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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES—J. P. COLLINS : - - - - -	1
KIPLING AND THE OTHER TWO—VICTORIAN - - - - -	3
KIPLING AT HOME III—DOROTHY PONTON - - - - -	5
How R.K. READ " TREASURE ISLAND " - - - - -	7
KIPLING—POET OF EMPIRE—I.—DR. NORMAN BOYES - - - - -	8
ANNUAL CONFERENCE - - - - -	11
THE I.S.C. AND HAILEYBURY—THE REV. L. DE O. TOLLEMACHE	12
SOME MORE KIPLING PARODIES—COLONEL C. H. MILBURN, O.B.E.	13
OLD JOHNNY GRUNDY AGAIN - - - - -	15
R.K.'s MASONIC ALLUSIONS—ALBERT FROST - - - - -	16
BRANCH REPORT—AUCKLAND, N.Z. - - - - -	19
KIPLING'S GRAMMAR - - - - -	20

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## *Notes*

*By J. P. COLLINS*

**I**F the poet of our predilection is looking down with human feelings from the Elysian fields upon the terrific struggle that is covering so large a share of the earth he loved, there must be many happenings calculated to fill him with wrath and grief as well as many to stir him to pride and exaltation. How far his memory extends to the precise degree where he foretold this world calamity and bade us hasten and increase our preparations, is matter for conjecture. But it is very certain that one recent event is bound to bring joy to his heart, because he was one who loved the sea from his very boyhood and all the daring spirits who traverse it and keep it free and safe.

### *A GALLANT SERVICE.*

This then, was the decision of His Majesty to bestow on meritorious members of his Merchant Service some of those honours which have hitherto been devoted to suit another calling. The photos of Skipper Wren and others, especially those who went through the fearful ordeal of carrying the last big convoy on to the relief of Malta, show that they belong to the category of heroes of the true and sterling breed, from Grenville and the Armada onwards. And even the ruggedest must be warmed at

heart, however modest in themselves, to think they have been instrumental in securing these visible proofs that they are the worthy members of a gallant and devoted service that the King delights to honour.

### *UNPAID CORRESPONDENCE.*

Sir James Barrie told me once that whenever it was in reach, he never passed a day without reading the *Scotsman*. He added that one of its claims on his attention was the excellent fund of unpaid correspondence it printed day by day from readers who had opinions of their own. A running example of this appears elsewhere in this number in the shape of selected letters and passages from those Edinburgh columns aforesaid concerning Kipling and his individuality of diction. It must be conceded even by the unregenerate Southron that in the main these private contributors are usually literal, invariably positive, and sometimes right. But when one of them affirmed that our poet erred in his famous line about "the trumpets and the shouting," he was surely going too far.

It must be common ground on both sides of the Border, one supposes, that the "Recessional" is not only a monody but a hymn as well. That being so, there was more occasion

than ever for Kipling to draw for its phraseology upon that favourite source of his, the Authorised Version of the Holy Bible. Most of its readers recognise the passage in the Book of Amos where the phrase occurs, and few would demur to the proposition that this is one of innumerable cases in Holy Writ where a doubling paraphrase is just as much a mode of emphasis as the intentional repetition of a word. In a way, this figure of speech corresponds to that parallelism (or balance of versicle and response) which extends from the Psalmody and the Canticles to innumerable passages in the sacred text, where it impresses the soul of the listener, almost like the repeated knocking on the gate at midnight in "Macbeth."

Thus much granted, it seems useless to deny the poet the use of a singular verb like "dies," instead of the

plural, if only because of the transparent unity of the dominant idea. Depend upon it, Kipling could easily have changed the run of the stanza and if he had preferred the plural verb, he was never the man to sacrifice grammar to euphony or rhyme, as Byron did when he wrote "there let him lay." One is loth to suggest that the devotees of parsing are any less high-minded than the votaries of poetry, but they certainly betray a tenacity on points like this which is apt to obscure the purpose and the burden between the lines. Was it not a sensible Englishwoman who corrected an American scholiast a few years ago who had presumed to rate John Ruskin for an imaginary solecism somewhere in one of his books. "You forget," she wrote, "that men like Ruskin are writers of English, whereas you seem to talk and write merely grammar."



### *Our President*

**M**EMBERS of the Kipling Society in all parts of the world will congratulate our President upon his rapid recovery from a recent illness. He underwent an operation for appendicitis which he tells us was long overdue, and is now recupera-

ting in his homeland, as he describes it—Devon. In a characteristic note he writes :—"So the President of the Kipling Society remains intact." We send Stalky every possible good wish for his complete restoration to health.

## Kipling and the Other Two

by VICTORIAN

IN *Literature*, April 29, 1899, the late Mr. E. Kay Robinson wrote an interesting article, showing Kipling's partiality for the number three, from which I quote some extracts as they may prove to be of interest to other members as well.

"We all have, consciously or unconsciously, our favourite numbers, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's is three. In most of his strongest stories, he limits himself to three leading characters as though he instinctively felt that he could handle that number with most ease and skill. We see the habit crystallized, as it were, in *Soldiers Three*, but the influence of the familiar numeral pervades all his work, from his *Schoolboy Lyrics* upwards; and, as nothing exists without a cause, we may ask why it should inevitably have been *Soldiers Three* and not *Soldiers Two* or *Four*? Mr. Kipling supplies a clue in his more recent creation of *Stalky & Co.* In a different rank of life *Stalky & Co.* are merely *Mulvaney*, *Ortheris* and *Learoyd* in their teens. They have just the same relation to their school as the three immortal Tommies to their regiment. At once its pride and its disgrace, always in trouble and always admired or feared by the others; thoroughly understood and highly valued by any sympathetic spirit placed in authority over them, but an uncommonly awkward team to drive in ordinary harness; pre-eminent in worldly wisdom, but always lagging behind the rest in the routine duty that wins professional or school rewards—in a word, these brilliant black sheep of their respective flocks, *Soldiers Three* and *Stalky & Co.*, are the same persons. And another very marked coincidence deserves notice—namely, that in each of the triple alliances there is one predominant partner, standing head and shoulders above the other two in presence of mind, wisdom and resourcefulness. What *Stalky* is to *Beetle* and *McTurk*, *Mulvaney* is to *Ortheris* and *Learoyd*. The stories might, in fact, be renamed

*Mulvaney & Co.*, and *Schoolboys Three* without any loss of aptness; which, if we could drop the three schoolboys in the social scale and give them the soldiers' different dialects, we might re-name them *Mulvaney*, *Ortheris* and *Learoyd* and read the two works as merely two sections of the lives of the same three characters. Moreover, this analysis of the relation which the individuals of each trio bear to each other holds more or less in all of Kipling's three-charactered tales. In each there is one man of commanding character, such as, to take one instance, *Strickland*. He is almost always a strange, but grandly sympathetic, figure like *Mulvaney*, and takes into his confidence and friendship a genial, quick-witted friend like *Ortheris*. The third person of the trio varies more; he is introduced of set purpose to make the story, but unconsciously to complete the trio. This third person is often the nominal hero, but more often, perhaps, the victim in the narrative; though apart from the miraculously vivid description of the incidents which befall him, the whole power of the story is concentrated in the delineation of the character of the first person, as *Soldiers Three* . . . may be described as the history of *Mulvaney*. Even when *Mulvaney* is absent, his influence is over it all. He is still the captain and the guiding star of "the other two" . . . The second person in each of Kipling's trinities is, consciously or unconsciously himself. We are all guided in after-life by the experiences of childhood, and Kipling naturally places himself in the position which he occupied at school, midway between two companions, one of whom he revered as leader. The hero-worship of boyhood never leaves us entirely . . . and in the attitude of *Ortheris* towards *Mulvaney*, of the "I" in the *Strickland* stories towards *Strickland*, or of *Beetle* towards *Stalky*, we see Kipling's unconscious photographs of **his own mind.** That the narrative

of *Stalky & Co.*, or, at least, the relation of the conspirators towards their schoolfellows and masters—is founded upon the actual experiences of Kipling's life at school, appears from one of his very earliest writings, *The Dusky Crew*. The opening verse runs :—

Our heads were rough, and our  
hands were black

With the inkstain's midnight hue,  
We scouted all, both great and  
small,

We were a dusky crew.  
And each boy's hand was against  
us raised,

'Gainst me, and the other two.

Here we have a very life-like description of *Stalky and Co.*, written by young Rudyard at the very time when he was the Lieutenant in that now world-famous gang. And the accuracy of the likeness grows in the second verse :—

We chased the hare from her secret  
lair,

We roamed the woodland through,  
In parks and grounds far out of  
bounds

Wandered our dusky crew.  
And the keepers strove to see us  
pass,

Me, and the other two.

This is a complete epitome of the opening chapters of *Stalky and Co.*,

and leaves no doubt as to the identity of that redoubtable trio with "the Dusky Crew" . . . . There are men in the Service who distinctly recollect Kipling at school in the *Beetle* days, but none who anticipated the fame that awaited that short-sighted, under-sized, and queerly-gifted playmate. To the masters he was a conundrum, but to the "other two"—well, to the other two, he was, *mutatis mutandis*, what *Ortheris* is to *Mulvaney* and *Learoyd*, the "little man" with the ready tongue and bantam pluck, without whom no good fortune was complete, and with whom no bad luck was beyond alleviation by cheery jest and eccentric philosophy . . . . Smaller of stature but readier of tongue, faithful to his leader and to his leader's ideals, this is Kipling the schoolboy and Kipling the man. Compared with *Stalky* and *Beetle*, *Mulvaney* and *Ortheris* or *Strickland* and "I," the third person is the "general utility" man of the company . . . . any other person would have done as well . . . . In each of his fine characters we see the incarnation of the ideal *Stalky* grown to manhood; by his side we see, either as narrator or companion, the adult *Beetle*; and when the third is added, whether *Learoyd* or another, we merely have unconsciously crystallized, in immortal prose, the schoolboy relations of "Me and the Other Two."

#### TO OUR MEMBERS

**T**HE Kipling Society continues its work under difficulties, but our quarterly Journal, restricted, it is true, to a small number of pages, has appeared at its due time throughout the war years. We invite every member individually to help us to continue publishing the Journal regularly each quarter by enrolling one friend as a member of the Society. Those who for any reason are unable to do so are asked to send a donation, to be allocated to the Journal Fund. As publication arrangements have to be made well in advance, members are asked to send in their application for a new member (or equivalent donation) at the earliest opportunity, to The Kipling Society, 2, High Street, Thame, Oxon.

## Kipling at Home III

by DOROTHY PONTON

[This article concludes the series of three, contributed by Rudyard Kipling's former Secretary. Instalments one and two appeared in the April and July, 1942, numbers of the "Journal."] **KIPLING'S FARM.**

**D**URING the 1914-1918 War, Mr. Rudyard Kipling bought some Guernsey cows which supplied Batemans with milk and butter. As the leases for land and farms on the estate expired, they were not re-let (with the exception of an orchard farm on the north-west boundary of the estate), and Mr. Kipling began to farm his own land and to employ a staff of farm labourers.

Each time a Guernsey calf arrived, it was duly named by its master, its markings and all details about its pedigree were set down and forwarded to the Guernsey Herd Book for registration. Batemans Baby, Batemans Blizzard and Batemans Bunting were successfully reared, besides others, and joy came to the heart of the author when they gained prizes at the Tunbridge Wells Cattle Show. The Guerneys were kept for dairy produce only, and the farm accounts soon showed that these ladies cost far more to keep than their produce warranted.

A Sussex herd of red Shorthorns roamed the pastures and were fattened for market, and two handsome dray horses worked on the farm to supplement the use of the mechanical appliances for farming. A poultry farm was run, and I was much impressed by the fact that the farm accounts revealed that geese cost next to nothing to feed, and sold at a high price at Michaelmas-tide. The orchards, too, provided good crops, and the piggeries yielded very profitable litters.

A new cottage, which had been erected behind Park Mill Cottage, now housed the gardener, whose wife acted as dairymaid. An elderly cowman occupied the residential portion of the old Mill House. He was one of the Sussex breed—almost stone deaf, but alert, and accustomed to

be astir long before his neighbours. He possessed a speech peculiar to his kind, and, in addition to this being almost unintelligible to ordinary mortals, I soon discovered that he found what others said equally unintelligible. Often Mrs. Kipling gave him orders, which he assured her he understood perfectly, and as often he would tap at my office window two minutes later. "They do tawk so funny up theer," he would explain apologetically. "What do she want?" and he would sidle up and present a very large ear close to my mouth for information.

When a calf was born he always reported the matter thus: "Tell the master and the missus, will 'ee, she be a beauty?" quite regardless of the sex. When the birth had been announced, Mr. Kipling would tramp half a mile, or more, across fields to the farm where the baby lay. There it would be duly named "Batemans Butterpat," or whatever name seemed appropriate to the author, and its markings sketched on the form to be forwarded to the Society which kept the Guernsey Herd Book. Rudd, the cowman, would get the calf to pose in suitable positions while Mr. Kipling intimated, by nods and smiles, that the old fellow could take all the credit for the fact that the calf's star and saddle markings were perfect and that its switch was the finest he had seen.

In the summer of 1919 the Kiplings decided to enlarge their Sussex herd, so a pedigree bull was introduced. He seemed a gentle creature, and was therefore allowed to roam at will in the pastures set aside for the Sussex herd. But one morning he fell from grace, for, as Mrs. Sands, the foreman's wife, tripped across the fields to feed the poultry, the bull tossed his head and began to follow her. As he approached, she thought he did not look so gentle after all, so she bolted inside one of the poultry-houses, much to the consternation of the feathered in-

mates. After the bull had playfully trundled the poultry house along some distance, bellowing at intervals to accompany the shrieks of the woman and the cackling of terrified hens imprisoned therein, he began to get annoyed, and started charging in earnest. Some farm labourers, attracted by this unaccustomed sight, approached, and then heard the din issuing from the poultry-house. After a struggle the bull was secured and condemned to solitary confinement.

Once, when the Kiplings were away for the week-end, a Guernsey and a Sussex cow, which had recently calved, met. The calf belonging to the Sussex Shorthorn had been taken away from her, and she cast envious eyes upon the little Guernsey calf. A fight ensued in which the Guernsey mother was nearly killed. The vet summoned in haste, gave no hope of her recovery, and the foreman was in a panic over what the owners would say. His wife, however, pressed a flask of brandy into his hands, which I had given her permission to use in emergencies. Together they approached the exhausted cow and offered her the stimulant. She drank it all! "And in half an hour she stood up on her own legs and ate some hay," announced the foreman gratefully as he returned the empty flask. "And my man's better than any old vet," added the wife. I felt a little apprehensive that a relapse might occur, but the cow progressed favourably and made a perfect recovery. When the matter was reported to the Kiplings' return the foreman and his wife were complimented on their prompt action in saving the life of a valuable beast, and my flask was refilled with the finest cognac. "Only to be used in emergencies, remember!" advised Mr. Kipling.

The bullocks were reared for beef and sold at market. In the autumn all the fat stock was disposed of and a herd of sheep roamed the pastures from Michaelmas till Lady Day. Mr. Kipling alluded to these as "our paying guests," for the owners paid a fixed price per head for feeding, and they cost little to feed.

Such fields as were not under

pasture grew crops. Batemans Farm became a hive of industry when the crops were being gathered. Most of the harvesting was done by mechanically propelled machines, but the actual carting was always performed by the dray-horses, Captain and Blackbird, which took a keen interest in watching their winter stock accumulated and stored. Captain had a sense of humour, and a dislike for work, which sometimes led him astray. One hot autumn day, as I was returning to my office, I encountered Captain trampling idly about in the vegetable garden, his loose harness jingling as he moved. Before I could shut the gate he politely pushed me aside with his nose and stalked ponderously into the lane. A shout from one of the farm hands, from whom he had escaped during the dinner-hour, reminded him of labour, so he jogged cheerfully home to Dudwell, and tried to dispose of his harness by rolling in the very muddy pond much to the consternation of the geese and ducks. Soon the enraged farm-hand arrived. At the crack of the whip Captain stood up; but, finding that he was just beyond reach of the lash, and that his master had no intention of wetting his feet, he remained standing in the cool water till working-hours were over.

Blackbird was more sedate. She never shirked work, and she usually treated Captain's frivolities with complete indifference. When work was over, and they were loosed together, Captain always showed his delight by galloping off and then rolling on the grass. If Blackbird refused to join in this pastime, he would pretend to kick her. Once Blackbird retaliated with a real kick, and Captain was disabled from active service for a while. But he revelled in his ease, and, even when his leg was apparently restored, he managed somehow to run up a temperature when the vet paid his periodic visit. However, Mrs. Kipling discovered a quick, and permanent, cure by ordering his diet to be severely restricted. When Captain saw only a wisp of hay in his manger, while Blackbird was munching oats, his temperature dropped to normal, and he was pronounced "fit for work."



At a time when, after Mr. Kipling had not been very well, the family spent several weeks on the Mediterranean coast, he said to me before going away: "You'll get on all right with the farm hands if you treat the men

as boys of fourteen and the women as younger in intellect," and I found the advice invaluable when petty feuds sprang up among the workers.

(Concluded).

*KIPLING AT HOME.* We understand from Miss Dorothy Ponton, who has contributed the three articles "Kipling at Home" in the April, July and October, 1942, issues of the "Kipling Journal," that a reprint of the three articles in pamphlet form will shortly be available at sixpence per copy. Applications for copies should be addressed to Miss D. Ponton, 11 Churchfield Road, Pool, Dorset, with a remittance of eightpence (covering postage).



## How R.K. Read "Treasure Island"

[The following note is reproduced by courtesy of "The Scotsman."]

**R**UDYARD Kipling's sister, Mrs. J. M. Fleming, described, at a meeting of the Robert Louis Stevenson Club, in Over-Seas House, Edinburgh, how her brother first read *Treasure Island*.

The Kiplings, in August, 1884, were on holiday in "a little hired house" at Dalhousie. Continuous rain kept them indoors, and Kipling and his father were reduced to drawing enormous designs and decorations on the walls. Then *Treasure Island* arrived. "My father," said Mrs. Fleming, "seized it and neither spoke nor moved till dinner time, when he reluctantly came to table, bringing the book." His son and daughter waited greedily for the last page to be turned, and by 10 p.m. it was Mrs. Fleming's turn. Then Kipling read *Treasure Island*.

The family hailed the romance as "an inspiration and delight," but Mrs. Fleming told the members of the Club that she had lived long enough to see it set as a holiday task at a big Scottish school, and to hear a mother lamenting that it was too old and dull for her boy.

Much of Mrs. Fleming's talk was about Andrew Lang. At a dinner party, Lang told her that he and Stevenson had once planned to write a novel together, chapter by chapter. There was one huge difficulty. Who was to undertake the heroine? At that time "R. L. S." had not charmed the world with *Catriona* and

Lang had not written *The World's Desire*. They decided that they would introduce their heroine in the first chapter, and then lose her until the last. "R. L. S." booked a chapter in which a meal was to take place in a diving bell. The plot was to contain a murder by means of poisoned fruit, and Mrs. Fleming described how Lang stabbed the tangerines with a fork, until the hostess inquired whether he was doing a conjuring trick, and swept them all into the drawingroom.

It was Lang, said Mrs. Fleming, who was the first English critic to notice her brother's *Departmental Ditties*, quoting from it in the monthly notice he contributed to *Longman's Magazine*.

Mr. R. T. Skinner, who presided, said that some three years before the end of his life, Stevenson invited Kipling to enjoy the hospitality of Samoa, but the projected visit did not materialise. Kipling, he added, had no brother, he had one sister. The mother, according to her famous son, was considered the wittiest woman in India. There were relatives of distinction. One cousin of Mrs. Fleming was Ambrose Poynter, the friend of Keats; he built churches and mansions throughout Britain, and he was one of the first to urge the importance of making drawing one of the compulsory subjects in our national schools. An uncle by marriage was Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bt. Yet another of the cousins was Lord Baldwin, twice Prime Minister.

## *Kipling—Poet of Empire—I.*

*The first part of an Address by the Auckland, N.Z., Branch of the  
Kipling Society—by Dr. NORMAN BOYES.*

ONE of the privileges of living in a democratic country is that everyone has a right to express an opinion. Some may say there are too many opinions at times like the present, when one mind is called for. Be that as it may, we all have the fundamental right to ventilate our views. Consequently, cats come to do more than merely look at kings . . . . modest citizens criticise poets, and those poets among the great masters. All very paradoxical, but extremely human . . . . which is by way of saying, that to be asked to speak on Kipling as the poet of Empire is a great honour which cannot be lightly undertaken.

The fact is that one is continually discovering new excellence, and deeper felicity in Kipling. You begin by thinking you know the man on a few swashbuckling ballads. You venture a little further into the stream of his eloquence and end by being swept away on the full tide of his greatness.

What Shakespeare did for the English stage, what Milton did for the English epic, what Coleridge did for the romantic revival, Kipling did for a greater England, which we today know to be the soul of England. Many poets before him had sung of England's green and pleasant land, but like Falstaff they babbled of green fields, and a little isle set in a silver sea. They settled down at some remote Nether Stowey and wrote their homely tales, pausing now and then, perhaps, to wonder at the pother over a New World, a Declaration of Independence or a colonial emigration.

Shakespeare said nothing about the exploits of Drake and his merry men, contenting himself with looking backwards as most of us are prone to do, as if his own times had little to offer. Not one glimmer in all that great mind of a greater England beyond the seas. Yet how different was he in this than many an English-

man who came after him? A famous Roman once referred to Britain as the place where the oysters came from and to many a loyal Englishman, before the name of Anzac became a household word, Australia was no more than the place where the mutton and wool came from, with New Zealand a little island off the coast, like Tasmania. Day by day, with each passing generation, the man in the street went about his affairs, without the slightest dawning in his heart, without the least presentiment of the birth of a nation, that was bigger and better than the little, if glorious mother, that had brought them all into being and seemed so careless of their comings and goings.

If you look at the beginnings of the Empire, this attitude no longer appears strange. Dr. Goebbels has thought to besmirch the Empire by the adjective "ramshackle" . . . . because to the German mind—that methodical, systematised, inhuman conglomeration of phobias . . . . nothing can survive unless it grows from an idea driven home and rivetted on to the soul of a community at the point of the sword.

Great things do not begin this way. Somewhere in the English constitution a germ of adventurousness was sown. Search for it need not be a protracted one. The Britons were a great people before the Romans came, lacking some of the arts and graces, but forming a receptive basis for the rude culture and undying independence of the Saxons. Through Rome came a measure of Greek learning and Roman law, and later came the hammer of the Normans to weld these graces into one, mingling with this doughty blood the fire of the eagle-eyed sea rovers and inoculating the generations that followed with a spirit that had slept for a century or two in a land of many good things.

More than anything, this composite race loved the sea. The short voyage

became the long voyage. The strange new land must be explored. The produce of that land must be taken home, and future supplies assured by armed protection. In this simple story, and by no greater flights of fancy, is told the birth of the Empire. And the serfs, even their masters—and the common people and the squires of each generation to follow, thought of these far places, if they thought of them at all, as no more than granaries or mines, forests or fish.

It is not necessary to labour these details, to speak of the industrial era, of spinning jennies and the growth of a great mercantile trade which made the England of today, and began to open men's eyes to the potentialities of the Colonies. Suffice it to say that the fibre and quality of the people created something which only the degeneracy of the race could break up. Far from being a ramshackle Empire, its unity was and is based, not on duress, but a blood relation and common culture, such as men carry with them from an ancestral home into the provinces.

Families are prone to self-criticism, and often an outsider has to awaken them to a sense of their inherent character for good, or to a proper appreciation of a natural greatness or destiny. When we speak of England we refer to the British Isles, but it is a fact that much that is traditional has been born south of the Tweed, while the interpreters have frequently been Scots or Irish.

To Kipling, filled with the sense of the accomplishments of this little white-cliffed island and the glories of its history, was born a destiny of revealing a people unto themselves. A little, short-sighted man with the all-seeing eye of the prophet and the poet, a son of Mary who envied the son of Martha his consummate skill in building and doing . . . a man who saw an achievement that required the light of his inspiration to make clear, for did not he ask : "What do they know of England who only England know?" . . . To this man touched with Celtic fire was given a great and noble destiny. Or did he make it his des-

tiny? . . . saying with Isaiah : "Behold I shall do a new thing, I shall bring consciousness of themselves to the phlegmatic, the unrevealing English ; but above all, I shall make them see something, a gleam at least, of the high nature of their heritage and the proud and frail tenure of Empire !"

Kipling did more than this. "He reasserted the claims of virility and actuality," as Holbrook Jackson says, "and, if you like, of vulgarity, that underlying grossness of life which is Nature's safeguard . . . He was never a realist for realism's sake : he faced facts only because he recognised in them the essentials of romance." He saw the romance of Empire in the sweat and blood that had made it and the courage and strength of the men who had a share in the making. Through the tinkling, banjo notes of his ballads which were mistaken by many for straight-out jingoism . . . ran this sterner invocation to work, this undertone of demand on character. He even found it necessary to remind an awakening nation to be humble in the face of a God who had been good to them.

They were content to read, but did not choose to change their easy-going habit ; they liked to hear the war-drum and the song of destiny but preferred cricket to empire-building and football to war. How pregnant are these words, how too, too pathetically true of England always :

"Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie,  
Ye saw that the land lay fenceless,  
and ye let the months go by  
Waiting some easy wonder ; hoping  
some saving sign . . .  
Idle—openly idle—in the lee of the  
forespent line.  
Idle—except for your boasting—and  
what is your boasting worth  
If ye grudge a year of service to the  
lordliest life on earth ?"

If you think this reproach too sweeping, listen to a passage from John Evelyn's *Diary* as far back as 1667 : "I went to Gravesend : the Dutch fleet still at anchor before the river, where I saw five of His Majesty's men-at-war encounter above twenty of the Dutch in the bottom

of the Hope . . . . Having seen this bold action, and their braving us so far up the river, I went home the next day, not without indignation at our negligence and the nation's reproach."

That was written of course, on the historic occasion when the Dutch sailed up the Thames. A modern diarist may with a few amendments have written much the same about the gallant efforts of the R.A.F. in the Battle of Britain, tackling four times their number and ultimately driving the marauders away . . . . "not without indignation at our negligence and the nation's reproach."

Kipling wrote at one time :—  
"The wisest thing, we suppose,  
that a man can do for his land  
Is the work that lies under his nose,  
With the tools that lie under his  
hand."

That was each man's duty as he saw it. In the poem, "The Glory of the Garden," he made it plain that the glory of the garden did not abide in words, but each one had his duty there. He may not be fit to trust with anything that grows, nevertheless he could roll the lawn or sift the loam and sand, and his efforts, coupled with those of the others and mixed with a spiritual belief in the worthiness of the task would not only make him a partner in it all, but would assure the future glory of the garden which was England.

Kipling would doubtless have been at a loss, in these days of debunking the traditional, to understand the criticism levelled at the old school tie. Only about 10,000 of the total population of England get a real chance to amount to anything under such a system, for the school tie is the entrance fee to many places of honour and power. It is said that seven out of eight of Neville Chamberlain's war cabinet wore old school ties.

Kipling would look beyond this inequality in our affairs, to the fact that for 500 years the old schools had trained men who governed first their island and then their world. Not the class of men who could afford to go there and pay their £250 odd per year in fees was his concern, so

much as the ideas engendered in these schools of truth, righteousness, honour . . . . of the defence of the weak and the ailing, the desire to preserve inviolate a great tradition, the concept of greatness as being in a man's treatment of his fellows, in other words his kindness and courage, rather than his brilliance. These things would be, and were, to Kipling the bones and the marrow of our greatness ; and he would choose to see past any preferments to the fact that an old school song like the famous "Forty Years On" of Harrow had been the swan song during the Boer War, of two mortally wounded Harrovians on the top of Spion Kop just before they died.

He knew what tradition had done for us in this way, yet he was not altogether blind to the fact that there were in our midst certain fools and liars like Pagett, M.P. Nor could he forget the debt the Empire owed to the nameless Sergeants Whatsisname who drilled blackmen white, nor yet to those wage slaves who :—

"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.

The fact was that Kipling with the simplicity of greatness could see through the trappings and outward show of things, through the dozen conditions and the score of objections and evils and prejudices, the class distinctions and the social and educational barriers—to the heart of things. He was as democratic as a colonial, but could walk with kings nor lose the common touch. He had come to see that no class nor section of the community was responsible for the real greatness of England. It was the deep heart of the people that had achieved all this. Not the navy entirely, not the old school tie, not the army, nor the civil service, nor yet the farmer, old Hobden, neither the pioneer, nor McAndrew, not the colonial,

not even our power to build better than many and trade better than most, scarcely indeed our fighting qualities, things useless, all useless without some deep faith, some poetic core and cold courage. It was a central core of faith and a rugged virility, common to all the people that had brought about the Empire. As Professor Santayana has said of the Englishman : " He carries his English

weather in his heart wherever he goes, and it becomes a cool spot in the desert and a steady and sane oracle among all the deliriums of mankind. Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master."

[The second part of this address will appear in the December, 1942 issue of " The Kipling Journal. ]

## Annual Conference, 1942

THE Annual Conference of the Society was held in London on the 17th June, 1942. Mr. R. E. Harbord, Chairman of the Council, presided in the absence of the President.

1. On the motion of Mr. Brookings, seconded by Mr. Elwell, the Annual Report and Account were unanimously adopted.

2. Rule VII of the Rules for the government of the Society were amended by deleting the words " The Honorary Treasurer " in line 6 and the following words up to and including the words " of the Journal " in line 8 and by substituting therefor the words " all honorary officers of the Society."

3. On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. Randall, the President, Vice-Presidents and the honorary officers of the Society were unanimously re-elected for the coming year.

4. Mr. Philip Randall was unanimously elected Honorary Solicitor to the Society on the proposal of Mr. Brookings, seconded by the Chair-

man.

5. On the motion of Mr. Elwell, seconded by Mrs. Stevenson, Captain E. W. Martindell and Mr. J. R. Turnbull were re-elected to seats on the Council.

6. A hearty vote of thanks was unanimously adopted to the Honorary Auditors for their work during the past year and their re-election was passed with acclamation.

7. On the proposal of Mr. Brookings, seconded by Mr. Elwell, a cable of greetings was ordered to be sent to each Branch and to the Honorary Secretary in the U.S.A., in the following terms :—

Kipling Society Annual Meeting send hearty good wishes, and well remembered " By my house and thy house hangs all the world's fate."

The proceedings then terminated.

\* \* \* \*

At a meeting of the Council of the Society held later, Mr. R. E. Harbord was unanimously elected Chairman for a second year.



*Members of the Kipling Society who possess letters, press cuttings, photographs or sketches associated with Rudyard Kipling and his works, which they think might be suitable for publication in the JOURNAL, are invited to send particulars to the Hon. Editor, THE KIPLING JOURNAL, Lincoln House, Harrow-on-the-Hill.*

## *The I.S.C. and Haileybury*

A NOTE ON THE AMALGAMATION OF THE  
IMPERIAL SERVICE COLLEGE AND HAILEYBURY

by THE REV. L. De O. TOLLEMACHE.

READERS of the *Kipling Journal* will have read in the Press of the transfer of the Imperial Service College from Windsor and its amalgamation with Haileybury. The College, which was a lineal successor to the United Services College at Westward Ho and which therefore was proud to claim its association with Rudyard Kipling, thus ceases to be a separate entity. Throughout its career it has always been hampered by lack of a sufficiently large endowment, such as has enabled other schools to survive periods of depression. It has never been possible to meet all the demands in buildings and equipment which modern education deems necessary, and the struggle to make the best use of old-fashioned and ill-equipped buildings has been severe. Until the outbreak of the war in 1939, the difficulties of the situation were concealed by the growing numbers of boys in the College, and but for the war, it is likely that the position might have been satisfactorily stabilised. The outbreak of war, however, hit the College hard; the many boys from overseas at once were eliminated, and many of the parents who were serving in the Armed Forces, found it difficult for various reasons to continue to send their sons to a boarding school

situated at Windsor. The College was therefore affected by the general decline in numbers more than most schools and had no reserves on which to draw. It therefore was decided by the Governors that what seemed to be a losing fight must be given up. It is good to know that at least the name will be preserved in the joint school. And with the name without question there will remain the tradition of a great school, great in the sense of being very typically English, a school which strove to develop the best in every boy, irrespective of ability, and to make him a man fit to take his place as a stout-hearted servant of the Empire,—a school not unworthy of Kipling's teaching of what constitutes true citizenship.

During its last few years the Imperial connection was being drawn still more tightly by the special scholarship scheme in Rhodesia and by the Kipling scholarships for boys from all parts of the Empire: in such ways it was a pioneer of a movement which should inevitably be developed after the war. All those who have been privileged to be associated with the College, either as boys or masters, or in any other capacity, will preserve the memory of great devotion, great loyalty and fine comradeship. Good luck to them all!



*We regret that owing to great pressure on our space, and the reduced number of pages at present at our disposal, we have to hold over, until the next issue of the "Journal" Mr. Basil M. Bazley's review of "The Wound and the Bow," by Edmund Wilson, "Kiplingiana," and "Our Letter Bag."*

## Some More Kipling Parodies

Collected by COLONEL C. H. MILBURN, O.B.E.

READING Sir George MacMunn's article on "Some Kipling Parodies" in the *Kipling Journal* of October, 1941, reminded me that I have copies of very many Parodies of many of Kipling's verse in my Kipling 'scrap-book' collections.

I find that I have fifteen of *If*, which seems to be the favourite poem, on which parodists work their wicked will, and on widely different subjects. It may be of interest to give their titles, as indicating some of those subjects:—

- 1 "The Home Front "If." From *Blighty*, 1/6/40.
- 2 A Nautical "If." From *Blighty*, 1/6/40.
- 3 A Medical "If." From "University of Durham College of Medicine Gazette," -/3/33.
- 4 The Sailors' "If." From *Blighty*.
- 5 A Wife's "If." From *Yorkshire Evening Post*, 26/3/40
- 6 The Lord Mayor's "If." From *Yorkshire Evening Post*, 29/11/38.
- 7 A Politician's "If." From *Yorkshire Post*, 22/4/29.
- 8 A Doctor's "If." From *U.D.C.M. Gazette*, -/3/21.
- 9 A College Man's "If." From *U.D.C.M. Gazette*, -/5/32.
- 10 'The Fire Lunatic,' "If." From *Under Bow Bells*, (An Insurance Periodical), -/1/36.
- 11 "If." From *Under Bow Bells*, -/4/34.
- 12 A Car Driver's "If." From *Yorkshire Evening News*, -/6/34.
- 13 Aladdin's "If." From *Yorkshire Evening Post*, 18/1/38.
- 14 Bridge Player's "If." From *Harrogate Advertiser*, 4/3/33
- 15 "If" (the C.O.'s "If") by Mrs Fleming. Reprinted in the *Kipling Journal*, December, 1941 by permission of the "Edinburgh Evening News."

They are all clever, though of course, they vary in the degree of their cleverness.

A variant on *If* is *When*, from *Blighty* of 14/6/41, which runs:—

### WHEN

*With apologies to Rudyard Kipling's "If."*  
 When you wake up in the morning feeling  
 "tops"  
 And you wonder where your aches and  
 pains have gone,  
 And you don't care if it rains and never  
 stops,  
 And your boots don't cripple you to put  
 'em on,  
 When your breakfast seems a reg'lar "rill  
 mill."  
 And the tea's like tea (almost) except for  
 smoke,

And you wouldn't change places with General  
 Dill,  
 Or Ironsides, or any other bloke,  
 When you shave yourself twice just for  
 shaving's sake  
 And nothing's been swiped out of your  
 kit-bag,  
 And you pinch yourself and find you're  
 still awake,  
 When the Corporal nearly offers you a fag,  
 And the Sergeant, even, hasn't got the hump  
 And he smiles and doesn't shove you on  
 a guard,  
 And you wonder, have you clean gone off  
 your chump,—  
 Or have you been misjudging him too hard.  
 When you buy a pint of what they sell for  
 beer  
 And never once think why on earth you did.  
 And you feel you want to wave something  
 and cheer,  
 Or dance and act and sing just like a kid.  
 When you go and lend some cadger half-a-  
 crown,  
 Though you know he'll never pay you back  
 a bean.  
 When the Captain doesn't glare at you and  
 frown,  
 Or the Old Man look ill-tempered, sour  
 and mean,  
 When you go and stroll around the camp  
 or square  
 And you'd take back all you've called it,  
 if you could  
 And you sniff the smoke and petrol-poisoned  
 air  
 And you can't remember when it smelt so  
 good,  
 When you think that after all, the life's not  
 bad,  
 And perhaps you have been difficult at  
 times,  
 And remember all the glorious fun you've  
 had,  
 And you almost feel repentant for your  
 crimes,—  
 When you see the world in this strange,  
 rosy light  
 And you feel glad, somehow, that you're  
 still alive  
 And your little worries even cease to bite  
 Tho' you can't keep still—no matter how  
 you strive,—  
 Well, when you feel like this in every pore,  
 It's not just some clock or medal that you've  
 won,  
 You know you're sky-high bucked; but,  
 what is more,  
 You know you're going home on leave—  
 my Son I

C. H. I. BEIGH.

(*Blighty*, June 14, 1941).

### THE SAILOR'S "IF"

That little word.  
 If you can do your watch when all your  
 being  
 Craves for sleep, with aching bones demand-  
 ing rest;  
 If you can guide your hands with eyes un-  
 seeing,

And come with flying colours through the test.

If you can toil and not be tired of toiling,  
Be really sorry when your watch is through ;  
If you can soil your hands and not detest  
the soiling,  
And have a manly pride in what you do.

If you can watch the hands of Time slow  
turning,  
Without the heartfelt wish to hear eight  
bells,  
Or think of your relief and feel no yearning,  
To hear his footsteps, ere your soul rebels.

If you can force your tired brain to function,  
And keep firm hold on each succeeding  
thought ;

If you can work each muscle in conjunction,  
And never feel your senses overwrought.

If you can do these things without a failure,  
And not one bitter grumbling word you  
speak,

Then, Mate, you ain't a proper British sailor,  
And what is more, you're just a blinking  
freak.

From Ldg. Sto. RONALD GWYNNE  
H.M.S. "K," c/o G.P.O., London.

(Reproduced by permission of "Blighty.")

"Leave," and "Camp Concert"  
from the *Yorkshire Evening Post*,  
by "Ratz," a frequent poetical con-  
tributor to this paper, are not un-  
worthy of notice.

#### "LEAVE"

(With acknowledgments to Kipling).

Doffing mi army greatcoat, unlacing mi  
army boots,  
Wot do yer fink of me, Mary, for one of  
the new recruits ?  
All the way home in the train, lass, I was  
finking of Christmas Eve ;  
Gimme me pipe and slippers—I'm 'ome  
for a week on leave !

Back from the army again, serg,  
Back from the Army again !  
Ah! It's a treat ter relieve mi pore feet  
When I'm back from the Army again.

Wot's that ? 'Elp wiv the 'ousework, seeing  
I'm 'ere, says you ?  
Lumme, I'd clean forgotten there's all the  
fatigues ter do !  
Wot 'ud the corporal fink, now ? Wot  
'ud the sergeant say ?  
Orl right ! Pass me an apron ! Argue ?  
I've said O.K.!

Back from the army again, serg.,  
Back from the army again !  
'Enpecked once more, I'm scrubbing  
the floor,  
'Cos I'm back from the army again !

When I've finished the lino, I've to look  
sharp and peel all the spuds.  
Coo ! Do we need all those lass ? Wait  
till I've rinsed all the suds.  
Is this the life for a 'ero ? Is this the fatted  
calf?

I says ter mi flutterin' 'eartstrings, I says  
to em : Peace ? Not 'arf !

Back from the army again, serg.,  
Back from the army again !  
'Oo woudn' ave bet that I'd ever regret  
I was back from the army again ?  
RATZ.

#### "CAMP CONCERT"

(With acknowledgments to the Author of that  
little-known lyric "Gunga Din")

"What is the Corporal trembling for ?"  
asked Files-on-Parade ;  
"E's nervous, son," the Colour Sergeant  
said ;  
"You'd think 'e was, ter look at 'im, a fine  
upstanding lad.  
'Is mother's joy, 'is sister's pride, a credit  
to 'is dad ;  
A magnificent young sample of the Army  
of to-day,  
"But—" the Colour Sergeant gulped, 'e  
did, an' turned 'is 'ead away,  
"E's disgraced the regiment, 'is platoon,  
'is squad, an' me.  
'Im wot I thought the smartest chap in all  
of Company C.  
The star turn of the concert—an when the  
spotlight shines  
'E gets a fit of stage fright 'an forgets 'is  
blinking lines !"  
"What is that row they're kicking up ?"  
asked Files-on-parade.  
"Get out of 'ere, get out of 'ere, the Colour  
Sergeant said ;  
"I've faced a blooming bayonet charge,  
and never turned a hair,  
But this is something else again—Come on,  
the exit's there—  
The troops is mad as dervishes, an' stamping  
of their feet,  
They're tearing of the benches up—it's  
time to beat retreat ;  
I ain't afraid of Jerries, and I do not mind  
a stroll  
Acrost the wastes o' No-Man's-Land when  
scouting on patrol:  
It's a lovely concert party—well, at least,  
it might 'ave bin,  
Till I saved the situation by reciting 'Gunga  
Din' "

RATZ  
Copied from the *Yorkshire Evening Post*  
of 22/1/40

Perhaps "Je Debuske" should  
be included in the list of "Ifs,"  
though the metre does not quite  
coincide ; still it has somewhat of  
the tang.

#### "JE DEBUSKE"

When the Scientific Blokes  
In laboratory cloaks  
Make researches for the benefit of Science,  
You must treat with every care  
Their conclusions, and beware  
That misleading air of certain self-reliance.

They concoct a fancy diet,  
Quite expecting you to buy it,  
Even threatening dire disaster should you  
skip it ;

Give instructions with the food,  
Such as "Meals for every Mood,"  
And "Advice on Alcohol and How to Sip it."



When you argue that the meal  
Isn't how you feel,  
That your tummy's been undoubtedly  
extruded,  
They explain that "CHO"  
"Doesn't make your R.Q. low,"  
And that "fat and protein must be included."

In this language—Double Dutch—  
Their controversies are such  
That the layman has to grin and bear the  
pain.  
If your health is due to sages  
In the 'Daily Waiter's pages  
You're a better man than I—Arbuthnot Lane!

From the University of Durham College  
of Medicine, Gazette, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
(No name, signed).

One of the cleverest parodies that  
I have come across, is that headed  
"An Italian General," by 'E. F.'  
in the "Daily Sketch" of 18/2/41  
and it parodies the verse at the head  
of the chapter "Tiger-Tiger" in  
the Jungle Book. The rhythm and  
rhyme follow more closely than usual,  
that of the original verse.

#### TO AN ITALIAN GENERAL FOUND WANDERING IN THE DESERT

(After Rudyard Kipling).

What of the fighting, warrior bold?  
Brother, I fled—my battalions lie cold.  
What of the enemy ye were to kill?  
Brother, they won, they had faith and skill.  
Where are the lies that gave you pride?  
Brother, I leave them to those who lied.  
Why, in this desert, do ye hurry by?  
Brother, to hide—for I fear to die.

E. F.

(From *Daily Sketch*, 18/2/41).

I do not doubt there are many,  
many other parodies which *i.* have  
not come across, but the preceding  
specimens may stimulate members  
to watch in the papers for parodies,  
criticisms, explanations, or analyses  
of Kipling's works and this would be  
all to the good.

An interesting side-light is thrown  
on the original of the poem *If* in  
a paragraph on page 53 of *Private  
and Official*, a biography of Sir Ronald  
Waterhouse, by Lady Waterhouse.  
Discussing the characteristics of Cecil  
Rhodes and Dr. Jameson, she says,  
"And Ronald also regards it as significant  
in this connection that Kipling,  
a great Imperialist, and an experienced  
judge of men, should have lived  
year by year as a neighbour of Rhodes,  
in the house which he built and  
called 'Woolsack'; that he knew  
him intimately, frequently met Jameson  
at Grootte Schuur, and yet should  
have been so persistently reserved  
about Rhodes, while he adopted the  
character of Jameson as a model  
for his famous verses *If*."

I have not seen elsewhere any  
statement as to whom Kipling had  
in mind, when he composed these  
verses—but on again reading *If*,  
the above opinion seems to fit.

## Old Johnny Grundy Again

IN the December, 1941, issue of  
the *Kipling Journal* (No. 60) a  
note by our contributor "Victorian"  
appeared on "Old Johnny  
Grundy," with a sub-title: Further  
Light on a Kipling Mystery. The  
puzzle of the parentage of "Old  
Johnny Grundy" is, to a certain  
extent, cleared up in an interesting  
letter we have received from Mrs.  
Fleming, (R. K.'s sister). She writes:  
"I was amused to see "Old Johnny  
Grundy"—my Father's jingle—known  
and loved by me since I was three  
years old—is still being ascribed to  
Rudyard. Do state very plainly that  
J. L. Kipling wrote and illustrated  
it in the very early seventies. I  
answered Mr. F. Foster on this at  
length in No. 48 of the *Kipling Journal*.  
If we all had our rights the longest

and most admired part of "On Green-  
how Hill" would be signed J. L. K.,  
and sundry verses A. M. K. In  
those simple days "Bags I" made  
a copyright—and the family square  
"pooled" their work on occasion  
even as No. 5 study in *Stalky* did  
their impots."

As is only too well known, "Quartette  
1885" was what Mrs. Fleming describes  
as a family affair, the quartette  
being R. K., his father, mother and  
sister. Exactly in the same way  
some of the "uncollected" series  
of *Plain Tales from the Hills* were  
not written by R. K., but very likely  
by other members of the family,  
*A Pinchbeck Goddess* most certainly  
being by his sister. In *Echoes*, too,  
R. K. and his sister collaborated,  
as is common knowledge.

## R.K.'s Masonic Allusions

Extradé from a lecture by ALBERT FROST

[A very interesting brochure, printed for private circulation, has reached us from Mr. Albert Frost, of Norfolk Lodge, Sheffield, which is the outcome of a lecture given by him to the Sheffield Masonic Study Circle. It is entitled "Rudyard Kipling: With special reference to Masonic Allusions and Inferences," and contains a foreword by Sir George MacMunn.]

IN his Preface, Mr. Frost writes :—

As an antidote to any form of Melancholia it is with some confidence that I can prescribe an attentive perusal of any or all the writings of Rudyard Kipling. I do not exaggerate when I say they became my boon companions during the past winter months; almost an obsession in fact, and I cherish the memory of Kipling with deep esteem and affection. His creative intellect, his philosophy, style and phraseology cast a spell over one which is impossible to explain. He definitely ranks with the classics, but in a class by himself. It may be thought by some that Kipling does not compare with the old Greek and Latin philosophers. As to this I am not in a position to express an opinion, as I confess to knowing so little about them, but from an intimate abstract acquaintance with Kipling I can substantiate that he was a writer of great brilliancy; and withal of enthralling interest. The stupendous heights he attained, and the depths he reached, in every phase of experience—human and otherwise,—are incomprehensible. His prose and his verse stand alone; they impart a knowledge and inspiration to all who have to face the hard facts of life, and this is an experience none of us can escape. Whilst Kipling was subjected to severe criticism from time to time, his conclusions were oftener more right than wrong.

Kipling is more a living soul to-day than ever before, and his influence will expand and extend throughout a period of time beyond calculation.

R. K.'s MASONIC ANTECEDENTS

It is by no means wandering into the realms of romance, but well

within the bounds of possibility that Kipling's antecedents were actually Freemasons at York in the 17th century, as on the authority of the "Waistell" Manuscript in the Provincial Grand Lodge Library at Leeds there is the signature of "Henry Kipling," who signed on behalf of his cousin "John Kipling." There is also another of about the same time known as the "No. IV York Manuscript," which bears the signature of Mark Kipling. I do not, however, presume to say that Rudyard was a descendant of any or either of the three worthies mentioned, no subsequent evidence having been discovered of any connection between them. We are, however, quite safe in assuming that the Kiplings of those days could not possibly have any conception that such a great light was to appear in the firmament of literature nearly three centuries afterwards. It is on record that the Kiplings of those days chiefly lived near Richmond in Yorkshire. I am not aware of any definite attempt having been made to trace Rudyard's direct line of descent, and it is a pity that there is an element of conjecture about it. A search would be well worth while.

### THE DUKE'S QUESTION.

On an occasion when the Duke of Connaught visited Westward Ho His Royal Highness singled out Kipling, and amongst other things asked him what he would like to become—to which question he replied: "I would like, Sir, to live with the Army and write up Tommy Atkins," and it is not at all unlikely that those casual remarks were instrumental in getting him a free passage back to India, at the age of seventeen, and to Lahore, where he became Sub-Editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, and more or less a Free-lance Press Correspondent. I wonder if our late Grand Master, the Duke of Connaught, was in any way interested in Kipling's introduction into Freemasonry. It is not improbable, as they were in India at the same time, where in

1887 His Royal Highness was the District Grand Master of Bombay. Later he paid due recognition to Kipling's genius by ordering that he be given the run of all the barracks.

His initiation into Freemasonry must have been of an interesting character. On April 5th, 1886, being at that time less than twenty-one years of age, a dispensation was granted under the authority of the District Grand Master. His occupation was described as Assistant Editor of the "Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore." The ballot being taken he was unanimously elected, and being in attendance he was initiated in the Lodge "Hope and Perseverance," No. 782, Lahore, under the English Constitution. Without doubt the ceremony made a marked impression on him, and for a little time he took deep interest in Freemasonry, as within four months of being raised he gave a paper on the "Origins of the Craft," and shortly afterwards another paper under the title of "Some Remarks on popular views of Freemasonry." To this Lodge he dedicated the very clever poem "The Mother Lodge"—the best of all his compositions having reference to Freemasonry.

#### R. K. AND THE R.A.F. PILOT.

A Royal Air Force pilot meeting Kipling one day said, "Oh yes, of course I know you, Mr. Kipling—but only topographically. You are a round pond, a square pond, and six chimneys all in a row"—no doubt an apt description of what "Batemans" looked like from the air.

#### LODGE MEMBERSHIP.

As being of the Craft, Kipling was, I believe, a member of the "Authors' Lodge" in London. At any rate, he was present at the Consecration in 1910. He was also a member of "The Motherland Lodge" and a Rosicrucian, being attached to the Metropolitan College. He wrote: "For as you come and as you go, whatever Grade you be—the Rosicrucian brethren are good enough for me." Whether he retained his membership in his Mother Lodge at Lahore I don't know. He was advanced a Mark Mason in "Fidelity" Lodge in Lahore and a Royal Ark

Mariner of "Mount Ararat" Lodge attached to the same Lodge. He was an honorary member of "Canon-gate Kilwinning" Lodge No. 2, Edinburgh, of which the poet Burns was also an honorary member.

#### MASONIC SYMBOLISM.

You have probably read that curious little essay of Kipling's on *The Butterfly that Stamped*. Whilst it invites no particular Masonic attention as an essay, yet the introductory initial—which was probably drawn by Kipling himself—would show that he was meditating in careless fashion on Masonic Symbolism. It begins with "This is a story about The Most Wise Sovereign"—a title familiar to many of us. The drawing depicts Solomon reclining in a sort of easy chair with a butterfly on extended wings alighting on the first finger of his right hand. On the back of the chair the wise old owl is perched, whilst Solomon's left arm has a bracelet on it from which hangs the pendant of the Square and Compasses. Around his neck hangs a collar bearing the letters HTWSSTKS, the symbolism of which was quite well understood by Kipling as it is to many of us. The Apron he is wearing I make out to be that of a Master or Past Master of the Craft, as it carries the appropriate squares. His prose works in many parts are mystical, and other emblems made use of by him are very symbolical. On the outside cover of most of Kipling's works there is the embossment of an elephant's head within a circle. The trunk of the elephant is seen to be holding a lotus flower whilst on the left side there is the swastika. All this is symbolical. The circle symbolizes something without end—eternity. The elephant's head is an emblem of wisdom and foresight, whilst the lotus flower has ever been considered by Eastern peoples as a sacred emblem representing purity, health and fortune, and freedom from improper design. Now we must look very carefully at the cross in the form of a swastika on this book cover design, and more so to-day, because we scarcely open a newspaper or periodical without seeing the sign of a swastika being applied as a sort of emblem by the

arch-enemy of England. The real form of a swastika is made up of four Greek capital letters placed together, and is a religious symbol of very ancient date. In fact, it is known to have been in use particularly in India a thousand years before the Christian era. And in adopting the swastika as forming part of an actual trade mark registered in 1930, Kipling possessed a vision and wisdom which are of great significance, and stamp him as being very definitely prophetic. For in his form of the cross the extremities or points are bent at the right angle whilst Hitler's cross is the reverse—the former denoting faith, favourable tendencies and influences propitious, blessing, long life and good fortune, whilst the latter form is the harbinger of misfortune and failure; and adopted by the German Nazis more or less for political purposes. The former is an omen for good; the latter an omen for evil, and as some proof of this I would refer certain Brethren to "The Grade of Practicus," where the swastika is described as Fylfot, which is a distinction with a difference.

#### THE FINEST LESSONS IN LIFE.

A lover of Kipling who fought in the last war, was wounded and discharged, set up as a bookseller—in Sheffield in point of fact—told me he had recited the poem *If* scores of times in South Africa and in France and, having purchased in the course of his business a number of engravings of a contemporary important personage, discovered they could not

be sold at any price. He conceived the idea of typing out the poem *If*, which he attached with a paper fastener to the engraving, offering it to the public at an inclusive price, placed it in his window, and he cleared his stock in extraordinary quick time, with a good return to himself. This poem *If* contains some of the finest lessons in life. Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads* were indeed the Battle Songs of the Army and will not be forgotten for generations.

#### INTEREST IN WAR GRAVES COMMISSION.

I should be lacking if I did not mention the interest in, and the influence he had over, the Imperial War Graves Commission. It was on his suggestion that the "Stone of Remembrance" in each war cemetery bears the inscription: "Their name liveth for evermore." No more fragrant or appropriate inscription could have been found for the War Graves of France and Flanders than that. When I was personally conducted over several cemeteries a few years ago, I raised my hat in admiration and reverence, and thanked God for Rudyard Kipling. On being subsequently requested by the Staff of this same Commission to select the name for a Masonic Lodge he said, "I would call it 'The Builders of the Silent Cities'," and so it is. Think of it! Of this Lodge Kipling was a Founder—membership being open to only those who have taken some active interest in the War Graves Commission.

## Please Remember the Kipling Society in Your Will

*The following Form of Bequest should be used*

LEGACIES from Members who wish to support the work of the Kipling Society are accepted by the Council with gratitude. The following Form of Bequest should be used :  
"I bequeath to The Kipling Society,  
2, High Street, Thame, Oxfordshire,  
asumof

(£ ) free of duty, to be applicable for the general purposes of the Society. And I declare that the receipt of the Hon. Treasurer or other proper official for the time being of the Society shall be a good and sufficient discharge to my Executors."

## Branch Report

### AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

[*May we, in publishing this excellent report of the work of the Auckland, N.Z., Branch of the Society, sincerely congratulate all concerned upon the great success of their Season 1941-1942 ?*]

THE Season 1941-1942 was, undoubtedly, the most successful we have had since the foundation of this Branch in 1935. Our meetings were well attended in spite of the black-out and the many anxieties pressing heavily upon us as the threat of war in the Pacific became more imminent. Out of fifty Members the average attendance was over thirty.

Thoughtful and eloquent addresses were read to sympathetic and responsive audiences of Members and friends : it was apparent that the Kipling Society in Auckland, like Kipling's Ship, had "found itself." In its seventh year this Branch has still a large proportion of Foundation Members, who have been making a sincere study of Kipling, the poet ; the philosopher ; the Master of English prose. The spirit of Kipling animates this fraternity.

The Society owes much to its former Chairmen, Mr. Townley Little and the Reverend C. E. Perkins ; and is now heavily indebted to the present Chairman, Mr. D. W. Faigan, who has given generously of his scholarship. His introductory address in March, 1941 on Kipling's vision of the British Empire's nobility of purpose and Kipling's anguished cry to the peoples of the Empire to fulfil their responsibility by Military Service, was an inspiration to all his hearers. A moving tribute to their Majesties, the King and Queen of England, to their devotion to their people at home and abroad found immediate response in the heart of every Member.

Later in the year Mr. Faigan was called upon to fill another Member's

place at short notice : he gave us a study of Kipling's short stories, worthy of a permanent place in English Literature.

Mr. Norman Boyes received an ovation when he gave us—with impassioned readings—in pages of pure poetry, "Kipling, the poet of Empire." Miss Boulton's penetrating study of *Kipling and the Children* was a feeling interpretation of the spiritual Kipling, whose expression of love and understanding of children, is unsurpassed in English literature.

Miss Cecil Hull is a pillar of strength to the Society. Her humorous and vigorous writing, broadcasting and readings of Kipling are used constantly to make Kipling better known and understood in New Zealand. Dr. Hilda Northcroft has endeared herself to members by her readings of the magic words of the *Just So Stories* and of *The Jungle Books*. Memorable evenings of delight for all.

Our Wellington Member, The Alexander Turnbull Library, at our request has compiled for us a Bibliography of their treasured volumes of Kipling, which includes most of the First Editions de luxe : rare editions : and rare books on the subject of Kipling and his work.

Mr. Brandon and Mr. Bullen in emphasising the robust and joyous Kipling gave us two very jolly evenings. Our thanks are due to all Members for their loyalty and enthusiastic co-operation.

We have remitted £20 English money to the Central Society who have expressed frequently, throughout the year, their appreciation of our work. Our admiration for them is unbounded : bombed out of London they are carrying on at Thame near Oxford.

EDITH M. BUCHANAN,  
*Hon. Secretary and Organiser.*



*CHANGES OF ADDRESS.* Will members who are changing their address please notify the Hon. Secretary, Kipling Society, 2, High Street, Thame Oxon?

## Kipling's Grammar

*An interesting correspondence on the English Language in the hands of a master.*

WE are indebted to *The Scotsman* for the following extracts from an interesting correspondence in the columns of that paper on the subject of Kipling's Grammar. In a letter to the Editor, W. N. M. wrote—

With regard to the question of a British battle hymn, Kipling's *Recessional* will do to be going on with. It is nearly as good in its way as Julia Ward Howe's composition, and it has bequeathed to literature two unforgettable lines :—

"The tumult and the shouting dies ;  
The captains and the kings depart."  
(What a pity, by the way, that the first of these lines should be marred by a defect in grammar !) As expressions of deep-seated patriotic feeling *Land of Hope and Glory* and Sir Cecil Spring-Rice's *I vow to thee, my country* are also worthy to be mentioned."

### SOME COMMENTS.

The use of the words "a defect in grammar," as applied to Kipling, brought a number of letters. Here are a few comments.

"The English language in the hands of a master is a keen weapon and also a tool of great precision. But to the lesser mortal it may be a prison, and the chains and fetters of the captive is grammar.

Kipling was much too careful a writer to have made a mistake or to have passed a "defect in grammar," as "W. N. M." suspects, in the lines :

"The tumult and the shouting dies ;  
The captains and the kings depart."

The picture is quite clear, but Kipling's deliberate choice of words makes it vivid. "The tumult and the shouting" refers to strife, to a crowd, to armies locked in battle, each a unity in thought associated with noise. Here Kipling shows his skill, for when peace comes the noise dies and the crowd departs ; no it does not, it breaks up into its component parts, thus becoming plural, "and the captains and the kings depart."

I think, therefore, that what "W. N. M." thinks is a grammatical defect is a masterly use of a tool, a skilful escape from the prison of the text-book, demonstrating one aspect of the power of the English language when well used.—R. S. GALLOWAY, Duntrune, Elderslie, Renfrewshire.

W. N. M. replied :— "When I ventured in a parenthetical remark to express regret that Kipling's famous line was marred by a defect in grammar it was not with the desire to indulge in cheap "niggling criticism" of a great writer, but rather for the reason, expressed in all sincerity, that it seemed regrettable that so fine a line should suffer from so obvious a blemish. It still appears to me that the use of the conjunction "and" indicates that two separate ideas are involved, and because of this plurality of ideas it follows that the verb should be in agreement. The poet could easily have written the line in such a way as to preserve the rhyme with "sacrifice," without in any way weakening its force. Indeed, the effect would rather have been to strengthen it by removing the blemish from which, as it stands, it suffers.

After all, this form of error is quite a common one in ordinary speaking and writing and one does not expect the "masters" to be subject to the frailties which affect us "lesser mortals." Besides Kipling's line there is in literature an even more famous example of the same error—"Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory," and although we repeat this error every day, so that we have grown quite used to it, it must still be regarded as an error.

I have every respect for the views put forward by Mr. R. S. Galloway, but it seems to me that in effect his argument amounts to this—that the "masters" are not to be bound, as we are, by the strict rules of grammar, I still think, however, that even in the case of the great writers any such departure from the rules is a sign of weakness rather than of strength.

## EVERYDAY PHRASES.

This was followed by a note from Mr. W. B. Stevenson, 31, Mansion-house Road, Edinburgh. "Rudyard Kipling's line "the tumult and the shouting dies," is good English idiom, and has many parallels in English literature. I give two examples taken from C. P. Mason's *English Grammar*. Milton writes "hill and valley rings" (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 495), and Shakespeare "wherein doth sit the fear and dread of kings" (*Merchant of Venice*, iv.1. 192). Familiar Bible texts supply striking illustrations, such as "now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three." Everyday phrases like "there was much talking and laughing" are frequent. A singular verb exercises a unifying influence on a double or triple compound subject. The grammatical rules we learn at school are guides to beginners, not laws which every writer and speaker of English must always obey."

Many other letters on the subject were published, and the correspondence was closed by the following note from "W. N. M." who originated it.

## "W. N. M." ON THE POINTS RAISED.

"As the writer of the unobtrusive (but perhaps somewhat impertinent) remark which originated this discussion, may I be allowed to refer briefly to some of the interesting points which have been raised?"

We are all grateful to the learned Professors who have, with all the weight of their authority, contributed to the debate. I notice, however, as a rather peculiar feature of their arguments, that they seek to justify the grammatical accuracy of Kipling's line by first altering its form. Professor Rose, for example, suggests that it should read as representing "the tumult dies and the shouting dies," but in this form it would not have fitted into the rhythm of the poem. When in a previous letter I ventured to suggest that the line might have been constructed in such a way as to preserve the rhyme with "sacrifice" without losing any of

its power, the form I had in view was "the tumult dies; the shouting dies." In this form it appears to me that the line would have been at least equally effective while at the same time being in strict accordance with grammatical rules. Sir Herbert Grierson suggests that the line should be read as meaning "the tumultuous shouting dies," but with every respect for the great authority with which he is entitled to speak, may I venture modestly to submit that this correction simply emphasises the fact that correction is necessary?"

I regret that I am not capable of coping with the, to me, rather abstruse and esoteric dialectics of Professor Wright. I should have thought that the "and" under discussion both collected and enumerated. It "collects" in the sense that it brings into association two ideas, which, however, although thus brought together, still retain their individuality, and it "enumerates" because, although associated, they still remain separate and distinct. The havoc caused in the lay mind by Professor Wright's finely drawn distinctions was cleverly and amusingly illustrated the other day by the note in "A Scotsman's Log."

The confusion as regards "Thine is the kingdom, etc.," appears to arise from the fact that it is written in inverted form. If we "reinvert" it, and write "The Kingdom, the power and the glory is Thine," the error becomes more obvious.

I quite appreciate the fact that grammar has been based historically on the practice of the "masters," but once the rules have been fixed it seems to behove us all to have due regard to them. It may be that a writer of genius, endowed with an inspired and consummate mastery of the literary art, may be able to give new turns to forms of expression which in due time may change the grammar of the language; but surely such a consideration does not affect the comparatively simple and "elementary" question of when or when not to use the singular or the plural verb.—W. N. M.



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