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of the
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The Spectator

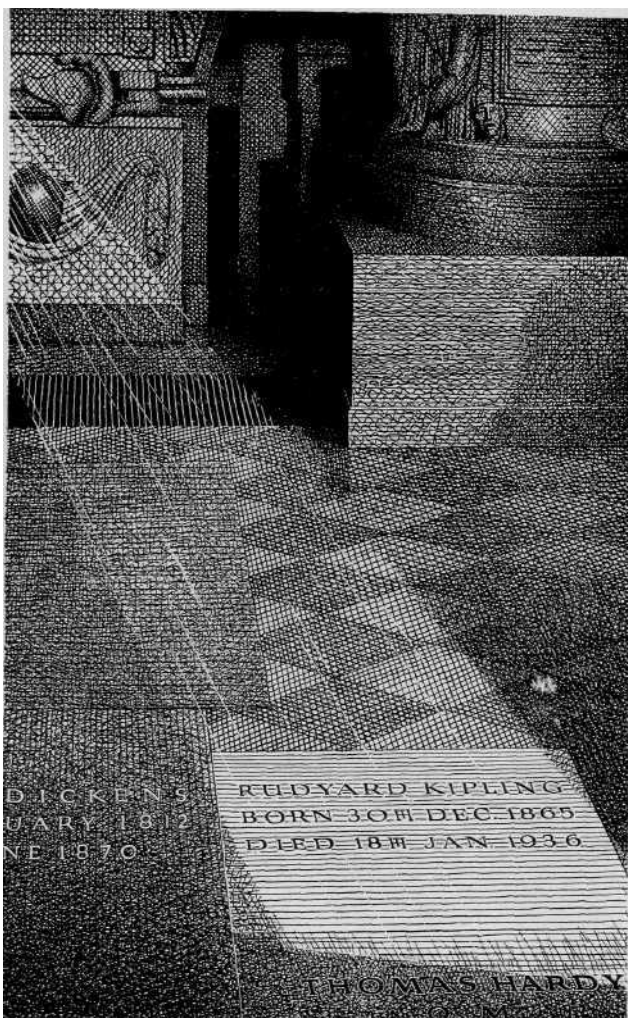
THE PREDOMINANT WEEKLY

EVERY thoughtful person to-day realises the importance of keeping adequately informed on public questions, both domestic and foreign. But it is by no means easy. Life is crowded and public affairs are increasingly complex. Some clarification and explanation is needed. *The Spectator* exists to provide that. Independent in its outlook, standing for ordered progress but associated with no political party, it discusses the chief issues of the day, political, industrial, economic, scientific, religious, social and literary, both in editorial articles and notes and in signed contributions by writers of recognised authority.

To busy people who have little time to read the daily press, *The Spectator* is especially useful. Its aim is to insure readers against missing the true bearing of any event

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

EVERY **6**^{D.} FRIDAY



DICKENS
JARY 1812
NE 1870

RUDYARD KIPLING
BORN 30th DEC. 1865
DIED 18th JAN. 1936

THOMAS HARDY
© M

The Kipling Journal

The Organ of the Kipling Society

QUARTERLY

No. 46

JULY, 1938

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News and Notes

OUR illustration in this number shows the Grave of our Master in Poets' Corner reproduced from a sketch by Harvey Publicity Ltd. His own lines suggest the peace of his resting place :—

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

For he lies with a noble company, neighbour to two other great creators of character. Browning's "A Grammarian's Funeral" gives him an appropriate epitaph :—

Lofty designs must close in like effects :
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.

For those who may like this memento in more portable form this picture has been reproduced in postcard form at 2d. each, 1s. 9d. per dozen.

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The fourth Meeting of the 1937-38 Session was held at the Washington Hotel, Curzon Street, W.1, on Wednesday, 16th March at 4.30 p.m. Mr. Austin Hall, Member of Council, gave a Paper entitled "Kipling and the Builders," which proved a most interesting subject and shed new light on a facet of Kipling's genius that is somewhat neglected by the ordinary reader. Capt. W. E. Gladstone-Solomon

was in the Chair, giving us another link with the early days of our Master—it will be remembered that Capt. Gladstone-Solomon was Principal of the School of Art at Bombay where Kipling was born. Before the Paper, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking said a few words about the late G. C. Beresford (M'Turk of "Stalky & Co."); the Secretary proposed a vote of sympathy with Mr. G. de la Poer Beresford, Mr. Beresford's nephew and next of kin, which was carried unanimously. Mr. W. G. B. Maitland, Hon. Librarian, then proposed that a message of congratulation be sent to M. André Maurois, one of our distinguished French Vice-Presidents, who had just been created a K.B.E.; this was unanimously endorsed. M. Maurois has just been elected a Member of the French Academy also. The Chairman then introduced the Lecturer:—"It is usual on these occasions for the Chairman to introduce the Lecturer; I would suggest that it would be more appropriate if Mr. Austen Hall, who is well known to you, were to introduce me to you. You may wonder why I have been given the privilege of taking the Chair at this gathering. The reason is that it was my good fortune while in India to reside for nearly eighteen years in the compound where Rudyard Kipling was born—where Mr. Lockwood Kipling lived for some ten years. I realised what a considerable part the crafts of India played in the inspiration of Kipling's work—he paid tribute to his birthplace in the poem, 'To the City of Bombay:'

Mother of Cities to me,
But I was born in her gate,
Between the palms and the sea,
Where the world-end steamers wait.

I will now call upon Mr. Austen Hall."

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The fifth Meeting of the 1937-38 Session was held at the Washington Hotel, Curzon Street, W.1., on Wednesday, May 18th at 8.30 p.m. Mr. W. G. B. Maitland (Hon. Librarian), in the Chair, opened the Meeting:—"Before we begin I must tell you that Sir Christopher Robinson is unable to be here to-night; unfortunately, he is laid up with lumbago. It is my very great pleasure to welcome here a new member, Mr. Capel Hall, who, in view of his knowledge and research in connection with Kipling's stories, should have been a member long ago. He is going to give us a Paper entitled 'Mrs. Bathurst—They.'" After the Discussion Mr. R. E. Harbord proposed the vote of thanks to the Lecturer for his most interesting Paper; this was seconded by Mr.

J. G. Griffin, and carried unanimously. Mr. T. C. Angus proposed the vote of thanks to the singer :—" I have the greatest pleasure in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Stanley Hoban and his charming accompanist; the Lecturer mentioned his difficulties in regard to the stories—I think the same can be very well said about some of the songs. They are very difficult to sing, but Mr. Hoban has certainly put a delightful punch into them. We all enjoyed them very much indeed." Major E. Dawson, seconding, said :—" Like you all, I have appreciated Mr. Hoban's songs. In most of them he showed us something that, perhaps, we had not grasped before, particularly in ' Boots, ' "

(Owing to lack of space in this number, Mr. Capel Hall's Paper will be printed in the September issue).

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The sixth Meeting of the 1937-38 Session was held at the Washington Hotel, Curzon Street, W.1, on Wednesday, 21st July at 8.30 p.m. We had the great pleasure of seeing our President, Stalky (Major-General L. C. Dunsterville) in the Chair, and were glad to notice that he enjoyed better health. A very good programme had been arranged : there were two Papers : the first by Miss E. Plowden, " With the Kiplings in India "—the second by Miss Florence Macdonald (we are happy to welcome her as a Member of the Council), ' Some Memories of My Cousin.' These were followed by Miss Florence Marks, who needs no introduction ; Miss Marks gave eight short recitations in her own felicitous style—as an interpreter of the Master's poems she has no superior and few equals. Our President, who was in good form, spoke briefly :—" I have pleasure in calling upon Miss Plowden to speak to us on the subject, ' With the Kiplings in India.' Miss Plowden is an authority on the parents of Kipling, it is a privilege to hear one who was so intimate with them speak on this subject. Lovers of Kipling do not realise what a very good start he had in life, in those very remarkable people, his father and mother. I hope, some day, we shall have something printed about them ; I cannot understand why nobody, so far, has undertaken this extremely interesting and important task. When I was in the Punjab as a youngster, when Kipling was working on the staff of the *Civil & Military Gazette*, I remember the Plowden family—one of the best known in that part of India." There was no discussion after these two Papers ; the vote of thanks to the Lecturers was proposed by Mr. B. M. Bazley, Hon. Editor :—" We ought to be deeply grateful that we have with us to-night two such wonderful ' reminiscers.'

Miss Plowden has given us some interesting facts about Kipling's parents. J. L. Kipling is portrayed in his own book, 'Beast and Man in India,' to some extent ; Miss Plowden has amplified this and has also given a great picture of Mrs. J. L. Kipling. Miss Macdonald has told us just those interesting little things about Rudyard Kipling's personality which are so nice to hear—little details which give a key to the work of any great man, be he author, sailor or soldier." The vote was enthusiastically carried. Col. Kennedy Shaw proposed the vote of thanks to the reciter :—" I should like you to join with me in thanking Miss Marks. She is a countrywoman of mine ; I know of few things more appalling to an Irishman than to hear his language spoken in English—I was much relieved to hear such a remarkable rendering of an Irish story."

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A Special Meeting of the Kipling Society was held on March 31st, in the hall of the Royal Empire Society, with Col. Sir Archibald Weigall, K.C.M.G., in the Chair, supported by Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O. Sir Archibald Weigall, in opening the Meeting, said that nothing could be more appropriate than the Kipling Society holding a meeting in the premises of the Royal Empire Society. He had had the privilege of the friendship of Rudyard Kipling and noted that, though the English were an unemotional race, Kipling had been able to inflame Imperial emotion in the most phlegmatic ; he had lit a torch that had sometimes burned so brightly that some were scorched by it, but for the few who were scorched, hundreds of thousands were helped. In reply Sir George MacMunn thanked the Royal Empire Society for their hospitality and told the audience about the foundation of the Kipling Society by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, Major.-General Dunster-ville (Stalky), and the Late Mr. G. C. Beresford (M'Turk). Kipling himself had not encouraged the Society that bore his name ; in fact, he was so modest and retiring that the beginnings had to be rather quiet. Still, this society now had branches all over the world, particularly in the Empire and in the United States of America. Such a society was necessary, for, in spite of its glories, our race had a small, though vociferous 'yellow streak' which was bitterly opposed to the manly sentiments voiced by Kipling ; this society had for one of its primary objects the stimulation and expansion of these sentiments. Sir George concluded his remarks with a resume of the work done by the Kipling Society.

During the evening Miss Florence Marks (late of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin) gave a recital of many of Kipling's finer pieces. Miss Marks displayed an amazing versatility ; her selection was wide, yet each piece had the atmosphere essential to its proper rendering. Her performance was an emphatic refutation of the vulgar statement that no woman can recite Kipling's soldier verses and tales. Perhaps the gem of her programme was an impressive rendering of " The Love Song of Har Dyal," to the setting by Mrs. Batten—unaccompanied, which conveyed the plaintive *genre* of the exquisite little poem to perfection. Then, by way of contrast, " The Ballad of the Bolivar," equally perfect in character and technique. With Miss Marks there is no mouthing—no 'elocuting'—no theatricality ; she gives the piece as the author conceived it. More could not be desired.

This eminently successful Meeting was concluded by Sir Archibald Weigall expressing the thanks of all present to Sir George MacMunn and Miss Marks ; he also invited the visitors to inspect the very beautiful new building which now houses the Royal Empire Society.

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With this issue members will receive a copy of the Society's Christmas Card, to enable them to order their copies in good time.

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Branch Reports

Victoria, B.C., Canada. As a result of the contest held at the Annual Dinner in December, five illustrated books of Kipling's children's stories were given to the Fairbridge Farm School on Vancouver Island ; letters of appreciation and thanks have been received.

The monthly Meetings in January, February, and March were held at the homes of different members ; readings of articles about Kipling's life and some of his poetry were given, followed by discussions. The Society has received a copy of an interesting address, " Kipling and the Doctors," by Dr. D. E. H. Cleveland, of Vancouver, which he had read before the Medical Association of Vancouver in January. Selections from this were read by the Vice-President, K. C. Symons at the March Meeting when the members were asked to contribute some original " Limericks " on Kipling and his characters ; some clever and amusing responses resulted.

Auckland, N.Z. The Branch has suffered a severe loss in the death of its senior Vice-President, Mr. Townley-Little, who passed away on

March 3rd. An indefatigable worker as Chairman of Committee, his ability, humour and charming personality endeared him to all the members, while his deep knowledge of Kipling's works enabled him to "speak as one having authority." R.I.P.

The Season 1937-38 has been a year of progress, the membership now being 63. The Branch may congratulate itself on the very high standard of Papers read on every occasion. The Scrap-book Competition was a brilliant success, twelve competitors sending in books of real merit. The Annual Meeting and Election of Officers was held on March 29th, when an address of appreciation of the late Mr. Townley-Little was given by the Rev. C. E. Perkins. The programme for the coming season will be devoted to Kipling's short stories : Mr. D. W. Faigan will open with "The Janeites."

Cape Town, S.A. The birth of this Branch was mentioned in our last issue ; we are very glad indeed to hear that it is now forging ahead steadily. A most successful Meeting was held in the Board Room at the Office of the *Cape Times*, with Mr. Geo. H. Wilson, President, in the Chair. From E. E. Benham, Hon Secretary, we have received the MS., of the fine Paper read by Mr. H. G. Willmot on this occasion ; we hope to be able to print this in a future number, and that it may be read at a Meeting in London. We offer Mr. Willmot our heartiest congratulations on such an effective "kick-off" for the Branch.

Manitoba. Mr. R. V. Waitt, Hon. Secretary of the Branch, has recently retired from business, so he intends to devote more time to the affairs of the Branch, for which he is so energetic a worker. From the President, Major-General H. D. B. Ketchen, we have received the words of the message that he sent to the South African Branch :—"Allow me to add my congratulations on this occasion. It is very fine to see this expansion, and our Manitoba Branch, just now in the midst of snow and ice, are happy to send our fraternal Greetings to the latest edition, situated under the equator. I am sure with South Africa's close connections with the Master, it will provide the incentive for success in your organization. Good luck to you."

Melbourne. A strong Branch of the Society has just been formed

at Melbourne under the Presidency of Dr. A. S. Joske, an enthusiastic collector of Kipling's works. Amongst the Branch Committee we are delighted to see one of our Vice-Presidents, General Sir Julius Bruche. Mr. Donald Mackintosh has kindly undertaken the work of Honorary Secretary and Dr. H. Boyd Graham that of Honorary Treasurer. The Branch has started with a membership of no less than forty members and our hearty congratulations are offered to Dr. Joske and his colleagues to all of whom we offer our warmest welcome to our "Kipling Family." The address of the Branch offices is Chanorry, 14, Collins Street, Melbourne. If the Melbourne Branch continue as they have begun, Mrs. Buchanan and our Auckland members will have to look to their laurels !

Books and Reviews

Supplement to Bibliography of the Works of Rudyard Kipling (1927) by Flora V. Livingston. (Cambridge, Mass. Harvard University Press. 10 \$.).

Since her bibliography was published in 1927 Mrs. Livingston has occupied herself with this supplement, which takes us up to the end of 1937, and is a most praiseworthy effort, purposing to embrace practically everything that relates to Kipling. As one would expect from a book written mainly for Americans Mrs. Livingston is strongest on American issues and has given an exhaustive list of these, recording even the slightest publications. She is not so strong on Kipling's early Indian work, notably that which appeared in the *Civil & Military Gazette*, Lahore, and probably has been compelled to rely on the researches of others. Of the uncollected stories belonging to the "Plain Tales from the Hills" series she ignores the fact that "A Straight Flush" and "A Scrap of Paper" were definitely established as being from Kipling's pen by the late Mr. W. C. Crofts, as also was "The Installation at Jammu." The title of "The Explanation" as it originally appeared in *The Calcutta Review* was "The Legend of Love and Death" and not as stated on p. 112. In any future edition such errors as "Yussef" for "Yussuf," "Delphi" for "Delhi," "Dak Patan" for "Pak Patan," "Jammu" for "Jummu," "Gringer Spuds" for "Grincher Spuds," "A Burger of the Free State" for "A Burgher," etc., and "Sons of the Suburb" for "Sons of the Suburbs" should be corrected, as well as the statement that "The Dove of Dacca" was first collected in "The Seven Seas," London, 1896 (it was not collected in England till "Songs from Books," 1912). Proof should be given, too, of such

statements as appear on p. no about the authorship of "The Bushman's Daughter," and on p. 183 as to the number of the pirated pamphlets being "always more, perhaps ten or twelve," which latter statement savours entirely of guess work. Apart from these blemishes the book with its lists of translations, books printed in Braille, portraits and caricatures of the Master, and books about him will be welcomed by serious collectors, booksellers and libraries, but we fear most people will shy at the price. Mrs. Livingston at any rate can now feel that she has earned a rest from her arduous labours for at least another decade.

Since our last issue we have to note several more volumes of the magnificent Sussex Edition (Macmillan & Co.) have appeared : Vol. XVI., "Land and Sea Tales" and "Thy Servant a Dog"—in this is included "The Tabu Tale;" Vol. XVII., "Stalky & Co."—contents as in "The Complete Stalky & Co.;" Vol. XIX., "The Naulahka"; Vol. XX. "Captains Courageous"; Vol. XXI., "Kim"; Vols. XXII and XXIII., "From Sea to Sea"; and Vol. XXIV., "Letters of Travel"—with "Brazilian Sketches."

The *Sussex County Magazine* for April contained a short but pithy article by our Hon. Librarian on "Kipling's Sussex Poems," which leads us to hope that, some day, these delightful verses will be collected in a small volume of their own. As Mr. Maitland says :—"When one reads a poem like 'Puck's Song' it is difficult to realize that Kipling was not a Sussex man born and bred." Mr. Maitland also broke ground recently in the local paper at Bideford.

Sir George MacMunn's "Rudyard Kipling: Craftsman" has appeared in its second and revised edition; it is available to members at a considerably reduced price. All students and lovers of Kipling's work ought to keep this book by them for reference.

Maggs Bros. Ltd., have just issued an interesting catalogue of Kipling items (No. 663). This contains a large number of 'firsts' and copyright editions, and a really remarkable series of Autograph Letters.

Answers to "Another Kipling Examination Paper."

(The above "Examination Paper" appeared in our December issue, but owing to lack of space in March the answers could not be printed in the number.)

1. 'Menowderin ' and minanderin ' and blandandhering.'
(' The God from the Machine '—" Soldiers Three ").
2. Learoyd's dying sweetheart. (' Liza Roantree in ' On Greenhow Hill'— " Life's Handicap").
3. Mrs. Poone. ('The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot '—" Many Inventions").
4. 'somethin' Brutt.' ('The Jacket'—" The Seven Seas").
5. The grampus. (" ' Captains Courageous' ").
6. Meeting Mark Twain. (" From Sea to Sea ").
7. Peroo. (" The Bridge-Builders ").
8. The fat M.P. (' The Flag of Their Country '—" Stalky & Co. ").
9. Chuchundra, the musk-rat (' Rikki-tikki-tavi '—" The Jungle Book").
10. The Ladies' Home Journal. (' The Captive '—" Traffics and Discoveries").
11. 'Some successful Kings and Queens.' ('The Files'—"The Five Nations").
12. ' Talks and such ' and ' torques and such.' (' Merrow Down ' "Just So Stories").

Prize Essay Competition

This year the assessors (Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn, Capt. E. W. Martindell and Mr. B. M. Bazley, Hon. Editor) report a very high standard of excellence in the essays submitted to them for this Competition ; the first three were very close in order of merit, though by no means leniently marked. Below is the list of competitors and their schools :

Name	School	Marks (300 max.)
1. P. I. M. Robertson	Dover College	260
2. S. Stevenson	Wycombe Abbey, Bucks	258
3. G.R.H.B. Stewart	Trinity College, Glenalmond	255
4. G. A. Higgs	Cheltenham Ladies' College	235
5. L. A. Guppy	Victoria College, Jersey	230
E. M. Boyce	Cheltenham Ladies' College	230
7. E.L.Pemberton	Francis Holland School, S.W.	225
R. Goodricke	Bedford High School	225
9. E. Williamson	Cheltenham Ladies' College	215
10. T. A. Dorey	Victoria College, Jersey	210
J. Gould	Francis Holland School, S.W.I.	210
12. A. Carus-Wilson	Oxford High School	205
13. B. T. W. Stewart	Trinity College, Glenalmond	190
14. E. Russell	Francis Holland School, S.W.I.	175
15. A.B.McIntosh	Bedford High School	160
E. Macnaughton	Bedford High School	160
17. Le Quesne	Victoria College, Jersey	145

To the Memory of R.K.

By MICHAEL MASON

Delight of my childhood—his babe-tales were bliss to me
 Wide-eyed, close nestling like mother who read them ;
 Every word a valued friend, awaited ere she spoke it ;
 Stories each time dearer, oft as I heard them.
 Priest of my boyhood—all through the awkward years
 Blindfold we scale ragged cliffs in our growing
 Counsel sane his writings gave ; food for dreams in solitude ;
 Ways and ideals of men ; beauty and laughter.

Friend of my manhood—across the world I brought him
 Tales, ill-told, of snow and sea, frost and desert,
 Strange wild beasts and men untamed. Smiling he would hear them.
 " Child, thou art mad'." he laughed. " Lose not thy madness."

Master at whose feet I sat—him I brought my writings.
 Spared he ne'er my faults nor his labours to teach me ;
 Heaped upon me ropes of pearls—rubies of his wisdom.
 " Child, thou makest good !" said he. " Cease not from writings."

Never again, alas ! the merry tales and laughter !
 Gone the plain straight counsel ; the wondrous understanding !
 The glamour of his gentle presence lost in a chill emptiness ;
 All that lifts my sorrow ; gladness that I knew him !

(This poem is the dedication in Mr. Mason's great book, " The Paradise of Fools." He was staying at Bateman's the week before Kipling died. Our Master went through the MS., and made many alterations ; it was, therefore, his last piece of literary work. By Mr. Mason's kind permission we are permitted to print this fine tribute.)

Rudyard Kipling' s Parents in India

By Miss E. R. PLOWDEN

(To our great regret, this Paper can only be given in abbreviated form, owing to pressure on our space).

JOHN and Alice Kipling were married in 1865 when both were 28.

It need hardly be said that Alice Macdonald, a bright attractive girl, might have been married before. V I ought to have met John earlier," she said regretfully. But the shaping of their characters during this time,

by circumstances none too easy, helped to give us Rudyard. They became engaged soon after their first meeting. Mrs. Kipling said that they never for a moment doubted they were made for each other. The first or second time John Kipling went to the Rev. George Macdonald's house he arrived in the evening. Mr. Macdonald was starting family prayers. He paused as John slipped in, and then started the evening lesson ! "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." As far as Alice Macdonald was concerned it was true.

Mr. Kipling, educated as an architect, was chosen, when a youth, from the South Kensington students, to work on the decoration of the buildings of the Museum, then under construction. This brought him into notice, and *there* came to him the opportunity of a lifetime. A wealthy Parsee gentleman had offered a sum of money to found a School of Art in Bombay, if the Government would find a man to undertake it from the beginning. This post was offered to John Kipling. He accepted it and a quiet wedding took place in Old Kensington Church—since pulled down ; they were married from Mrs. Burne-Jones' House (Mrs. Kipling's sister) in Kensington Square. At the wedding breakfast Ford Maddox Brown, who never could recall correctly the names of his friends, steadily spoke of John Kipling as John Gilpin. Soon after their marriage in March, 1865, they went to Bombay ; to a woman of Alice Kipling's ardent love of new experience the change from the smoky Midlands *to* the romantic beauty of Bombay must have influenced the temperament of her son, born on December 30th. Mrs. Kipling's younger sister, Louisa, the mother of Stanley Baldwin, was godmother to her nephew and suggested Rudyard for his baptismal name because of the parent's first meeting at Rudyard Lake.

Miss Edith Macdonald, Mrs. Kipling's youngest sister, who had a happy gift of seeing below the surface, noted how fortunate it was that Mr. Kipling from the first did not attempt to foist English Art on Indian. Instead, he carefully cultivated native arts of pottery, weaving and carving that were in danger of dying out. After ten years' work beginning with a few pupils, he left a fine school in buildings, of which he was the architect. He was then sent to Lahore to carry out a similar scheme in the Punjab ; he started again with a few pupils in a shabby, empty one-storied house, but when he left India—I think in 1895—he again left a large flourishing school.

His knowledge on all subjects seemed encyclopaedic. You couldn't take a walk with him without learning something of interest. Once in a Wiltshire lane he pulled up a plantain weed, common to both England

and India, and told me of the manufacturing industries where it was used and the process it went through for use in India. Nothing escaped his eye and his quiet voice and beautiful diction made the dryest subject interesting. His memory was a marvel. Mrs. Kipling once said to me :—" John never forgets anything he has seen or heard. I think his brain is as good as Rudyard's, but Rudyard's is concentrated on literature and John's is active in many directions." Rudyard's parents were admirably mated for happiness with congenial tastes and contrasted temperaments. John with studious habits and wide knowledge would have been content to add to it without turning it to account, if his wife had not encouraged him to do so. She had a happy gift of finding out what anyone could do and setting them to work. They added to their moderate income by writing to the leading papers in Bombay, the Punjab, and N.W. Provinces. In my long and intimate acquaintance with them I noticed how everyone both in India and England applied to John for information on every sort of subject. He would write long and careful papers for them, full of valuable information. Once I protested against the way he allowed lazy people to use his brains, but he made no reply at all ; I think he enjoyed helping others.

Lord Lytton by desire of the Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, was to proclaim the Queen Empress of India at Delhi on January 1st, 1877. Lord Lytton, a farseeing statesman with the imagination of a poet, quickly realised that, though 50 different languages are spoken in India and that the Rajput, Sikh, Gurkha and Bengali are as varied in type as Europeans, all alike have the oriental love of colour, pageants, ceremony. Heraldic banners would appeal to all the different tribes and races coming to the Imperial Assemblage. This unifying sentiment could be used to bring peace and goodwill between hostile tribes. His idea of presenting heraldic banners to each of the 63 reigning chieftains was an inspiration, pleasing all without exciting jealousy. But who was to design them? No one among his advisers knew anything about heraldry. Someone suggested there was an Art School at Lahore, and John Kipling was sent for ; he had taken up heraldry as a boy, and his wonderful memory retained all he had read and learnt. In September he undertook to design and make banners for about 70 in all. He could not have done this without the aid of his wife. The best Chinese satin in all colours was procured. He made the drawings ; she cut out the satin and even hand-worked details on some of the banners with her skilful

needle. By the middle of December the work was completed—almost a miracle, though Wheeler Wilson in his immense work on the Proclamation never even mentioned them or Mr. Kipling, yet on January 1st, every Chieftain sat under his own banner. Lord Lytton's banner is to-day placed over the musician's gallery in Knebworth House. When honours were given, John Kipling was astonished and delighted to receive a silver medal and a bag containing 500 Rupees. I thought he ought to have had a gold medal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kipling left India in 1895 and spent 15 years at Tisbury, happy as always in the daily round (it was a quiet village) and working to the last. Rudyard was a devoted son to both parents. To his father these last years he wrote, I think, daily ; there seemed a peculiar tie between them. " I feel the loneliest creature on God's earth to-day," he said to me as we returned together from his father's funeral. We had returned from his mother's funeral a few weeks earlier.

It had been a perfect marriage of forty-five years. He could not live without her. Who could regret that in Death they were not long divided ?

Some Memories of My Cousin

BY MISS FLORENCE MACDONALD

IT has been truly said, " Memory is a crazy witch, she treasures bits of rag and straw, and throws her jewels out of the window," so doubtless many of my jewels are lost, and I can only give you the fragments—very precious to me—which remain.

No one will be surprised to hear that Rudyard Kipling was remarkable from his earliest years ; and, *apropos* of his first visit to our home when he was about four years of age, my father described him in a letter as a " formidable element in the home," which one can readily believe. At the age of six months his mother wrote of him :—" He notices everything he sees, and when he is not sitting up in his ayah's arms, he turns round to follow things with his eyes very comically." Of his sister, when a little under two, she wrote :—" She develops a talent for apposite quotation;" while Ruddy, aged four, was perplexing himself with abstruse subjects, and said one day :—" I can't imagine what God made me of. It can't be dust, because there's red blood inside me!"

But my memories begin when he was about twelve years of age and sometimes joined our family circle for his holidays, when his coming was hailed with joy by us children, but perhaps with less enthusiasm by our mother who had already six of her own ; he was several years older than we were, and a precocious boy at that ; with insatiable curiosity and exhaustless enterprise, he often led the whole party of us into trouble. But we in the nursery found him a delightful playfellow and story teller, always full of enthusiasm and new ideas. I remember an occasion when he had his ears boxed by a railway porter for impudence, and he returned to our house swelling with rage and mortification. He stormed up and down the place, telling us all about it, then pulled himself together and returned to Addison Road Station to repeat the offence.

After those days our lives lay apart—his, at school, in India, America and other places ; and with the exception of a few occasions when we met at family gatherings, I did not see much of him, till in his early married life I paid a memorable visit to his home in Devonshire. I was somewhat young for my years, unsophisticated and impressionable, and I shall never forget, and shall always be thankful for, his influence on me in those days. He possessed the charm of making one feel that he was interested in everything one said or thought or did. He was never bored and would kindly encourage, or, (should occasion require,) gently rebuke. I always felt that he had the qualities of a seer, for, with his inspired insight, he seemed to get beneath the surface and bring to light the real man or woman—not for merciless dissection, but to show the hidden good, the unsuspected valour, or the tremulous fear, and to meet it with a sympathetic understanding which was bracing, not relaxing, in its influence.

It was a tremendous privilege for a girl to have such a friend, and he taught me some valuable lessons. There has been no one in my life to whom I could speak as frankly and as openly as I did to him. We discussed everything—religion, love, politics, sex, and he gave me many wise aphorisms with regard to the conduct of life in general. Once when I was suffering from a long period of ill health he commended me for keeping what he called " a stiff upper lip," and that encouraging expression has helped me through many a " mauvais quart d'heure " ever since.

There is no doubt that he understood the working of a woman's mind. His mother once told me that someone said to her :—" What a lot you must have taught your son about women." " On the contrary," replied my aunt ; " what a lot my son has taught me." I

remember a salutary hour when he looked through some of my own attempts at verse—kindly but firmly criticising, deleting here, putting in there—showing faults of metre and scansion. In one case he crushed me by saying " Not a good line in it, my dear," and while I was feeling like drowning myself he lifted me up to a seventh heaven by picking up another, and exclaiming :—" But this is damned good." Then he told me that if I slogged at it, so many hours a day, regularly, for years, I might some day write good verse, adding " You see, there's ink in the blood of the Macdonalds."

I never heard him say a bitter or harsh word of any other writer, though I do remember when Barrie published " Margaret Ogilvy," which was supposed to be the story of his mother, he expressed surprise that anyone could make " Copy " of such a sacred thing as his mother.

And what a variety of subjects he could talk about ! His knowledge was encyclopaedic, his memory phenomenal—and it was at your service, not as from a patronising pedant, but just as something naturally to be shared with you. I have walked over the Sussex Downs with him while he talked as the spirit moved him, sometimes reciting his latest poems to me, or outlining a story. I have tramped the Devon lanes with him in February, on his eager quest for signs of Spring, his whole being thrilled with promise of beauty. Walking near his Sussex estate he would point out to me the various places associated with his " Puck " stories narrating the incidents so vividly that I expected to meet the characters at every turn of the road. Only two years before his death he pointed out to me a scar on the hillside into which he longed to dig, as he expected to find traces of the forges when Sussex was a land of iron foundries in the days of long ago. And he showed me the mill stream which served the mill that was named in Domesday Book.

And how quickly he could change from being the philosopher and historian, and become a rare playfellow. Once, in crossing a field we found a little brook, he quickly made a paper boat, and with sticks to guide it, we two grown-ups had a merry half hour.

His love of children was a very marked trait in his character : on our walks he would speak to every child he met, or take me into cottages to introduce me to some plump babe. It was a fascinating sight to see him play with a child, for he became a child himself, looking at the game from a child's point of view. I was peremptorily dismissed from the game as too grown-up. I remember when he was a schoolboy how fascinated he was with a tiny babe in our home. He would sit by the cradle holding the little hand in his own grimy paw, and he wrote in a

letter at that time that he thought a baby the "prettiest thing in the world." How well he understood a child's point of view is evidenced in his "Just So" Stories, where he anticipates just the kind of questions a child would ask, and in his illustrations he puts in all the details that a child would expect to find there. I had the pleasure of hearing him tell these tales to children, an unforgettable experience, each phrase having its special intonation or emphasis.

Everyone realises his love and understanding of animals as shown in his writings, the *Jungle Book* introducing us to a world of creatures that thought, felt, and reasoned like human beings, and no one can read **his** dog stories and poems without seeing what a special love he had for them. His own dogs were real companions, and he knew what it meant to "give your heart to a dog to tear." No one on his estate was allowed to use a gun, and when the wild rabbits became too numerous he saw to it that there were netted and painlessly destroyed.

On occasions I was privileged to sit in his study while he was working—careful not to speak unless I was spoken to. He was very methodical, working for fixed hours each day, not merely waiting till the spirit moved him. He kept plodding at it, whatever his mood. He wrote and re-wrote his chapters with great care, deleting here or adding there; nothing careless or slovenly allowed to remain. His amazing detailed knowledge of everything he wrote about is well known; but perhaps it is not always realised what infinite pains he took to acquire exactness. I was staying with him when he was correcting the proofs of "Captains Courageous," and he showed me a pile of Blue Books which he had gone through in order to assimilate facts about the cod-fisheries of Newfoundland. Another time, when he was writing "Stalky & Co.," he kept going into fits of laughter, and then he would read to me what he **had** written and we would laugh together. "No one," he said, "gets more fun out of my stories than I do." Then returning to his desk, having relighted his pipe, he added:—"And now what *shall* we make them do?" When composing verse he would often set it to a tune, usually to a hymn tune, and I have heard him walking up and down the room singing a verse over and over again in order to get the lilt and swing of it. Sometimes he would ask me to sing some poem to a hymn tune that he suggested—for instance "M'Andrew's Hymn" to "The Church's One Foundation," or the "Recessional" to the tune, "For Those in Peril on the Sea." I also remember at the time of the Boer War singing the "Absent-Minded Beggar" to him as we walked over the Downs behind Rottingdean. And he told me that he had said to

Sir Arthur Sullivan recently, who set the words to music :—" You and I ought to have been shot for perpetrating such stuff," but he added to me, " But it did the job, it brought in the pennies."

He had a great shrinking from publicity, and shunned everything in the way of social lionising. In his younger days we was really very naughty about it—parties were arranged in his honour, to which the elite of the land were invited, and when the day arrived the " lion " never turned up. I have heard of distracted hostesses with a drawing room full of guests eager to meet him, but R.K. had disappeared, only to be discovered later, sitting on the nursery floor with the children tumbling about him. His home at Rottingdean was made impossible to him owing to the vulgar curiosity of sightseers who would arrive in chara-bancs, and congregate round the gate of his house, which in self defence he had to have boarded up to ensure any privacy; and even then they would peer through the hole necessary for the latch of the gate, in hopes of a glimpse of the celebrated author. His Burwash house lay off the beaten track—a beautiful Elizabethan house hidden in a hollow, and there he sought and found privacy and quiet.

I remember, when he was at the zenith of his fame, being much struck by his humility about his gifts. I foolishly said that I wondered he wasn't made conceited by the adulations that were showered on him, and he replied :—" But why ? It is nothing to do with me ; it is something put into me from outside. I am but the humble instrument ,and it's a grand responsibility." He has expressed this idea in one of his verses :

If there be good in that I wrought
Thy Hand compelled it, Master, Thine—
Where I have failed to meet Thy Thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

There was a deep religious strain in him, though he seldom attended Public Worship, or spoke on religious matters, but one was aware of it in his attitude to life and his general outlook, and it was very evident in some of his writings, specially in his verse, such as " Recessional," or "The Children's Hymn," etc. With regard to the former, he remarked to my father after its publication that when one has three generations of Methody Ministers behind one, the pulpit streak is bound to show.

There may be some here who do not know that Rudyard was a grandson of the Manse on both sides—his paternal grandfather being the Rev.

Joseph Kipling, and his maternal grandfather the Rev. George Browne Macdonald, both Wesleyan Ministers. And now my memories have come to an end it is a melancholy thought that there is no chance of their being increased, but such as they are I share them with you, in a spirit of love and loyalty to one whom this Society delights to honour, and whom I have the privilege to claim as my kinsman and very dear friend.

Annual General Meeting

THE Annual General Meeting of the Members of the Society took place on June 22nd, at the Criterion Restaurant, London, W.1., Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I., President of the Society in the Chair.

1. The President in the course of his Address referred particularly to the death of Mr. G. C. Beresford (M'Turk) whom he said would be greatly missed from the Council of the Society as he represented an "Opposition" which was so necessary for all societies and bodies of the kind.

2. Sir George MacMunn moved the adoption of the Accounts and Annual Report. Sir George explained the Income and Expenditure accounts and the balance Sheet in detail, which he said was a great credit to all those concerned in the administration of the Society.

Sir George was seconded by Colonel Applin and the Resolution was carried unanimously.

3. On the proposal of General Rimington, seconded by Mr. J. P. Collins, : the President, the Vice-Presidents and the Hon. Executive Officers were re-elected for the ensuing year.

4. On the proposal of Mr Roake, seconded by Mr. Angus the following members of the Council who retired under Rule 6 were unanimously re-elected :—

Mr H. Austin Hall

Captain E. W. Martindell

Mr. J. R. Turnbull

5. Mr. Roake and Mr. Angus also proposed the re-election of the Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Milne, Gregg and Turnbull, which was unanimously carried, with a hearty Vote of Thanks to them for their most valuable services in the past. Mr. Clement A Cusse, Hon. Solicitor, was also re-elected and thanked for his valuable services.

6. On the application of the Cape Town Branch, represented by Colonel Applin and Mr. Sibbett, Rule 4 (6) of the Constitution was amended by striking out the words "four guineas" and the words

" one guinea " and by substituting therefore the words " three pounds and ten shillings " and the words " one pound and fifteen shillings " respectively.

On the proposal of Mr. Murray seconded by Mr. Grierson the co-option of Miss Macdonald to the Council of the Society was carried by acclamation.

Annual Luncheon

THE twelfth Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society was held at the Criterion Restaurant on Wednesday, June 22nd, 1938. The toast of ' The King ' was given by the President, Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. About no were present ; this, though not quite so large as last year, is gratifying evidence of the vitality of the Society. The first toast, ' The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling ' was proposed by the **Viscount Goschen, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.B.E.** :—

" I appreciate indeed the very great privilege of having been asked to propose this toast to-day. My only excuse for my temerity in doing so is that I am a Sussex man, born and bred ; that I have spent my whole life in that county and close to the home which Rudyard Kipling bought for himself at Burwash : and how he loved that home, its county and its people ! It appealed to him, I think, in its rolling Downs, its glimpses of the sea, its wooded and ploughed areas, and in those little quiet villages with their old Churches and unspoilt peace : it appealed to his sense of beauty and to his faith in the Creator who made them. There were those little, lost Churches that praised the Lord who made them. It appealed to him in its sturdy men and women—slow, perhaps, to give friendship, but when given, giving it heart and soul, and their friendship, therefore, is joy to the end ; and in its old possessions and relics it appealed to his spirit of romance. Surely we may say that here, in one county, he found satisfaction for the diversity of his nature ; and in response he gave full measure of his affection, both in his heart and in his writings. We who are men of Sussex owe to him a real debt of gratitude for the expression which he has given to our feelings.

I remember so well telling Rudyard Kipling one day of how, as I walked round my farm I met an old Sussex labourer who had spent over sixty years of his life on it, and, as he looked at my boots covered with sticky clay, he said to me " Ours is a terrible loving soil, bean't it ? " Kipling laughed at that phrase " a terrible loving soil." " Yes, it is true," he said, and then, as he gazed over the country, he added " It does cling to one, doesn't it ? "

It was as a neighbour that I first learned to know Rudyard Kipling personally, and I was soon privileged to call him a friend—the man whom I had revered and admired since I had read one of the first of his books. As one talked to Rudyard Kipling, it was his enthusiasm, his wide insight, his delightful humour, and his human interest, that constantly called to mind one after another of his books. For his books were not really only works of art, they were mirrors of his deepest thoughts and feelings ; and I think it is this characteristic of his, this reflection of the mind of the author in his works, which will so much contribute to their permanency in the literature of our country. The pleasure one got from reading his books was not confined to those hours, but in every phase of one's life they brought to one, in language of vividness and great beauty, the ordinary things one saw and heard and to which one faintly tried to give expression. I am sure you have felt, as I have, walking over the Downs in Sussex, that these scenes acquired a new beauty when seen through his words. As I travel through the lanes I hear the sound of the Purple Emperor ; as I lie awake sometimes, very near to that dreamland of which we all know so little but of which we all want to know so much more, I feel as if I almost saw the Brushwood Boy beckoning me to come into those regions. But it was perhaps, after all, when I spent the summer in India that I lived most closely to Kipling in imagination, as I saw those vivid pictures of his pass before my eyes. I went to Lahore and I saw Kim on the gun ; I motored down the Grand Trunk Road and, perhaps unconsciously, almost expected to meet Mahbub on the way ; and in the passengers as they passed I saw those travellers with whom Kim had exchanged his most pungent witticisms. And in the jungle I saw the chela passing many times. One longed to know what they were saying—whether they were giving warning to the white man who was sitting there, and I almost stretched my ears to catch what they said. And now—which is perhaps the greatest tribute one can pay to the works of Kipling—as I sit at home in my chair and read, and re-read, these books, the smell of the East, the sounds of the jungle at dawn, steal across my senses and I see these great wide open places and hear the rustle of the wind in the bamboo, and the call of the East clutches at my heart.

One may turn for a moment to another aspect. You will agree with me, perhaps, that it was as an interpreter and exponent of the fears and emotions of the human race that Kipling so won our admiration. He made clear, luminous, to all people those visions which they had been striving to see but which had been hidden from their eyes by a cloud of

mist. When the seed of Imperialism was first planted in the land Kipling at once saw the immense value of the fruit which it would bear, and in searing accents he pictured its possible development and its possible growth. He encouraged and drew forth that spirit of idealism and romance which, so often unrecognised, dwells in the soul of man. But with that extraordinary insight into the human character which he had to such an immense degree he saw the need of balancing the appeal to the emotions by a demand for steadfastness and faithfulness to our ideals, voiced in the invigorating words of the "Recessional."

But surely it was not only as a poet, voicing the aspirations of his people in words that 'he who runs may read' that Kipling shewed his genius. I venture to think that there were perhaps other spheres in which he shewed as high if not a higher genius : I mean in that amazing acquaintance which he had with matters that were probably hidden from the unprofessional man and really belonged only to experts. Not only could he dilate on these matters with a technical knowledge which astounded, I think, everyone, but also with insight into the characters and the language of those who pursued the professions relating to them. Many instances of this must occur at once to your minds : I have in mind such stories as 'The Bridge Builders,' 'The Ship that found Herself,' the story of the engines, and works of that character. Elsewhere also, of course,—in the great Jungle Books, in which his imaginative power and his knowledge of the habits of animals produce for us a world into which now, perhaps, we are more able to enter, but in the past have only been able to gaze at from the outside.

May I not say that perhaps, if Kipling had confined himself to only one section of these writings—choose which you will, the stories of India, the stories of the soldier, of animal life, the Jungle books, or his fairy stories—he would have become famous as an author. But it is the marvellous catholicity of his taste ; his intimate knowledge and his powers of insight, which make us marvel at the work that he did. I spoke just now of the genius of Kipling ; surely it was something more : because it was not only the genius of the brain which created, but the spirit of human sympathy which quickened that creation. No one could pass any time with Kipling without realising the tremendous interest which he took in everybody and everything with which he came in contact. He lived no life aloof from the surrounding world ; he was of it and in it, and was as keen to take in as he was to give out. His brain and his eyes worked together ; and they stored up scenes and stories which he produced for us and the enjoyment of which he shared

with us ; his human sympathy made him part of us. May I just give you a personal instance ? Kipling was once walking round my garden with me. Hidden behind some bushes we came upon a hut and he asked me what it was. I told him it was a small hut in which my children played houses during the day. ' Do let us go and see it,' said Kipling ; so we went. The children were not there, but Kipling rang the bell took out a card, and posted it at the front door, so that they might see he had been there. These were children he had not met but for the moment he was one of them. He was full of the spirit of fun.

I remember, again, I had asked King Feisal to come to lunch and I asked Kipling to meet him. It was wet. When we went into the smoking-room Kipling said to King Feisal, ' Tell me, have you folk songs in your country ? And can you tell me the metre they are set to?' I can see them now ; King Feisal repeating folk song after folk song. Kipling beating time on his knee and again and again saying ' I believe I've got it,' until he was quite certain that he had got the metre. These are assuredly small instances in the life of a famous man but I have recited them to you because they demonstrate what I have been trying to show—the wide interest that Kipling took in the lives of others, of all with whom he came into contact ; and I lay emphasis upon this characteristic because I believe that its presence must be realised if you are to understand the appeal which Kipling makes to men and women ; this man of great genius, a wonderful writer with a powerful brain which responded to the moods of his readers—gay, pathetic, vibrant, imaginative—and yet all the time I believe they felt he was one of themselves. He was their prophet, spokesman, friend, inspiring them with ideals, sharing their joys and sorrows, understanding their emotions. As I said, I am confident that his books will have a permanent niche in the shelves of our literature : they will have that because of the brilliance of their writings ; because of the appeal it makes to the varied interests of people who like one section or another ; because of their imagination which transports us to the realms of fancy. But above and beyond all, there will always be that personal contact which draws men and women to him—that personal contact with the human soul, and the music of the words which voices that which flies straight to the hearts of so many people in this country.

I realise only too well how inadequately I have done the task which you have so kindly entrusted to me. My sentiment is strong but my words are weak. But may I not comfort myself with this feeling ?—It is not in speech that we can pay our best tribute to Rudyard Kipling, his

pride of Empire, his faith in his race, his joy in what we are so apt without true discernment to call the common things of life, but which he transmuted into gifts of great value. Surely these form an example in the pursuit of which we can most simply, most truly, and most abidingly pay tribute to his memory.

Mr. S. A. Courtauld, Chairman of the Council proposed the toast of the Guests :—

"I am told that this toast is always entrusted to the Chairman of the Council of the Kipling Society : I suppose that is the reason why our Secretary has asked me to propose it this afternoon. I can only say, that the Kipling Society, and especially the members of the Council are very pleased indeed to see such a large assembly of our members, all admirers of Rudyard Kipling, come to do him honour by associating with us at this luncheon. To those who are not members, may I say that we are extremely pleased to see them, and we hope they will be able to come again next year and many years afterwards.

And now, Mr. Chairman, what am I to say after the most eloquent and admirable speech which we have heard from Lord Goschen ? I recall, many years ago when I was little more than a boy, hearing his father make a speech on some political subject in London. I remember quite well that the toast he had to propose was " Our Cause." I do not very well remember what the Cause was ! As I listened to Lord Goschen just now I could not help thinking in all seriousness that our guest of honour this afternoon has, like his father, proposed the Toast of ' Our Cause ' in his admirable speech. I am sure we have all greatly appreciated it.

When I heard that I had to propose this toast, I naturally wanted to know a little of what Lord Goschen's career had been, but I was not prepared for the exceedingly distinguished career which I learned had been his—how he had filled most responsible, most honoured positions in different parts of our great Empire—in India and elsewhere. I think it was most fitting that he should have been chosen to be here this afternoon because it was the Indian stories of Kipling in particular that first brought him to notice as one of the great forces of English literature. But I did not know that Lord Goschen had been a neighbour of Kipling's in Sussex. It was most delightful to hear these stories he told us of Kipling in his Sussex home.

I will only say how immensely pleased we have been to have heard

Lord Goschen's speech. I give you Lord Goschen's very good health, and offer him our best thanks for coming here this afternoon."

Mr. Ronald Keymer replied on behalf of the Guests :—

" On behalf of the guests present I would just like to say how very pleased we are to be here to-day, to get this Kipling atmosphere and to hear Lord Goschen's speech. I was wondering what to say when I recalled three contacts with Kipling. The first I got from Lord Goschen's speech when he mentioned Lahore. I was in Lahore for a time and was connected with the ' Civil and Military Gazette;' and I think I am right in saying that it was for that paper that Kipling did some very excellent writing. My second point : One thing for which I think he will be remembered almost more than anything else is this : the Wolf Cub Pack, to which I suppose so many boys now belong, is practically founded on the ideas contained in Kipling's Jungle Books. Finally, I think my mother met Kipling at a garden party somewhere, and, in the course of conversation, she remarked, ' You know I have brought up all my children on your teachings;' to which Kipling replied ' Poor devils, I am sorry for them!'

On behalf of the guests, I should like to say what a very pleasant Luncheon this has been ; I know we shall all remember it."

Lt. General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O., proposed " The Kipling Society and its President " :—

Those of you who were present at the General Meeting will have heard General Dunsterville's report on the activities of the year. They have been many and successful. We have taken new offices, and, as you know, we have acquired the bronze Bust of Rudyard Kipling, a cast of which you see here, and which has been offered to, and accepted by, the National Portrait Gallery.

You will have heard that our number has not yet reached a thousand : it is very desirable that it should do so and, if I may say so, it is up to every member to spread news of our Society. For the more members we have the more our funds increase and the more we can contribute to the glory of the memory of Rudyard Kipling. Yet there is no reason why we should worry ourselves. Reflecting the other day on the comparative shortage of active members of the Society I thought we must not forget that we represent many thousands of people who do not know of us, or will not take the trouble to join us. If, however, you attend the week-day services of the Church, you will see what a very small congregation then assemble for the uplifting of hands ; and I think of ourselves as rather like that concourse of four or five—we

are keeping alive the memory of the most extraordinary genius of our race, which Lord Goschen has so admirably depicted for us.

Apart from ourselves, it is my privilege to propose the health of our President. General Dunsterville has come a long way—all the way from Florence—to be present with us, and we ought to be extremely grateful to him and to Mrs. Dunsterville. Well, 'Stalky' is now the last of that wonderful trio, and, as he often told us, the 'Stalky' presented to us in the story was purely imaginary and not a bit like him. I did not know him in his 'Stalky' days, but I have known him at many stages of his army career. . . . I remember him at the head of his battalion, one of the well known regiments of the Frontier—Dunsterville, the Colonel at the head, talking to the whole regiment. 'What is fat old Ram Singh doing down the road?' He was talking to his regiment almost as he talks to us here—by passing messages down the ranks. I knew him during the Great War, when he was sent up through Persia to help Tartar against the Turks, but the Tartars had turned Bolshevist, and he had a dilemma to discern from. (Baku.)

I therefore have no hesitation in saying that the presentment of Kipling's "Stalky" was a very accurate one. I ask you to drink the health of the Kipling Society, and especially of our President, General Dunsterville."

Maj.-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I., in reply said :—

"I thank you for the way you have responded to this Toast of the Kipling Society and its President. I am very glad that you have applauded before I begin my remarks ! Personally, I have enjoyed this Luncheon very much indeed, owing to the speech we heard from our principal speaker, and for the very kind words of my very old friend General MacMunn.

In addressing this gathering I cannot help striking a note of sorrow in remembering the passing away of my old friend, Mr. Beresford, whose death was a shock to me, and to all of us. He was a very modest and retiring man, and not many people knew him intimately, but, of course, I did. But no doubt most of you have realised that the outstanding point of his character was that of opposition. I never said anything to him but he would contradict it—that was his way. His great idea was —'You want to have a good strong opposition ; it is not sufficient to hear always those who praise our great leaders ; you want to hear something about the very opposite.' I do miss him very much to-day,

because I am sure he would have got up—even if he had not been asked !

Sir George mentioned one incident of my army career in Persia in the last year of the War, when I had what he calls an impossible task ; and so it was, more or less, but it was a task most congenial to me. It was my duty to help them. I have always had great sympathy with the Russians ; I speak Russian, and I love Russia. We hit it off very well — they are very good fellows.

It is a very great pleasure to me to attend this Luncheon once more. Mr. Brooking insisted on my presiding and pushed me into it, or T had been by way of missing it. It has been very great fun for me to be with you to-day, and I am very glad indeed to welcome you all once more.

Kipling and The Builders

By H. AUSTEN HALL

IN choosing this title I want to bring before you one of the many claims to greatness possessed by Rudyard Kipling. Whatever our trade may be we find the right words for it in Kipling's work. His unique powers of understanding no less than the force and fluency of his language have delighted the English-speaking world for half a century. Each man finds his job is understood and his unspoken thought revealed in this many-sided mind, whose clarity is only equalled by its sincerity.

H. G. Wells has said that " the business of any artist is the enlargement of appreciation. He is perpetually expanding the field of human imagination." Could we possibly find a better definition of Kipling's claim to be an Artist ? And this expansion is of something we already possess—we start on familiar ground, and we find with increasing pleasure how extensive the familiar ground is. We recognize ourselves, whatever we are, in these stories of human endeavour. We become aware, by an increase in our consciousness, of the meaning and the beauty in the works of man, including our own daily work.

But you will notice there are no catchwords about beauty ! To use sounding phrases about the dignity of work in the manner of Carlyle is not Kipling's habit. To speak of the heritage of Art like Ruskin is quite foreign to his mentality. No—it is to him like the sap in the tree, the very stuff of life itself, that makes his men live ; and their actions are not dictated by motives, but arise from their own naturally vigorous qualities of mind and body. And you and I are included in his gallery of life. That is the power of Kipling's appeal, that we are included in the cavalcade of his men and women ; " we take our place by right—

not grace"—potential Kings and honoured of Kings. The secret is given us in "A Charm," and I make no apology for using those beautiful lines about the soil and flowers of England as if they were written, as well they might have been, of the crafts of England :

These shall show thee treasure hid,
Thy familiar fields amid,
At thy threshold, on thy hearth,
Or about thy daily path ;
And reveal (which is thy need)
Every man a King indeed !

The beauty and mystery of the Builder's craft appealed strongly to Kipling from the time that he built the Naulakha in Vermont until he came to the ideal house of Bateman's in Sussex. Himself a superb craftsman, he was capable of appreciating that secret force that lies at the heart of all true work. To Kipling, the Builder was the man who made something, and he seems to have little time for the drawing office or the desk. I have searched his writings for a reference to the Architect, and found only this in "The Wrong Thing"—Mr. Springett, the Builder, is telling the children about the Village Hall he has just built. He says:—"But my name's lettered on the foundation stone—Ralph Springett, Builder—and the stone she's bedded in four foot good concrete. If she shifts any time these five hundred years, I'll sure-ly turn in my grave. I told the Lunnon Architec' so when he came down to oversee my work.' 'What did he say?' Dan was sandpapering the schooner's port bow, 'Nothing,' said Mr. Springett."

That is the only account of an Architect that I can find, and it probably reflects Kipling's feelings. It is not the Architect but the Builder that appeals to Kipling. So the story moves rapidly into the atmosphere of the workshop itself, Hal o' the Draft taking the chisel and hammering away while he talks. And such good talk too—"All art is one, man—one!" And "Do your work with your hearts blood, but no need to let it show." And "If you can cut wood and have a fair draft of what ye mean to do, a Heaven's name take chisel and mall and let drive at it, say I ! You'll soon find all the mystery, forsooth, of wood-carving under your proper hand." Here he is in agreement with another shrewd writer, Ouspenski, who says :—"Art is a definite way of knowledge." "The Artist in creating learns much that he did not know before. An art which does not reveal mysteries is a parody of art,"

To return to our story, it is about a Master Carver who designs some work for one of Henry's ships, and then realizing that it is unsuitable persuades the King that it is unnecessary. He is knighted for this ; not for the design, but because he saved £30 0s. 0d. He is one of 200 men working under Torrigiano on Henry VII's Chapel and Tomb. The glorious life of the craftsmen is portrayed, their jealousies and rivalries, but underneath all petty disputes is the running excitement of working for Torrigiano because he was a master in his craft ! Nothing could be better described than Torrigiano's disgust at the design of the abandoned carving for the King's ship, and the penance he lays upon Hal for his offence as an artist :—"He sets me to draft out a pair of iron gates, to take, as he said, the taste of my naughty dolphins out of my mouth. Iron's sweet stuff if you don't torture her, and hammered work is all pure, truthful line, with a reason and a support for every curve and bar of it." Now bear what a Blacksmith himself says :—" Iron has a peculiar awareness and sensibility—It openly resists certain treatment and is quick to tell you when it is being wrongly treated. It is one thing to torture the metal, and it is quite another to cause it to flow gently and reasonably into a good looking shape." This extract is from " The Din of a Smithy " by Mr. Stevenson, himself a working blacksmith and founder of the Devon Smithy. It gives you an idea of the influence of materials in design. In the making of iron gates there is no room for a wandering imagination. The material is ruthless, and will only be turned to ornamental forms when the logical demands of strength and lightness have been met. Ironwork demands a truthful line, that is one that arises naturally out of the material. Wrought iron is elastic and can be drawn out naturally into curved and delicate lines—cast iron is granulated and brittle, and more suited to heavy sections and square forms, because it is poured into moulds. The essential qualities of each are expressed in the design.

" The Eye of Allah " is the story of the first microscope, and the characters are monks and the setting a Monastery. The background is skilfully indicated in the artistic pursuits of John of Burgos with which the tale begins. As we have heard " All art is one," and therefore I make no apology for bringing in the illuminated manuscript upon which John is engaged. He is " burnishing a tiny boss of gold in his miniature of the Annunciation for his Gospel of St. Luke."

" The first words of the Magnificat were built up in gold washed with red-lac for a background to the Virgin's hardly yet fired halo. She was shown, handsjoined in wonder, at a lattice of infinitely intricate arabesque

round the edges of which sprays of orange-bloom seemed to load the blue hot air that carried back over the minute parched landscape in the middle distance.'

Compare this with Chesterton's lines :—

It was wrought in the Monk's slow manner
From silver and sanguine shell
Where the scenes are little and terrible
Keyholes of heaven and hell. . . .

Now the man engaged upon this manuscript is also a famous builder (All art is one). " He seemed to carry all the Arts under his hand, and most of their practical receipts under his hood." He is off to Burgos to see the Cathedral they are building there. " The new Cathedral yonder—but they're slower than the Wrath of God, those masons—is good for the soul." " Down South—on the edge of the conquered countries—Granada way—there's some Moorish diaper-work that's wholesome. It allays vain thought and draws it towards the picture.'

Diaper, originally derived from tapestry hangings, is applied to the small pattern repeated continuously over the wall surface, as in the spandrils to the nave arches in Westminster Abbey. It forms a decorated surface, which is yet simple enough not to detract from the picture or sculpture that it frames. How accurate is Kipling's brief note on diaper surfaces in the scale of architectural values ! People who do not know sometimes think that brevity is a cloak for lack of knowledge, whereas the use of unnecessary words is more often a sign of ignorance.

John of Burgos again gives us the Craftsman's secret in these words :— " For pain of the soul there is, outside God's grace, but one drug ; and that is a man's craft, learning, or other helpful motion of his own mind . . . " and again :—" If the shape of anything be worth man's thought to picture to man, it's worth his best thought." Compare this with Lockwood Kipling's " If you get simple beauty and naught else you get about the best thing that God invents."

You see in these lines taken at random the mental background of the principal characters, and so the story proceeds to the discovery of the first microscope and its condemnation and destruction by the Abbot. The indirect references to the arts and to building justify my bringing it into this paper, for the mediaeval scene is presented through the arts and sciences, which are the concern of the monks.

Hal o' the Draft figures again in Puck of Pook's Hill. Now he is Sir Harry Dawe, and he talks to the children about the buildings of his time. " Half Oxford was building new Colleges or beautifying the old, and she called to her aid the Master Craftsmen of all Christendie—

Kings in their trade and honoured of Kings—That was enough."

He is sent by Father Roger to rebuild his own church in Sussex. " Fight the Devil at home before you call yourself a man and a craftsman." In his own words he goes to Sussex " not to serve God as a craftsman should, but to show my people how great a craftsman I was." The building is hindered by the local ironmasters and men in their pay who have been using the tower for hiding guns intended for the pirate Andrew Barton. The glimpses of the Craftsman who tells the story are few but illuminating. In this story old Hobden prevents the removal of the oak that lies across the brook with some of his famous arguments—always broken by " Have it as you've a mind to—but. . . "

The same words and the same wisdom occur in " Something of myself," when the writer tells of getting a tree specialist from London. " Have it as you've minded. I dunno as I should if I were you," is the comment of the local genius. And he has his way and takes charge of the work as an artist. But now we are at Bateman's—the Very Own House. The description of her finding—the rapid passage through the rooms to see that the spirit is right, the signing of the contract, and then we begin the story of Kipling's dealings with the workmen. They ask for higher wages, and he says " He has sense enough to feel that most of them were artists and craftsmen, either in stone or timber," . . . or, which is a gift—the aesthetic disposition of dirt." He speaks of a bricklayer " who kindly built us a wall, but so leisurely that he came to be almost part of the establishment."

Of the intricacies and anxieties of modern building I could speak for a longer time than you would care to listen. But my point can be just as easily reached by asking you to watch the slowly-growing structure of Waterloo Bridge as you pass along the Embankment. When you see that immense undertaking approaching its final stages, recall a verse in " The Wages Slaves :"—

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.

I cannot leave out the famous " A Truthful Song " of the Bricklayer—you all remember the first verse :—

I tell this tale, which is strictly true,
Just by way of convincing you,
How very little, since things were made,
Things have altered in the building trade.

It is often assumed, quite wrongly, that this is just an amusing light verse, having no value beyond the fun of the thing itself. I take another view of it. Kipling seldom wrote without a serious purpose, although the artist in him frequently obscured it with the smoke screen of his wit, by which the unwary are misled. Actually what he says here about the building trade is quite true ; here is a personal experience of mine : when the Tutankhamen Replicas were being made for Wembley Exhibition I went to see the carvers working on those wonderful beasts and other objects found in the Tomb. No original was allowed to leave Egypt, and all the carvers had to work from were photographs from the *Times* and a few dimensional notes and marginal references ; the information was really of the slightest description. I asked the carvers how they knew what to do where patterns joined and in many difficult questions that arise when you are making something in the round from a photograph ; one of them said to me :—" When we can't see what to do, we just use our instinct as carvers. After all, there is not much difference in what a carver does nowadays and what he would have done 4000 years ago," That was the spirit in which those lovely objects were made—and it was enough. The replicas were pronounced to be practically perfect, and differed from the originals in but a very few minor points. Kipling always knows these things, and brings into his simplest stories a richness and variety of experience that astonishes us the more we read his work.

One of the best loved Kipling tales is "An Habitation Enforced." You all know the story, but I want just to bring in that lovely picture of the old Georgian House called Friars Pardon:

" Behind the blue green of the twin trees rose a dark bluish brick Georgian pile with a shell shaped fanlight over its pillared door. . . . There was neither life nor sound about the square house, but it looked out of its long windows most friendly. . . . They entered the hall—just such a high hall as such a house should own. A slim-balustered staircase, wide and shallow and once creamy white, climbed out of it under a long oval window. On either side delicately moulded doors gave on to wool-lumbered rooms, whose sea-green mantel-

pieces were adorned with nymphs, scrolls and cupids in low relief. . . . The stairs never creaked beneath their feet. From the broad landing they entered a long, green-panelled room lighted by three full-length windows which overlooked the forlorn wreck of a terraced garden, and wooded slopes beyond."

How characteristic too is the next glimpse of George and Sophie who are exploring the house:—

" Why, the room seems furnished with nothing in it ! How's that, George ?", " Its the proportions. I've noticed it." Sophie intent upon the room and its possibilities considers the question of a Hepplewhite couch, and a mirror. George, characteristic of the man, looks out of the window :—"Look at that view. Its a framed Constable."

Sophie talking of a couch thinks an Empire better than a Hepplewhite. Again George, who is not to be distracted, says :—

" Look at that oak wood behind the pines." Was there ever a better picture in a few words of the things wife and husband do look at first ?

Then we have Cloke (the old Hobden of this story). The owner wants to build a footbridge with larch—" half a dozen two-by-four bits would be ample." Cloke replies :

" I've nothin' to say against larch—*if* you want to make a temp'ry job of it by the time the young master's married it'll have to be done again. Now I've brought down a couple of as sweet six-by-eight oak timbers as we've ever drawn. You put 'em in and its off you mind for good and all. . . . You've no call to regard my words, but you can't get out of that." " Make it oak then " said George, after a pause " *we can't get out of it.*"

As a contrast to Friars Pardon (a lovely name) we have Holmescroft in " The House Surgeon." Mr. M'Leod with his rhododendrons and narwhal tusks lives in the sort of house he would live in, with a verandah at the South side, two tennis courts, and the inevitable copper beech. Inside is all light oak, Cloisonné vases and Benares pots. It all fits Mr. M'Leod like a glove. The story of the depression in that atmosphere, and the reason for it and its subsequent lifting is one of the best of the psychic tales. The idea seems to have come from personal experience of a house at Torquay where the Kipling family lived in 1896 on their return from America.

In the short time at my disposal I have endeavoured to present an aspect of Kipling which has given me a great deal of enjoyment by

reason of its accurate reflection of the moods of those who work in Building or in any one of its many crafts. Kipling the craftsman could say with Browning :

" Here work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft
Tricks of the tools true play. . . "

For the workshop is something more than a workshop to Kipling. It is a place where a man is a King, and honoured of Kings. This is where Kipling takes us further than all his contemporaries, in the true meaning of work—yours and mine—whatever it may be.

" For pain of the soul there is, outside God's grace, but one drug, and that is a man's craft, learning, or other helpful motion of his own mind.

DISCUSSION

Before the Discussion Mr. Walter Gemmer gave " The Prodigal Son," and "Diego Valdez;" and Mrs. Herbert Hutchinson, "The Dawn Wind."

* * * * *

Chairman

I feel that Mr. Austen Hall struck the fundamental note of his admirable lecture when he insisted upon the fact that all art is one ; he did not differentiate at all between the art of one hemisphere and the other, between the different sorts of art. All art is one, and Mr. Austen Hall has proved that that too was one of the canons of Kipling. It is of course the main theme that infuses his lecture, and when he referred to Kipling and Browning I could not help thinking of the admirable analogy there drawn.

Speaking purely as an architect, I thank Mr. Austen Hall as deeply as I can for his illuminating and inspiring address.

(Miss Katherine Hyett then recited " The Secret of the Machines.")

Mr. Brooking.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I endorse all you have said about Mr. Austin Hall's lecture, and I feel it was not only in its substance interesting but that a lot of it came from the heart and I am sure we all appreciate it. There was one thing about Rudyard Kipling which interested me very much—his practical north country way of dealing with things. I do not know anything about the details of his building, but as an electrical engineer I was most interested

in the way he lit his house. There was no current available at the time (about 28 years ago, or nearer 30) when he decided to put electric light in his house, and he told me how he did it,—by the very economical and efficient method of buying a length of condemned submarine cable, which was quite suitable for the low voltage he used in his house. That was the first item. The next—he had a stream running through his grounds that had worked our little mill that clacks, so busy by the brook ? She has ground her corn and paid her tax ever since Domesday Book." Kipling took the stones out and the gearing (the building was left) ; he then obtained a dynamo and ran this from the stream that probably for thousands of years had ground corn. He put in a turbine, which is more efficient than a water wheel, generated his current and conducted it to the house by the cable, and the whole job is working to-day perfectly satisfactorily.

I would just like to mention, in continuance of what I said about Mr. Beresford, that his secretary—the lady who has done his correspondence and other work, and who probably knew more about him than any of us—is here by special invitation, and I am sure she would be pleased to answer any questions that anyone would like to ask her.

Chairman.

If nobody else wishes to say anything, I would like to ask Miss Topliss if she could tell us something of the late Mr. Beresford's early association with Mr. Rudyard Kipling. I am not perfectly clear whether they met for the first time in England, and, if so, where. Also I would like to know about what date it was that they met.

Miss Topliss.

He was one of the three who shared the study with Rudyard Kipling at Westward Ho—that was where they first met. Mr. Beresford was there two years before Rudyard Kipling. From the very beginning they were friendly, and they kept up that friendship until his death. As to the date, I am not good at dates and am afraid I cannot tell you.

Major-General Rimington :

I can tell you that, for I was there too. It was about 1878. He and Beresford were both in the study with me at Westward Ho !

Chairman.

If nobody else has anything to say, I know I shall have your approval in moving a vote of most grateful thanks to Mr. Austen Hall for his splendid address to us this evening.

Obituary

It is with very deep and sincere regret that we chronicle the passing of a distinguished Vice-President—Mr. Ellis Ames Ballard—at Roxborough, U.S.A. Mr. Ballard had, perhaps, the finest collection of Kipling originals and Kiplingana in the world ; unlike many collectors, he knew his subject—he was a fine Kipling scholar in the best sense of the word. We could have wished that he had written more about his hobby ; still we can be aware of his erudition from the admirable introduction he wrote for Admiral Chandler's famous " Summary." his own beautifully produced private catalogue remains as some slight memorial to his knowledge of, and love for, Kipling's works.

R.I.P.

Letter Bag

Mr. B. M. Bazley in his recent Paper referred to " The Ballad of East and West's " opening lines :—

" Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat."

He said in this connection :—" Now, the uninstructed and popular world nearly always take the first two lines and read into this couplet a meaning never stated, much less intended, by the author." It is a matter of interest to note on Nov. 14, 1885—four years earlier than " The Ballad of East and West," which was published in *Macmillan's Magazine* and *The Pioneer* in Nov. 1889—there had appeared in *The Civil and Military Gazette* a sketch by Kipling entitled " East and West " (reprinted on March 31st, 1888 in the *United Services College Chronicle*.) in which an Afghan fellow-traveller, whom Kipling calls " Sinbad," conversing with Kipling, says *inter alia* :—" What I say is this, and this I do not say to all Englishmen. God made us different—you and I, and your fathers and my fathers. For one thing we have not the same notions of honesty and of speaking the truth. That is not our fault, because we are made so ; and in a land where most men are liars, it is just the same as if most men were truth-tellers. You come and judge us by your own standard of morality which is the outcome of your climate and your education and your traditions . . . who are we to have your morals, or you to have ours ? God made us—East and West—widely different. We could not adopt each other's clothes and customs. Why insist upon inferiority in morals ? . . . But God has made us different for always. Is it not so ?" Here Kipling goes on to say in conclusion :—" And as

I dug up the sleepy *khansamah* for a cup of abominations called tea methought that Sinbad had stumbled upon a great truth. Literally and metaphorically we were standing upon different platforms, and parallel straight lines, as every one does *not* know, are lines in the same plane which being continued to all eternity will never meet."

E. W. M.

" Sinbad's " remarks and Kipling's comment both seem to me to refer to average types. My point is that, in the Ballad, Kipling compares two high types—supermen in character. In my Paper I said :— " When the higher types of humanity come together, they will meet as equals on the same plane and will part with mutual esteem."

B. M. B.

I have just noticed what appears to be an error in " The Man Who Was " (" Life's Handicap," p.116) :—" He pointed to where the North Star burned over the Khyber Pass." Now the White Hussars were in Peshawar at the time (p.98) and that place is *east* of the Khyber Pass—as I remember it, about 20 miles almost due west from Peshawar.

R. E. HARBORD.

I was talking the other day to a retired Cavalry Colonel who said that in 1898 he had heard a man lecture in Cape Town or Durham on the subject that the earth is flat. " He was most convincing, too," said my informant, who had never read " A Diversity of Creatures " nor heard of " The Village that voted the Earth was flat." Did Kipling get his idea from this lecture ? I suggest that he did.

J. O. TYLER.

The following was written by my late Father, Captain T. S. Angus, of the P & O. Company, very shortly before his death :—

" I had the pleasure when in command of the P. & O. *Ballarat* of having amongst my passengers—from Colombo to Australia—back in 1892—Mr. Lockwood Kipling, who was making the trip for his health, and I found him a most agreeable man. On one occasion, when alone with him, I remarked that to me it was very wonderful that a young man like his son should display such a knowledge of human nature in his writings. Mr. Kipling replied that ' Ruddy was a very great reader from boyhood, had a most retentive memory and the faculty of picking the best out of every book he read. He read everything he could lay his hands on.'

His father wished him to go into the Indian Civil Service but he had made up his mind to be a journalist and at Lahore was constantly

in and out of barracks among the soldiers : hence his remarkable knowledge of soldier's characters

I did not see so much of him on the trip down as the ship was very full of passengers, but on his return I invited him to sit at my table and much enjoyed his company."

T. C. ANGUS.

In the book called " In Cap and Gown ; three Centuries of Cambridge Wit," edited by Charles Whibley, published 1890, I find the following prefixed to some satirical verses by the renowned scholar Richard Porson, in which a Dr. Thomas Kipling is the person satirised. The verses are of topical and local interest only, and not worth publishing here. The name Kipling is not a common one ; it may be that some readers of the " Journal " is aware of some connection between Dr. Thomas Kipling and the family of our Poet.

Dr. Thomas Kipling, of St. John's College, was a pedantic theologian, no less remarkable for his ignorance than for his bigotry. His greatest literary achievement was the publication, *in facsimile* of the Codex Bezae, the famous manuscript of a part of the New Testament, in the University Library. The title of his work, " Codex Bezae Cantabrigiensis," (which can be construed to mean " The Codex of Beza, the Cambridge Man," exposed him to much ridicule, while in his Preface he committed so many solecisms that ' a Kiplingism ' was long a proverbial expression for a blunder in Latin.

In this connection, the date (1890) of the publication of ' In Cap and Gown " is of interest. If that work had appeared a year or two later, its Editor could hardly have avoided making some comment on the possibility of a genealogical connection between Thomas and Rudyard Kipling. And the (Cambridge) author of " Lapsus Calami" would almost certainly have referred epigrammatically to Thomas in his petulant lines including the now famous :—

' When the Rudyards cease from Kipling,
And the Haggards Ride no more.'

E.D. (1007).

Secretary's Corner

Just as we go to press, we have heard that the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have accepted the Society's gift of Madame Bingguely-Lejuene's bust of Kipling. Lord Bathurst was so impressed with this piece of sculpture that he has ordered a second casting which he is going to present to the Society. This extraordinary kindness on his part is most highly appreciated by the Council and I know that their gratitude to Lord Bathurst will be echoed by our members, many of whom have expressed their regret at parting with the original.

The circularising of our Annual Report had a gratifying though short-lived response to the Council's appeal for the enrolment of new members. I hope, however, now that the Annual Conference and Luncheon are over, that our members will not lose sight of the necessity for a substantial increase in our membership and that they will continue to help us to attain the 1,000 mark.

It was a great pleasure to us to see so many overseas members at our Conference and Lunch this year. Amongst others there were Colonel and Mrs. Applin from South Africa ; Mr. Tom Jones and his family from Chile ; Mr. Sargon from India ; Mrs. Straker, who was so helpful in getting the Cape Branch started and her guest Mrs. French, President of the American Women's Club ; Mr. Sibbett from the Cape Town Branch was unfortunately only able to be present at the Annual Meeting. The following recently joined members of the Society were present at the luncheon. Admiral Sir Richard Webb, Miss Ray, Mrs. Oldham, the Rev. R. H. V. Brougham and Mr. Curzon-Herrick.

Many members expressed their appreciation of our President, General Dunsterville's regular attendance at this function in spite of the long journey from his home in Italy. The opportunity of meeting him and Mrs. Dunsterville is certainly one of the major attractions of the Meeting.

Members will be pleased to hear that Lord Goschen, who spoke so charmingly at the Annual Luncheon this year, has consented to be a Vice-President of the Society.

Members will find enclosed with this issue of the Journal a sample of our Christmas Card for 1938. Overseas Members and Branches are particularly asked to send in their orders as soon as possible, and we can on this occasion certainly give an undertaking that this card is now final and will not be altered, as was, unfortunately, the case last year.

We have prepared a very attractive pen and ink sketch of Kipling's grave in the Abbey. These are printed on postcards and may be obtained from me at 2d. each post free. This is reproduced as a frontispiece in this issue.

Badges Gold 15/- post free
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Back Numbers of Journal: prices on application to the Hon. Secretary.

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C. H. R.

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