the first (and the scheme has been working well for years) is to instil Kipling's ideas on patriotism and discipline, in the youth of that scrap of earth which has been christened the Isle of the Blest. Accordingly it is well to learn that this year has filled the Captain's net with excellent results, and that on the Headmaster's authority, the junior recitation competition has been also a great success. Of the ten boys selected, all recited from memory "Minesweepers," or "The Juggler's Song," and read a lively passage from "Stalky and Co." The quality was extremely good, adds the Head, and "outstanding" was the judges' epithet for the winner, Christopher Purves-Cowan, *aet*: ten and a half. Bravo, Christopher!

Among various tit-bits that reach us from afar is a set of verses from Pennsylvania's "Saturday Review of Literature," entitled "A Ballad of Bards" where three stanzas end with "The rollicking rhymes of Rudyard Kipling," and in a later issue they may, perhaps find quotation.

Captain Nuthall in the "Daily Telegraph" points out Kipling's remarkable characterisation of the Russians fifty years ago as a "racial anomaly difficult to handle." Could events yield a truer endorsement?

J. P. COLLINS.

New Members

THE following new members of the Kipling Society have recently been elected.

S. Rhodesia.	Mr. J. Davidson.
Argentina.	Mr. H. Ibbotson.
U.S.A.	Mr. John A. Spangenberg.
U.S.A.	Mr. Israel Kaplan.
India.	Mr. R. H. Macdonald-D'Silva.

London.	Major General Ian Hay Beith. C.B.E., M.C.
London	Mr. W. A. Gunn.
London	Brigadier G. W. C. Hickie, C.B.E.
London.	Major, The Viscount Keren.
London.	Mrs. Cecil Powney.

My Personal Taste

IN KIPLING'S WORKS

By F. M. EARL WAVELL, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C.

(At a Reception following the Annual Conference of the Society, held at the Dorchester Hotel, London, on July 14th, 1948, Lord Wavell was introduced to members, many of whom had come from various parts of the country to attend the meeting. The following is a report of Lord Wavell's address).

I HAVE to confess to you that this, my first address to the Society since you did me the great honour of electing me your President, has had to be composed at short notice, and without the opportunity of verifying my references, the neglect of which was castigated by Kipling himself in one of his stories — *The Dog Hervey*. I can only plead that it has not been due to the sin of laziness, ("abby-nay, kul, and hazar-ho") which would have received and deserved still more severe castigation from Kipling, but rather an excess of public engagements since your Secretary fixed this date, which has caused this address to be conceived, considered and composed mainly in a 'plane between England and Germany.

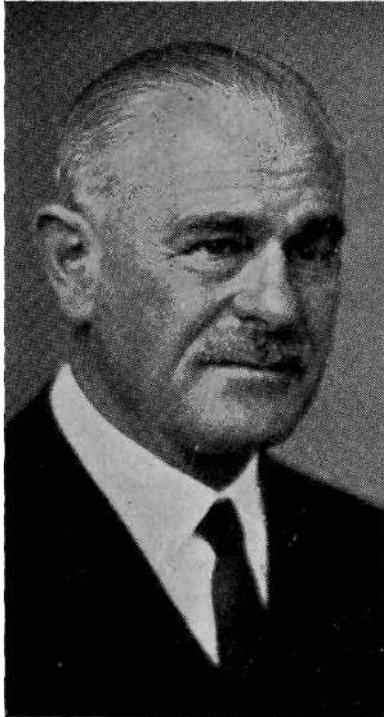
In the circumstances, I propose to give you an entirely personal view — not alas personal as regards Kip-

ling, for I never met him—a serious omission for your President—but personal as regards myself, my own reactions to his work.

My first knowledge of Kipling came when I was a small boy at a preparatory school. There was a practice that on Saturday evenings one of the masters read aloud a tale to keep us quiet for an hour. As there were over a hundred restless small boys, it needed a tale of some quality to hold our attention; and the two books I remember that did this with the greatest success were the first

of the Sherlock Holmes tales — *A Study in Scarlet*, and *The Jungle Book*; and it was Rikki-Tikki Tavi that first introduced Kipling to me. **THE DISCOVERY OF READING.**

Kipling in his autobiographical tale *Baa, Baa Black Sheep* has told how, on making the discovery of reading, he wrote to his parents in India to demand "all the books in the world." In the same spirit I at once demanded all the books of Mr. Kipling; and I continued up to the day of his death to read everything of his that I could find. I remember well reading *Kim* when it appeared in instalments in



FIELD MARSHAL EARL WAVELL
President of the Kipling Society.



AT THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE

This photograph was taken at the Annual Conference of the Society at the Dorchester Hotel, London, on July 14th, 1948. Several prominent members will be recognised, including Mr. Victor Bonney, Mr. B. M. Bazley, Mr. R. E. Harbord, Lt. Col. Browne, Mr. T. E. Angus, and, (extreme right), Mrs. R. E. Harbord and Mrs. Bambridge.

Cassell's Magazine with its yellow cover and many illustrations. I remember how eagerly I waited for each number, how I kept and treasured them, and my bitter disappointment when I found on returning from abroad that they had been thrown away or given away during a family move.

I found that whether you approve or disapprove of what Kipling wrote—and I did not always approve—it was almost impossible to be bored by him. And that of course is the first essential gift of the story-teller or ballad-maker.

I told you just now that I never met Kipling. But perhaps I should tell you here of an early attempt to do so, though it is rather a sad story from my point of view. Whilst still a schoolboy, on holiday in the north of Scotland, I read that Kipling was spending a holiday some seven or eight miles away. I determined to call and pay my boyish respects to my hero. Since it was obvious that if such a project were laid before the grown-ups they would either forbid it off-hand, or spoil it by insisting on one or more of themselves accompanying the party, it was

necessary to proceed by "stalkiness." The party I mobilised consisted of my two sisters and the youngest daughter of the house where we were staying, all enthusiastic volunteers, and one smaller visitor who had never heard of Kipling but refused to be left behind. This meant that the old pony-carriage and still older pony, which we "borrowed" while our elders and betters, and the coachman, were away on some ploy—grouse-shooting perhaps—was over-loaded well above the Plimsoll line. I fear that I was responsible for the optimistic estimate that we could accomplish the double journey, and restore the carriage to the stable and the pony to the field, before our elders returned. The journey there was mostly downhill, we were buoyed up and excited by our project, and almost within our time schedule. Alas, on arrival, we were told that Mr. Kipling was "not at home"—a disaster on which we had never counted. The return journey was all uphill, or so it seemed, the rain came down in torrents, and the pony went dead lame. Our arrival home, dispirited, hungry and bad-tempered, and what our elders and the coachman said, are better forgotten.



ANOTHER CONFERENCE PICTURE

In this picture are seen Lt. General Sir George MacMunn, and (second on his right), Field Marshal Earl Wavell, President of the Society. Also Miss Florence Macdonald, Chairman of the Council, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, the Society's Founder, Mr. W. G. B. Maitland, (Hon. Librarian), and Mr. J. R. Turnbull, (Hon. Auditor)

PERSONAL TASTE IN KIPLING'S WORKS.

I will now try to give you my purely personal taste in Kipling's works. I have done it by jotting down the books I take most frequently from my Kipling shelves. If I have to take one volume for a long journey or for holiday reading, I have no doubt of my choice. I unhesitatingly put in my bag the India-paper edition of the Collected Verse. I can open it anywhere and find unlimited entertainment and much wisdom. I do believe that Kipling's verse will live longer than his prose.

If I had to choose a prose volume, I should put in *Puck of Pook's Hill* or *Rewards and Fairies*, or *Kim* or *Something of Myself*. Those are the books which I know I can open anywhere with delight. For I find Kipling's story of himself as fascinating as any story he wrote. From the others I shall have to select, and here is a selection. As a soldier, I should perhaps begin with the soldier tales, and I confess that my selection is a small one: *The Man Who Was*, *The Lost Legion*, *Love o'Women*, *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*; and none

of them would stand very high in a complete list. Of the older stories, I choose *The Man Who Would Be King*, *The Finest Story in the World*, *The Phantom Rickshaw*. From the *Jungle Book*, *Kaa's Hunting*, *Red Dog*, *The Miracle of Purun Bhagat*. From the *Day's Work*, two sea stories, *The Devil and the Deep Sea*, and *Bread Upon the Waters*. From *Just-So Stories*, *The Cat that Walked by Himself*. When I come to the later books, my choice is wider, and I had better put them in groups. There are stories of the English countryside—*An Habitation Enforced*, *Friendly Brook*, *My Son's Wife*; some stories of old history—*The Manner of Men*, *The Church That Was At Antioch*, *The Eye of Allah*; two stories of the future—*With the Night Mail*, *As Easy as A.B.C.*; and finally some stories with an element of mystery and detection—*The Wish House*, *Fairy Kist*, *Dayspring Mishandled*, *The House Surgeon*, *The Gardener*.

I seek no approval of this choice; it is not meant as a selection of Kipling's best or most characteristic stories, simply those that I personally turn to most often when I have

the leisure, and want to be interested and entertained.

My dislikes include nearly all Kipling's humorous stories, such as *Brugglesmith*, *My Sunday at Home*, *The Village that Voted the Earth Was Flat*, *Aunt Ellen*, *The Horse Marines*, and such. Kipling never quite outgrew his schoolboy sense of humour, and it does not appeal to me. It is too boisterous and extravagant.

And I do not now care for the early Indian tales, or for the Soldier tales. Nor for *Stalky & Co.*, with the possible exception of the *Regulus* story.

CONTENT TO BE ENTERTAINED

I have spoken so far of Kipling as an artist, and I should like to leave it at that. I have always been content to be entertained by Kipling, and have never bothered my head much about his "message" or teaching or political opinions, or about the criticism that has been directed against him. If the work of an artist, and Kipling is one of the greatest artists in the English language, gives us pleasure, will it be increased by analysis and dissection of his work? Do we enjoy *Hamlet* on the stage any more because of the countless volumes that have been written on his character?

And if critics try to destroy our pleasure in an author by indictment of his writings and his motives, need we pay any attention?

But as Kipling has been the target of so much criticism, often savage criticism, it is perhaps right that I as your President should say something to indicate my views on some of these criticisms. Kipling himself never replied to them. Perhaps he obeyed his own maxim:—

"Keep your temper, never answer; that was why they spat and swore."

First, the charge of Imperialism, Jingoism, Toryism, in fact Blimpism.

My own reading of Kipling's creed and development is this. He began his thinking life with a passionate love of England, his country, and of the English.

"Parsons in pulpit, taxpayers in pews,

Kings on your thrones, you know as well as me,

We've only one virginity to lose, And where we lost it there our hearts will be."

Kipling's virginity was his love of England and belief in her people, and his heart was always there. But its manifestations differed with development.

Now consider his boyhood. As a small child in India, his impressions were naturally those of the English as a ruling race: as a boy at school his comrades were the sons of soldiers, administrators, men of action. From school he went again to India to receive the same impressions. He determined to use his powers to show the English their Empire and their imperial destiny, the task he believed they were fitted for, *not* mere conquest but the schooling and education, the bettering of the lives of the backward races. "What do they know of England who only England know?" is the expression of his feeling, his message if you like, in this period.

But he knew of course very little of his own people at home at this time. He had lived little in England. After India he went to America. The South African War showed him to his disillusionment that the English people cared little for their Empire, and were not interested in it. Kipling's disillusion did not weaken his love of England or his faith in her people. But its expression changed. He wrote at the end of the South African War:—

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

In his disappointment that the English would not choose the wider field, the greater Mission—a Mission, I would emphasise again, not of conquest, but of education—Kipling turned to the old history of his people. From this came the Puck stories, the almost forgotten Kipling-and-Fletcher History of England with some unforgettable verses, and some of the addresses recorded in the *Book of Words*. I have always wished that he had included in the Puck stories something of King Arthur and

his Knights, not the courtly Arthur of Malory or the smug knights of the Idylls, but the real man who inspired the legend—the leader who won at Badon Hill against desperate odds one of the greatest victories of our history for the defence of Britain against the invader. Kipling's vision would have made him live, as neither Malory nor Tennyson could

Then came the last stage of his undying love of England, his love and writings of the English countryside and the English country-people, with such tales as *Friendly Brook*, *My Son's Wife*, *The Wish House*. The beautiful poem *Sussex* heralded this period. His heart and brain remained to the end faithful to where they had lost their virginity. It was England, not Empire, that lay in Kipling's heart.

Surely one of the best answers to the charge against Kipling of a narrow Imperialism lies in the names of his four members of the World Control Board in his futuristic story *As Easy as A.B.C.*—an American, an Italian, a Russian, a Jap.

The charge of unbending Toryism seems to me strange and absurd. I have seen Kipling described as the Apostle of the very rich and of those in high places. It is nonsense. In all Kipling you will hardly find a rich man, except those who have made money by hard work and preach the gospel not of riches but of work—Harvey's father in *Captain Courageous*, Sir Antony of the *Mary Gloster* ("I made myself and a million but I'm damned if I made you" he says to his dilettante son). You will find contempt of mere wealth running throughout Kipling. Note that the use of the gold given by Witta and buried in Pevensey Castle is not the enrichment of anyone but that it is cast into the sea to further the freedom of the people. That is, I think, characteristic. Do you remember the inscription on the golden casket in the *Merchant of Venice*—"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire?" Now read a sentence from an address by Kipling to doctors—"I will wish you in your future what all men desire—enough work to do, and strength enough to do the work."

And there is the same neglect or contempt of the rich man's amusements—shooting and hunting. Hunting is mentioned with some sympathy in one tale *My Son's Wife* but it is a small pack, not a fashionable hunt—"a quiet, intimate, kindly little hunt, not anxious for strangers."

Similarly those in high places receive no reverence, usually the reverse. Viceroy, Generals and Staff Officers are the targets of invective oftener than of praise.

It is the common man, the working man, the soldier and the regimental officer that attract Kipling's attention and sympathy. I take at random a few characters that Kipling draws with obvious affection: Mulvaney, the Irish soldier; Hobden, the country labourer; the Babu in *Kim*, "the fearful man." Kipling as "the apostle of wealth and authority!" It is nonsense. He had no use at all for riches or pomp.

Kipling's other gospels, parallel to and corollaries of his passion for England are the gospel of law and order and the gospel of work and good craftsmanship to produce it. It finds expression in such poems as the *Wage-Slaves*, with its conclusion: "But such as dower each mortgaged hour

Alike with clean courage—
Even the men who do the work
For which they draw the wage—
Men, like to Gods, who do the work
For which they draw the wage—
Begin, continue, close that work
For which they draw the wage."

Or again:

"If you can fill the unforgiving
minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance
run."

What is there to criticise in these gospels of work and of discipline? We could certainly do in these days with more law and order, more discipline, and with more good work and craftsmanship.

But it is said, Kipling was militaristic and imperialistic, that he preached the glorification of war, and the enslavement of the coloured peoples by the white. I hold that he did nothing of the kind. The wars of which Kipling wrote in his earlier days were Police wars, frontier

expeditions to establish law and order, for without law and order there could be no improvement, no civilising process. It was on the analogy of a father chastising his children, for their own good. Have you noticed that after the South African war there is nothing in his writings to suggest that war is anything but a stern grim business with little glory in it?

And his attitude towards the coloured races is best indicated by the opening verse of quite an early poem *The 'Eathen* :—

" The 'Eathen in his blindness bows
down to wood and stone,
'E don't obey no orders unless they
is 'is own ;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful : 'e
leaves them all about,
And then up comes the Regiment
and pokes the 'eathen out."

And mark that this is the prelude *not* to a story of an expedition against black men but to a poem on the education of a recruit in an English regiment up to colour-sergeant's rank. Surely in the comparison of the ignorant recruit to an undisciplined uneducated heathen who needs training and education to bring out his good, Kipling has shown what his

(Prints of photographs appearing on pages 4 and 5 are available upon application to the Hon. Secretary.)

Annual Conference

THE Annual Conference of the Kipling Society took place at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, London, on Wednesday, 14th July, 1948, with Miss Florence Macdonald, M.B.E., Chairman of the Council, presiding. The following business was transacted :—

1. The Annual Report and the Accounts for the year ending 31st December, 1948 were adopted.
2. Field Marshal the Earl Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C., was unanimously re-elected President of the Society.
3. The Vice-Presidents were re-elected for the coming year and Major General Ian Hay Beith, C.B.E., M.C., was elected a Vice-President.
4. The Honorary Officers of the

real attitude to the subject races was, to bring them up towards our level for their own good.

Kipling was a good hater of certain things : of rebellion and treason, of laziness, of crowds and publicity, of talk instead of action. I have not time to deal with his hatreds, but I would say this to you in conclusion, that it seems to me that the most outstanding feature of Kipling's writings is their essential kindness, and kindness in particular to the three most unprotected classes—children, servants and animals. I need not quote instances, 'you can find them throughout the writings ; and the children and the servants of whom he writes with such sympathy are black as often as white ; and the animal heroes of his stories, besides dogs and horses, include mules, camels, and even a snake, Kaa the python. I believe I am right in saying that the hero of the last of Kipling's stories to be published was Teem, a dog. A very attractive and a very clever little dog.

I would have liked to speak to you of Kipling's vision for the future and of his wisdom for today, but I have already trespassed too much on your time, and that must be " another story."

Society were re-elected for a further term of office.

5. The following were elected Members of the Council of the Society :—
Mr. T. C. Angus.
Major General I. H. Beith, C.B.E., M.C.
Lieut.-Colonel J. K. Stanford, O.B.E., M.C.
Colonel H. A. Tapp, O.B.E., M.C.
Mrs. R. F. Thorp.
6. Messrs. Milne, Gregg and Turnbull were re-elected Honorary Auditors to the Society with a hearty vote of thanks for their valuable service during the past year.

RECEPTION TO THE PRESIDENT.
Immediately after the Annual Conference, a Reception in honour of

the President was held by the Members of the Society in the Dorchester Hotel.

Lord Wavell who received an enthusiastic welcome on his arrival, talked to many of the members individually.

After tea, the President addressed the gathering. He was introduced by the Hon. Treasurer, Lieut. General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I. D.S.O., who paid an eloquent tribute to Lord Wavell's service to the Country, and in the name of the Society assured him of our great appreciation of the honour he had done us by becoming our President.

Among those present were the following:—

Lady Wavell, Mr. & Mrs. Victor Bonney, Mrs. Noble-Partridge, Mr. J. R. Turnbull, Mr. W. C. Fox, Mr. R. B. Cox and Mrs. Cox, Major & Mrs. Dawson, Lt. Col. Barwick Browne, Mr. J. P. Collins, Lt. Col. J. K. Stanford, Mrs.

Bambridge, Mrs. Carlisle-Crowe, Mr. Hilton Brown, Mr. F. E. McMurtrie, Mr. G. A. Scales, Miss M. F. Bridie, Sir Edward Hoare, Sir Charles Wingfield, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking (Founder of the Kipling Society), Sir Roderick Jones, Mr. J. V. Roberts, Mr. & Mrs. R. E. Harbord, Mrs. W. Phillips, Mr. John Cormack, Colonel & Mrs. H. A. Tapp, Admiral Sir Richard Webb, Mr. & Mrs. T. C. Angus, Miss Winifred Sewell, Miss Hilda Sewell, Mr. D. MacMillan, Mrs. H. M. Groves, Miss I. R. Slocock, Mr. F. Goodman-Dell, Mr. Roger L. Green, Mrs. M. R. Hussey, Commander R. D. Merriman, Mr. B. M. Bazley, Mrs. James Dwyer, Mrs. C. A. McIlraith, Mr. H. R. Huggins, Mr. J. Gambling, Mr. & Mrs. E. D. W. Chaplin, Colonel B. U. Nicolay, Miss E. Grierson, Mr. S. Tatchell, Mrs. L. O. Graeme, Lt. Col. R. V. K. Applin, Mrs. C. Comerford, Lt. Gen. Sir George MacMunn, Mrs. C. Baily, Dr. A. J. C. Tingey, Miss Elsie Ray, Mr. J. A. Franklin, Mr. H. L. Roake, Mr. D. F. Hyne, Mrs. E. Fryer (Victoria, B.C.), Miss Florence Macdonald, Rev. H. A. Thomas, Miss K. Worsley, Mr. J. G. Griffin, Mr. M. R. Neville, Rev. H. W. Dobson, Miss P. Johnson (Auckland, N.Z.), Mr. L. B. Linley Howlett, Sir Christopher & Lady Lynch-Robinson, Mr. Wyndham Haslett, Lt. Col. E. W. Wales, Colonel E. C. Hodgson, Miss Frances Wood, Mrs. K. Wolfe-Barry, Mr. W. G. B. Maitland, Mrs. R. Thorp.

Kipling's Dogs

THE 'MISSING DOG' PUZZLE SOLUTION.

IN the April, 1948 issue of *The Kipling Journal* we published a Puzzle which had been devised and set by Mr. R. E. Harbord, who offered prizes of 10/- each for the first correct solution received from members of The Kipling Society in each country by the 30th June, 1948. All the answers are names of dogs mentioned by Rudyard Kipling in his prose works, and in nearly every case the clues relate to the name of the owners of the dogs. Mr. Harbord writes,

"With regard to the 'Missing Dog' Puzzle which appeared on page 18 of our April, 1948 number, judging by the response to this Puzzle, I have come to the conclusion that this kind of feature is not particularly called for in the *Journal*. Readers who are interested in crosswords, etc., find them regularly in the daily and weekly papers, and I feel that casual puzzles in our Quarterly are therefore redundant, so I cannot ask for more to be published, particularly as I know they are costly to print.

THE ANSWERS.

The answers to the Puzzle, in order, are as follows:—

ACROSS:—Rip, Blast, Scottie, Bell, Bob, Vicky, Mr. Wardle, Bettina, Chimo, Harvey.

DOWN:—Toby, Boots, Beagle Boy, Slippers, Malachi, Ben, Toby.

Correct answers were received from the following readers:—Mr. F. S. McGregor, George, C.P., South Africa; Mr. B. Ten-Broecke, Metchosin, B.C., Canada; Mrs. A. R. Cornwell, Victoria, B.C., Canada. Cheques have been sent direct to the first two named. Two solutions only came in from Great Britain—neither of which was quite correct." . . .

In view of the meagre response to this Puzzle we agree with Mr. Harbord that it would be inadvisable at present, at any rate, to continue to publish this kind of feature in the *Journal*, but we thank those readers who have taken part in the 'Missing Dog' Puzzle, and Mr. Harbord for giving the prizes.

In the December, 1948 issue of the *Kipling Journal* we hope to publish concluding extracts from addresses by Sir Stephen Allen, (on "Kipling and Socialism") and Mr Basil M. Bazley, (on "Kipling and France"). Our next number will also include an article by Lt. Colonel J. K. Stanford (on "Kipling and Burma").

The Gods of the Copybook Headings

By Captain E. W. MARTINDELL.

WHAT is wrong with the Nation today? Can it be that it "is governed solely by the idea of wealth for wealth's sake, and that all means which lead to the acquisition of that wealth are expedient?" It certainly seems to be like that, but would it not be advisable to ponder over the advice Kipling gave to the students of McGill University over 40 years ago? He visualised a man 'to whom the idea of wealth as mere wealth does not appeal, whom the methods of amassing that wealth do not interest, and who will not accept money if you offer it to him at a certain price.' He goes on to demonstrate that that man will gain more than anything that you can gain, because it doesn't pay to be obsessed by the desire of wealth for wealth's sake.

Today we lack the creative spirit of our forefathers, being dependent only on the mechanical discoveries of scientists and trusting to mass production in our haste to get rich. Where is the craftsman today who genuinely loves his work and does not mind how much trouble he takes or how much time he spends on making a success of his craft? Did the mediaeval builders of our Cathedrals and churches only consider the profit that they made out of their creations and how soon they could get away to amuse themselves? I think not. They were proud of their craftsmanship. We are, indeed, far away from the time when "no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame, but each for the joy of the working;" but it is a commentary on the times when we as a nation are practically insolvent and steadily sliding down the precipice called "Decadence"—*facilis descensus Avernii*—and yet instead of redoubling our efforts we are complacently subordinating everything more and more to leisure and amusements, just as was the ease in 1902, when Kipling took us to task, only too deservedly, for "«setting our leisure before the toil of our fathers and our lusts above their need."

"FLANNELLED FOOLS."

Have we not lost all sight of proportion when extra petrol is allowed for people to go in coaches to watch football cup ties, and people in swarms attend test matches, lawn tennis tournaments, Olympic games and the like? If Kipling was justified in upbraiding us in 1902 for "contenting our souls with the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddled oafs at the goal" when we were only contending with a small nation in South Africa and were then one of the richest nations in the world, how much more do we not deserve censure today when it is agreed by all party leaders that we have our backs to the wall and are living on the charity of big brother Jonathan? As in 1902, so today, the same response would be made to Kipling's questions:

"Will your workmen issue a mandate to bid them strike no more?"

Will ye rise and dethrone your rulers? (Because ye were idle both?)

Pride by Insolence chastened? Indolence purged by Sloth?"

Living in a fool's Paradise and encouraged by ignorant, inexperienced and unprincipled theorists, are we not being deceived?

'In the Carboniferous Epoch we were promised abundance for all,

By robbing selected Peter to pay for collective Paul:

But though we had plenty of money, there was nothing our money could buy

And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: 'If you don't work you die.'

Are we not today following in the footsteps of the old Roman Empire, where the dominant cry was *panem et circenses*, whilst province after province was being abandoned and surrendered and the sceptre was falling from her enfeebled grasp? Truly it can be said in this year of grace, 1948, "On your own heads, in your own hands, the sin and the saving lie!"

THE TRUTH.

The truth is often unpalatable!

and accordingly discarded and unacceptable, but Kipling in his farsighted prophetic vein must be taken seriously if our nation is to survive.

" All Power, each Tyrant, every Mob
Whose head has grown too large,
Ends by destroying its own job
And works its own discharge."

A question Kipling put in 1904 is most pertinent today, if our country is to be saved from itself:—

" Once—in our time—is there a
Man ?"

Can we follow in the footsteps of our forefathers and play a like part for our posterity as they did for us, and make their sacrifice, defrauding not our sons? The answer would be in the affirmative, provided we

abandon the class war which is rampant today, and really work together, remembering that duties are more important than rights and so have a prior claim, and that the nation comes before party. United we stand, divided we fall. When this is achieved and only then shall we see what Kipling foretold:—

" Then the Gods of the Market
tumbled, and the smooth-tongued
wizards withdrew,

And the hearts of the meanest
were humbled and began to
believe it was true

That All is not Gold that Glitters'
and Two and Two make Four.'

A Schoolboy's Prize Essay

by 'IMPERCEPTUS'

On the proposition Kipling preached the doctrines of Imperialism in the interests of good government'

(Every year for a long period Captain E. W. Martindell has presented a prize in a Kipling Essay Prize Competition for boys at his old school, Victoria College, Jersey. This year the winner of the prize, whose essay appears below, is L. M. Gould, aged just under seventeen, who is in the Lower Sixth form.)

KIPLING'S work, to be fully appreciated, must be considered in conjunction with the movement towards National Consciousness, which was rapidly growing at the time when he was writing his most fervently patriotic and imperialistic works.* England was then approaching the end of the most prosperous period—that of the "Pax Britannica"—she had ever experienced, not having been embroiled in any major war, and thus having become the most powerful and wealthy nation in the world. And, with the realization of how great a nation England had become, there naturally arose, especially in the years just before and just after the South African war, an awareness of the Empire, that " vast and varied commonwealth of lands and societies " which was, and is, linked to a common centre

by ties of origin and common interests. Kipling was possibly—doubtless due to his having been born in India and having travelled extensively—more aware and more proud of the Empire and everything connected with it, than any other man of his time. He certainly did more than anyone else to implant the glorious idea of the Empire, both concrete and abstract in the minds of Englishmen, and of all members of the Empire itself—in fact, of the world in general.

THE TRUE IDEA OF EMPIRE.

And so, at a time when statesmen, realizing the latent powers of the Empire, were anxious to strengthen and develop it, when historians, philosophers and scientists were tracing its development, and studying its resources, it was left to this " man of letters " to impart to the scattered nations—all of which ultimately sprang from the same source—an active realization of their links and obligations not only to one another but also to the mother country. At the same time he implanted in the mind of the ordinary Englishman the true idea of the Empire: indeed it has been said—and very truthfully—that the awareness of the Empire in the

mind of the average Englishman dates from Kipling : certainly no other author has treated the theme of the Empire with such vivid images and soul-stirring rhythm.

From the very first the Empire makes itself apparent in his works, although it is, at first, in many different forms, gradually becoming more and more definite. In his earlier works, (such as *The Barrack-Room Ballads*), he is concerned more with the individuals who go to make up the Empire and its administration than with the abstract ideal of the Empire.

He writes of the different people, describing the environment of each and filling each with an individuality which is often most picturesque and always very interesting, whether the person is a civil servant in India in famine time, an officer on the Afghan frontier, or an Engineer facing, and preparing to stem, a flood. All are tilled with a silent, stubborn effort and a feeling of brotherhood one to another, for theirs is the "White Man's Burden." This is one of the prime features of Kipling's ideology. There are strong races and weak races, and, he held it is essential to the entire plan of Nature that the strong should overcome the weak. It then becomes the obligation of the victor race to apply themselves with diligence to the bettering of the conditions of the conquered, and to bear themselves in a fit and proper manner. And, he believed, the Empire is not only a glorious duty and responsibility, but is also a "direct and God-sent means of Salvation," for by helping and improving the lot of others, one is also improving oneself. His later works (e.g., *The Seven Seas*) employ as a theme the more grandiose idea of a chosen people—the British—called upon by Fate to colonize, to exploit and to protect weaker countries over the seas.

PATRIOTIC SENTIMENTS.

Even before the war in South Africa, Kipling had become aware of, and had expressed, his patriotic sentiments. He became the prophet and most convincing preacher of the Imperialist cause ; his book *The Five Nations*, published shortly after the war,

propounds fully the doctrine of Unity, which is the absolute essence of an Empire.

Although it has already been said that there was, when Kipling first began his writing, a movement of National Consciousness, together with a parallel movement of awareness of the Empire, yet it was a rather complacent and even indifferent pride that was arising. There tended often to be an attitude of refusal to serve the Empire or to take any active steps to further its development: and yet these people took it for granted that the Empire could go on existing thus unreserved, uncherished, and unnoticed. To a man holding the views that Kipling held, to a great extent as a result of his voyages about the Seven Seas and his life in India, this was a challenge, and it was a challenge that he took up wholeheartedly. And so, Kipling set himself in a typical manner to the task of rousing Englishmen from the indifference and complacency into which they had fallen with regard to the Empire. This he did by employing the most vigorous language he could summon, and some of the most vivid and brilliantly coloured images that he ever conceived were the result.

Kipling was, without doubt, one of the most ardent and most active supporters of Imperialism, in which he absolutely believed, being certain that it was the most effective method of government. The idea he had in mind when he wrote his most imperialistic works is best summed up in his own words, as he spoke them to the Canada Club at Winnipeg in 1907 :—"I have done my best to make all the men of the sister nations within the Empire interested in each other."

(In the next issue of "The Kipling Journal" we hope to publish the essay of the Second Prize winner, J. A. Rowley, aged seventeen, who writes on the proposition, "The basis of all Kipling's work was reporting on a gigantic and lavish scale . . .")

* Such as *The Barrack-Room Ballads*, (1892), *The Seven Seas*, (1896), and *The Five Nations*, (1903).

Kipling's Celluloid Drama

From "RUDYARD KIPLING'S WORLD" by THURSTON HOPKINS 1925.
A SCENARIO WRITTEN BY AN AMERICAN UNDER INSTRUCTIONS
FROM KIPLING AT BATEMANS, 1923.

Communicated by MRS. BUCHANAN,

(Hon. Secretary, Auckland, N.Z. Branch of The Kipling Society).

AS I read the synopsis of this play, several questions arise in my mind that I should like to have answered if any reader of the *Journal* can help me.

Was this play ever published in complete form? Can you tell me the name of the writer of the play? *Rudyard Kipling's World* was published in 1925. Do you know if Kipling approved of the synopsis?

MARGINAL INSTRUCTIONS.

It is quite evident from Kipling's marginal instructions that *The Vampire* was in his mind.

In Scene I, Ethel is on the river with her two admirers: he specifies "the glint of the sun on her hair." In another scene in India the infatuated young husband requests a curl from her neck to be made into a scapular to wear round his neck.

The scene in which her vanity prompts her to use "the hank of hair" to remind her husband's former rival (a friend still and colleague) of their own love scenes in England: which leads to a renewal of his courtship and, eventually, to their elopement.

"The woman who did not understand" has now ruined the lives of both men: on hearing of her husband's squalid condition as a drunkard and opium addict she deserts her lover and returns to her mother's home in England.

A native woman, Mother Maturin, makes a home for McIntosh (Ethel's husband) and Fung Tching, the owner of "the Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" (who murdered his faithless wife and was acquitted, through McIntosh's special pleading) watches over him in his degradation.

When at last McIntosh cannot be roused from a death-like stupor in the opium den, Fung Tching and Mother Maturin decide to send for Ethel's spirit by means of a hypnotised native child. "The hank of hair"

is bound to the child's brow: it has been stolen from McIntosh's neck and replaced by a silver crucifix: this intimates to the audience the coming redemption of McIntosh. Ethel's spirit apparently pure and holy, enters the den, a menace to the "strange gods," and communicates with her husband in a dream. He rises up sane and well, announcing, "I have found *perfect, understanding* . . . I am no longer an outcast. Some one has claimed my soul from this living hell."

Is it possible that Kipling approved this scene? How could he accept Ethel as sinless, "her corporeal figure now rose-pearled even?" Did he think that her *renunciation* of Carthew was enough? Or, after this climax did he abandon the scenario in a fit of Homeric laughter known as "asbestos?"

Or, was he striving to express here what was much in his mind after World War I, the passage from Samuel II, verse 21 ". . . Yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him?"

* * * *

The following note is appended for reference.

KIPLING'S CELLULOID DRAMA.
The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows.
A movie Scenario adapted from Rudyard Kipling's stories.

Principal characters in the photoplay. Written by an American Scenario writer. Matter provided by Kipling. *Andrew Macintosh*:—Cambridge University: fallen through drink: gone native. "To be Filed for Reference."

From *Plain Tales from the Hills*. *Charles Carthew*:—A new character: rival of Macintosh and friend, elopes with Ethel Macintosh. (Kipling's creation).

Ethel Stronard:—Wife of and mentioned by Macintosh in "To be Filed for Reference."

Mother Maturin:—Makes a home for

Macintosh in his misery,
Fung-Tching:—Chinaman: keeps opium
 den.
Anne of Austria:—Harpy in low
 doss-house. "Ballad of Fisher's
 Boarding house"

Hans, I:—Dane, killed at "Fisher's":
 his crucifix looted.

Notes by Kipling and instructions
 to producer were given profusely
 and with much detail by him.

Rudyard Kipling and His Old School

By COLONEL H. A. TAPP, O.B.E., M.C.

(Recently Colonel H. A. Tapp gave a talk, illustrated by lantern slides, to members of the Kipling Society, the first part of which was reported in our last issue. This is the second and concluding part).

THE embryo author must have taken a very genuine interest in the school magazine, because shortly after arriving in India, he began to send home contributions of verse and short stories. Again it is curious that in many cases there is no reference in the "Chronicle" to Kipling having written them—one or two bore his name or initials. It is not possible here to mention all his contributions to the "United Services College Chronicle" but the chief items were:—

The Song of the Exiles—1883.

Echoes—1886 (extracts only).

On Fort Duty—1884.

The Ride of the Schools—1884.

Departmental Ditties—1886 (extracts only).

East and West—1886.

WESTWARD HO REVISITED.

Rudyard Kipling first returned to England after an absence of eight years. He went down to Westward Ho to spend a week during the summer term of 1890. It is not difficult to guess he passed many hours with his old Head, and no doubt indulged in more leg-pulling of his former masters. Four years later, Kipling visited the U.S.C. on the occasion of the 'leave-taking' of Mr. Cornell Price. He was by then well established in the world of letters, and probably for this reason he was chosen to speak on behalf of the Old Boys, and apparently in preference to his contemporaries, many of whom were mere 'junior captains.' His speech was a masterpiece for this very special but rather sad occasion.

In 1896 when Kipling was living in Torquay we know that he was paid a visit by Mr. Cornell Price, and there can be little doubt that much of their time together was spent in discussing the old school. Quite possibly it was on this occasion that the seeds of "Stalky & Co." were sown. The next time Kipling visited Westward Ho, it was for the express purpose of refreshing his memory of Coll. slang, and we know that he spent a good deal of time in the tuck shop, standing the boys tuck.

STALKY & CO'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

In December, 1898 a series of stories appeared in various magazines, which, with the exception of *Stalky*, were collected in one volume known as *Stalky & Co.*, first published in 1899. The book is prefaced by fifteen verses without a title, but opening with the line "Let us now praise famous men . . ." (Ecclesiasticus, Chapter XLIV: 1). It is admitted that the story is fiction based on facts in some cases considerably exaggerated in importance. The general public, but quite erroneously, took it for granted that *Stalky & Co.* was a more or less accurate account of life at the United Services College, which of course Kipling never intended it to be. Victorian parents were a little horrified. The book is very apt to give serious-minded readers, and those lacking the great virtue of being able to understand boys, the impression that discipline at Westward Ho was lax. Such was not the case. Masters at the time were amused or indifferent. Perhaps the individual who was most upset was Sergt. Major Schofield, who wished to deny that he ever adopted the spying methods attributed to him

in the story. Dunsterville, who was the original of *Stalky*, was then a Captain in the Indian Army, and he has been reported as stating "we were three quite as distinct and apart from the other boys in the school as we are represented to be." We have no record of Cornell Price's views, whose opinion would be invaluable. He found himself placed on a pinnacle, and he wisely refrained from commenting upon the position. Many Old Boys on first reading *Stalky & Co.* were indignant because the fictional escapades might give a totally wrong impression of the School. The U.S.C. was on the decline, as far as numbers were concerned, and the publication of this latest school story very probably did nothing to improve matters.

"FLAG OF THEIR COUNTRY."

Judged in its true perspective, and taking a more long distance view of the various chapters individually, many will like to think that *Stalky & Co.* is a very great book, with the chapter "Flag of their Country" as a masterpiece. To many the book reveals the grand spirit which existed at Westward Ho. One master who was at the College has told me he has read the book scores of times, reading it to his children and grandchildren many times over. Surely *Stalky & Co.* deserves to be placed in a higher position among the more popular of Kipling's books!

Even at a school like the U.S.C. there was no marked enthusiasm among the boys for any form of drilling or Cadet Corps. In correspondence with the Rev. F. W. Tracy, then Headmaster, Kipling gave it as his opinion that the Cadet Corps was unpopular because the sniders were 'plugged'; that boys had imagination and at least must be able to see through the barrel. This was in 1900. Very soon afterwards rifles were issued for drill purposes 'unplugged.'

Kipling's interest in his old school seemed to decline when it was moved to Harpenden in April, 1904, and in common with many Old Boys he considered the school was never quite the same in its new surroundings. The move from Devon was such a decided break, some though by no means all, old customs and traditions inevitably became things of the past.

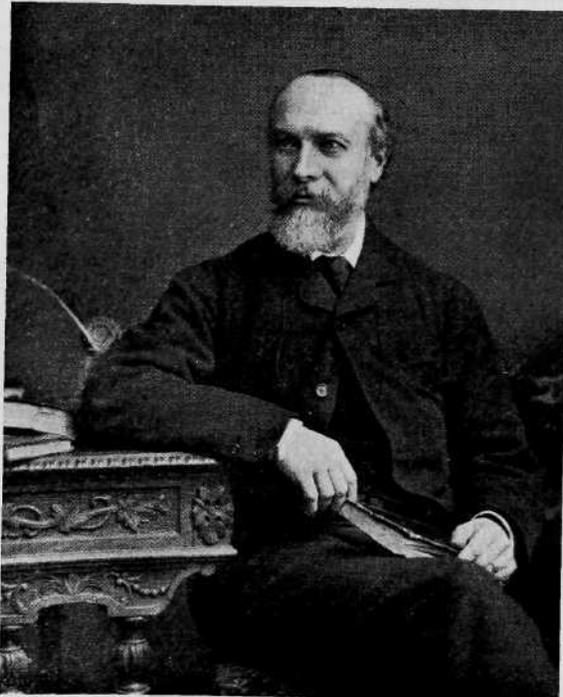


Photo (1890)

(Elliot, & Fry)

CORNELL PRICE

Headmaster, United Services College, 1874-1894. He was known affectionately as "Bates," and immortalized as the "Head" in "Stalky & Co." He died on May 4th, 1910 aged 74.

The services of distinguished Old Boys seem seldom to have been referred to by Kipling. In passing it may be mentioned that among our number we can claim four winners of the Victoria Cross and innumerable D.S.O.'s—many with bars.

Two more contacts of Kipling with his old school may be mentioned. The first was during the summer of 1907, when Sergt. Major George Schofield—the "Weasel"—was his real nickname—died at Windsor where the U.S.C. had found a new home. Kipling sent a letter of condolence to his widow in which the very high regard held by Old Boys for their old school sergeant was expressed. Finally, Kipling with more than twenty of his Westward Ho contemporaries attended a large gathering of Old Boys in London during June, 1935. Dunsterville and Beresford were also present, so "Stalky & Co." were once more for a brief space happily reunited. Kipling was in great form on this occasion. He was put to the test by having to

remember the names of his former schoolfellows. Considering that he had not met many of them for over fifty years, there was much fun, and the result was remarkably good. Kipling wrote afterwards to say how much he had enjoyed himself and that he intended to be present at all Luncheons in future. 'Unfortunately for us Kipling 'passed on' only a few months later.

* * *

The following is a list of subjects of slides used by Colonel Tapp during his lecture :—

' The Exiles '

An American cartoon of Kipling

Kipling as a young man

Sergt. Major Schofield

The Rev. F. W. Tracy

A letter from Kipling to the Rev.

F. W. Tracy

Kipling's letter to Mrs. Schofield

General Dunsterville (' Stalky ')

Kipling Tors

Kipling Memorial Buildings, Windsor R.K. with King George V.

Victoria, B.C., Canada

BRANCH REPORT

THE Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Victoria Branch, Mrs. Maud Barclay, reviewing the year's work of the Branch, writes :—

"We started off our season in September with our few faithful members who never miss. On Kipling's birthday, as usual, we held our Annual Dinner at which the guest speaker was a young professor from our local College. Last summer we were able, as in the past, to donate the sum of \$10 to the Red Cross through Captain Beaumont, and at Christmas presented three volumes of Kipling stories to the Library of the new Veterans' Hospital. I have taken up the *Kipling Journal* there several times, and the Librarian tells me that it is very much in demand. The highlight of the year was at our meeting, held on April 27th, when the guest speaker was Captain Prentice R.N. (ret.) who was a "brevet"

nephew of Rudyard Kipling. He kept us absorbed the whole evening with his reminiscences of visits to Bateman's, and had an album full of photographs as well as letters in R.K.'s own hand, signed "Uncle Rud." We all agreed that we had been given an intimate glimpse of an outstanding character."

Mrs. Barclay enclosed a list of members with a draft covering fifteen subscriptions, and concludes her report by sending "in the name of our little Branch here, all greetings. You seem to be having a tough time and I wish we out here could do something concrete to show how we feel. Good Luck and God Bless!"

We in London thank Mrs. Barclay for her report and congratulate the Victoria, B.C., Branch on the good work it is doing to keep the Kipling Society flag flying.

Letter Bag

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

THREE KIPLING PICTURES.

SOME years ago I purchased through a bookseller in Dublin, some Kipling scrap books, which I think belonged to F. J. Haines, the Kipling collector: I am basing my supposition upon a similarity in handwriting found in one of the scrap books and a very freely annotated 1st edition of *Barrack Room Ballads*, which I know belonged to him.

There are three pictures of Kipling whose origin I am anxious to trace, and should be most grateful for your assistance.

1. Is a caricature by Th. Nast dated October 27, 1894 with the heading "St. Paul's." Was there such a magazine of this name? I can find no record of it in any of my Bibliographies.

2. Shows Kipling seated, his legs the wrong way round, on a cane chair, lighting a pipe; on a table is a large tobacco jar spilling its contents, and the floor is littered with matches and match boxes. Caption under the picture "The Light That Failed."

3. A large drawing 12" x 9", obviously from a magazine, dated Saturday, Nov. 19th, 1898. It represents Kipling writing at a desk, with a page of MSS. lettered "A Fleet in Being." From his pipe held in his left hand the smoke swirls up to the top of the picture, serving as a background for some rather hazy warships. Caption "Lest we Forget."

Forgive me troubling you, but living so far from well equipped libraries I have no opportunity of consulting the magazines of the early 20th century.—J. S. I. MCGREGOR, 78, Meade Street, George, Cape Province, South Africa.

LISTS OF FAVOURITE STORIES.

Following Lt. Col. Bagwell Purefoy's example in the July number of the *Journal*, I give you my list of twelve favourites.

List A.

1. *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.*
2. *The Horse Marines.*
3. *Steam Tactics.*

4. *The Honours of War.*

5. *The Captive.*

(These are probably the five best).

6. *Aunt Ellen.*

7. *Beautyspots.*

8. *The Captive.*

9. *A Naval Mutiny.*

10. *The Tie.*

11. *Their Lawful Occasions.*

List B.

Abominations.

1. *An Habitation enforced.*

2. *The Finest Story in the World.*

3. *The Janeites.*

4. *The Propagation of Knowledge.*

5. *My Sunday at Home.*

H. R. Hallings, 57, Little Paddocks, Ferring, Worthing, Sussex.

A KIPLING STORY.

THE *Kipling Journal* for April 1948, gave on p. 8, "A Kipling-Story," reprinted from *The Times*. In col. 2, is a passage apparently quoted from one of the *Jungle Books* "To each his peculiar fear" said Hathi, the wild elephant, to Baloo.

I fail to trace the quotation. The role story in which the two animals converse is "How Fear Came" the first story in the *Second Jungle Book*, but the few words they exchange are about drought. The only other place that Hathi discourses on fear, is the last story of the "*Jungle Book*," but Baloo is not there, nor are the quoted words used.

Can any member trace the quotation?

T. E. Elwell, Regent House, Ramsey, Isle Of Man.

AN INEXPENSIVE KIPLING.

THE hope I expressed in the *Journal* for October 1947 that Pan Books Ltd. might follow up their first essay into publishing an inexpensive Kipling has been more than justified. Just as we were going to press with the last number *The Mowgli Stories* made its appearance. This consists of all tales about Mowgli from *The Jungle Books* and concludes with *In the Rukh* from *Many Inventions*. (Pan Books Ltd. 20, Headfort Place, S.W.1.)

W.G.B.M.

The Kipling Society

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

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