

*The*  
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JOURNAL

*The*  
Organ  
of the  
KIPLING  
SOCIETY

No. 38

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# *The* Spectator

THE PREDOMINANT WEEKLY

At *The Spectator* Centenary  
Dinner, in October, 1928,  
the Prime Minister, Mr.  
Stanley Baldwin said:

“We admire *The Spectator* because it has always stuck to its principles. We may not like them at times but it has stuck to its principles, regardless of circulation, of profit, or of any other consideration. *The Spectator* has never debased the currency with vulgarity or with triviality. It has never betrayed the interests of its country for sensation or for profit. These are its great traditions.”

To busy people who have little time to read the daily press, but who feel that today a knowledge of public affairs is essential, *The Spectator* is especially useful. Its aim is to insure readers against missing the true bearing of any event.

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

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WEEKLY

# The Kipling Journal

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

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QUARTERLY

No. 38

JUNE, 1936

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## News and Notes

ON behalf of the Members of the Society we express our deep gratitude to our Vice-President, Mr. Russell J. Colman, to whom we are indebted for the exceptionally interesting illustrations in this issue. Mr. Coleman asked his friend, Brig.-Gen. R. W. Hare, to lend us these and several other sketches for reproduction. The two that appear in this number illustrate the poems, "Columns," and "The Parting of the Columns," slightly varied from the form in which they appear in "The Five Nations." General Hare kindly wrote the following explanatory note for us:—

The circumstances in which these verses were written by Rudyard Kipling, under some sketches in my South African War Sketch-Book, were as follows:—H.E. Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams, Lieut.-Governor of the Orange River Colony and myself (A.D.C.) travelled to England in R.M.S. "Kinfauns Castle" in April-May, 1903. Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Kipling, Elsie, John and Miss Hankinson (Governess) travelled by the same steamer. I had not met R. K. before, but my chief knew him. We had a table together in the saloon and I sat next to R. K. during the voyage. Needless to say, he kept that table "alive"! We naturally discussed the recent South African War, and it was thus that **R, K.**

became interested in my sketch-book and wrote the verses which subsequently appeared in his book, " The Five Nations."

R. W. HARE, Br.-Gen.

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The Fifth Meeting of the Session was held at the Hotel Victoria on April 17th, 1986, at 8 p.m. Lt.-General Sir Sidney Clive, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., was in the Chair and briefly introduced the Lecturer, Miss Pamela Frankau :—

" I am very glad to think that on an occasion of this sort you want very little from the Chairman except to introduce those who are going to give us pleasure to-night. I will simply say that I am going to call upon Miss Pamela Frankau to speak to us on Kipling's Poetry. I have no need to introduce Miss Pamela Frankau to you as this is not the first nor the second time when she has entertained us."

The vote of thanks to the Lecturer and Reciter was moved by Sir Albion Banerji :—

" I think that we have had a very interesting meeting this evening. Fraulein Grossbard is known as the ' Lady with the Golden Voice ' and what she has rendered, I think, has largely contributed to the entertainment of this evening. I propose a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Pamela Frankau and to Fraulein Grossbard for having taken all the trouble in coming to us this evening and giving us such an enjoyable entertainment ; I also propose a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman. I think on a previous occasion I had the good fortune, when I was having a few words with him this evening before the meeting, of having to propose the toast of Kipling at one of the meetings of this Society, and he did not then belong to the Society as a member. I am now in the position of having the privilege of proposing the toast of him now as Chairman and a member, and I will also follow in his footsteps and become a member. I think his silence is golden and on this occasion he has kept a wonderful balance, having sat between two charming ladies and performed the duty of the Chairman in a most eloquent manner." Lt.-General Sir Sydney Clive, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Chairman):—

One thing remains : the Chairman declares the meeting closed ! May I on behalf of Miss Frankau and Miss Grossbard give you their most hearty thanks for the way in which you have accepted

the expressions of Sir Albion Banerji. May I also say how very much I appreciated the remarks of our Secretary, especially as to the situation of the present day. It just expresses the point that whether we do claim for ourselves the talents or the certain outlook which other people have not got, there can be no doubt that at the present moment that is realised by all the world, whether they may imitate it, or not, and our Empire is placed in a position of responsibility at which one almost shudders. If we shall be able to carry through in support of collective security I do not know, but whatever the result of this is the world as a whole cannot be the worse for that crusade, and I look with great confidence to the next few years. I believe that in the case of former wars we have had a post-war party and a settlement, so I believe we shall see the same this time."

Following Miss Frankau's paper Fraulein Berthe Grossbard gave the following recitations:—

An extract from a speech called "Independence." This was very amusing and was rendered in a most original manner. 'The Explorer,' which came second, though well-known to the audience, was recited in a way that called forth many fresh ideas and gripped her hearers in a way it has never done in the past. The beauty and range of her voice were shown to their full advantage in her final recitation "L'Envoi." These three pieces served to show what a very versatile artist is Fraulein Grossbard and brought a new light to bear upon what might be considered old friends among Kipling's works. The delivery and diction were perfect—especially her softer notes—and called forth the great applause they deserved.

**T**HE Sixth Meeting of the 1985-36 Session was held at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, on Tuesday, June 9th, at 8.30. Lt.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O., was in the Chair and introduced the lecturer, Mr. Victor Bonney who read a paper on "Some Aspects of Kipling's Greatness," to a gathering numbering over 150.

Following the address M. Arsene Kirilloff sang "Rolling Down to Rio" (German) and "On the Road to Mandalay" (Cobb). Apart from the popularity of these two well-known songs, there

was great applause in appreciation of M. Kirilloff's fine baritone voice which is so well known to listeners of the B.B.C. and lovers of opera. After the discussion M. Kirilloff sang again, this time " Fate's Discourtesy " and " The Sweepers " (Elgar), the refrain of the latter being sung by the audience. Both these songs revealed to a much greater extent the sympathetic tone and understanding of M. Kirilloff's beautiful voice. To the great joy of the audience M. Kirilloff gave an encore " Big Steamers " (German)—another old friend—and this received much applause. Mme. A. Alhazova at the piano provided accompaniments which did much to increase the enjoyment of the entertainment.

In introducing Mr. Tollemache, the President (Maj.-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I.) said:—

" First of all I should like to say what a pleasure it is to me to be back with you all here to-night, and also what an additional pleasure it was to me to be able to listen to the very delightful paper that we had from a quiet seat in the corner and to escape anything in the nature of official duties, but Sir George MacMunn insisted upon pulling me up where I now am. Luckily, it only now remains for me to ask Mr. Tollemache kindly to propose a vote of thanks to our entertainers."

**Mr. Tollemache.** " I think the President has been very unkind to me, because I think it is quite one of the most difficult things it is possible to do to try at all adequately to say what enormous pleasure it has been to listen to M. Arsene Kirilloff to-night. It is a very great privilege indeed to have had him with us here. Being entirely unmusical I am most delighted that he should have sung some very old favourites such as ' Mandalay ' which once I tried to sing myself! If one does not know one's Kipling as well as one should—and I am afraid I must plead guilty to that—I always find that after having had some of the poems sung to me they rather tend to sink in. I do come away a less ill-educated person from the meetings of this Society. I want, in my name and in the name of all who are here to-night, to propose a very hearty vote of thanks to those who have entertained us and to say how very much indeed we do thank them and how grateful we are for their kindness in coming and making this meeting so delightful for us."

The meeting then closed with the singing of " God Save the King."

In No. 35 we chronicled the gift of a long run of "The Pioneer," of Allahabad, to the Society's Library from Mr. A. E. O. Slocock. Not resting content with this magnificent present, the generous donor has supplemented this with a similar run of "The Week's News" (the weekly supplement to the former paper). This collection contains, we believe, everything that Kipling wrote for this paper; in some ways it is even more to be prized than "The Pioneer." Once again, we tender the thanks of every member to Mr. Slocock and our assurance that his gift is greatly appreciated.

The latest edition of Rudyard Kipling's "Inclusive Verse" (1933) has been presented to the Library by the publishers, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. This volume contains a very fine portrait as frontispiece.

x                    x                    x                    x

It is common knowledge that Kipling was highly esteemed in the United States; this was pointed out by our President in his speech at the Annual Luncheon. We can heartily endorse this, for, ever since January 18th, there has been a steady flow, vast in volume and admirable in quality, of tributes to the literary genius of our Master. Britain must not lag behind our friends across the Atlantic, and also across the Channel, in doing her part.

x                    x                    x                    x

The results of the Kipling Essay Competition held at the Imperial Service College, Windsor (the successor of the United Services College, Westward Ho!) are as follows:—1, R. N. B. Holmes; 2, P. E. Edmonds; 3, C. D. Garratt. The work submitted to the assessors was of high character and showed wide reading on the part of the entrants.

x                    x                    x                    x

Many enquiries have been received about the Kipling Memorial in Westminster Abbey; the form which this will take is still under discussion with the Abbey authorities. Other memorials are also contemplated, but it is too early to say anything about these.

x                    x                    x                    x

As will be noticed in another place, new rules have been drawn up. There were many amendments necessitated by the growth of branches in Britain and other parts of the world. Copies may be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

x                    x                    x                    x

Owing to a fire at the works of our printers, this number of the Journal makes a rather late appearance.

*Reviews and New Books*

**Poets and Prophets** by André Maurois (Cassel, 10s. 6d.). This book, which appeared in France under the title of "Magiciens et Logiciens," has been very beautifully translated by Mr. Hamish Miles; Messrs. Cassell & Co. have set it out with good binding and type, and have enhanced its value by really good portraits of the nine authors who form the subject (Kipling's picture is by Sir William Rothenstein). M. Maurois has done his work well; all nine studies are excellent and give a clear exposition of the ideas for which these authors may be said to stand. The studies of G. K. Chesterton and Lytton Strachey are particularly happy; even when some partiality is allowed for, that of Kipling is a masterpiece. With a few honourable exceptions, amongst whom is Mr. E. V. Lucas, English critics so often seem to give superficial, even trivial, judgments when Kipling is their subject; M. Maurois, with French clarity of thought, seeks ideas, motives and philosophies; consequently, he is able to explain what has hitherto mystified our critics. In his second paragraph he gives a clear analysis of the anti-Kipling feeling which has always been present in the minds of some Englishmen:—"It is curious to observe how Kipling's fame, as it grew and spread over the whole world, found a considerable body of opponents in England itself . . . First came the usual reaction of the critics against the public, when the public has adopted their first favourable judgments with excessive unanimity. A second was something more subtle, a kind of shrinking modesty which the Kiplingesque heroes were bound to develop on seeing the machinery of their virtues thus taken to pieces. It is a peculiarity of the Kipling hero not to know that he is either a brave man or a wise man. He is silent, especially concerning his own actions. In reading Kipling, who unveiled him to others, and doubtless also to himself, he may have felt faintly vexed. And thirdly, there was the fact that in England Kipling's work was for a time associated with a political doctrine, and party spirit is often unable to distinguish between genius and incidentals. When the passage of time has stripped his work clear of associations, it will be seen that Kipling was not only the greatest English writer of our generation, but the only modern writer who has created enduring myths." Here we have the subconscious mind of Kipling's reticent Englishman discovered to us by a Frenchman!



Again, note how M. Maurois treats the assertion that Kipling dealt only with the intrigue and sensuality of Simla:—" . . . it could be seen that he did not view these emotional moods and administrative intrigues as the essentials of life. He was fundamentally concerned with the virtues taught by the Famous Men of his school days at Westward Ho!, and the inevitable clash in everyman's life between these virtues and the world-as-it-is." Reasons are given for various statements, and their authorities duly quoted. Then it is pointed out, that just when the critics thought that Kipling was a spent force, a new inspiration came to him from the Sussex countryside. M. Maurois notes, too, that Kipling's great characters are of the world, not merely of England; there is no admiration for the big man because of his office :—" But it is because he appreciates the worth of the real chief that Kipling is so stern to the unworthy." In other words, there is no room for tinsel supermen and unskilled " captains of industry."

We might continue quoting from this wonderful essay through many pages, but we must leave something for readers to discover for themselves. Kipling's political theory is correctly summarised; his women are appraised adequately; various teachings ignored by the literary judge are here brought to light; above all, the statement that he only wrote of a mechanical world is refuted. There are some good remarks on his style and art, and about his ideals for the British Empire. One more short quotation may make one of Kipling's concepts plainer:—" But although Kipling may have little respect for the electors in the mass, he has plenty for the man of the people regarded as an individual worker." Decidedly this is a book to be read and re-read by all who appreciate literary criticism at its best.

The Less Familiar **Kipling and Kiplingiana** by G. F. Monkshood (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.). This is an old friend in a new dress, for it is the third edition of a book that first saw the light in 1917. Those who approach Mr. Monkshood's work *de novo* will find much interesting and curious information in it; it also contains eight plates of rarities. The book has been enlarged by an additional chapter which gives, among other details, some eighteen pen-names known to have been used by Kipling when writing for the Indian Press. We regret that the author has not given the dates belonging to some of the Kipling items when these were sold at record prices,

**Schooldays with Kipling** by G. C. Beresford (M'Turk)—(Gollanz, 12s. 6d.). Mr. Beresford has written a wonderful book in most interesting style. To all readers of Kipling, one book—"Stalky & Co."—must always stand out prominently, for it surpasses the others in its revelations of the school time of its author. Mr. Beresford has often said that the Kipling of this book was not the real Kipling; as we read "Schooldays with Kipling," we see that the adventures of the famous three are what Kipling intended them to be—the trimmings of a work of fiction. But those who know their "Stalky & Co." will realise from what Mr. Beresford tells them that there is a large amount of self-revelation not apparent at first sight; he has given us facts from a marvellous memory which put before us the development of our great author; he has set out those details—apparently trivial but in reality more valuable than the information that the subject was a noted prizewinner or Captain of the XL. It is far more fascinating to read of Kipling's struggles with the breakers crashing on the Pebble Ridge than to learn that he might have made many runs if he had had better sight:—"He had to rush it (the wave) all under orders and advice, as he couldn't see properly; and this made it the more risky and more plucky." It is not generally realised how frightfully bad Kipling's sight was when a boy.

Most revealing of all are the summaries of talks between Beresford and Kipling; there we get the boy precocious in thought but not in act—reticent with his ideas because he knows that few of his coevals will understand them. Gigs (Kipling's name throughout the book) is as observant as a boy as later; here is one impression: "The lower classes interested Gigs because he could never find them. He said everybody talked of the lower classes, however low you went . . . even tramps might talk of the lower classes . . . the thing seemed to end in a dot. You could never find the lower classes; nobody belonged to them." Much of this power of observation seems to have been derived from omnifarious reading; and from talking about the matter of the book afterwards. Gigs read at a furious pace; he would seem to skim a book, digest its contents and remember as much of it as he wished, for his memory was as wonderful as his power of absorption. Again, he read very widely:—"It was a wild desire to embrace English Literature as a whole, and French as far as possible." "What he did read was, first of all, great verse. This had to be thoroughly thrashed

through like beating out a fire. None of the great classical stuff was allowed to hide between the boards of a book, even if it was material that had dropped out of the world's eye. All the little by-ways of imaginative literature, even the field-paths, had to be scamped over in case they led anywhere." There are many such remarks scattered in chap. XX, wherein we may trace the sources of much that has hitherto seemed obscure. And, although Gigg was indifferent to routine school work unless he could see it leading somewhere, he worked like a slave at anything that would aid him in literary production:—"There were no loose ends about Gigger's study or practice of English composition; punctuation, spelling and grammatical forms were mastered thoroughly; in fact, taken pleasure in." And in chap. XXV we read an account of Kipling turning away from the Liberal and Little-Englander surroundings of his early youth when confronted with the realities of life in India to that idealism of Empire with which he was later intimately identified; to suggest that he adopted the Imperialistic manner because it paid is, Mr. Beresford shows us, quite unwarranted:—"Gigger was hardly able to turn out other literary wares than those he did manufacture; what he wrote was the true product not so much of his temperament as of his thought structure; a product of which he was formed from birth to be the artificer."

A book on this subject could not well ignore the remarkable group of masters portrayed in "Stalky & Co." Cornell Price, though not as strong as Kipling makes him, is yet an exceptional man:—"He knew how to treat different types of boys." "He appeared to have some mysterious higher interests, vastly important, far above school matters and preoccupations." The Chaplain is also very like the Gillett of Kipling; Hartopp is alert and interested; Pugh is heavy, mentally and physically. Crofts, generally considered a travesty by the critics, is remarkably like the Kipling original. "Schooldays with Kipling" is liberally illustrated with sketches by the author; there is a good portrait of Kipling as a boy and a large collection of humorous small sketches. Mr. Brooking writes a Foreword; General Dunsterville, who appears in these pages as remarkably resourceful, gives a Preface in which, while saying nay to a few things, he compliments Mr. Beresford on getting an atmosphere "wonderfully near to the real thing."

**Imperial Service College Chronicle—Kipling Memorial Supplement.** Compiled by Lyonulph Tollemache, Headmaster, Imperial Service College, Windsor. (1s.). This is a little pamphlet containing a good portrait (recent) of Kipling and nine brief but interesting essays. "Stalky" and "M'Turk" are two of the contributors; among the others are Sir George MacMunn, Sir Alexander Godley, Major Tapp, Hector Bolitho and Orton Lowe; all of whom are well qualified to speak on the subject. France is represented by M. Courdurier de Chassaigne and Germany by Herr von Stutterheim. This is an item that no Kipling lover ought to be without.

### *Kipling and Winter Sports*

BY PROFESSOR DR. ALFRED FROLICH, of the University of Vienna.

On the day of the great earthquake at Messina I met Kipling at Engelberg on the Lake of Lucerne and helped him to take his very first steps on the ice. In the following winter I had nice warm wash-leather gloves made for him and he acknowledged receipt in the following words: "All the rink is prostrated with envy at my beautiful lemon-coloured hands; they are certainly good gloves and impart a fine tone to my edges." He mistrusted bob-sleighting and tobogganing, made only one or two feeble attempts at ski-ing, but was interested in curling and spent hours assiduously handling the broom with verve. It was my ambition to steer a bob team, but I never attained much skill at bobbing and generally upset my team. After one of these feats of mine Kipling sent me the following verse:—

There was a Professor who led  
The deuce of a life in a sled.  
Miss Knapp and Miss Hall  
Now represent all  
His live ballast which isn't quite dead.

In the evenings there were entertainments of all kinds: music, gaming, dancing. At one of the Fancy Dress Balls I appeared as—Rudyard Kipling. I donned his well-known skating costume and

a theatrical wig-maker converted me into a second Rudyard Kipling while the original posed as the model. He owned to having experienced an uncanny feeling when he saw his "double" gradually evolving under the hands of the skilful hairdresser. I entered the ball-room with Mrs. Kipling on my arm. Kipling followed soon after in a dinner-jacket. The ball guests, on seeing two R.K's, thought they were the victims of an illusion caused by the heady Christmas punch. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kipling caught a slight chill at this ball, and I, their friend, was naturally appointed their family doctor. From the very start of the treatment a difference of opinion arose between us. The Kiplings desired to have some pills to "relieve the liver," but I doubted the efficacy of pills in the case of a simple cold. Kipling then sent me the following quatrain:—

Heaven help the Nations of the Continent,  
Send, send our missionaries out to teach 'em !  
They never knew what Salts and Senna meant,  
They never heard of Cockles or of Beecham !

On the wall of my working-room there hangs a water-colour by Kipling representing an enormous bacillus with the designation "Bacillus Tussis Engelbergensis, var. Frölich. Enlargement 1:1200000. Pictor Ignotus. The name of the artist is unknown." In this picture Kipling has given free rein to his genial humour and his great pictorial talent. The long antennae of the monster are clinical thermometers showing a temperature of more than 50 degrees of fever heat, the joints are covered with pins and barbed hooks, the menacing tail resembles a fir cone. The swollen clumsy body is full of suppurating sores typifying the irritating effect of a catarrh on the mucus membranes of the air passages. The protruding eyes glower horridly out of their cavities.

I met Kipling winter after winter in Switzerland and his invitations to visit him in his own home in Sussex became more and more pressing. In the Spring of 1914 his last invitation closed with the following words: "Remember, you are pledged to tell us when you come to England. Keep your promise or I'll make an international affair of it. I'll send the British fleet up the Danube and destroy the Austrian Empire."

Here are some lines in another letter from Kipling:—"I also have bought skis—a pair for John and a pair for me. We will wallow in the snows together." 'That maniac Stockar yesterday broke

all records for the new bob-run in 1.22¾ seconds. The previous best was 1.25. How good is God to the insane?" " We have had the Zurich match—in which John played. One man (a Belg) got his rib broken and the captain of the Zurich team was knocked silly. Also his front teeth were loosened. As the Zurich team came up with the loudly expressed intention of killing as many of our team as they could, I feel that, for me, Providence looked after its own. Engleberg had no casualties, but we lost the game by two goals to three."

The tragic war put an end to a further exchange of letters. But on the 30th December, 1935, his seventieth birthday, I sent him a small album containing only two photos. One, taken at Christmas, 1905, showed me arm in arm with the then world champion of figure-skating, the Viennese Gustav Hügel, who had also been staying at Engelberg, and the second at Christmas, 1935, again of Hügel and myself. We wrote on the photos: Professor Frölich and Hügel, the skaters, in the heyday of life and in old age. I also added a few words of congratulation on his 70th birthday. A week later Kipling sent me a card thanking me heartily for the kind attention. Another week and we heard of his serious illness, and yet another week and the greatest poet of the British Empire had passed away.

### *Kipling's Poetry*

BY MISS PAMELA FRANKAU.

**I**T is as ever a very great pleasure to me to be here to-night to have the privilege of talking to you about the works of Kipling.

Before embarking on this thesis—I cannot really call it that, it is simply an impression that I have picked up of Kipling's later poems—I should like you for a moment to bring your minds to the state of our country immediately after the war. Think of it for a moment quite impersonally. Just think of it as the world of 1918, a world very deeply changed for one particular person, the person being Rudyard Kipling. I should like you, if you can, to cast your minds back across that man's life, that man's work and

that man's beliefs. I do not think it will be a very difficult task because there can be few writers whose beliefs, creeds and visions were so clearly expressed in their works as Mr. Kipling's. I may be perhaps a little fanciful, even a little boring, even a little whimsical in representing a generation looking for the thing that is not there as opposed to the thing that is there when I say that my vision of Kipling during the 18 years between the Armistice and his death is rather the vision that he has drawn for us so very ably and so very beautifully in the *Jungle Book* when he talks of the Lone Wolf. I think of him like that because although nobody ever prophesied better the changes that would take place in the world, although nobody ever prophesied the war better, knowing exactly what it meant—the false optimism, the false imperialism, that it would not be a clean fight for a clean purpose, a clean end—knowing that all that was wrong and untrue he could in the year 1014 say: "For all we have and are."

To-night I have concentrated particularly on these later poems because I think as lovers of his work we are all over familiar with his immortal and eternal and early stuff—early from our point of view because when we learnt to recognize Kipling and his verse we did choose—and I think rightly—a number of poems which probably given the opportunity you could stand up and repeat now as easily as I could. I am not concentrating on those poems to-night. I have taken the later ones and I have tried during the last few days to take a picture of the later Kipling, and I will therefore start this rather nebulous theory of mine with the poem "Rebirth," dated 1914-1918: "If any God should say 'I will restore the world her yesterday'."

I spoke before of the quality of Kipling, but I did try to illustrate the difference between his poems which were purely sound and noise signifying a great deal, whereas the others depended on the heart. That poem which I have attempted to speak to you illustrates again the quality of Kipling. There is no attempt there to play with armies, to make a noise to the air and to excite men. This is just a silent but nevertheless audible expression of what the Lone Wolf was feeling at the end of that Autumn, 1918, and as all great poets he was experiencing the thing not entirely personal, a new experience for all of us.

The other views came later. You have your Lone Wolf watching, seeing a world that changed very quickly, all too quickly, as

the French Revolution was at one moment shouting " Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and the next " Death to everybody." So at one moment we had Peace celebrations and at the next the Versailles Treaty. That was a very quick change and there was an equally quick change in the Lone Wolf at that time as is illustrated by a poem which I read in not very interesting circumstances. I was in the year 1922 aged 14 and having measles. I was very bored and very tired of having measles and had nothing to read but school classics when my mother posted to me a press cutting wherein there was a new poem by Rudyard Kipling; that poem did a great deal to cheer the last few days of measles. It did more. It sang in my head—as Kipling's verse did at that time and I hope always will. Therefore, when I came upon it a few days ago it was not very difficult to remember. I saw it illustrating a further phase of this post-War Kipling whom we have had a very slender opportunity of seeing because he lived an isolated existence in those years. There were very few people, too, who could have the chance of understanding him, but that particular poem—" The King's Pilgrimage "—did show to me two days ago when I turned it up again a change in that mind.

The works during the last years of his life—the last 18 years—seem very definite beliefs in this particular problem that isolated him and sent him further into a lonely place where nobody could penetrate. He remained the Lone Wolf for the whole of that time in this present notion that I have of him, but there were things that excited him and that he liked and enjoyed—notably the journey to Brazil. The articles that he wrote on that subject were extraordinarily striking and to me—very full of Kipling— it was particularly exciting to find him visiting what appeared a new world for him—though, of course, it was not really new to one who had " rolled down to Rio " a very long time before. The Brazil verses are extraordinarily indicative of Kipling returning to that former excitement that foreign travel, that new places, that the desire to see many marvels oversea, had for him. Do you remember the first one that speaks about the friends that were dead, and the friends were the fireflies; the cuckoo poems and the Southern Cross, and he goes back and finds them still there—" For my friends were all alive."

I do think that he enjoyed in his later year the thrills of movement—the thrills of travel, particularly perhaps of movement by



car. Kipling had already written since the year 1900 a series of parodies which he called "The Muse among the Motors"—extraordinarily exciting and entertaining stuff on Browning, Donne, etc. He was to a certain extent obsessed with cars, which is interesting, because there could not be anything much duller than a car. It doesn't do much—it stops, it goes, it stops again. Kipling's obsession with them never to my mind produced 100 per cent. poetry. Therefore, although I know he liked that car, I am not going to attempt to interpret these parodies to you. I am sure you would enjoy funny poems if you read them more than if I said them to you. For another thing, because of that pleasure which he found obviously in travel, he does illustrate so much better when he is not bothering about the modes of travel which are very exciting; but for some reason he has never got into one of these later machinery poems one-tenth the power he got into his earlier stuff, verse or prose. 'The Ship that Found Herself' had an authentic snap about it which the later stuff misses. But it is very obvious, studying these later poems, that one of the chief balms of his final years was travel, and French travel particularly. I was in France when Rudyard Kipling died; it occurred to me that I might buy a paper, and I did not like it very much because it contained the news of Rudyard Kipling's death when I had not even known he was ill and it was a shock to me. I never saw him, I never even met him, but apart from the personal shock, the one thing that struck me about that paper was the extraordinary love that the French as a nation had for Kipling, an appreciation which is all the more odd because to my mind the French and English languages are so much differentiated that it seems to me odd that we can appreciate French literature or they English literature; but reading these articles I saw that the French love Kipling the man just as they can appreciate him as a writer, because they really do admire him, and they stated that homage after his death in a way that touched me extraordinarily, simply because his work is sincere and it is straightforward and comes not from the head but from the heart. It may be that France loved Kipling because Kipling loved France. I don't think so. I think there was something instinctively sympathetic in both of them. He knew them very well and loved them and thought of them as definitely a vital people in the European scheme; and whatever is happening this minute, I think he was right.

I pass from that to the only other recreation which I see when reading through the later portions of this book. There are certain recreations of literature, but none I think more interesting than his particular admiration for Jane Austen, and it is interesting in more ways than one. I think that Kipling did sing of romance of the mind, and it is therefore perhaps a little odd to find in him a steadfast and sincere admiration for the works of Jane Austen whose peculiar genius does endure to us to-day probably in a more lively fashion than the works of anybody else in that century. There is one extraordinary thing about Jane Austen. It is certain that during the whole of her writing career the Napoleonic Wars were going on and they were never mentioned throughout her books from start to finish. They were not of importance ! That has puzzled a lot of other people. The fact that Kipling admired her is not a puzzling thing because genius will always recognise genius and salute it. Obviously Kipling understood his Jane very well indeed. The poem which I am about to speak has been unjustly celebrated as being a poem in which Kipling made one very definite error in which he spoke of Sir Walter Scott welcoming Jane in Heaven. He died about twelve years after her. That has probably been pointed out to you by a number of people. I don't care a hoot ! (Here Miss Frankau recited the poem " Jane went to Paradise "). I think that poem is perhaps a matter of immortality, and I have searched through the last poems of this book for Rudyard Kipling's own views on immortality. I don't think he was much occupied with it. There was no final poem to which I could commend your or my attention as illustrating that particular point, and I saw my Lone Wolf a very isolated and a great and a lonely person in a world which had on the face of it rather left him out of its scheme of things. I found a poem, a " Translation from one of the Odes of Horace," which is interesting because we have a reference here in this poem to the Dawn Wind. We have heard him think of that before. We find a reference to the change of gods, and you remember in " Kim " where he threatens the gods with the doubt of their belief, with the lack of belief, with their own death because of their lack of belief—" As waters couched beneath " etc. If that poem expresses doubt, it expresses the doubt of the immortal—of Virgil or of Kipling—and of him who had sung of looking towards the terrifying question mark that was his future

beyond the housing of life I should wish to bid him his farewell saying that there was no need for doubt, no need for fear. There is a need for song and a love for song that will always live on with those immortals who do not have any need to doubt.

### DISCUSSION

**Mr. B. M. Bazley.** " We owe Miss Frankau a debt of gratitude because she has found a new avenue of approach. There are some who say that Kipling never did anything later than 1890; some, 1895; others, 1900. I think he was at his best about 1909-1918; even after the War came a new and higher vein. He tended perhaps to become a little obscure as did Shakespeare in ' The Tempest,' not a good stage play, but packed with thought. Miss Frankau mentions that the French like Kipling not merely because they can call him ' ami de France.' You remember M. Maurois saying why Shaw was not as popular in France as Kipling— ' Shaw has something new to tell Germany. He has nothing new to tell us.' Now Kipling had a great deal new to tell the French, and the French have the intellectual honesty to admit that.

**Mr. J. H. C. Brooking.** " I would just like to mention Kipling's motoring interest. Perhaps not many of us know that motoring was a great joy to him. He had a big Daimler car. Unfortunately, he never learnt to drive it. He was always joyful in going about the country and seeing what could be seen. The parodies that Miss Frankau mentions on motoring really are worth reading, and I am shocked to find the motoring papers hardly ever touch them. There is a fund of interest in these parodies that would make any motorist rock with laughter; if you have not run across them yet, get hold of them and have a good laugh.

### *Some Aspects of Kipling's Greatness*

BY VICTOR BONNEY.

**O**UR master having departed, we of the Kipling Society have more than ever need to testify before men the faith that is within us. We maintain that his work is imperishable and his name immortal, but there are men and women who do not see as we see. Certain of them are intellectual feeblings, whilst

some, though possessed of a hard material power of thought are yet congenitally deficient in the imaginative and aesthetic faculties. This defect is akin to colour blindness and tone-deafness and like them is irremediable. But there are a large number whose attitude towards Kipling arises from reasons quite different from the foregoing. Some of these people are not really conversant with his writings though they assert that they are and hale in a stock quotation to prove it, whilst others have given to the reading no greater effort than a "thriller" demands. Finally, there are those whose imaginative and aesthetic senses, though lively, work within strict limits. Why do you think Kipling great? Why do you place him amongst the immortals? For some the literary technique, the framing of sentences, the rhythm and scan of lines, the manipulation of ideas and incidents, will take first place, as for others the vigour of the emotional appeal of the story or poem. There are those who set sheer harmonious beauty of line and phrase above all else, and there are those to whom the thoughts behind the words are the first consideration. Judged on any of these standards Kipling is shown to be a giant.

The work of an imaginative writer of the first rank is distinguishable from that of the second rank by this: that besides technical perfection in the use of words and rhythm and the marshalling of characters and events: besides the power of imagining things unimaginable by the ordinary man and divining beauties outside the common perception, the reader is made conscious of the immanence of a mind dwelling on a plane different from, and higher than his own, and inseparable from what it has created. This consciousness, which attaches to all Kipling's writings, is not conveyed by imaginative literature of the second rank, arresting or beautiful though it may be.

Perhaps his most astonishing achievement is that he gave birth to a new way of using the English language. Try for yourself to write a page on any subject you will, in a diction never used before. Consult your Roget, transpose your words, twist your sentences, alter the grammar, but so as still to make sense, and you will find the product remains familiar. Or study the diction of most other prose writers; there are individual differences but a far greater general similitude. The fashion of Kipling's prose on the other hand, is so entirely distinctive that anyone familiar with it can recognise it, even in a detached paragraph. It might be thought

easy to copy, but evidently it is not, for none of his many imitators have more than partially succeeded. Its invariability, moreover, shows that it was not an affectation but a natural habit of thought.

Remarkable conciseness is his. Every word pulls its full weight in the sentence and in the sense. There is no padding. He obtains "local colour" as the great impressionist painters do, by a few deft touches, only in words not paint. He had no need for the drawn out and often tedious descriptions of scenery and situation which seem to be the mainstay of much modern literature. The implications of the incidents in the story or of the story itself are conveyed in the same terse way, and the long dissertations by which many authors unburden themselves of views and speculations (valueless unless emanating from a master-mind) are absent from his writings.

He had a flair for the "mot juste"—picking out the one and only word that embraces the entire sense required, but beyond the natural gift it was the result of hard work and meticulous care. I had the great privilege lately of looking over many of his original manuscripts and noticed that words and phrases were erased and altered again and again until the perfect result was obtained.

Certain poets are associated with a particular metre, but of Kipling it may be said that he tried them all, and for this reason the rhythm of his poems is variously reminiscent of previous masters of verse. In "The Muse amongst the Motors" he deliberately parodies a number of great poets. Not only the rhythm but the whole style and outlook of the parodied is reproduced with remarkable exactness. Most of all this is so in his imitations of the Odes of Horace, which, typically Horatian in their gentle philosophy and kindly satire, have deceived many (including myself) into believing them to be metrical translation—forgetful of the fact that no Book V of the Odes exists. "The Portent," "The Last Ode" and "To the Companions" are examples.

His rhyme is often ingenious and usually harmonious, but he does not appear to have deigned to weaken the sense of what he wanted to say for the sake of it. In consequence here and there it is faulty, and in this he differed from poets like Swinburne, all of whose rhymes are perfect and lovely. But he had so much more to say than Swinburne.

No-one before Kipling has used alliteration with such felicity and force. There are many examples of this. Take the following:—

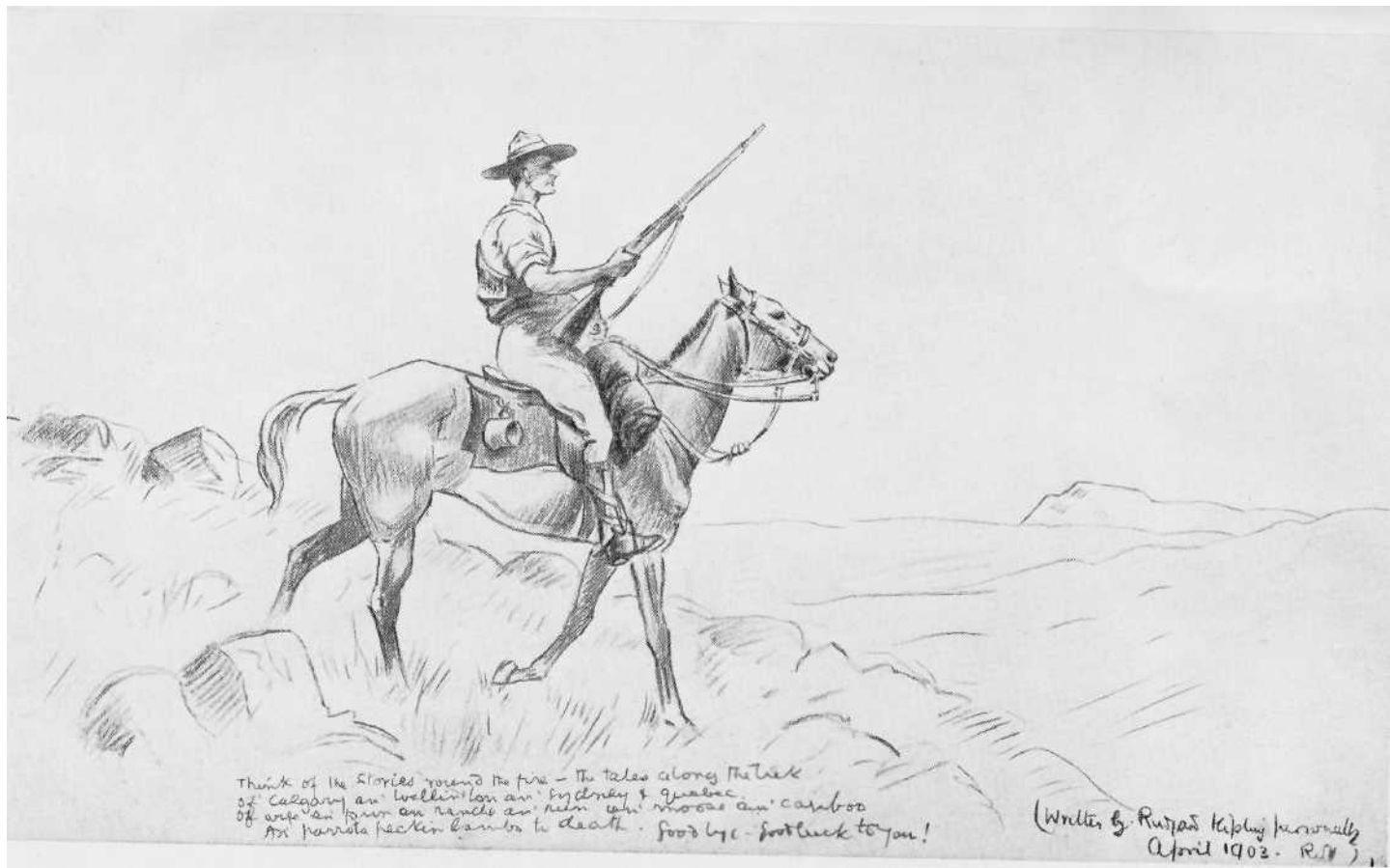
" When through the Gates of Stress and Strain  
 Comes forth the vast Event—  
 The simple, sheer, sufficing, sane  
 Result of labour spent—  
 They that have wrought the end unthought  
 Be neither saint nor sage,  
 But only men who did the work  
 For which they drew the wage."

each alliterative is like a hammer-stroke driving a bolt home.

His tone is as varied as the speech of the fine old priest whom he draws so richly in " The Curé " and " The Miracle of St. Jubanus."

He had great power of satire, sometimes humorous, sometimes kindly, and sometimes fiercely bitter, and his earliest poems are nearly all satirical; a strong young mind tilting against things as he disapprovingly found them. He mellowed as his outlook became more and more universal, but to the last the edged sword was there to draw at need. Compassion he expresses with peculiar tenderness, reproof with prophetic sternness, and appreciation with forceful understanding and nobility. In these connections I would recall to you " A Recantation " as one of the most touching things ever written; " The Islanders," " The City of Brass " and " The Mother Hive " which more than ever make the reader wince; and the tribute he paid to our late beloved King only last year.

His imagination did not follow old paths but blazed new ones. Almost all his stories and many of his poems exhibit this singularity of thought. In " The Three Decker " for instance, a marvellous analogy is drawn between an 18th-century first-rate ship of the line and the three-volume novel of early and mid-Victorian days, known in the book trade as a " three decker." To ordinary minds there would appear to be no possible connection between the two. Stories like " They," and " The Brushwood Boy " besides their power and beauty are imaginatively unique. Even in his humour the same peculiarity often appears. The laughable " Village that Voted the Earth was Flat," for instance, sets the reader wondering how he came to think of it.



Think of the stories round the fire - The tales along the trail  
of Calgary an' Wellington an' Sydney & Quebec  
of wild an' fair an' ranch an' run an' horse an' cariboo  
An' parrotta neckin' lambs to death. Good bye - good luck to you!

(Written by Rudyard Kipling personally  
April 1903. R.H.)





E's shoved 'is rifle 'neath my nose  
Before I'd time to think,  
An' borrowed all my Sunday clo'es,  
An' sent me 'ome in pink;  
An' I 'ave crept (Gawd! 'twas I 'e crept!)  
On 'ands an' knees I 'e gone  
An' spooored and floored an' caught an' kept  
An' sent 'im to Ceylon!

Ah here Piet! You've sold me many a pup,  
When week an' week alternate it was you or me "Ands up!"  
And though I 'e never made you walk man-naked in the 'cat  
I 'e known a lot of fellows stalk a d - <sup>sight</sup> worse than Piet!  
R-Kelling

Same bloomin' ole which the ant. bear 'as ~~has~~ broke  
(What would I give to be trakked' again!)  
Same bloomin' stumble an' same bloomin' joke  
Down the section, the pomfom an' six undied men.



Chatter notes

R.H.

Certain of the things about which he wrote are already passing. For instance, the engines of the liner that he describes in that wonderful apotheosis of machinery "McAndrew's Hymn" are reciprocating engines with uncovered piston rods, connecting rods and cranks. So are those in "The Devil and The Deep Sea." Many of the next generation reading these, and knowing only turbine marine engines, will be puzzled.

Failure to understand Kipling is always the reader's fault. There is some gap in his knowledge that needs filling up. Has the reader read and remembered Keats? If not, "Wireless" is wasted on him. Or Jane Austen—then "The Janeites" is unintelligible. Does the reader know much about the Army? If not, a whole host of stories and poems lose their significance. Or about ships? Then "The Ship that Found Herself" is meaningless. Or about the Navy? Then he cannot properly appreciate "Their Lawful Occasions."

Has the reader studied History in the wide sense? If not, he can only half understand the stories in "Puck of Pook's Hill," "Rewards and Fairies" and many others of his writings. As an example: in that delightful and touching story "Marklake Witches," a Frenchman, René, is introduced. He is a doctor and a prisoner on parole.

The French doctor is René Théophile Hyacinthe Laennec, who invented the stethoscope and laid the foundation of our knowledge of diseases of the chest. He was a surgeon in the French army during the Napoleonic wars. Is the reader a student of Shakespeare? If not, he cannot appreciate the force of the climax of the story, "Love o' Women." Does the reader know his New Testament? If not, the significance of "The Church that was at Antioch" will be unperceived.

A liberal education is required to understand Kipling, and, if not already in a man's possession, it can be acquired most pleasantly by studying his works.

The subjects Kipling deals with cover almost every human activity and every emotion, but love between man and woman, the great stock-in-trade of most other imaginative authors, is not often drawn upon. Being the emotion most universally understood, its exploitation in writing is the easiest way to attract attention and interest, and the greatness of his genius is shown by

the fact that he was not dependent on a subject, deprived of which, most writers of fiction would have little or nothing left them to say. Though he did not depict women as frequently as men he could draw them delightfully—witness William in "William the Conqueror." The intimacies of sex are never touched on.

In prose and verse he sang the unappreciated tragedies and comedies of soldiers and civilians serving in India, and lifted the veil which had hitherto shrouded native life and thought.

He saw, and made others see, the greatness of what had been wrought by the labour and suffering of men of our race all over the world. He asserted that the maintenance of what they had given us was an obligation of honour, and pressed the need of understanding between blood-brothers separated by thousands of miles of sea.

The glory of national achievement in his view lay in the sum of individual effort and he threw the light of his powerful mind on all kinds of work: the explorer and his adventures, the seaman and his ships and seas, the engineer and what he builds or drives, and every other calling that demands resolution and sacrifice from those who follow it.

We doctors owe to him the most understanding and inspiring estimate of our profession ever penned, as, of theirs, schoolmasters owe to him the most eloquent.

For the land of England he had an exceeding love, founded less on its natural beauties (though he delighted in these) than on the vision that saw enshrined in every feature of it the dreams and strivings of past millions of men and women: Hence the stories recalling its history in "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies" and in verses such as "A Charm," "The Recall," and "Puck's Song," whilst "An Habitation Enforced" is surely one of the most delightful and revealing tales ever written about this country.

He wrote of three wars with the satire, humour, sympathy, observation, knowledge and force peculiarly his own. He had an uncanny sense of the minds of animals, exhibited most notably in "The Jungle Books" but also in "Thy Servant a Dog," "Supplication of the Black Aberdeen" and other stories and poems. To his understanding of the mind of youth and childhood, "Stalky & Co." and the "Just-So Stories" bear witness, and

besides all these there are other themes too numerous to mention now.

His writings, both in form and thought, are so unlike any before him that they are apt to be underrated by persons the capacity of whose critical faculty is one conception and no more. Also the quantity of his work is very large. Time was short and he had so many messages to give. Like other writers the individual productions vary in standard, but genius is indelibly stamped on even the least of them.

For him the only men worth singing were those who, in the spirit of true craftsmen, see in the joy of working and striving the best part of the reward for work and strife. It is noteworthy that of all the characters he draws, very few stand high in the social scale:—

" It is enough that, through Thy Grace  
I saw nought common on Thy Earth."

Most of them are ordinary men; soldiers, sailors, fishermen, engineers, countrymen, labourers, doctors, schoolmasters, doing their ordinary work.

' Yea, as we are and we are not, and we pretend to be,  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me! "

He has even been accused of lack of sympathy with the wage-earner, in spite of this from " The Wage Slaves " :

" Men, like to Gods, that do the work  
For which they draw the wage—  
Begin—continue—close that work  
For which they draw the wage ! "

I have often wondered why those of our friends who sing or whisper " The Red Flag " have not had these stirring lines set to music.

His ideals of individual character; self reliance, patience, moderation, persistence, fortitude, courage, industry and reticence, are rehearsed in " If." I would say a word on the last of these. Kipling regarded dignified reticence as a great virtue, an attitude of mind no doubt fostered by his close association with the East. He held babbling, whining, and all the dirty little egoisms comprised in the term " self-expression " in utter contempt, and shameless bareing of the soul was to him as offensive as wanton

baring of the body. He held by the eternal long since verified by mankind in tears and blood, and persistently refused to subscribe to the shibboleths and whims of the hour, though they interested and amused him. This aspect of his philosophy is expressed in the humorous but mordant verses entitled "The Gods of the Copybook Headings." But the essence of his outlook is contained in the poem "To The True Romance." He saw Romance not merely as a halo cast around love struggling against adversity or courage sustaining desperate odds, but as the goddess to whom all heroic will is dedicated and at whose feet all self-sacrificing endeavour, win or lose, is laid. Above and behind every striving, thus inspired, be it great or small, acclaimed or unknown, successful or unsuccessful, he beheld this same figure standing in glory.

#### DISCUSSION

**Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn.** Referring to the French doctor in "Marklake Witches," the lecturer commented upon Kipling's extraordinary knowledge, one example of which is that the stethoscope came from a French doctor living in Napoleonic times, although the bringing him into his English story was probably a product of Kipling's imagination. Now you find there are very few true stories which make a short story of four or five thousand words. Every short story writer who writes upon fact generally has to add; in the same way that you season your delicacies to bring out the flavour so he brings out the points in his stories. I always cover my strawberries with black pepper because it brings out the flavour. You remember also in "Marklake Witches" he brings in Arthur Wellesley who was watching that part of the coast where they were expecting Boney's navies and had his residence at Beauport. This was called after flats below Quebec, where Wolfe's army lay before defeating Montcalm. You will also remember how the arms of Quebec were in Beauport House built by General Murray, one of Wolfe's commanders, and were returned to Quebec mainly through the offices of Lord and Lady Willingdon. That all hangs together with Kipling's knowledge of history.

**Mr. B. M. Bazley.** With reference to "Book V" of the Odes of Horace: I do not know if you remember, but in the Punch

Funeral Number in the tributes they give to Kipling it is mentioned there for the first time in the press that the thing is a "have." There is no 5th Book. There never was, but nobody ever said there was not; and Kipling and Charles Graves pulled the critics' legs—as they meant to do.

Mr. Bonney mentioned "A Recantation." I have been inundated lately by letters asking me who wrote it. A Miss Jacobs, who has written a biography of the celebrated Marie Lloyd, had got hold of the fact that somebody had said that Kipling had meant Marie Lloyd in his poem. Of course, Kipling did not mean her. Marie Lloyd had no son. It is a composite character.

Kipling does not make the usual quotations. If you look at that same "Muse among the Motors," you have to look up the authors because you don't know them. At any rate, few of us know them all. Kipling quotes Surtees where the ordinary author would quote Dickens. When he quotes Shakespeare he quotes the unusual. About agriculture he quotes Tusser, of whom nobody had ever heard—"Sit down, Robin, and rest thee." If you read Mr. Beresford's new book, due out on the 15th, you will see how Kipling managed that—a vast ability to read, the application he gave to it and the wonderful memory.

M. Maurois, to whose book "Poets and Prophets" I am going to call your attention in No. 38 Journal, remarks upon that quality of Kipling for liking the individual worker however low he is in the social scale. He has no admiration for mass production, nor for the counting of heads. Do you remember that story, "As Easy as A.B.C."? Following it is a very nice little poem, called "MacDonough's Song"—"Once there was the people . . ." Unbridled democracy may run to these things. It can be quite as bad as certain gentlemen in two rather near countries in Europe who are not popular. Kipling always hits at mass production business. Actually, of course, he knows a great deal more about what we call "the working man" than the Secretary of the average Trade Union.

**Mr. S. A. Courtauld.** I should just like to say that I am very glad, Mr. Chairman, that you alluded to "Marklake Witches." I do not know that the presence of Laennec is imaginary. You have not quoted that as a matter of fact Sir Arthur Wellesley commanded at Hastings in 1812. Mr. Bazley has alluded to that

very beautiful poem of Kipling's "The Recantation." Those of you who know the Ode of Horace from which that is taken will see how wonderfully cleverly and pathetically Kipling has moulded the English from that Ode, turning it in a most pathetic manner towards the death of his own son—a marvellous instance of his cleverness in the adaption of a piece of classical poetry to his own end. The Latin poet, Horace, was one of Kipling's favourite authors. If you read Kipling through you will find numberless allusions to all sorts of authors probably almost unknown to many of us. I think in many ways it displays in that method what an extraordinary intellect his was—that many things that escape the ordinary man did not escape him.

Mr. Fox. Mention was made that Kipling knew his New Testament, and also his Old Testament. I could not help thinking as Mr. Bonney quoted the Antioch story, which I think was not published until 1932, that as long ago as 1894, E. V. Lucas wrote these words in the Pall Mall Gazette: "He knows enough to annotate a Bible verse by verse." When you think that at that moment Kipling was only 29 and that statement was passed upon what he had written at that time, we can imagine how much he did admire him. You know how fond Kipling was of altering a word or even a line from edition to edition and so you can always find fault with what other people think are his quotations. Very often, on being referred to two editions you will find that both lines are correct; but in "The Secret of the Machines," the third verse begins:—

" Do you wish to make the mountains bare their head  
And lay their new cut tresses at your feet? "

That is the original version as the poem came out. In the 1933 edition of "Inclusive Verse" the lines ran:—

" Do you wish to make the mountains bare their head  
And lay their new cut forests at your feet?"

I wrote the other day and said that I hoped that in any final edition of collected poems "tresses" will be replaced. "Tresses" is poetry and "forests" is prose.

**Mr. Brooking.** I should just like to say how pleased we all feel to have Mr. Bonney to give the paper to-night because he represents the Middlesex Hospital where Rudyard Kipling spent



his last hours. We have also here Mr. Webb-Johnson who was with him in his last hours, but he does not wish to say anything to-night. In the Academy there is an interesting picture—Kipling's old rooms at Villiers Street, looking across the river at Charing Cross. One other matter I would like to mention is that Mr. Kipling's will mentioned Fairbridge Farm. Mr. Kipling was very interested in that, and if anyone would like to know anything more about these schools I would be very glad to give any information. Upon this much-discussed "Recantation": I am the heretic who originally said it was Marie Lloyd, and although I have a great respect for Mr. Bazley, I still adhere to it.

**Mr. Gemmer.** Last year I quoted from "The True Romance." We were speaking of poetry and I said that of all the lovely things "The True Romance" should be put at the top of the list. "A Recantation": When it first came out I pencilled at the side—Yvette Guilbert. "Mr. Bazley says that it was not Marie Lloyd; but I am now convinced that it was Marie Lloyd, and I will take trouble and I will find out whether Marie Lloyd's son went to France "When thy son followed mine."

**Mr. J. G. Griffin.** I read Mr. Bonney's paper in the Middlesex Journal with great pleasure two or three weeks ago. I am very pleased to find him in the company of so expert a Kiplingite as Mr. Gemmer for bringing out in such a charming manner as he did the view that generally speaking the underlying essence of all Kipling's writing and outlook was that all endeavour in a worthy cause is true romance.

### *The Annual Conference and Luncheon, 1936.*

The Annual Conference of the Society was held on Wednesday, June 10th, at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, London. Major-General. L. C. Dunsterville, President of the Society, presided, and there was a good attendance of the Council and Members. The following are the Minutes of the proceedings.

1. **His late Majesty King George V.** The following Resolution was proposed by the President, seconded by Major Dawson and carried unanimously:—

"That the Kipling Society, assembled in Annual Conference, desire to place on record their profound grief at the death of his late Majesty King George V, and to submit to his Successor, His Majesty King Edward VIII, this expression of their loyal devotion to his Throne and Person."

2. **Rudyard Kipling.** The following Resolution was proposed by the President, seconded by Mr. John Sanderson and carried unanimously:—

' That the Kipling Society, assembled in Annual Conference, do hereby record their deep sense of the great loss suffered by the whole British Empire in the death of Rudyard Kipling, and do hereby reaffirm their promise to uphold the high principles for which he stood during his lifetime of devotion thereto."

3. **Annual Report and Accounts.** The President briefly reviewed the work of the Society during the past year and moved the adoption of the Annual Report and Accounts. Sir George MacMunn seconded and explained the accounts to the Meeting. The motion was carried unanimously.

4. **New Rules.** The Secretary explained to the Meeting the new Rules which had been passed by the Council, copies of which were produced to the members. On the proposal of Mr. Grierson, seconded by Mr. Mackenzie-Skues, the Rules were approved and adopted without amendment.

5. **President.** On the proposal of Mr. Brooking, seconded by Mr. Griffin, Major-General L. C. Dunsterville was with acclamation re-elected to this office for the ensuing year.

6. **Vice-Presidents and Honorary Officers.** The Vice-Presidents and Honorary Officers of the Society were unanimously re-elected for the coming year.

7. **Mr. S. A. Courtauld.** The co-option of Mr. S. A. Courtauld as a Councillor during the past year was unanimously confirmed by the Meeting.

8. **Council.** The following members of the Council who under the new Rules retire by rotation were unanimously re-elected:— Mr. G. C. Beresford, Lady Cunynghame, Mr. J. G. Griffin, Mr. R. E. Harbord and Captain E. W. Martindell,

9. **Discussion.** Miss Violet Tootal raised the question of the desirability of having non-British singers or reciters to interpret Kipling's works at Members' Meetings. Although there was a considerable difference of opinion, the general feeling of the Meeting was decidedly with Miss Tootal's views that only British artistes should be asked to render such items at our Meetings. On the suggestion of Lady Cunynghame it was unanimously agreed that non-British artistes be not invited in future unless there happened to be some very special and exceptional reason for departing from the rule.

Mrs. Featherstonehaugh raised the question of the desirability of continuing the Swastika in the Badge of the Society. After considerable discussion, the Meeting unanimously decided to leave the matter to be discussed and decided by the Council at their next Meeting.

Major Dawson raised the question of the rate of subscription for Australian and New Zealand members in view of the depreciation of the Australian £. The Meeting decided that this question should also be left to the Council for decision.

Being no time for the discussion of further points, the Meeting closed after carrying, on the proposal of Mr. Bazley, a hearty vote of thanks to the President for presiding.

#### THE LUNCHEON.

The Tenth Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society was held at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, on Wednesday, June 10th, 1936. Grace was said by the V. Rev. Dr. Foxley Norris, Dean of Westminster. In the Chair was Maj.-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I., President of the Society, who gave the toast of "The King" and spoke on "The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling":—

"I am invited to speak to you to-day on the subject of 'The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling.' I so seldom have the pleasure of being with you that you will allow me to take this opportunity of making a few general remarks. I will not dwell on our recent sad bereavement. I think that would not be quite in place, but it is in all our minds. I should just like to let you know that at the end of last year we had at last a really kindly recognition from Mr. Kipling; in acknowledging our birthday greetings he sent us a letter signed in his own handwriting. Secondly, in

dealing with the same subject, I would like to call the attention of you all to what splendid tributes were paid to our great writer in the papers of the United States. Those that I read I thought were extraordinarily good—in fact, I do not know whether we had anything as good on this side of the Atlantic. Also, just before our loss at the end of last year there was that beautiful medallion of which you have a picture in the Journal by Mr. Solton Engel of New York—a very artistic production.

" Then, this swastika business: somebody seems to think they have a sort of option on this. Yet we all know that the latest date is 2,500 years ago, and that fellow certainly pinched it from somebody else; so we should not get excited when somebody else uses our trademark. But there is a lot of feeling because a gentleman on the other side of the Channel has decided to put this on his various documents. I personally cannot work up any excitement. I am trying to, but it does not matter to me in the very least bit. Somebody told me a swastika story the other day: A member of our Society went to Germany with his Kipling badge in his buttonhole and was at once greeted with ' Heil, Hitler?' Then there is this story of a lady member of this Society who was walking down Unter den Linden in Berlin and she met a gentleman coming towards her, and he was covered with swastikas. She was not up in politics and went up to him and said: ' Hi ! do you belong to the Kipling Society?' He said: ' No, I don't.' So she said: ' Then it is not your business to wear that badge. Take it off!'

" Now I must get down to my subject which is to say a few words as to the lasting quality of Rudyard Kipling's work. It may perhaps seem early days to use the adjective " unfading " because he has been withdrawn from us so recently and we know that he was working up to the last. Many decades must pass before the enduring merit of his work can be truly tested. Still, we who are gathered here to-day who loved him and admired his undeniable genius are naturally apt to interest ourselves in this question. There is no doubt that the majority of us are convinced of the permanent qualities of his genius, but we must naturally ask ourselves: on what do we base our belief? In asking this question we shall feel our shortcomings—I especially do so—and we must take time to ponder over the proposition. Many of us have already thought and spoken on the subject, and I hope I

may offer to those who have not some material for their future consideration.

" I feel sure that even those critics who do not admire his work—the world would be very dull if we could all think one way—will grant him the attributes of genius, craftsmanship and sincerity. The immortality of Wordsworth, for instance, is founded on just those last two—craftsmanship and sincerity. Kipling's idealism also is prominent in all his works. He expressed the true spirit of the British Empire in a wider and far finer spirit than any of his contemporaries and he always kept the ideal side of Empire development prominent in his works and his speeches. The Briton might be foreordained to rule the 'new-caught, sullen peoples,' but only with a single eye to the ultimate good of the races entrusted to his care. This point is brought out by Kipling repeatedly from his early days in India to the very end when he is describing the young people of to-day. I might quote from 'On the City Wall,' but I do not wish these rather haphazard remarks of mine to partake of the nature of a lecture, and our time is limited.

" M. André Maurois says, in Kipling's heroic society, 'at the head is the Chief—the real Chief, for Kipling has no fondness or indulgence for the man who had the function without the virtues.' Now I want to make just one point here. I have spoken of Kipling's message to the Empire, but I do not wish to lay too much stress on that word 'Empire' because I think it is apt to cloud the vision of many of his readers. His genius far transcends the narrow limits of an Empire. He used the Empire as a medium to convey a message, in the first place to all English-speaking people, and, in a still wider sense, to humanity in general. A German critic whom I recently read was clever enough to observe this point and broadminded enough to praise the writer who had said such harsh things about his country.

" Kipling's human sympathies again are broad and generous; his characters of manual workers are drawn with admiration and insight. His enormous vocabulary and uncanny power of expression are conceded by all. Even a hostile critic—George Moore—wrote of Kipling's command of language: 'Others have written more beautifully, but no one that I can call to mind at this moment has written so copiously. Shelley and Wordsworth, Landor and Pater, wrote with part of the language, but who else,

except Whitman, has written with the whole language since the Elizabethans?'

"There is an excellent article by Katharine Fullerton Gerould in the April number of Harper's Magazine, entitled 'The Man who made Mulvaney.' She quotes Lord Tweedsmuir as saying: 'Rudyard Kipling seems to me the greatest figure in English literature in our time, and to have written much which is assured of immortality'; and later she says:—'For that is what Kipling during our period has been: the greatest living master of English prose . . . . He has also been one of the boldest and subtlest experimenters in English verse.'

"And now I may read to you an extract from a letter received from my friend Sir Aurel Stein which I only got last night from his camp in the wilds of Asia:—'I have always felt deeply grateful for the glamour which his perception of British labours in India and of Indian life and thought shed on my happy if arduous Lahore years. I remember so well the effect which the reading of the first poem from his pen in the C. & M. (one of those subsequently published in the Departmental Ditties) had upon me as I travelled to Lahore in 1888. It was a special boon of those years that I got to know his parents so well. They were wonderful personalities, so stimulating in many ways. I wonder when that biography, worthy of Kipling, will appear which will duly bring out the fact that the inheritance from both parents when combined, is at the foundation of his genius as an observer and writer. As far as I know, it has never been brought home adequately to the public.'

"In conclusion I would like to say that I quite realise I am very poorly qualified to deal with this subject. All I can hope to have done is to have put the matter before you, given you something to think over, which is the really chief value of any such address; but those of you who had the pleasure of listening to the delightful paper given by Mr. Victor Bonney may perhaps feel rather diffident in attacking a subject which has already been dealt with in such a masterly way."

Proposing the toast of "The Guests," **Commander Locker-Lampson. C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P.**, said.—

"I should like to thank our President for his admirable address and congratulate ourselves upon a really abiding contribution to the study of Rudyard Kipling. I listened enthralled to his speech;

he has a very great gift which really qualifies him to enter the House of Commons if he would only think that place worthy of his gifts. I admired this in particular: in the House of Commons nobody is allowed to read a speech—everybody does, but nobody is technically allowed to read a speech. Now the great gift of our Chairman is this—that he prepares a speech and never reads any part of it. He only gives us those lines from it in order to allow himself the freedom of wandering off the major point and filling up with brilliant flashes of intuition.

I would like before I sit down to assure those of us who are here for the first time as devotees of Kipling that we in losing this great man have lost what may seem at first sight to be the pivot of our existence; but, believe me, really the purpose of a Kipling Society only begins with the death of the man they honour and love. You have to remember that it is a very unusual thing for a society to be started about an eminent poet in his lifetime. Can you conceive of any Shakespeare societies in the age of Shakespeare? He never had criticism brought to bear on his plays and poems, and the idea of a society could never have occurred to anybody. Conceive of Dr. Johnson's amazement if a society in his honour had been started while he was alive! He would have ridiculed them out of existence. We must be frank about it. Rudyard Kipling naturally felt it a little inconvenient that there should be in existence a society that worshipped him. I think of all his qualities his modesty was the most captivating. I happened to meet him the week before he died, and it struck me that his two outstanding qualities were his incredible aliveness and his modesty. He did not like people worshipping him. Our august society was not probably always approved of by him. Yet the fact that there was in existence this Society during his lifetime has enabled the students of the real Kipling to collect material which we should never have got after he was dead, and therefore the Society has done wonders in having done what it has done, and it is up to it now to go ahead and to guarantee a constant and enduring effort in explaining Kipling to the coming generation. We are not here to assess his value, but we may need the magic of his wand, and I feel that that wand is more magic now that he is dead, and his words will walk up and down in our hearts as long as we live."

Lord Eustace Percy. M.P., responding, said:—

" I have to thank you on behalf of the Guests for your kind

hospitality to-day and especially for giving us the opportunity of listening to the Chairman's address. Commander Locker-Lampson has already described that address. I will not add to that description, but I will, if I may, as the best repayment that I can make to you for your hospitality, try to add a footnote to that address.

" I asked myself what it was in the genius of Rudyard Kipling which makes a man like myself, of my generation, who brought himself up in his boyhood on Kipling, what is there in Kipling which makes me still read and re-read the same things which I admired as a boy? That perhaps is not a bad test of what the unfading quality in his genius is. There are many answers and I am certainly not going to attempt to give them all here, but there are just two which I think I would mention most of all. One, of course, is that quality to which your Chairman alluded—his incredible artistry in words. It is always a job to see again how an idea or character or a situation is depicted in the medium of words and always exactly the right way. But in the second place there is one particular effect of that craftsmanship which to me stands out as perhaps the most enduring quality in Kipling's work and that is his marvellous power of evoking a scene. The test of a man's power of evoking a scene whether by the brush on a Canvas or by the pen on paper is whether those who know the scene depicted, those who have intimate associations with it recognize the portrait not only as being a portrait of the particular scene but as a portrait of it which is if anything better than the scene itself. One knows how difficult it is to paint a portrait to the satisfaction of anyone who knows the person. It is still more difficult to paint a scene to the satisfaction of anyone who has loved it; but just consider the sort of scenery evoked by Kipling in works written at the most various periods of his life. Take this country: the description of cloud shadows on a Northumbrian moor in ' Puck of Pook's Hill ' or the description of a dripping Autumn fog in Sussex in ' Friendly Brook.' Then again, passing to another Continent: the description of a rock-ribbed pasture in New England in ' The Walking Delegate '; the description in very few words of a week's ride through the Pennsylvania country up to the Blue Ridge in ' Rewards and Fairies '; and the description, again in Pennsylvania, of small town life there in one of the letters in ' From Sea to Sea.' All these things are scenes and reminiscences



of my own which I love and which have meant a great deal to me in my life, and the evocation of these scenes is to me completely satisfactory and brings to me not only the scenes but the atmosphere and, above all, the scent and the smell of the scene. I will only just touch on the third continent because it is a continent I hardly know, but I imagine that everyone here who knows India will say that the description in ' Kim ' of the Grand Trunk Road remains one of the most marvellous; word pictures of scenery, persons, atmosphere and smell that has ever been put on paper.

" That is my little tribute in thanks to you for your hospitality. May I add one personal reminiscence? I knew Mr. Kipling slightly. I met him periodically in the last years of his life and one thing that struck me was this : with all of what the outside world regarded as his intolerance in politics, what struck me was his extraordinary respect for the opinion of any man who was doing his best to form an opinion in the course of his own job. I remember once discussing with him the question of Indian Reform at the time of the Joint Select Committee's Report, and I never really knew his particular views on that subject though I can well imagine what they must have been; but his willingness, his eagerness to enter into the views of a younger man actually responsible for doing the job was extraordinary. I think he had a great intolerance of opinion and a tremendous tolerance of every man's efforts to do his job, the efforts of any man who did the work for which he drew the pay."

Proposing the Kipling Society, **Mr. E. H. Keeling, M.C., M.P.**, said:—

" I am the third M.P. who is addressing you this morning, and I feel that it is possible to have too much of a good thing; when I remember the first six words of Kipling's poem on ' Mr. Paget ' I feel he did not have a great respect for M.P.'s as such! When I was honoured by the invitation to propose the Society I sat down to read that admirable ' Kipling Journal,' and I was particularly struck with the most excellent epitome of Kipling's life by the Editor, Mr. Bazley. Although I once lived there, I never knew that Kipling 46 or 47 years ago lived in Embankment Chambers and wrote ' The Light that Failed ' there, until the night before last I happened to sit next to somebody who lived there with Kipling, and he told me one or two small things which may interest you. My acquaintance was ill there **for** some weeks.

Every day, although he had never spoken to him, Kipling sent him up a bunch of grapes. Another story was that when Kipling was extra busy he sported his oak—that is he locked the door of his flat and put a piece of paper on it with the one word ' Dead ' ! Embankment Chambers is only a stone's throw from this room and I find there is no tablet or plaque there. Sir Christopher Robinson tells me that one is shortly to be put up, but I am wondering whether one of the activities of this Society could not be to put up tablets or plaques on all the houses where Kipling worked, if the owners will agree.

" As Commander Locker-Lampson has said, the Kipling Society is one of the few societies founded in the lifetime of the Master. There was one other—founded in honour of the poet, Browning, which I have read once went to ask Browning whether he would be so kind to explain one of the more difficult lines of his poems. He told them he had not the slightest idea what it meant! I don't think that this Society would ever have to find it necessary to approach Kipling in that way because Kipling is certainly not obscure. It is perfectly true that some people find it necessary to use a dictionary when reading Kipling, but that is because, as Commander Locker-Lampson has already said, he was a master of English. Lord Eustace Percy said he used a minimum of words, but that was only in one sense of the word minimum. I have been told that Shakespeare used 16,000 different words—rather more than used in the Bible—and some earnest student of T. E. Lawrence discovered that Lawrence used more words than ever Shakespeare or the Bible! I wonder whether your Secretary in his spare time might not sit down and try to see whether Kipling did not beat either Shakespeare or the Bible or T. E. Lawrence!

" I am asked to couple with this toast not only that of your President, who is part of the toast, but the name of your Chairman, Sir George MacMunn, not only Chairman of the Council of the Kipling Society but also a great authority on the works of Kipling. He has trodden many of the paths which Kipling himself followed. I will ask you to drink, therefore, to the toast of the Society and its Chairman."

**Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.,** replied as follows:—

"It is an easy thing for me to return thanks for the way in which the toast of this Society has been drunk, but to do so

gracefully is no easy matter, especially as most of the graceful things have been said already; but there are one or two words I may be allowed to say on your behalf.

" Commander Locker-Lampson has told you how loath Mr. Kipling was at first for this Society to be founded owing to his innate modesty, and both Mr. Brooking and I had correspondence with him. I think what he really feared was that we might be rather fulsome and rather importunate. I think it is largely due to the influence of our President that we have avoided doing anything that might jar him at all. This was probably not known to you. Of course, as in duty bound, every year the Society sent him birthday greetings. Those greetings were at first acknowledged by a typewritten note from the secretary; but on the last occasion, only a few days before his death, our telegram was acknowledged by a written letter signed in his own hand. That is very clear proof that he realised that our reverence and enthusiasm had not been unsuitably expressed. That letter will be for ever one of your most treasured documents in your archives.

" One point: I would like to strike rather a different note in the discussion of the question of the swastika for which Herr Hitler, as well as Mr. Kipling and ourselves has delved far into time for our emblem. It has been suggested that we should change that emblem. I think the best answer to that is a little story of Mr. Kipling. A good many years ago, on that occasion when he lay very ill in the United States, the Kaiser sent a telegram of sympathy and good wishes for his recovery. His wife took it in to him. Mr. Kipling said, or is said to have said: 'Damn his impudence!' I think that really settles the emblem question!

' There but remains for me to thank Mr. Keeling and those who have drunk the health of the Society and have been good enough to couple my name with it."

### *Letter Bag*

**A** PROPOS of General Dunsterville's remarks about the word "debunk," as quoted in the last number of the Kipling Journal:—

To "debunk" is to remove the "bunk," which is the short for "bunkum" from anything; "bunkum" being nonsense, foolishness, or deception. In regard to the word the Century Dictionary says:—

Buncombe, bunkum. *Bunkum*, a county of North Carolina: see extract from Bartlett below.) Empty talk; pointless speech making; balderdash. "When a crittur talks for talk's sake, jist to have a speech in the paper to send home, and not for any other airthly puppus but electioneering, our folks call it *bunkum*."—Haliburton.

*To talk for Buncombe*, to speak for effect on persons at a distance, without regard to the audience present.

The origin of the phrase "talking for Buncombe" is thus related in Wheeler's "History of North Carolina":—

"Several years ago, in Congress, the member for this district arose to address the House, without any extraordinary powers, in manner or matter, to interest the audience. Many members left the hall. Very naively he told those who remained that they might go too: he should speak for some time, but he was only '*talking for Buncombe*'."—Bartlett.

L. H. CHANDLER,

Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

### *The Secretary's Corner*

The dates for Members' Meetings next Session have been fixed as follows: Afternoon Meetings on October 21st and December 9th, 1936 and on February 17th and April 7th. Evening Meetings on January 13th and June 15th, 1937.

The Annual Conference and Luncheon will take place next year on Wednesday, June 16th, 1937.

All the above functions will take place at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2., where our experience this year has been a very happy one.

The Annual Conference this year was a particularly interesting one, and many members expressed points of view on various subjects which were most interesting and valuable to the Council who, after all, exist chiefly to carry on the business and activities of the Society in general accord with the

members' wishes. As this is the only opportunity during the year when members have a chance of expressing their views, it is to be hoped that we shall in future have a better attendance at the Conference which is not, as some members appear to think, merely a necessary and dull formality but an important and necessary liaison between the Members and the Council

C. H. R.

*Note* :—We have been informed that the Hotel Victoria will not be used for meetings as stated; the place where the meetings are to be held will be announced later.

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by Rudyard Kipling

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