

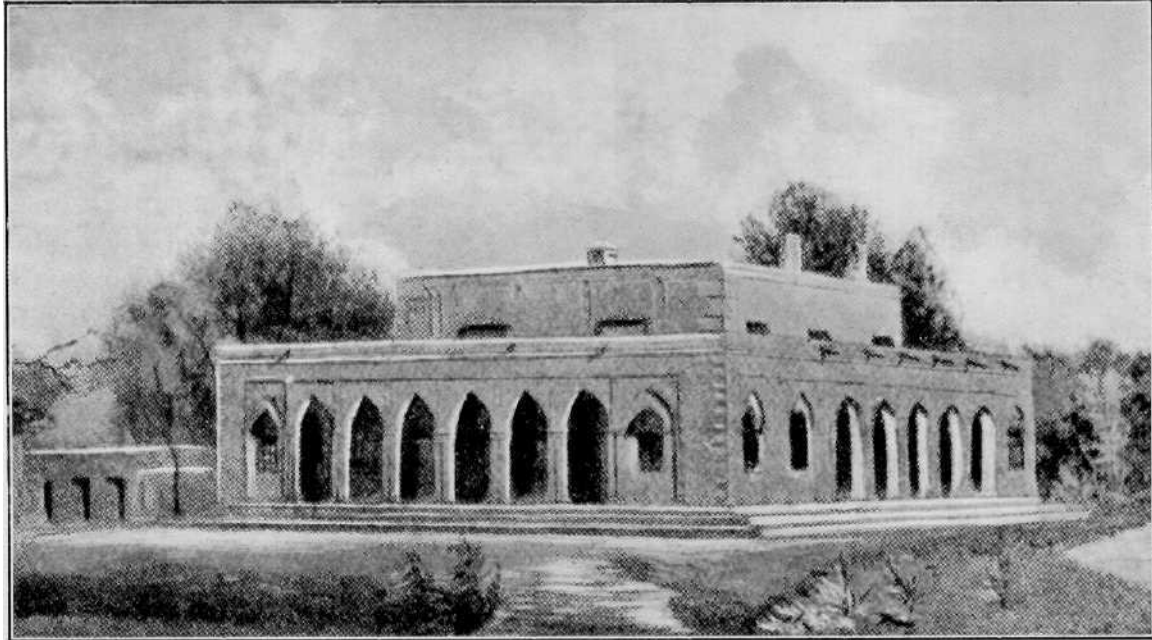


The
KIPLING
JOURNAL

The
Organ
of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

No. 26

JUNE, 1933



Rudyard Kipling's home in Lahore—1883.

From a drawing by Baga Ram.

By permission of the Editor of the "Bookman."

The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No.

26

JUNE. 1933

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News and Notes.

In introducing the lecturer at the Fourth Meeting of the Session at the Rembrandt Rooms, on Thursday evening, April 27th, the Chairman, Sir Francis Goodenough, said:—" My task this evening is a very easy one—to introduce to you Mr. Robert Stokes, known to most of you as the author of " New Imperial Ideals " and " The Moral Issue in India," and a long-standing member of the Society. No doubt you have been asking yourselves what the spirit of the age is—whose spirit, and whether it is the spirit of the undergraduates in our Universities (the spirit of our young men and women), or the spirit of the experienced and disillusioned, or the spirit of the disillusioned but still hopeful. Is it the spirit of pessimism or of optimism, the spirit of narrow nationalism, or the broader spirit which looks for the spread of good-will and co-operation throughout the world? I must not take up time in speculations of this kind, but will now ask Mr. Stokes to give us his lecture." Following-lecture and discussion, a very entertaining and greatly appreciated programme of songs and recitations was given. Mr. Samuel Bosley gave Eric Fogg's setting to the " Hunting Song of the Seonee Pack " and " Big Steamers " (Edward German), with such skill that the audience looked forward eagerly to his later songs, " Be Well Assured " and " The Riddle " (both by Edward German), and to the duet, " I am the Most Wise Baviaan." In this Laski the honours were shared by Miss Marjorie Parker, who also gave excellent renderings of such

songs as " Our Lady of the Snows " (Walford Davies), " The Mother Seal's Song " and " The Song Toomai's Mother Sang to Her Baby " (both by Dora Bright), and " This Uninhabited Island " (Edward German). Baroness von Heemstra recited " The Palace " extremely well, and her vivid and artistic depicting of Mowgli's feelings in the song that he sang at the Council Rock when he danced on Shere Khan's hide was enthusiastically received. The accompanist was Mr. Arthur Paramor.

Colonel Bailey, when making his usual announcements, said that he thought members would be interested to hear the letter from Lady Houston (Vice-President), in reply to the Society's letter of congratulation on the tremendous success of the Mount Everest Expedition:—"Lady Houston thanks the Kipling Society most kindly for their congratulations on the success of the Mount Everest Flight." Mr. Gr. E. Fox then proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, including the Chairman in the vote, and spoke of the pleasure with which he had listened to those parts of the lecture which had dealt with Mr. Kipling. Major Dawson enthusiastically seconded this " portmanteau " vote, to which Mr. Stokes replied and Sir Francis Goodenough added his thanks (although protesting that his share in the vote was out of order!). After " Recessional," to a setting by Mr. Arthur Paramor (see Plate in Kipling Journal, No. 17), had been sung by all as a prayer, the Chairman asked for a hearty vote of thanks for the entertainers ; the Meeting ended with the singing of " God Save the King."

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At the evening Meeting on June 20th over 100 were present to hear Major-General Dunsterville speak on "Kipling's India and the India of To-day." In introducing the lecturer, the Chairman, Commander O. Locker-Lampson, said:—"It is a great honour for me to take the chair to-night. I have the greatest reverence for Kipling. I believe, and always have believed, that he is one of the greatest English writers. I feel confident that posterity will prove it; and am only sorry that posterity doesn't vote until after the poll has closed. It is an added honour to preside when the President is lecturing. We owe much to General Dunsterville, not only in his capacity as President but on quite another count as well : it is quite possible that Rudyard Kipling would never

have written anything but for General Dunsterville. I have a sort of feeling that General Dunsterville prevented Kipling ever working at school, and that therefore his brains were never addled by taking exams ! He wasted his time, thank God, and became the greatest creator in the realm of contemporary fiction. He produced a noble character called Stalky. As a boy I had a great admiration for Stalky, and I tried to emulate that wonderful man as he is shown in the last chapter. And what luck it was that, after serving for three years in Russia during the war, I was detailed to take my unit to serve with this man who is known as 'Stalky.' And wasn't it bad luck that I went down with typhoid and couldn't join him in the Caucasus." General Dunsterville thanked Commdr. Locker-Lampson for his kind words, and said that it was a great pleasure to meet him and be reminded of those very interesting times in the last days of the war when they had gone through very exciting episodes in N.W. Persia. One of their principal stand-byes (spoken of as "the Lambs") had been the Armoured Motor Cars and, after having known the Lambs, it was a pleasure to meet the Shepherd !

An excellent musical programme followed, and encores were enthusiastically demanded. The clear diction and pleasing quality of Mr. Norman Menzie's voice was well displayed in "The Juggler's Song" (Davies Adams), "Road Song of the Bandar-Log" (Dora Bright), "Hunting Song of the Seonee Pack" (Eric Fogg), and a new item, "Route Marchin' " (Geo. Stock). Recitations, in a finished and charming style, were contributed by Miss Barbara Stock: "The Settler," "Eddi's Service," "The Legend of Evil," and "The Thousandth Man." Miss Marny Trinder, who is an old favourite at our meetings, gave "The Love Song of Har Dyal" (Mrs. Geo. Batten), "Mother Seal's Lullaby" (Liza Lehman), and "The Camel's Hump" and "The First Friend," both by Edward German. The singers were ably accompanied by Mr. Arthur A. Paramor.

Mr. J. Grierson proposed, and all present seconded, the vote of thanks to the Lecturer, who thanked the audience for their patience. Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, while expressing gratitude to the Chairman for having conducted the Meeting, took the opportunity to say how he had found him in public life, not only a worthy champion of the Conservative Cause, but one who was never led by the nose and dragged into anything with which he could not agree. This was seconded by Mr. Maitland. The

vote of thanks to the entertainers was moved by Mr. J. O. Tyler and seconded by Mrs. R. F. Thorp. Mr. Tyler said that nothing had ever given him greater pleasure than to propose this vote of thanks to the artists, and that if the standard of entertainment was always so high he would do his best to attend all meetings. As it was, he was attending his first, although he was one of the few members who had supported the Founder in forming the Society. The Meeting closed with the singing of "God Save the King."

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In view of the fact that the main subject in this number is Kipling's India, our illustration of one of his Indian homes is apposite; the bungalow shown was the residence of his father when Curator of the Museum at Lahore.

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Two new books by Kipling will be issued shortly by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. The first, "All the Mowgli Stories," will be similar in style to "Animal Stories," but will contain eight colour-plates and 100 pen drawings by the same artist, Mr. Stuart Tresilian, whose work excited so much admiration. The price will be six shillings, as before, which is very cheap for a book of this kind, with 272 pages and so many illustrations. The second is "Souvenirs of France," which will appear in the same style as the "Pocket" Kipling.

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In the *Observer* of May 28th, it is noteworthy to read the following in the review of "Six Centuries of English Literature" (Blackie):—"What a pleasure it is to come suddenly upon Mr. Kipling's 'Mandalay'—a genuine poem among the mere verse of its time. Several well-known modern bards would have to be rolled up together before they reached the dimensions of Mr. Kipling in poetry." The above is the more remarkable, for Kipling is seldom even mentioned in this paper. Some book thieves who have been "operating" in several towns on the Sussex coast have quicker discernment, for we read in the *Star* that "whenever books have been stolen they have nearly always included something of Kipling (20 volumes from one shop)."

French interest in Kipling seems unabated. The Fletcher and Kipling "History of England" has recently been translated into French (1932) by M. Louis Fabulet and Lieut.-Col. Cavaillès, the verse very cleverly rendered by the former. This book, published by Delagrangé, of Paris, contains an up-to-date "Chapitre Additionnel, écrit spécialement pour le Jeunesse de France," which gives a lively account of the War and Anglo-French co-operation. We regret to learn that M. Fabulet, whose translations of Kipling are so well-known and appreciated on both sides of the Channel, died during March.

Our readers may be interested in one of the "Modern Writers" series of little books which deals with our Vice-President, M. André Maurois. The author, Mr. D. G. Largé, quotes a characteristic letter from M. Maurois (written at Guildford in 1928), from which we cull the following passage:—

"After all this probing into sentimental difficulties that I have had such a lot of this past year, I feel an urgent need for something healthy. I think of Kipling Yes, this is the antidote At the end of the day's reading (of *Puck*) I admired him just as much as when I read him for the first time as a boy of thirteen Kipling invited us to luncheon yesterday. I was not disappointed. The man is as good as his work. He stays in a beautiful old house that belonged to an iron-founder of the fifteenth century. There is a fine garden. It is the setting of *Puck of Pook's Hill*. He showed me the brook where Dan encountered the Dwarf. Everything was there. Kipling is like Tolstoy. He looks at nature (with sharp eyes that seem all the sharper for the enormous eyebrows above). He takes it as he finds it and gives it just a slight twist; and this warping due to his sensibility makes it a work of art There is a strong humorousness in what he says He believes that the individual should be sacrificed to the community and achieve happiness in his sacrifice. The hive in which the bees think of themselves and quibble about the laws of the community is a bad hive, fit to be burned. The dignity of his life makes one respect his ideas. He lives in the country, far from the noise of his own fame."

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On May 23rd Mr. Kipling made one of his rare public appearances, at the African Society's dinner to M. Sarraut, Minister for the Colonies. Proposing the health of Lord

Buxton, the President, Mr. Kipling spoke of him as a man " who knew and administered and loved—which does not always go together—a vast section of that gigantic Africa of which almost every one of us loves some part for some reason or other,"

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Writing from Cape Town, Mr. H. G. Willmot tells us that two old gunboats, Gryper and Gadfly, were used as targets and sunk by the guns of H.M.S. Daffodil:—" There can, I think, be no doubt that one of these was the original of the ' flat-iron ' in which Bai-Jove-Judson upheld his honour and the humour of the Empire."

From Victoria, B.C., Mr. A. E. G. Cornwell sends us a greeting card of the local branch of the Royal Society of St. George, " for the Celebration of England's Day, April 23rd," which bears the appropriate Kipling lines :—

" From East to West the tested chain holds fast
The well-forged link rings true !"

Last but not least among our overseas mail is a letter from Hear Admiral Chandler, U.S.N". (Ret.), with an excerpt from the San Francisco *Examiner* of June, 1889, commenting on Kipling's arrival from Japan. In an interview by the reporter of this paper, a fascinating account is given of the snakes, elephants, and other wild animals of India ; this reads almost as if were the rough note for later studies found in the *Jungle Books* and other animal stories, although antedating them by many years : " The worst snake we have is the karait. It is found in the dust, and you always know it when you step on it. It is just about the colour of the soil, and on this account is hard to see."

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Anent Mr. Stokes's comment about there being no demand for Kipling, *John O' London's Weekly* gives an opposite view :—" Yet I doubt if it would be easy to find a book-shop which has not a long shelf of his books. Mr. Kipling's work may be passed over by certain critics of the moment, but it is certainly not passed over by readers. I hope the fact may bring an income of satisfaction to a writer who has been content to devote his sixty-seven years to perfecting a mode of art long ago chosen and faithfully followed. For we recognize a Kipling way of using words, a Kipling kind of short story, within

whose deliberately chosen limits the master is unrivalled, if not unchallenged. There are things that Kipling can do in his own way better than any other writers have ever done, and there are elements in his work—speed, virility, visual vividness—which will, I believe, preserve it. Mr. Kipling stands for the old-fashioned but not necessarily primitive idea that a story-teller's job is to tell a story. His work is to much present-day work what a sea voyage is to a visit to a psychiatrist." Compare "A Madonna of the Trenches" with the amateurish war-novels of the so-called realistic and self-styled eminent young writers of to-day. Still, perhaps these young men are wise to shout—they might remain unnoticed if they relied, as Kipling did, on the merit of their work—but to many of their quondam admirers they are getting hoarse.

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Through the kindness of our Hon. Secretary in the U.S.A. and Mr. Maxwell Steinhardt, we have received an article on the Society in the *New York Times* (Book Review Section), 28th May. The writer, Mr. Philip Brooks, says:—"Admirers of Rudyard Kipling seem to outnumber those of any other living writer Over six years ago the Kipling Society was founded in London to do him honour and to spread the Kipling gospel. To-day it is the most prominent organization of its kind." Mr. Brooks is equally kind in his references to our organ:—"One of its major activities is the publication of the *Kipling Journal*, a quarterly magazine which has now run to twenty-five numbers. This lively periodical is of interest even to those who are not collectors but who admire Kipling's writings it includes ample comment on his books and a wealth of collateral biographical and contemporary material." Despite our blushes, we draw attention to these remarks, because they seem to state, from an outside point of view, what has been the effort of the *Journal* from No. 1 onwards. Knowledge that this effort has been successful well repays those responsible.

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We read in the papers that Mr. Kipling has become a member of the India Defence League, of which he has been elected a Vice-President.

On June 24 Mr. Kipling was unanimously elected a Foreign Associate Member of the Académie des Sciences et Politiques ; M. Camille Barrère, formerly French Ambassador to Italy, was his proposer.

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NOTE.—We offer our apologies to Lieut-Col. G. B. Duff, who generously subscribed 10s. to the purchase of the Kipling portrait and first edition of "Stalky & Co.," mentioned in No. 25 ; his name was inadvertently omitted from the list of the donors.

Members are recommended always to read the Secretary's announcements on the last page of the Journal ; they contain useful information about forthcoming Meetings and Papers, addresses of officers, prices of back numbers, and other matters of interest.

Kipling and the Spirit of the Age.

By MR. ROBERT STOKES

(Author of "New Imperial Ideals" and "The Moral Issue in India").

IN the case of the spirit of such a complicated age as ours it is absolutely impossible to draw any least common measure that will have any relative factor at all. I therefore propose to treat it unrestrainedly from my own point of view ; and, looking at it from this angle, and in relation to Kipling, two distinct groups of characteristics stand out—boredom and ennui, superficiality, short-sightedness, false sentiment in international affairs, and disregard for the moral law ; and interest and enthusiasm for science, growth of the spirit of trusteeship for backward peoples, the revival of nationalism in Germany and Italy, and the reviving interest in religion. The age can still be seen as substantially progressive and healthy at its outer rim. And this is the impetus of which Kipling speaks, although we would be building our conclusions on a wrong basis if we were to bring him into direct relation with either group. I believe Kipling has been true to his earlier self, and his earlier self is far more universal than is generally thought ; but, in so far as he reflects the spirit of a particular age, he was, of course, to some extent, the prophet of a previous phase of the healthy tendency in the life of our civilisation. His imperialism is of the healthy kind which our race held before itself as an ideal

when first we became aware of ourselves as a ruling race. Kipling's imperialism took its exact shape when the main consolidations of the Empire enabled us to find our trusteeship. In this connection two poems may be mentioned, "Our Lady of the Snows" and "South Africa." Kipling foresaw and stressed the underlying motive of imperialism. His imperialism requires a union of hearts as the principle of union within the Empire.

Again, turning to the dependent Empire, we find in Kipling extraordinarily little about government and form of government, but he puts the whole matter of Indian government in true perspective when, in the story of the Khusru Kheyl villages in "The Head of the District," he proves that to put a Babu in supreme control over martial and child-like races is to be unkind both to the Babu and to the martial races.

If you look broadly at the dependent Empire you will find that our principle of government in the West Indies, British Honduras and British Guiana is a principle of conserving government in the hands of white settlers. In preserving and developing constitutions we have to be drastic; but, on the whole, there is a conservative fostering of local sentiment and a desire that, in view of the whites having big business interests, the government should watch carefully always to be scrupulously fair to the blacks.

In West Africa the general principle of our government is a modification of the principle of trusteeship. There you will find the ideal of helping the blacks to build up, in so far as it may be in them, an essentially black civilisation. The whites keep in the background in order that that ideal may go forward. There is a system of indirect rule in Northern and Southern Nigeria, but not in the Gold Coast. In East Africa the ideal is totally different. Our primary object in our association with the nine Protectorates round Aden, and the other five Protectorates (Muscat, etc.), is to prevent any recurrence to a peaceful people of the conditions which for years have brought forth trouble and war; and, as an underlying principle, we respect the Muhammadan religion as the religion of each State.

Coming now to India we embrace two principles of government. We have the principle of trusteeship in British India and that of self-government in the Native States. In Ceylon, also, you will find two principles. There is of necessity the principle of trusteeship; self-government can only be granted

among communities of natives who have got a certain amount of education. The principle of indirect rule again comes into operation in Malaya, where it works out very well in the Federated Malay States. But quite a different principle operates in the Unfederated Malay States.

Travelling further east you face in Sarawak the general problem of white people ruling through the form of a native state. In the Island of Brunei the British rule through a Sultan, and in British North Borneo our principle has gained a wonderful success in the slow civilisation of a backward people. This brings us close to the Mandated Territories administered by Australia and New Zealand, combined with a moderate principle of indirect rule. That, with the exception of the Tonga Islands, is the rule in the Pacific. This principle apparently works out well. Journeying on, we come to that country of eternal wind, the Falkland Islands. There we get a somewhat similar kind of government—dominion under the Colonial Office.

Now, you will find hardly any of the details of such present-day government in Kipling—he is far more universal. He is the modern Chaucer; and, like Chaucer and Shakespeare, his appeal is to all times and phases, classes and creeds.

Kipling is under a passing cloud. I am told that, since the War, requests for his books in libraries has steadily diminished, and that for the last three years the demand has come almost to an end. Now, to those people who base their attitude to Kipling on a wrong premise that must be rather a depressing fact; but it is not depressing to me. Rather is it inevitable. The first appeal of a writer gets out of date and it takes time to assess his true value. Kipling is passing through this phase now. People's interest in him will recover, and that interest will be hastened by his absence of interest in women. Kipling has very little to say upon sex problems, and never deals with their morbid aspect. I feel that the small interest he takes in actual principles of government have always limited his appeal as an imperialistic writer. But he will always be one of the greatest writers for children. Think of the *Jungle Books* and his poem, "The City of Sleep"; these will always make an appeal to children as surely as "Alice in Wonderland."

Also, throughout his writings, Kipling lays much emphasis on work. He stresses the work of the world and work in the outposts of the Empire. He describes the building of bridges

and dwells in detail upon engineering. All those things, in so far as they involve work, will never get out of favour; and the religious element in his writings will also continue to make a universal appeal apart from all times and ages. "Recessional" naturally comes to mind, also "The Native-Born" :—

To the hush of our dread high-altar
Where The Abbey makes us "We.

And, last and not least, by what he has written of England herself will he be judged favourably. By these he has contributed to the building up and consolidation of the Empire ; and the parts of Kipling which deal with England and English life are among those things which have most interpreted us to people very prone to misunderstand us. I believe this to be true in such a great poem as "Lord Roberts." In "The River's Tale" and in "Puck of Pook's Hill" and those other books that embody a proportion of our history and the spirit of our race this quality also stands out. I believe that it is on such writings that Kipling will continue to make his appeal.

Looking back, I believe in all seriousness that future ages will pick out of the literature which we leave behind three poets of the world of life and one academic poet; the former **will be** Chaucer, Shakespeare and Kipling—the latter, Milton. **And** Kipling will stand out because his appeal is universal and eternal, and because he showed at such a time there was at least one writer who put into language the ideals which have contributed to the advancement of mankind.

DISCUSSION.

In declaring the Meeting open to discussion, Sir Francis Goodenough remarked that the lecturer had given an interesting analysis of the British Empire. The lecture, he considered, had been on Kipling and the Spirit of All Ages rather than the Spirit of the Age ; he believed that the essentially religious foundation of Kipling's work embodied the spirit of all ages and was the characteristic which would endear him to the people of the British Empire and keep his name in their remembrance.

Mr. G. C. Beresford warned us against making Kipling merely a sort of eternal influence and thus losing sight of his most valuable temporary influence in moulding the national spirit long before the War and proving one of the master influences which enabled our insular people to go into the War at all. We had only to think back to the '70's and '80's, to the times

when the spirit of Bright held sway, to see that, in the spirit of the shop voter, we would, had the war come then, have "skeddaddled out of it like Morley." He cited instances from the Napoleonic Wars and the Indian Mutiny to show how extremely unmartial the spirit of the English people had been then, and heartily condemned the equally unmartial spirit of the present age, with its varied propaganda as "a plot to escape a dose of poisoned gas in the next war." He considered that the military spirit had been necessary before 1914, for, if we had not had a firm spirit, England would have been under Germany now; we should consider this outcome of Kipling's influence of the country whenever we heard that his works were not now being asked for on the bookstalls.

Mr. B. M. Bazley thanked Mr. Stokes for his review of the Empire, but did not think that Kipling's influence as an Imperial idealist had been sufficiently stressed. The more one read Kipling, the more one became aware of this idealism; three French writers had recently commented on this, and in the Toronto University Quarterly, Professor Stevenson had summed up Kipling's attitude to Empire building. In "On the City Wall," the author reasons that India must be ruled only by men of high ideals and unswerving allegiance to the call of duty. Kipling was not concerned with forms of government—only with the spirit that lay behind. Kipling's books might be less in demand in the smaller libraries, but there had been a remarkable increase in the sales of his books in the last decade: in 1920 "Plain Tales" had sold 111,000 and "Kim" 140,000 copies; by 1931 the figures were 165,000 and 261,000 respectively.

Mr. H. P. G. Maule said that Kipling would rank high in future because of the amazing fidelity with which, in every day speech, he portrayed the various phases of human nature.

Major E. Dawson backed up Mr. Bazley's statement regarding the sales of Kipling's books by relating that, two years ago, in the biggest bookseller's in a small country town, the entire window space was devoted to "Thy Servant A Dog."

In reply Mr. Stokes agreed with the points raised about Kipling's idealism, adding that this was what he wanted to bring out. He thought that "The White Man's Burden" embodied this self-conscious principle underlying the whole of our government. He had certainly not based Kipling's future greatness merely on the score of language, and he was delighted to hear that there was a demand for Kipling's books.

Kipling Poems Set to Music.

COMPILED BY F. W. MACKENZIE-SKUES.

(Continued from No. 25).

<i>Title.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>Publisher.</i>	<i>Place.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Key.</i>	<i>Compass.</i>
The Recessional, continued.						
Choir Book 772 ...	Sir G. C. Martin	Novello	London	1908		
" 777 ...	G. W. Naylor	Whitmark & Sons	"	1909		
Lest we "Forget (with Violin Obligato)	Arthur A. Penn	Kipling Journal,	New York	1925		
Hymn ...	Arthur A. Parmor	No. 17			D	A—E
Song ...	H. R. Shelley	G. Shirmer	New York	1917		
Part Song ...	E. T. Sweeting	H. W. F. Deanne	London	1924		
Hymn ...	J. A. Straker	West, Ltd.	"	1915		
(On card) ...	A. F. Walker	A. F. Walker	Altrincham	1914		
God of our Fathers						
(in Laurel Song Book) ...	Henry Holder Huss	C. C. Birchard	Boston,	1901		
			U.S.A.			
In Hymn Books.						
Tune Eternal Father, Hymns A. & M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes	Wm. Clowes	London	1927		
Recessional (Church Hymnary 637)	Chas. A. Wood	H. Milford	"	1708		
Folkingham	"	"				
Dulwich College " Chapel" has its own setting.						
The Reeds of Runnymede ...	Chas. Green	Schott	"	1923	B	D-E flat (F)
The Riddle (J.S.S.B.) ...	Sir E. German	Macmillan	"	1903	F	D—D
Rimini ...	Paul Edmunds	Enoch & Son	"	1919	D	A sharp-E
" (first verse only) ...	Amy Troubridge	Elkin	"	1908	F	(F) C—C
The Ripple (The Crocodile)...	L. Dampier	MSS. unpublished	"		A flat	D—E flat

<i>Title.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>Publisher.</i>	<i>Place.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Key.</i>	<i>Compass.</i>
Road Song of the Bandar-log (J.B.) ...	Dora Bright	Elkin	"	1903	D flat	B 2 flats-D
Rolling Down to Rio (J.S.S.B.) ...	German	Macmillan	"	1903	C	A-E
Route Marching (B.B.) ...	G. F. Cobb	Chas. Sheard	"	1882	F	C-D
"	J. P. McCall	Swan	"	1930	F	C-D
"	Geo. Chadwick Stock	John Church Co.	U.S.A.	1915	F	C-D
The Running of Shindaud						
Kipling Settings No.9 (Men's Chorus)						
6 voices ...	Percy A. Grainger	Schott & Co.	London		F	C-C
Screw Guns (B.B.) ...	G. F. Cobb	Chas. Sheard	"	1897	F	C-E
Two Seal songs						
1. Mother Seal's Lullaby, q.v. ...	Liza Lehman	Chappell	"	1908		
2. You must'nt Swim, q.v. ...	"	"	"			
Shillin' a Day (B.B.) ...	G. F. Cobb	Chas. Sheard	"	1893	F flat	B-E
Shiv and the Grasshopper ...	Raymond Hunt	Boosey	"	1896	F	C-F
"	Percy Whitehead	Goodwin & Tabb	"	1912	D	B-D
The Song Toomai's Mother sang to Her Baby (J.B.) ...	Dora Bright	Elkin	"	1903	A	C-E
The Shut-eye Sentry ...	Herbert E. Crump	Keith, Provoise & Co.	"	1900	D	D-E
A Smuggler's Song to his Child ...	Adrian Boulton	Breitkopf & Hartel	"	1912	B flat	B flat-E flat
A Smuggler's Song ...	Chas. G. Mortimer	Swan & Co.	London	1914	C	A-E
"	Michael Mulliner	Chappell	"	1918	D	C-F
"	Max Muller	MSS, unpublished	"		B flat	B-F
"	Marshall Kernochan	G. Shirmer	Boston, U.S.A.	1911	F m ⁿ , D m.	F m ⁿ , D m.
Snarleyow (B.B.) ...	G. F. Cobb	Chas. Sheard	London	1897	E-G flat	C-E flat
					E flat	B flat-E flat

<i>Title.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>Publisher.</i>	<i>Place.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Key.</i>	<i>Compass.</i>
Soldier & Sailor Too ...	W. Ward-Higgs	"	"	1906	F	C—E
Soldier, Soldier (B.B.) ...	G. F. Cobb	"	"	1892	E flat & F	B flat-B flat
Kipling Setting No. 13, 6 Single Voices and Mixed Chorus ...	P. A. Grainger	Schott	"	1925	A	
Portions of The Song of the English Cantata ...	J. F. Bridge L. Dampier	Novello Musical Publish- ing Association	"	1911		
Song ...		Curwen 61100	"	1899	F mi	C—F
The Coastwise Lights of England ...	Granville Bantock Rev. J. Bennet (L. Dampier)	Curwen 61100 MSS. unpublished	"	1919		
" " " "						
Parts of Song of The English						
We Have Fed our Seas (Part Song) ...	Granville Bantock P. A. Grainger	Curwen 61101 Schott	London "	1919		
" Kipling Setting No. 2, Mixed Chorus, Brass and Strings.						
The Song that Toomai's Mother Sang to her Baby (J.B.) ...	Dora Bright					
See Shiv & Grasshopper						
The Submarines (F.F.) ...	Ed. Elgar	Enoch	"	1915/7	E flat	C—E
Part Song ...		"	"	1918		
In Church Choir Series No. 32	ed. R. D. Metcalfe	"	"			
The Sweepers (F.F.) ...	Ed. Elgar	"	"	1915/7	B flat	D—D
(Part Song) ...		"	"	1918		
In Church Choir Series No. 33	ed. R. D. Metcalfe	"	"			
Three Kipling Songs	Chas. Green					
1. The Dawn Wind						
2. My Father's Chair						
3. The Reeds of Runnymede, q.v.						
There was never a Queen like Balkis (J.S.S.B.) ...	Sir E. German	Macmillan	London	1903	A	E—E

Kipling's India and the India of To-day.

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

AT the outset let me say that I recognise the Society as being divided into two distinct groups:—(a) Those who read, enjoy, and admire the words of our great writer ; (b) Those who, in addition to the above, may justly be regarded as students of Kipling. The latter obviously get a double value out of their membership and might be asked for an enhanced subscription. I hasten to add that I belong to the former category. I feel sure that I can speak for Mr. Kipling, when I say that he likes my lot the better of the two. He doubtless fully appreciates the homage done to his genius by those who study, as well as merely enjoy, his works, but I gather that writers are a little shy of people who ask, "What did he mean when he wrote so-and-so?" It is possible that if he ever replied—which he does not—to any such question, he would either say (a) "I often wonder myself," or (b) "I meant what I said and there is no paraphrase." Genius hits off a beautiful line in prose or poetry that is too unique to be capable of paraphrase. The writer knows what he means and can tell you no more. The inner circle of understanding readers also know what he means, but cannot tell the others. This is obviously true of all higher flights of genius.

Mr. Kipling rather looks askance at me in my capacity of Principal Operating Surgeon in the probings of the Kipling Society. He ought not to, because I am very careful and always say, like the dentist, "Tell me if I'm hurting you." But he should certainly bestow on me some mark of his favour because I am the only reader of his works who has not written either to him or to the papers to enquire how the 'old Moulmein Pagoda' looked 'eastward to the sea' and I am the only one who knows the answer, which in the author's own words might be, 'I never said it did. You can't read straight.' And now perhaps it is time I begin to tackle the subject announced in *my* paper.

Kipling, like all powerful writers, has had a great deal of adverse criticism. He has been such an unswerving advocate of what we call, for want of a better word, Imperialism, that every little-englander—and there are lots of them, I'm afraid—naturally rushes to the attack. The noble form of Kipling's Imperialism is distorted by these critics into "Jingoism," a most foolish and unjust line of attack on the writer of "Recessional."

He can, however, console himself by quoting his own lines—

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools.

Among many modern critics it is usual to attack his outlook on Indians and Indian problems. His views may have passed muster in the days when his early works were appearing, over forty years ago, but they give us quite a false outlook at the present time. The "Ballad of East and West" begins—"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." But we are told that this is quite wrong ; the East and West have met. A few Indian undergraduates at our universities walking arm-in-arm with their English friends proves to the eye the fact of East and West meeting.

So Kipling, you see, was wrong. Although the meeting of East and West is only typified by a hundred or so cases like the above, and the population of India is about 350,000,000, we must allow this fraction of one out of 3½ millions to convince us of this "meeting" of the races. There is no doubt about their having met, but one can meet in several different ways. You can meet by running up alongside, which sets up no disturbance, or you can meet head on, in the form of a collision. That is just how East and West do meet. Every single idea, every thread of heredity, of the oriental is—and it is right that it should be—diametrically opposed to the occidental mentality and heredity. The Indian way of thinking is perhaps—Mr. Gandhi thinks so—best for the Indians; whether it is best or not doesn't really matter—the fundamental difference is there and nothing will ever alter it. And this unalterable foundation of thought and character is utterly ignored by our politicians when they try to force on India a form of Government adapted solely to our purely British and insular evolution. I wonder how the word 'constitution' is translated into Urdu ; an assembly of the elders in a Punjab village discussing it would make a splendid theme for our great writer—on the lines of his earlier poems. The fundamental differences of East and West are never to be altered, and none can say that our Western culture is superior to that of the East—no comparison is possible between two opposites. In forcing our ideas on them we do both them and ourselves great harm. Because a certain system has been found to suit us, that is no reason why we should run about the world pressing our great gift on people who think that they are already in possess-

ion of something much better. We are like a man suffering from heart disease who says to another suffering from corns : "This stuff has done my heart a lot of good ; you must let me try it on your corns."

Please do not think that I am trying to make a political speech. All this is merely to prove that the real India has not changed since the days when Kipling wrote, and that nothing can be more literally true than his line :—"Oh, East is East, ana West is West, and never the twain shall meet." I have not had time to analyse all Kipling's prose dealing with india, but have confined myself to his poems alone. He had not served for the best years of his life on the North-West frontier of India, as many in this room have done. He was only twenty-four years old when he wrote this, and after schooldays most of his time had been spent in the office of a daily paper ; yet he pens in these few lines the exact feeling that lies between frontier officers and the marauding tribes from whom they enlist their best soldiers. I could have expressed the same idea inadequately myself in prose, and it would have taken me much paper.

British rule in India may be an 'alien' rule, but india has had alien rulers throughout her long and bloody history. The Aryan rulers were alien invaders from the north, and the Moguls were equally 'alien,' both to the Aryans and the aborigines. The only difference between our alien rule and that of our alien predecessors lies in the sense of responsibility which we feel and acknowledge towards the peoples we govern. This sense of responsibility is very hampering in the measures we pass for what we honestly believe to be the betterment of life conditions of the people we rule over. They don't thank us for it, but it is part of our make-up and we can rule in no other way. I can imagine an Indian peasant saying to-day :—" Not so much talk, please, about doing me good. This generally ends in doing me bad. Please just govern me and leave it at that. I don't want to be done good to. Let me understand that you really do rule me, that your orders are orders, that you mean what you say, and that you mean to be obeyed, and let me get on with my farming. And when you mean what you say, say something that means something. " Constitution " is a word I cannot pronounce and I shall never know what it means, so please don't worry me about it any more, and let's be friends as we used to be before you began all this *tamasha* about reforms."

This underlying sense of responsibility towards the governed is splendidly expressed in "The White Man's Burden," written 34 years ago. The work we have done in India may have been to the ultimate gain of the Empire and its commercial interests, but the officers of the Executive, both Civil and Military, have reaped nothing, and have desired to reap nothing, of these benefits. I claim for them the honour of working for the love of the work and of the people among whom their lot is cast. When we are dead and gone, and history is written with a true perspective, generations not yet born—both Indians and British, but especially the former—will acclaim the nobility of our share in the evolution of this land of tangled races, religions and languages. If Kipling is out of date in his supposition that East and West can never meet—that is, on the mental and moral plane—then he was wrong when he wrote in "One Viceroy Resigns" :—

You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
And if you did it isn't worth the toil.
Think of a sleek French priest in Canada ;
Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply
By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your East,
And you're as wise as ever. So am I.

I can imagine no more lucid exposition of the way in which the Oriental mind works on lines that must forever baffle the Westerner—that is, the Oriental mind as I knew it during my long service in India. But, like Kipling, I am out of date. I left India 13 years ago and in those 13 years the inherited mentality of the Indian family of Orientals has, after 4,000 years of petrefaction, undergone a complete change. At least so we are told. But what exactly will happen when complete freedom is bestowed on this unfortunate country, is prophetically narrated by Kipling in one of his early poems, "What Happened."

To sum up the chief points of Kipling's picture of the Indian : He portrays him as a loyal and devoted servant (Gunga Din), a brave soldier in some races, unreasoning and easily aroused by propaganda. Truth and impartiality are foreign to his nature. Sanitation and a regard for the underdog are repugnant to him. Before I leave this subject I must defend myself against a possible charge of blackening the Indian character. In regard to

this I can say with truth that there is nothing that may be regarded as insulting to the Indian character in the above remarks that I have not heard from the lips of Indians themselves. And we may credit them with many virtues that we do not possess.

Now let us consider another charge frequently brought against Kipling: the types of the British soldier in "Soldiers Three" and "Barrack-Room Ballads" are untrue to life—there are no soldiers of this type and there never were. When the former was written, about 1887, Kipling was on the staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore, and was acquiring an intimate knowledge of the rank-and-file of the Northumberland Fusiliers and Royal Artillery who formed part of the Mian Mir garrison. We saw each other at intervals, but I never followed to see what he was up to, so I can give you no first-hand information as to what steps he took to ingratiate himself with the men, getting his unequalled insight into the character of the British soldier; it may be taken as a fact that the fiction that resulted from his researches is as near as the human mind can get to fact. As I had at that time more than the average knowledge of the soldier's character, I can speak with authority when I say that Kipling's types are literally men whom I have known in the flesh, and the language they spoke was nearly word for word the language of his men.

As to the change between the men of those days and to-day, that is another matter. In those 50 years great changes have taken place; our soldiers were almost illiterate and were altogether a tough lot. Soldiers of to-day are men of considerable education and the Army attracts a less rough type of man. Crime and drunkenness have diminished, and language has been slightly sweetened. But the change is not really a very considerable one. I do a good deal of travelling by rail (third class and in a tweed suit that has seen better days, so there is little to distinguish me from any other citizen in the humbler walks of life); conversation reveals that I 'did my bit' in the war, so talk flows freely, and really I do not find the vocabulary and mode of expression of the soldier to-day differing greatly from what you will find in Kipling's early works. The hints on life in those most wise verses, "The Young British Soldier," are not needed, we are told, by the present type. In this poem the young soldier gets advice from

Kipling—a civilian aged about 25—that might have come from an old soldier whose time was up, warning against insidious grog-sellers, the avoidance of cholera and sunstroke, guide to matrimony, treatment of an unfaithful wife, behaviour under fire, how to treat your rifle, what to fire at, how to act when all the odds are against you and when left wounded on the frontier—truly a comprehensive list and full of simple wisdom.

I could continue to quote from " Barrack-Room Ballads," and repeat *ad nauseam* the question, " Can it be that things are no longer like this?"—but you yourselves love the poems and many know them better than I do, so I will say no more. I hope at some later date that the Secretary will arrange for a converse to this Paper—a discussion on Kipling's India and the possibility of its having changed ; and on the British soldier and his suggested tendency to ultra-refinement of deportment and language, written by an officer of about six years service, in touch with India and the British soldier of to-day.

DISCUSSION.

When inviting discussion on the lecture the Chairman called attention to its title and suggested that speakers should concentrate on Kipling's India and not be too political, however much they would like to be.

Mr. Bazley pleaded guilty to repeating something he had said at the previous meeting when there had also been some mention of India. General Dunsterville had quoted the poems, but he thought that the strongest testimony to British rule in India was found in " On the City Wall," where it is shown how, " year by year, England sends out fresh drafts for the first fighting line, which is officially called the Indian Civil Service ;" of these men, some die from overwork or worry, while some are killed ; if all goes well, the native is praised—" if a failure occurs the Englishmen step forward and take the blame." This extract presented the same idea as " The White Man's Burden " and these lines from the poem in " Stalky & Co." :—

Set to serve the lands they rule,
(Save he serve no man may rule),
Serve and love the lands they rule ;
Seeking praise nor guerdon.

Mr. J. O. Tyler raised the question as to whether or not ' The White Man's Burden ' had been addressed to the

Americans in respect to the Philippine Islands as an exhortation to them to go and do there what the British had done in India, to which an affirmative answer was given.

Mr. J. H. C. Brooking (Founder) thought that, in regard to the question of India and this island, we ought to consider the parallel of Rome and England some two thousand years ago. The Romans annexed England, which was then a pretty miserable country, and gave it some 500 years of happy rule; but after they left, panic and terror ensued for several hundred years. India now stood in danger; if we let go of her, she would go to the same depths of chaos. The Chairman was in complete agreement with this, and invited the original of 'McTurk' to speak.

Mr. G. C. Beresford began by citing a characteristic of the native villager which he had noticed during a two years' stay. He was always changing from a pro-British to an anti-British attitude, and back again, according as hurt pride or a realization of the justice and even-handedness of British rule directed. He thought that a point that required emphasis at present was that we didn't (as was said) force our western institutions on the natives; the natives clamoured for them. Vocal India would willingly set aside all traditions; they clamoured for a dose of western medicine and we wouldn't give them a dose. To this point General Dunsterville agreed that "vocal India does clamour," adding "that is to say, one voice out of every million clamours!"

The Annual Conference and Luncheon.

THE Annual Conference of the Kipling Society was held on June 21st, at the Rembrandt Rooms, S.W., with the President, Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I., in the Chair. The Report for the year ending March 21st, 1933, was read, the live Register showing 467 Members in the United Kingdom and 212 Overseas (52 V Life " and 46 " Donor " Members).

The Chairman said that the Society's advertisements had done well; those in the Indian Press had produced five enrolments, and *Punch* Summer Number one "Life," one "Donor," two Ordinary and one Associate; more may be expected from these

papers. The O.U.S.C. Members continued to increase; there are now 44 of them. Since the last Report the Society has enrolled 40 new Members; this is a distinct sign of improvement, but all Members are asked to help to regain our lost numbers.

Mr. Grierson proposed a vote of thanks to all those who have helped the Society so well, including:—

1. Major H. A. Tapp and his fellow workers, for bringing new Members to the Society (O.U.S.C.'s).
2. Mr. Carl T. Naumburg, Hon. Secretary for U.S.A., Mr. Maxwell Steinhardt, and other helpers for their efforts in bringing in U.S.A. Members.
8. Mr. B. M. Bazley for his excellent work as Hon. Editor of the Journal.
4. Mr. W. G. B. Maitland for his excellent work as Hon. Librarian.
5. Rear Admiral L. H. Chandler, U.S.A., for his excellent work for the Society when Hon. Secretary for U.S.A.

This was seconded by Mrs. Frizell and carried unanimously.

Copies of the Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Accounts were laid on the table. At the Chairman's request, the Secretary, Colonel C. Bailey, made a few explanatory remarks:—" Sir George MacMunn, while returning from India, unfortunately broke his kneecap, so he is unable to be here to-day. As I have been acting as Hon. Treasurer in his absence, I must explain that although according to the Auditors' Report, we are £12 to the bad, this is only so on paper; we have a better actual cash balance than last year. By the cash book and Bank account we are nearly £10 to the good on the year's working. The reason for this is that only 10 per cent. of the payments received from Life Members appears, nor Renewals for 1933-34—no subscriptions received between January 1st and March 31st are shown. Last year the cash balance was about £338; this year it is £343." The Chairman then proposed and Major-General J. D. McLachlan seconded the adoption of the Report, Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Accounts; this was carried unanimously.

President. In proposing that Major-General L. C. Dunster-ville be re-elected, Major-General J. D. McLachlan said that "Stalky" as President was one of the greatest assets the Society

had. They wanted him to stay on, for as long as he held that position the Society would continue to flourish. Colonel C.H. Milburn, seconder, said that the President seemed to grow younger as the years went on, and urged those present to ask him to continue in his office. The motion was put to the Meeting and carried with applause.

Vice-Presidents (as co-opted by the Council).—M. Andre Chevrillon, LL.B., The Countess Bathurst, and M. André Maurois, C.B.E., M.C. ; also Earl Bathurst, C.M.G., and Lord Moynihan, K.C.M.G., C.B., LL.D., co-opted since the Report was issued.

Executive Officers for 1933-34, except Hon. Organiser (unfilled), and, in addition, Mr. Carl T. Naumburg, Local Hon. Secretary for U.S.A.

Both the above were proposed by Mr. W. G. B. Maitland, seconded by A. E. O. Slocock, and carried unanimously.

Members of Council (retired in rotation). It was proposed by Mr. J. O. Tyler, seconded by Colonel E. A. Breithaupt, and carried unanimously, that the following be re-elected with effect from 1st April, 1933: Captain E. W. Martindell, Major-General J. B. McLachlan and Mr. R. E. Harbord.

Other Business. Colonel C. H. Milburn (V.P.) proposed:—
 ' That this Council be invited to consider a scheme by which one or more money prizes (say, of £5, or £10 or so), with a year's membership, be awarded annually to a student at a Public School, or a University College, for the best essay on some subject connected with the writings of Rudyard Kipling, to be judged by a Committee of three, and published in the Journal; the prize (or prizes) to be presented at the Annual Luncheon, at which the winner would be a guest of the Society." Colonel Milburn added :—" I make this suggestion because of last year's experience. I offered prizes at two schools—Associate Membership of the Society for one year. There were over 20 entries at one school and nearly as many at the second. The essays showed very wide reading, even amongst junior boys, of Kipling's works. The only objection I can see is that of finance. Can the Society afford it? I think there is a sufficiently large balance to justify the experiment." Mr. Harbord spoke in support, and the Chairman considered it a very interesting proposal. Captain Martindell, who wrote ex-

pressing his regret at being unable to be present, stated that he liked the idea, but suggested that it might have to be thrown open to the masses; he seconded the motion. Sir George Mac-Munn also wrote :—" I think we should examine this in the light of Kipling's message of sane Imperialism, and in our own role as propagators of that message." The proposal was fully discussed and met with unanimous approval. The matter was referred to the Council for action.

Major-General Dunsterville then said :—" I am sure we are all very grateful to our worthy Secretary. He does the work which cannot be done in the ordinary way by others, but must be done by someone who will do it with his heart wholly in the work—and this is what Colonel Bailey does." He also expressed thanks to the Hon. Treasurer, and to all who had helped the Society. Colonel Bailey in reply said that he had received such thorough support from President, Council and all Members, that it was a pleasure to do the work; he was glad that his efforts met with approval.

The Meeting then closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

THE LUNCHEON.

The Seventh Annual Luncheon followed the Conference : Major-General Dunsterville presided, and the Chief Guest was the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, P.C., M.P.

Among the 121 present were Countess Bathurst, Earl Bathurst, Lord Rennell, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., Lt.-Colonel R. V. K. Applin (guest), Lady Cunynghame, Lt.-General Sir H. F. Cooke, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Courtauld, Major-General J. L. McLachlan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Mr. and Mrs. J. H. C. Brooking, Mr. George Pilcher (guest—Secretary of the Royal Empire Society), Lady Alastair Graham, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Major E. Dawson, and other noted people. Grace was said by the Reverend H. P. Kennedy Skipton, F.S.A. ; twenty old boys of the United Services' College, Westward Ho ! sat together at one of the tables.

After the toast of the King, Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P., proposed " Rudyard Kipling."

" I regard it as a very great privilege to have been invited to your annual gathering, and to have been asked as a friend and admirer of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to propose the toast of his health. We all wish him the best of good health and long years of life to come. In another sense the length of his life is already assured. He has long been entitled to claim, like Horace of old, that the better part of him will never die, at any rate as long as the British Empire endures and the English language is spoken. He will live, for one thing, as the greatest story teller of our age. I need not pause to pick out this or that story of my choice—like " Stalky " (which you, Mr. Chairman, have, I believe some intimate acquaintance with), or or " Kim," or " Plain Tales from the Hills " or " Many Inventions. We all have our favourites, and we might discuss that theme—as no doubt your Society does—for hours.

I believe, however, that he will live even longer as a poet. (Hear, hear). He will do so because good poetry lives longer than good prose. Poetry is to prose what jewellery is to furniture; it represents thought in a more crystallized form. I think in Rudyard Kipling's case we may say that the crystals are both clear and vivid in colouring, and enduring in substance. It is true that his poetry has all the qualities which have also made him a great story teller. His poems have vividness and a reality which makes us see and feel what he has seen and felt. His figures are solid and alive. They are things which he has handled, things he has encountered and not the imaginings of the study. His poetry is real because it is first hand; he has what the first and greatest of all poets has—humour.

Kipling's God, at any rate, is not like Tomlinson's—taken out of a printed book. He has read and read deeply, and that he has drawn deeply from the greatest of all fountains of English literature, the Bible, is, I think, obvious to anyone who studies his language. But his reading has not supplied his thoughts—they are his own. He tells us the tale he wants to tell, and the lesson he wishes to preach. He has made live for us, and for future generations I think too, the old British Army of pre-War days, the army of the Barrack Room, of the Indian frontier and of the South African War. He made live for us in the same way the whole of that Indian

official and unofficial life which in its own time was so great and part both of the life of India and of the British Empire.

It is perfectly true that the India of those days is gone, not merely because of the Montague-Chelmsford report or of White Papers, but because of forces far deeper and stronger than these. Some of its essential features have remained and will long remain, and poems like "What Happened" and "Arithmetic on the Frontier" are still well worthy of careful study by Select Committees and statesmen. He told us in verse the tale of the South African War, an event whose importance and influence on the growth of the Empire has been temporarily overshadowed by the holocaust of blood and money of the World War, but which intrinsically meant more to us, both in the matter of principle and Imperial growth. Anyhow, the whole story is there in "The Five Nations": the spaces of the veldt, the endless marching of the columns of "M.I." or "Boots," the meeting of troops from all parts of the Empire, and the struggle between Rhodes and that stubborn old being, President Kruger.

He is a poet, too, of the sea, the sea that our being fulfils, the sea that shall never betray us if we continue faithful in its service. In one poem after another, whether it be your "Bolivar," or "Cruisers," or "The Destroyers," "White Horses," or Anthony Gloster's account of his love, or, last—and greatest of all—"The Flag"; you have the story of the life of England as it was. His poetry tells the tale of Empire as seen by himself from one end to another, as seen by those who have made it, who have built it up, who live in its uttermost marches. It is the tale of this old country from its very beginnings. From our schooldays we are apt to think of the history of this country in disconnected sections. There were Britons, there were Romans, then Saxons—then history books give the date 1066 and all that followed. But when you read Kipling's story from "Puck's Song," you will find it is the same great story right through. And it is not only England, but each little bit of England that is told of from its very beginning. You have Sussex right back to the days when Wilfred preached, for want of a better congregation, to the ass and the cows that strolled into service:—'I dare not shut His chapel on such as care to attend.'

Right through his poems are tales of adventure and exploration and manly effort. He gives us all the romance of modern life, as perhaps nobody has done before—you know what I mean—whether it be " M'Andrew's Hymn " or "I sent a message to my dear." Kipling is not only a poet and story teller, but a preacher and prophet. His preaching has been the ideal of the British Empire ; the ideal of a wider patriotism, based on his intimate love of the soil of this old country, the land of our birth. There is hardly a spot in the British Empire for which he has not written its own local poem. He preaches the co-operation of the Empire, and that matter which in his own language has been described as " The White Man's Burden," of which we need not be ashamed. It is the fashion to describe Mr. Kipling as a Jingo, as a preacher of narrow, aggressive, boastful, intolerant patriotism. But he preached true pride in our race and achievements. I hope true pride will never fail us. What Kipling thought of flag-wagging we may discover from ' Stalky,' and when you come to poems like " Recessional " and " The Children's Song," I doubt whether in any language or in any country patriotism has been preached in a nobler strain or a less selfish and aggressive tone. The same note runs through all his conceptions; his ideals are the Nation, and not a nation conquering, aggressive, but a nation that was humble and idealistic. All through he has preached these things, not for the mere sake of wealth, but as a moral teacher, as a man. Well, Kipling has in these ways and in many others become a great poet. The firmament of English poetry is filled with a multitude of greater and lesser lights. But in it he will, I believe, continue for all time painting the things as he sees them " for the God of things as they are."

The Rt. Hon. Lord Rennell proposed " The Kipling Society and its President." " I have not been very long a Member of the Kipling Society, but when I was asked a little time ago to become a Member, I pleaded that I had taken a vow not to join any more Societies for the rest of a brief life to come. Also I added that I required no stimulus to make me appreciate or acquainted with the works of my old friend Rudyard Kipling. I always had a little mistrust of Societies of that kind, and felt perhaps that I was not quite sure how far

he himself liked the idea of having a Kipling Society. But on reflection I came to the conclusion that my old friend Rudyard Kipling meant to me a great deal more than a story teller, a great craftsman of language or a great interpreter of the poetry of life. Rudyard Kipling has been to me, as long as I have known of his writings, the embodiment of that spirit which carried our people to the ends of the world to do the world's work, blunderingly often, but in that spirit of honesty, decency and fair play which is still the reluctant admiration of other countries. And so, recognising in him one of a group of the men whom I had admired in much younger days as a man who helped to uphold the Empire and retain the spirit of the men who made it, I joined the Kipling Society in the fervent hope and belief that that Society had among its aims to maintain that splendid spirit of the Empire.

We have been living through evil times for many years past. I believe and hope there are indications of better things now. Some things I think we have already left behind us. I hope we have already done with that anarchic spirit which moved life after the War, when a certain generation of young men, who had no fathers or elder brothers to keep them on the right lines, had decided that their inexperience could manage the world better than the experience of those who had lived longer. I think we have also to some extent left behind those of the other sex with rouged faces and lips so carmined that no one with any sensibility could ever wish to kiss them. Perhaps we have not done with that altogether, but I see signs of improvement even here.

The youth of to-day seems to me to be a very delightful type of youth. They are charming in their manners. They are anxious to do what they can for their country, by taking on any kind of work that is to hand. The only fault I have to find with them is that they are, if anything, a little too serious, and perhaps not quite so keen on the life of adventure which was rather the inspiration of the times when I was young. There is a tendency still, I am afraid, to accept things too much in a spirit of resignation, and not so much to fear the reduction of our own country to a spirit of impotence. But that is very largely due, I think, to a propaganda which has been going on for some time in this country, well meant, well intentioned

in every respect, but I think mistaken in the lines which it adopts. It is no use for Leagues to go about preaching the horrors of war. We all know too much about that. It is disastrous to think the moment has come to reduce this great country and this great Empire to impotence, while a spirit of apprehension is driving all the other countries of the world into emphasizing nationality and resistance, if not aggression.

You may wonder why I have said all this. It is because I do feel that such institutions as this, called after the man who has done more than anyone else in our generation to maintain the spirit of the Empire, that this Society can do much in that way. And in putting this before you, and proposing prosperity to the Kipling Society, I come also to the part of the toast, the health of your Chairman and President, because he is one of those who from the beginning has appreciated the life adventurous. He is one of those, so far as I know him, who has done his very best to keep that spirit alive.

I am not going to embarrass him by referring to his efforts as a soldier, but I do think you could not have made a more appropriate choice as President of the Kipling Society for every reason ; and I feel a little link with him myself because I, in another school, sat with him at the foot of the master, Cornell Price, who taught me many of the best things I know."

The President, replying, said :—" It is a pleasure to me to be called on to reply to this toast, and I wish first of all to thank Lord Rennell for his very fine speech. I am not called upon myself to make a speech, it is merely my duty to read to you the various notes which the Secretary hands over to me and tells me to tell you.

As time is getting on, I will make my remarks as short as possible. In the first place I should like to welcome you all, and say how inspiring it is to me as President to see such a fine gathering of our Society here to-day. It is a pleasure to be able to tell you that we have enrolled since the first of April 41 new Members, which is a little above the average for previous years, and this has been due almost entirely to individual effort. The Old Schoolboys from the United Service College form a considerable number of these, and in the United States Mr. Carl T. Naumburg and Mr. Maxwell Steinhardt have done very fine work for us. As I have always taken the oppor-

tunity of saying on such occasions, it is one of the merits of this Society that it tends to strengthen the bonds between this country and the other great branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. We have also secured a certain number of new Members by advertisement, but it is still necessary for me to remind you that we do want individuals to help. Bring your friends to the luncheon, and ask them to join.

It is a matter of great regret that our Treasurer, Sir George MacMunn, is not with us to-day. He has suffered from an accident on his way back from India, and is not able to get about. In his absence I am going to ask General McLachlan to propose the toast of "The Visitors." We have letters of regret from a number of people, and I have two cables, one from Australia from Major-General J. H. Bruce—"Best wishes successful annual gathering. Happiest recollections those attended while in England. Regards to present Members;" and one from the United States in which Mr. Carl T. Naumburg says—"Heartiest greetings and best wishes from the Group in the United States." Among other letters of regret that I have not received, is one from Mr. Rudyard Kipling."

Here the President read an imaginary letter from Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in the course of which he said. "I cannot stand that fellow Brooking. It was he who invented all this nonsensical business. I poured cold water on it for years and spurned him from my threshold, but nothing but molten lead would crush his indomitable spirit." The President emphasized the fact that the letter was purely imaginary, and concluded "With those remarks, ladies and gentlemen, I will resume my seat."

There was a great deal of appreciative laughter, and everyone drank the toast proposed by Lord Rennell.

The toast of The Guests was proposed by Major-General J. T. McLachlan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.:—"This toast was to have been proposed by Sir George F. MacMunn, who is unfortunately laid up in bed, so his mantle has fallen upon my unworthy shoulders. We are honoured to-day by the presence of several distinguished guests. First and foremost is our guest of honour, Mr. L. S. Amery. After a distinguished career at Oxford, Mr. Amery joined the staff of *The Times*, where he very soon achieved distinction by editing, and I may say

mainly writing that wonderful piece of work, *The Times History of the South African War*. He afterwards went into Parliament, where his executive ability soon gained him Cabinet rank. Afterwards, when First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary of State for the Colonies, he did work for this country and for the Empire which will never be forgotten. We are proud to see him here to-day. We are very glad to welcome him amongst us, and we sincerely hope that at some time in the future we may again have the privilege of seeing him at one of our gatherings.

Then we have also Lt.-Colonel R. V. K. Applin here, a distinguished soldier whom I have known for the last twenty-four years, and for whom I have had the privilege of working in the past. His military duties have taken him to India, to the Overseas Dominions, and to the United States of America, so that he has had every opportunity of seeing Imperial questions at first hand. He has also gone into Parliament, where he is using his energies and abilities in his country's cause. We have also Mr. George Pilcher, the Secretary of the Royal Empire Society, a Society with which the Kipling Society has always kept in the closest touch. We have several Members of the United Services College here, who, by being at that school, have a close connection with Kipling, and last, but not least, we have at least two members of the Dunster Force here to-day to see our President who led them through the wonderful adventures of the force which bore his name. I ask you to drink to the honour of our Guests and Colonel Applin."

In his reply, Lt.-Colonel R. V. K. Applin said:—"I rise to respond to the toast of The Guests, and I do so with better courage because I have it on the authority of Mr. Rudyard Kipling himself, who put it in the mouth of Kim as advice to the old man whom he was serving, 'Never speak to a white man until he has fed.' But he ought also to have added, 'And don't leave it too long after dinner!' I feel very highly honoured to have been asked to respond on behalf of the guests who have so well enjoyed themselves. I am not sure altogether what sort of guest I am, because only half an hour ago I joined the Society (cheers)—and I paid my subscription. Therefore I suppose I may claim that I am a full Member of the Kipling Society. It is particularly pleasant for me to reply for the

guests, more especially as the Guest of Honour, like our great poet, was born in India. Like him too he has made a great study of our Army, and, like him, he has written many works on our Army which will live for ever.

I want to say one short word on the situation as it is to-day in India. I was thinking last night what a curious thing it is that history always repeats itself. My grandson asked me, why does history always repeat itself? And I replied, because, my lad, human nature never changes. If we could only get them to believe that in regard to India, what a difference it would make.

But I cannot help feeling, when I think of the words of M'Turk when he said, "Remember how we used to turn out of our beds with the thermometer at 57 on Sundays, and bathe off the pebble beach?"—I cannot help wondering what would have happened if Mr. Kipling had gone to Harrow and Mr. Baldwin had gone to the College at Westward Ho! and bathed off the pebble ridge. Would it have given them a different outlook on the world? Would it have turned Mr. Kipling into Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Baldwin into Mr. Kipling? I cannot help feeling that we might have solved the problem of India without the tears which may come to us presently.

Our kind President may be summed up in a very few words, spoken, I think it was, by Tertius: "We got into a mess a couple of years ago, and Stalky pulled us through. That is all." Now, ladies and gentlemen, we want men such as Kipling knew, and such as he visualised Englishmen should always be. Men who, when we get into a mess, pull us through. I believe we have people now who will not only pull us through, but will pull the world through the difficulties which now face it. It is for that reason that I am pleased to be here this afternoon, to think that while your guests are enjoying the hospitality of your great Society, sitting not far from us are the delegates to the World Economic Conference, trying to do what Stalky did in India, just to pull us through." Colonel Applin's remarks were loudly applauded, and the toast was drunk.

Letter Bag.

The following (?) analogy is probably well known, but its discovery has been a delight to me :—

II. SAMUEL XIV., 14. For we needs must die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person; yet doth he devise means, that his banished be not expelled from him.

"The Rabbi's Song" :

Our lives, our tears, as water,
Are spilled upon the ground;
God giveth no man quarter,
Yet God a means hath found,
Though Faith and Hope have vanished,
And even Love grows dim—
A means whereby His banished
Be not expelled from Him !

Well read in Holy Writ is the Master !

Howard G. Pesel, Leeds.

(This verse is again effectively introduced in "On the Gate "—*Editor, K.J.*).

ADDENDUM.—The Secretary wrote to Mr. Kipling to congratulate him on having been elected a Member of the Académie des Sciences et Politiques de France ; Mr. Kipling, through his Secretary, sent his thanks to the Society.

Secretary's Announcements.

(1) *Appointments : Vice-Presidents.* The following have been elected (and confirmed) since last issue:—Earl Bathurst, C.M.G., and Lord Moynihan, K.C.M.G., C.B., LL.D.

(2) With this issue goes a copy of a new leaflet, and to Overseas Members only, a copy of the Annual Report and Accounts, and Balance Sheet, for 1932-33.

(3) Reference the distinctive mark against O.U.S.C's in the Yellow List of Members, the following were omitted in the U.K. List, and should be marked |. (a) 259 Brig.-Gen. F. H. G. Cunliffe; (b) 144 Mr. G. L. Heastey.

(4) *Journals : Back Numbers.* The Secretary still has one copy of No. 1 (original) and No. 2—both second hand—for disposal at 10s. a copy. The purchase of those at 1d. postage (for one copy of each) is now restricted to Nos. 12 to 22 (inclusive). No. 23 is now 2s. per copy. Remainder as on page 32 of Journal No. 25.

(5) Members are reminded that whenever it is possible, use is made of the "Printed Matter" 1d. post when sending out cards for Meetings, Notices, etc. It is therefore desirable to make sure that these are not laid aside as "Circulars" unworthy of attention. All these communications have the name and address of the Society printed on the envelope.

C. Bailey (Colonel), Secretary.

**ROLL OF NEW MEMBERS TO JUNE, 1933,
Nos. 1151 to 1204.**

1151	W. A. Johnston		1178	Professor David F. Jordan	
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1153	Miss Violet Tootal		1180	Professor Edwin Bachmann	
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1155	C. A. Colyer		1182	Frank L. Weil	
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1165	C. E. Crawley			Col. B U. Nicolay	
	1192§ London				Westward Ho !
1166	Baron Frans Van Heemstra		1193§	Major J. Stanford	
	London				London
1167	Baroness Frans Van Heemstra		1194	Alfred Tresidder Sheppard	
	London				London
1168§	W. L. Baylay		1195	John McFaul	
	Sirmingham				U.S.A.
1169§	W. H. Cornish		1196	Col A Greg	
	Hythe				Liphook
1170	B. St. L. Ten-Brocke		1197	Miss Isa H. Moir	
	INDIA				YUGOSLAVIA
1171	Rev. F. de W. Lushington		1198	Princeton University Library	
	Kings Langley				U.S.A.
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	Mayfield				FRANCE
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	Oldham				St.-Leonards-on-Sea
1174	J. A. Powell		1201	Miss K. Worsley	
	St. Just				London
1175	R. G. O'Neill		1202	Williams College Library	
	FRANCE				U.S.A.
1176	Mrs. Denis Browne		1203	Charles W. Perry	
	London				U.S.A.
1177*	Earl Bathurst		1204	E. I. Kilbourne	
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A36 Alan Heaps

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