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Notes

MORAVIAN PIONEERING.

TO glean in the wake of a writer like Rudyard Kipling is frequently a task deserving of the Babu metaphor about "milking the he-goat," and this is said without any undervaluation whatever of Major Mansback's researches into "Some Kipling Backgrounds." One recalls many a case where research has been all too thankless in such circumstances and where interesting supplementary material has been brought to light, but gone unregarded because it lacked the subjective touch of authorship to make it first-class narrative or illumine it with the virtue of imagination. But here is the real jewel of human interest which commended the early annals of American settlement to the diligent minds of men like Francis Parkman.

Where Longfellow was content with trochees and rhyme and repetition, and left us a treasury of folk-lore like "Hiawatha," Parkman—an American scholar nearly blind from over-study—set himself to ransack the archives of Paris, London, Spain and Rome, in order to trace the origins of Canada and the western belt through their pioneer, missionary, trader, military and political stages. The result was a dozen volumes which have never had due recognition from British historians or universities, still less from our Empire politicians; and it is to this slender group of unselfish investigators that Major Mansback has attached himself. He has perceived, as so few have done, what a fascination the travels and sufferings of the Moravian pioneers had for Kipling; and how far they transcended the eccentric pietism of indigenous Sects like the Mormons and the **Jumpers**. We shall look forward to

the rest of these findings with deep interest, and as regards the Kipling letter on page 4, it seems to possess that internal evidence and style which are adequate authentication.

ENGLAND'S "PLEASANT GREEN."

Miss Broughton's idyll in praise of our English countryside rightly stresses those elemental simplicities that Kipling loved—not the grandeurs and wilds of Lakeland or the Pennines or Dartmoor, but the everyday serenity and vividness of field and croft and brook. Over and over again, from Washington Irving onwards, and especially through the literature of Empire travel and pilgrimage, there shines this innocent worship of way-side greenness and blue distance, and the supreme content and beauty of many a cottage garden. One has heard new arrivals training up from the Channel to town, and breaking forth impulsively at sight of the first real stretch of meadowland *en route*. It was not for nothing that Louis XIV's landscape architect, Le Nôtre, sent to Banstead Downs in Surrey for the turf to spread like a carpet about the parterres of the new regal palace of Versailles. Only the initiated know how some of the best of that turf in Surrey is said to have been imported from Cumberland, where the golf-course architects of three or four continents still repair for the surfacing of their new courses. From this primal horizon of the downs, Kipling built up a wonderful and inspired structure of a whole natural and patriotic religion, you may say; but it is only the overseas cousin like Miss Broughton, as a rule, who really awakens us to our heritage and gratitude it deserves.



HITLER CONSULTS
HIS MAGICIANS
AGAIN
- NEWS

" TRY AND GET IN TOUCH WITH THIS FELLOW KIPLING AND SEE WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT THIS ! "
By courtesy of " The Glasgow Herald."

FRANCE HERSELF AGAIN.

There is a radiant chance for some contemporary western poet to celebrate in fitting verse the Retort Courteous to Lafayette—that is to say, the triumphant march of America's legions across the tortured soil of France in the recent process of her liberation. Lafayette's exploit in crossing to the Atlantic Colonies in early days, appeared to many of our statesmen, perhaps, as a piece of officious initiative at the time; but in reality it was a noble gesture for a liberty-loving Frenchman. Incidentally, one often wishes he had had a handsomer set of features to grace the monuments his demonstration of goodwill has since inspired. Then came the turn of an American contingent in the last war to visit Père Lachaise, to drill into formation around his grave, to sound the "Last Post," and call out in ringing tones—"Nous voici, Lafayette," or words to that effect.

This bit of militarism impressed Kipling at the time, if I remember rightly, and answered to that double faculty he undoubtedly possessed—so rare amongst us, taken as a whole—of understanding intuitively the best feelings both of America and France. We may wonder what he would have said of the present national ascension and unification of Russia, but we may be sure of what he would have had to say concerning the magnificent contribution America has made to the Allied victories and the redemption of Europe. And there is still more certitude, I verily believe, that of all the symptoms this war has produced outside the sacred circle of British brotherhood, the one which would have wrought him up to the very pitch of ecstasy and triumph, would have been this exultant ransom of France and her gratitude accordingly.

EDITORIAL LICENCE.

Mr. Brooking's crisp and genial comments over that beach-combing outrage on the immortal M'Andrew, is surely one of the best exercises in tolerant irony within our recollection, considering the unusual provocation. To an ardent Kiplingite like himself, and one well versed by heart in so many of the classic pieces we all admire, it is unspeakable that 3 scribe with an idle pen should have

copied out over a dozen of the best lines in the Hymn and then distorted and mangled them in order to "spooof" a sectional organ for the sake of creating a minority laugh at the expense of the paper. It occurs to mind, of course, that where an editor confesses not to have read the Hymn even for years, he can hardly allege that these lines as submitted aroused no recollection; and if he swept them on to the printer, with all their impertinences on their head, he was asking loudly for trouble and rebuke.

Forty years ago, as we are assured, the Hymn was as familiar as a favourite psalm among Scottish apprentice engineers, and if this vein of memory has been worked out, then we may fairly say that such shortening of the general memory among readers may be due to the remissness of the majority of editors. Some of the tribe, we have heard, have been often guilty of sending stuff into print, with the complacent remark, that if anything was wrong it would be set right in the correspondence columns, and the present case seems an instance in point. From this onward it only needs fresh recruitment of the editorial board and its assistants, to produce a state of things where there reigns not only a buoyant contempt for anything like accuracy in a standard text, but also an unfathomable scorn concerning poetry that conforms to any rules or possesses any meaning. Oh modernism, what things are perpetrated in thy name!

J. P. COLLINS.

COINCIDENCE IN BLACK

SAYS Terence Mulvaney in Kipling's story "Black Jack," "Black Jack, I wud expaytiate to you, Sorr, is the Ace iv Spades, which from time immemorial has been intimately connected with battle, murder, and sudden death." The next objective before General Patton's assault troops in the Moselle Valley is the German position in the hills overlooking Pont-a-Mousson; and the soldiers have nick-named it "Little Cassino." This recalls Cassino, which was such a tough proposition in Italy; but "little cassino," in the old-fashioned card game of the latter name, is the two of spades, which may also signify battle and sudden death for the Germans. It is Patton's lead. (From the "Manchester Guardian.")

Some Kipling Backgrounds

By MAJOR IRVING E. MANSBACK
(EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.)

[This is the first of a series of notes from Major Mansback, setting forth the results of his researches into the backgrounds of such Kipling material as "Brother Square Toes," "A Priest in Spite of Himself" and "Philadelphia." The notes have been read by one of our Vice Presidents who is interested in the subject and who writes :

With regard to the characters in the two stories and the poem, I find that there are 24 persons and 19 places and things mentioned in them. Most of them are of historical importance—actual persons and places—so that the stories and poem are based on reality. That means that Kipling must have had access to move historical records than he admits in the letter to the *Philadelphian*,—quoted below—and that he must have studied them carefully and thoroughly. This is confirmed on reading Major Mansback's typescript. The best way to appreciate the real value of his researches, is to read the stories and poem, and then the biographical and explanatory passages in the following notes].

SOME years ago, a Philadelphian interested as to the source of Kipling's material for *Brother Square Toes*, *A Priest in Spite of Himself*, and the poem *Philadelphia*, wrote to the author, and this was Kipling's answer. "As far as I can recall at this distance, there was a little history of the Moravian Church in Philadelphia at the beginning of the last century, which supplied most of the characters that were needed in the tales, and when one got Red Jacket, Toby Hirte, the Moravian connection, and the legend that Talleyrand once sold buttons for a living in Philadelphia all mixed up together, you can see that the rest of the tale marched by itself even if Providence had not sent me an old map of the American Colonies of 1774 or thereabouts, which gave me the old trails and ferries that were required. There was no reason why one should have ever stopped."*

Therefore where historical matter is concerned, one is tempted to search the record to find out where and how Kipling went to get his material. The writer has for some time felt the urge to delve into the backgrounds of *Brother Square Toes* and *A Priest in Spite of Himself* and *Philadelphia*.

The following report is the result of that research on these stories.

GENET.

Citizen Edmund Charles Genet came to America on the frigate *Embuscade*, which, with her thirty-six guns, her Liberty Cap at foremast, and her quarter galleries decorated with the emblem of the "Terrible Republic," arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, on April 8, 1793. It had been her intention to proceed to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, but contrary winds and the rumoured presence of two British frigates turned her aside to the southern port.

The young man on her quarter deck, resplendent in the tri-coloured sash of his ministerial office, was exactly thirty years and three months old. A very handsome young man, with a fine, open, laughing countenance and a ruddy complexion, active and full of bustle, pleasant and unaffected, "more like a busy man than a man of business." A young man of parts, of great culture, and of long diplomatic experience; an admirer since his childhood, of the founders of American freedom; fresh from the magnificent and transfiguring ordeal of his country's republican rebirth, aflame with patriotism and lofty resolves.

During the stay of ten days at Charleston, Genet, among other things, saw the *Embuscade* start on her raiding voyage to Philadelphia. On April 18th, he started north by land, choosing a route which would take him through a countryside, the farming population of which was none too well disposed toward the Federal Party in power, with its unpopular excise laws, and where he might have opportunity to purchase necessary supplies of

grain for the French Colonies. His progress was a continuous triumph, a tumultuous ovation of guns, bells, public addresses, civic feasts and "Fraternal Hugs." Philadelphia was all bubbling over with excitement in anticipation of his coming.

Along the roads, horsemen were posted to bring in news of his approach and citizen Bompard of the *Embuscade* had agreed to fire three shots in confirmation of the event.

Genet arrived at one o'clock on the afternoon of May 16th. A large concourse of citizens had marched out to Greys Ferry to meet him and, escort him in triumph into the town. He avoided them and drove through cheering streets to the City tavern at Second near Walnut where business of the Port was transacted.

On May 18th, he was formally and in his estimation, a trifle coldly received by the President. On that evening, he attended the first of several festivities in his honour.

THE PRIVATEERS.

He watched squadrons of privateers grow and he maintained that since the treaties forbade the enemies of France to fit out raiders in American ports, the permission for France to do so was obviously intended, and that if French privateers were allowed to bring their prizes into American harbours, they might also condemn them there; he asked for advances on the two million dollar debt and was told by Mr. Hamilton that there was no money in the Treasury, and that even if there were, he would not receive any of it. He sent agents to Louisiana, incited the Canadians, armed the Kentuckians, gathered a fleet, and corresponded with George Rogers Clark concerning the Spanish. He did much to worsen public opinion against England, attempting to have the United States help France against England and developed a large following wherever he made contact. At first, he made a good impression on the astute Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson; however, eventually Jefferson realized that Genet and his influence were potentially dangerous. The President was aware of what Genet represented and what he was **attempting to do**, and he so **informed Jefferson**. It was **not long**

after this that Genet **lost** his popularity and his recall was asked from the French.

WEISER.

Conrad Weiser first appears in American History when it is recorded that (Chief) "Shikellamy returned to Philadelphia from his journey to Onondaga (near Syracuse, New York) on December 10, 1731, accompanied by a Cayuga chief named Cehachquely, and Conrad Weiser and John Scull as interpreters."

On his way to meet the Governor at this time, Shikellamy stopped at the home of Conrad Weiser, (now a State Monument) near Womelsdorf, Pennsylvania, in Berkshire County, took him to Philadelphia and introduced him to Governor Gordon as "an adopted son of the Mohawk Nation." This was Weiser's first appearance in connection with Indian affairs, later he had much to do in bringing about the ascendancy of the Anglo-Saxon in the Western World.

Conrad Weiser was born at Afstadt, in Herrenberg, Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1696. At the age of thirteen, he accompanied his father to America, and for several years, assisted him in making tar and raising hemp on Livingston Manor, New York. The Weiser family spent the winter of 1713-1714 with several Iroquois families at Schenectady, New York where Weiser secured some of his knowledge of Iroquoisian.

In the spring of 1714, he accompanied his father to Schoharie Valley, where they endured much hardship in company with the other Palatines, in that valley. When he was seventeen years old, Weiser went to live with Quagnant, a prominent Iroquois chief, who, taking a great fancy to Conrad, requested the father that the young man might dwell with him for a time. He remained with the Iroquois chief for eight months learning the Iroquois language and customs, and was adopted "by them."

In 1729, Conrad Weiser and his wife followed the elder Weiser to the Tulpehocken Valley, Pennsylvania, where a number of Palatines from Schoharie Valley had settled, under the leadership of Conrad Weiser, Senior. The young couple built their

home about one mile east of Womelsdorf, where Conrad continued to reside till a few years before his death, when he moved to Reading, Pennsylvania.

INDIANS AND WHITES.

The Iroquois Chief Shikellamy, vice gerent of the Six Nations, became a close friend of Weiser.

During his adult life he became the intermediary between the Indians and the Anglo Saxon governors. It was through his efforts that the Indians did not attack the settlers in force when the settlers and the settlements were weak in numbers and arms.

He arranged many conferences between the Indians and Whites. The Treaty of 1732 between the Colony of Pennsylvania and the Six Nations was due to his efforts.

Shikellamy and Weiser brought about a change in the Indian policy of Colonial Pennsylvania, in purchasing lands from the Delawares. The Colony started that long series of events which resulted in the bloodiest invasion in colonial history, invasion which drenched Pennsylvania in blood from 1755 to 1764; but at the same time, while thus bringing upon herself a Delaware and Shawnee war, she escaped a Six Nation war, which no doubt would have been much more serious in its consequences. Weiser had little or no respect for the Shawnees and he tried to get them out of the Colony.

Weiser in 1736 in company with Shikellamy travelled from the vicinity of Philadelphia to Onondaga, roughly 400 miles, through virgin forest in an effort on the part of Virginia to make peace between the Iroquois and the Catawbas, to prevent needless bloodshed on the frontier. This trip appears to be the first of many. He travelled from the Delaware River on the east of Pennsylvania, to the southern boundaries of Virginia, to the northern part of New York and into Ohio. He was forever on the move, making treaties in quieting and dealing with the Indians. He was the Peace Maker of the Frontier. The natives had full trust in his

judgment and in his decisions, as he was always fair. If all White Men had been as just to the Indians as was Weiser, the History of Advance of Civilization in America undoubtedly would not have contained so many bloody chapters.

CORNPLANTER.

Cornplanter, whose Indian name was "Garganwahgah",—"by what one plants",—was a Seneca Chief also known as John O'Bail and supposed to have been born between 1732-1740 at Ganawagus on the Genesee River, New York. He was present at Braddock's defeat in 1755. His father is thought to have been Jah O'Bail or O'Beel, an Englishman, his mother a full-blooded Seneca. Not much is known of his early life, although there is in existence a letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania that does relate certain episodes of his early days. He was one of the parties to the treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1784, when a large cession of land was made by the Indians. He also took part in the treaty of Fort Hamar in 1789 in which extensive territory was conveyed to the United States; and was a signatory of the treaties of September 15, 1797, and July 30, 1802. These acts rendered him so unpopular with his tribe that, for a time, his life was in danger. In 1790, he, together with Halftown, visited Philadelphia to lay before General Washington the grievances complained of by their people. In 1816 he resided just within the limits of Pennsylvania on his grant, 7 miles below the junction of the Connewango River with the Alleghany River. By this time he owned 1300 acres, of which 640 acres were granted him by Pennsylvania on March 6, 1796. Cornplanter died February 18, 1836.

(To be continued).

**From the Kiplingiana of Irving E. Mansback, Vol. I, page 15. An undated newspaper clipping of about 1917. The name of the newspaper is unknown and it has been impossible to prove the existence or authenticity of such a letter.*



Kipling and the English Country Life

By GRACE BROUGHTON
(MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA)

[This is the first part of a paper read to Members of the Melbourne Branch of the Kipling Society by its Hon. Secretary, Mrs. George Broughton. In enclosing the manuscript she writes: "At Westward Ho I fell in with an aged postman who knew by repute 'Foxy Keyte' and many others at the School, and who was keen enough to take me up to the church to see the memorial to Cornel Price, which had been put there by his boys. You can imagine how that would appeal to a Kiplingite, so I went out to Westward Ho several times, and each time our party took 'Stalky' with us, and we read bits of the book round the famous spots."]

I TOOK it on myself to prepare this paper for you for two reasons, *First*, because I am country bred and born, and though town dwellers, as most of you are, may appreciate the country-side, you cannot have the deep feeling that we, born of it, have; the feeling that our roots are in the land and giving us a love of it that no town man or woman can ever have. And *secondly*, because I have so recently seen England in all its loveliness during the perfect spring and summer of Coronation year, when I toured all the Kipling country, first round Burwash in Sussex, and then down to Devon and Westward Ho, finishing on my way to Scotland, at the Roman Wall which I tramped very thoroughly from Hexham.

"A COSY LITTLE COUNTRY."

I have seen many countries as well as much of our own Australia, countries rich in awe-inspiring grandeur and marvellous scenery, forests that could be truly called Nature's cathedrals, wide wind-swept areas that can only be compared to the sea for greatness, and beauty that holds one spell-bound. No place of all these ever stirred me as much as England did or seemed to get me, as Mark Twain says, "where I live." Not her mountains and lakes, wide moors

and magnificent cities, but just the quiet beauty and utter peacefulness of the country-side, picturesque farms, old manor houses, interesting villages grouped round an old church, all of which gives one the feeling that it has been like this ever since England was England, and will keep on being so. Kipling himself has said, "England is a cosy little country," and that so well expresses it, and all so tidy! I never saw a dead tree, or a wire fence, or the general mess that clutters up our Australian country-side. England really is a garden, and one feels that there is peace and security and tender loveliness even in the smallest corner of this dear land.

An old man who loved England greatly for just these qualities of hers, when he was dying put it all in unforgettable words as he said: "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This happy breed of men, this little world,

This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear Land

Dear for her reputation through the world."

And that holds good now as much as when it was first written, and it was just these qualities that Kipling felt and wrote about in the tales of his later years, that we love so much more than any of his earlier, and perhaps more brilliant works.

That Kipling all his life loved the English country-side needs no emphatic statement, but it was not till he had found his "very own house" that he began to interpret it for his readers.

England, of course, and what she stood for in the eyes of the world, he had written of up till then, telling of her ideals, her saneness, her love of freedom, and the character of her people, and so on, and written in a way that all had to believe his story. But when he finally found the house of his dreams, after the shock of the

Boer War to his mind and ideals, he began to see that the English country-side with its soft beauty and kindly scenery was something to learn and understand as never before } and learning and loving it as he did, he was able to interpret it for his readers and bring them to see all over again that lovable and desirable land. We could say that in his early writings he interpreted the British Empire with its far-flung boundaries to us, while in the later ones he told us of England, the little, dear, Mother of that Empire, and interpreted her moods to those who love her, and in our old colonial phrase, call her "Home."

HISTORY IN THE PUCK STORIES.

In spite of his eager interest in far lands and strange callings he had always cherished a deep passion for the sights and sounds of the English country-side, for its people and its folk-lore, and its history, so finally in that home of his which stood "in a fair ground" he gives this feeling delightful expression in the stories told by Puck. The descriptive passages in these stories abound with feeling for the quiet beauty of the country, and really show a veneration that is in itself one of the highest and most exalted forms of patriotism. He saw enshrined in every feature of this dear England the dreams and strivings of past millions of men and women down the ages, both before and after England had been hammered into one enduring land. And writing of its loveliness he just had to write its history in those Puck stories. Some critics are inclined to put the history as Kipling's first aim, but reading the lovely verse that introduces *Rewards and Fairies* I feel that it is the land and the common country folk that come before the history, when he says :—

"Take of English earth as much,
as either hand may rightly clutch,
In the taking of it breathe prayer
for all who lie beneath,
Not the great nor well bespoke,
but the mere uncounted folk.
Lay that earth upon thy heart
and thy sickness shall depart,
and he goes on to speak of the flowers,
not the well cultivated garden blooms,

but those one may see in every field
and hedgerow :

"Take of English flowers these, Spring's
full-faced primroses
Summer's wild wide-hearted rose,
Autumn's wall-flower of the close
And thy darkness to illumine, Winter's
bee-thronged ivy bloom,
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."

And that I think is Kipling's version
of the Golden Rule, for if we saw
the "King indeed" in the common
folk of everyday life there would be
less likelihood of these dreadful wars,
which have scourged the world twice
in our generation, occurring again.

And though Puck's Song in the
first book combines the beautiful
land with its history in an inimitable
way when he refers to all the Sussex
country lying round the little village
of Burwash, to me it is the land that
comes first, as he says in the last
verses :—

"Trackway and camp and city lost,
Salt marsh where now is corn
Old wars, old peace, old Arts that
cease, And so was England born
She is not any common earth,
water or wood or air,
But Merlin's isle of Gramarye,
where you and I will fare."

LEAROYD'S STORY.

Though he does not show any of
this overwhelming knowledge of the
country-side and ability to describe
it in his earlier writings, it is there
nevertheless, for in *Life's Handicap*
we have the story "On Greenhow
Hill," which gives a very complete
picture of the bleak moor country
in Yorkshire. Learoyd, one of the
Soldiers Three has been moved to
tell the story of his one and only
love to his mates, while they are
lying out on a spur of the ranges
that reminds him of the moors of
his homeland, as follows : "Rumbold's
Moor stands up ower Skipton town,
an' Greenhow Hill stands up ower
Pately Brig. I reckon you've never
heard tell o' Greenhow Hill but you
bit o' bare stuff, if there were nobbut
a white road windin' is like ut, strangely
like. Moors an' moors an' moors

wi' never a tree for shelter an' grey houses wi' flagstone roofs and pewits crying and a windhover goin' to and fro just like these kites. An' cold ! a wind that cuts you like a knife. You could alays tell Greenhow folk by the red-apple colour o' their cheeks an' nose tips an' their blue eyes driven into pin points by the wind."

Kipling when he was 17 had done

a walking tour in Yorkshire with some cousins, for Yorkshire after all was his father's country, so when he came to write Learoyd's story in India later on, he remembered this bleak land and described it perfectly. As it is his one and only mention of the English countryside in his earlier period it holds our interest.

(To be continued)



Premiers' Grammar

'MR. KIPLING'S USE OF THE SINGULAR VERB'

THE following note, which has been sent to us by Mr. R. J. A. Bunnett, F.S.A., of Harrogate, recently appeared in the *Yorkshire Post* :

"A Grammarian has, I see, taken the five British Prime Ministers to task for what he considers are deplorable flaws in their recent combined statement at the close of the London conference. He quotes these passages :—

Until the defeat and downfall *has* been accomplished.

Mutual respect and honest conduct is our chief desire.

In order that tyranny and aggression shall be struck down whenever *it raises its head*.

Shall we deny the leaders of nations the right to rise above the rigid rules of the grammarian when half the famous figures in literature have been granted such licence? Consider that company—Milton, who did not hesitate to write : "Both death and I *am* found eternal," and "Hill and valley *rings*;" Kipling, who says in *The Recessional* : "The tumult and the shouting *dies*;" and Wordsworth with :—

How *was* there bustle in the Vicar's house.

And earnest expectation.

Then Shakespeare notoriously made his own grammar : to him hostility and tumult *reigns*, and in "The Merchant of Venice" we have "Wherein

doth sit the dread and fear of kings." Finally, the makers of the Authorised Version of the Bible attached a singular verb to two nouns or to several nouns as in : "And now *abideth* faith, hope, charity, these three."*

A remarkable modern custom is for writers to treat the United States as singular, not plural. The United States *is* a glorious country.

And so on.

Now all these and other writers were not suffering from a grammatical blind spot. They were masters of expression who refused to be gagged and bound by the grammarian. *Is* can be so much more suggestive of the intended meaning than *are* : As an authority once put it :—

Mr. Kipling's use of the singular verb is justified, not merely by the fact that "tumult" and "shouting" combine to form one idea, but also by the higher consideration that the singular verb is more intense, and therefore more suited to a dignified and penetrating theme than the plural verb.

I feel sure it was this greater emphasis that lies in the singular verb which prompted the Premiers in conference deliberately to ignore orthodox grammar."

*[Captain E. W. Martindell, who has seen this proof, comments: "What about the Lord's Prayer : 'For thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory]."

Kipling Origins

FROM Cambridge, New Zealand, a member of the Kipling Society, Lt.-Colonel R. B. Phillipps writes :—

I cannot remember whether anything has appeared in the *Journal* about the original of Gunga Din; therefore I send you the enclosed. The note about John Chinn may or may not be new :

(ENCLOSURE)

ANOTHER KIPLING ORIGIN.

Early this year (1944) one of the New Zealand National Broadcasting Stations issued a number of interesting talks on 'The Indian Army : Its History and Traditions.' The series was prepared by Mr. J. J. W. Pollard, of Wellington. In one of the talks, a certain bhisti, by name Suma, was mentioned as being the original of Gunga Din. Questioned on the point, Mr. Pollard replied as follows :—

'Re Gunga Din. Suma's story is in the Handbook of Kipling's Poetry, as a note to the poem; but the note does not definitely claim Suma as the original of Gunga Din. It cites his heroism at Delhi as evidence of the bhisti's courage. But Young-husband, who knew Kipling and his sister well, claims Suma as the

inspiration of the poem. He gives the full story in his *Forty Years a Soldier*, published by Herbert Jenkins Ltd., in 1928. In the circumstances I thought it was sound to accept Younghusband's claim for Suma.'

THE WILD MEN OF THE HILLS.

In the 'Land of No Regrets,' the late Lieut-Colonel A. A. Irvine mentions how the banditti of the Bhagulpore Hills were tamed by the conciliatory methods of the Collector, Mr. Cleveland :—

'Cleveland died in 1784, almost deified by the inhabitants, at the early age of twenty-nine On the monument erected to his memory there is mention of how "without bloodshed or the terrors of authority, employing only the means of conciliation, confidence, and benevolence" he succeeded in attaching the wild men of the hills to the British Government "by a conquest over their minds; the most permanent, as the most rational mode of dominion."' "

Compare this with the inscription on the tomb of John Chinn the First, in the story, *The Tomb of His Ancestors*.



Enrolling New Members

NO greater service can be rendered to the Kipling Society at the present time than that of enrolling new members, and the Council is particularly grateful to all those who are helping in this way. Here are the names of members who, during the past three years, have taken a special interest in this department of our work :—

W. Astley; Dr. Ballard; Robert Ballard; B. M. Bazley; J. St. J. P. Berryman; Blanche T. Bigelow; Messrs. B. H. Blackwell, (publishers, Oxford); G. M. Bland, (Librarian,

Lancaster); Lt.-Col. H. Boyd-Graham; W. Bradford; J. H. C. Brooking; Mrs. Grace Broughton; Mrs. E. M. Buchanan; James Downes; Arthur M. Downing; Dillion Edwards; Mrs. Noel Evans; Albert Frost; E. V. Gatenby; A. E. Hanford; R. E. Harbord; H. W. Hazard, Senr; Captain S. A. Hollingsworth; Tom P. Jones; Mrs. MacArthur; D. M. Mackenzie; C. J. Payne; Mrs. Perkins; Brig.-General J. A. Pim; F. R. Reason; Sir Christopher Robinson; Frank S. Stone; A. J. C. Tingey; J. R. Turnbull.

The Bookshelf

by BASIL M. BAZLEY

LISTENING FOR THE DRUMS.

By General Sir Ian Hamilton. Faber & Faber. 18s.

GIFTED with a good memory, Sir Ian Hamilton is able to extract much of interest from the tale of his years; the story is made eminently readable by reason of the author's scholarship, pleasant literary style, and long record of distinguished military service. Many of the incidents recalled by him are now material for histories, but we can be grateful for fresh light on big events; his comments on three great soldiers—Wolseley, Roberts and Kitchener—will contribute much to a proper estimation of their real characters. The account of "the folly of Majuba" is a biting satire on the pusillanimity of the then British Government; and his favourable comment on Turkish respect for the Red Cross throws into high light German conduct towards the same emblem. Little touches of humour enliven the narrative, such as the description of the Indian mina as "a vulgar noisy bird about twice as big as a starling."

To us, however, the chief attraction of Sir Ian's book is the highly informative chapter on Kipling; here we learn that it was by his agency and help that an attempt was made to bring Kipling before the British public. Perhaps it was due to a reading of a particular tale—*The Mark of the Beast*—that this and other tales were finally issued by the firm of Macmillan; among this small but distinguished audience was William Strang, whose Kipling etching ranks high among the portraits of R.K. Later on Sir Ian tells us of the hushed attention given to him at Lord Balfour's Scottish home, after it became known that he had actually met the hero of the hour in the flesh.

Two letters from Mrs. Fleming appear in these pages, written in her own charming way and recalling an age which, in spite of other defects, has still some claim to graciousness and style; letter-writing is so fast becoming one of the lost arts. The

first of these letters gives valuable information about a subject that has often been a matter of dispute: that Kipling took no money for certain of his poems. Because he had been highly paid for certain verses that were certainly not as good in a literary sense, it was assumed that he must have received vast sums for others. Mrs. Fleming points out that the information may be found in the autobiography, *Something of Myself*, where her brother tells us that he would not like to think that the people whose good opinion he valued believed that he took money for verses on Joseph Chamberlain, Rhodes, Lord Milner, and other similar themes. She also tells us that he was offered a blank cheque for verses appropriate to the launch of the "Queen Mary," an offer which he refused, suggesting that Masefield, who used to be a sailor, be invited "to do his own job." Mrs. Fleming further emphasises what Kipling has told us about his Daemon "and the possibility of a gift used unworthily being withdrawn." This seems to me to be another proof that he wrote from his heart: that he would write to call attention to something that was dear to him, whether it lent itself to poetic expression or not. But he never claimed that such verses were great poems.

Among the many illustrations in Sir Ian's book are an excellent portrait of Kipling as he was in 1886 and a charming study of Mrs. Fleming.

TO NEW READERS

THE Kipling Society exists to honour and extend the influence of Rudyard Kipling in upholding the ideals of the English Speaking World. We invite all readers of Kipling who are not yet members to join our Society. The ordinary membership Subscription is One Guinea per annum. New readers are especially invited to correspond with us at 100, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

Surely a Record for Literary Piracy!

by J. H. C. BROOKING

THE following are extracts from a monthly magazine called *Shipyards Spotlight* of May, 1944, which seems to justify the above heading. It will be noted that the "author" has made "improvements" to almost every line, has omitted 12 lines and has introduced two lines of his own real and original composition.

Reciprocating

In another column, I print a poem, rather in a Scots style, by Mr. F. W. Pollard, an apprentice in the engine drawing office at Cammell, Laird's. It deals with the old reciprocating engine, not so much seen nowadays: perhaps it may revive memories in the minds of old engineers in the yards.

RECIPROCATING

Lord, send a man like Rabbie Burns
 tae sing the sang o' steam,
 Tae match wi' Scotland's noble speech
 yon orchestra sublime.
 Whaurto—uplifted like the just,
 the tail rods mark the time;
 The crank throws give the double
 bass, our feed pump sobs and
 heaves.
 And hear the main eccentrics start
 their quarrel on the sheaves.
 Her time, her ain appointed time,
 the rocking link head bides
 Till—hear that note! yon rod's return
 whings glimmerin' through the
 guides.
 They're all awa'—true beat—full
 power, the clangin' chorus goes
 Clear tae the tunnel, where they sit,
 my purrin' dynamos.
 Oh, if a man could weld it then,
 in one trip hammer blow
 And wrought it in the furnace flame,
 in fortissimo.
 And, as I muse, let time and progress
 stand;
 My seven thousand horse-power here.
 Aye, Lord, yon's grand, yon's grand!
 F. W. Pollard.
 On hearing of this the Hon. Secre-

tary of the Kipling Society wrote to the Editor of the *Spotlight* as follows:—

May 19, 1944.

Permit me to congratulate your young Engineering contributor on his delightful verses which you publish over his name in your May issue.

It is a curious coincidence that the same verses, almost word for word, were written and published by Rudyard Kipling many years ago under the title *M'Andrew's Hymn*.
Les grands esprits se rencontrent obviously.

It will be interesting to see whether your gifted young contributor will produce, in the course of time, the *Barrackroom Ballads* and *The Recessional*.

THE SPOTLIGHT'S REPLY.

The Editor of the *Shipyards Spotlight* replied to this on May 20, but as his letter is headed "Not for Publication" it cannot be printed verbatim. He apologised and made a feeble excuse on behalf of the "poet" concerned, and stated that he had received a number of other letters from various parts of the country drawing attention to the mistake. His paper contained the following paragraph in its June issue:—

Apologies to Kipling

The Editor regrets that he has been caught out. He had forgotten his Kipling so far—it's years since he read any—that he didn't recognise *McAndrew's Hymn*, published last month as if it was the original work of an apprentice at Birkenhead.

One reader, writing from East Ham, protests about the mistake, and then makes a statement that will be of interest to all young workers. He says, "Forty years ago, every Scottish apprentice engineer who intended going to sea knew this poem by heart, and it ranked higher than the 23rd Psalm in every sea-going engineer's Bible."

Letter Bag

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

AT this important period in the existence of the nation it strikes one that the time has come to deliver a final blow to the bogie of "jingo imperialism" which is so often cited in connection with Rudyard Kipling, and which has done untold harm to the potentially rash influence which his work could have upon the national life and character.

Kipling was not the militaristic "little tin god" which people like Mr. Max Beerbohm delight in making him out to be; he was an essentially "human" individual who delighted in portraying truthfully and vividly the life and work of the great Indian administration, which had so staggered and intrigued Mrs. Hauksbee. Men like Findlayson, "the Legal Member," Scott, Strickland and Lieut. Gadsby are picturesque but essentially "un-touched up" portrayals of the contemporary Anglo-Indians, and there is no reason to ascribe to these men the dark and complicated motives which have so often been attributed to them. It is sheer idiocy to call Kipling an unscrupulous profit-seeking exploiter when his characters are nothing if not moral and unselfish human beings, trying to do as good a job as they could under such very trying circumstances.

In spite of this seemingly obvious fact, however, Kipling—the man who wrote such stories as *The Children of the Zodiac* and *The Gardener*, and poems such as *Cities and Thrones and Powers*, and the *Way Through the Woods*—has time and time again been accused of being a shallow jingoist writer, out to vindicate the British rule in India in order to continue benefiting from its policy of armed suppression of the natives and organised robbing of the "lesser breeds." Surely it ought to be the self-appointed task of all those who love his work to try to dispel this myth, and show him as he really was—a humorous patriotic lover of his country and fellow men, gifted with peculiar insight and powers of ex-

pression and observation. In this way we may hope to extend the true conception of Kipling's value to us to-day, and to confound the schemes of modern "Biggebois" who seek to diminish the marvellous heritage which he has left to the British nation. — D. R. JOHNSTON-JONES, Bedford.

"NAY, NAY, PAULINE."

The enclosed cutting is "from the *Sunday Times*. 'Nay, Nay, Pauline' is beyond me, but I was in India during those years. It would be interesting to know the answer.— G. MacMUNN.

(ENCLOSURE)

In Kipling's *Traffics and Discoveries*, Pyecroft quotes a saying, "Nay, Nay, Pauline," at least twice. I remember about forty years ago hearing people using this expression, and I have often wondered where it came from. Can anyone tell me?— ANTONIO, (Alnmouth).

(Mr. Basil Bazley tells us that the answer to this question appeared in the following week's issue of the "*Sunday Times*." The reference is to Lytton's Play, "*The Lady of Lyons*." Ed).

BRAINS TRUST BOGGLING.

Members will be glad that you noticed the so-called Brains Trust recording during which Ian Hay, as Sir Boyle Roche might have put it, ploughed his lonely furrow and hauled our flag to the masthead. But you appear to have missed that other one when one of the questions was what R.K. meant by saying that East and West could never meet. Any of our members who were listening that night must have been as disgusted as I was at the ignorance and futility displayed by the whole team which included as Q.M. the son of a distinguished authoress and, of course, Commander Campbell. They all boggled and bungled and it was evident that not one of them had ever read the ballad of East and West. What an exhibition of brains or the want of them. There was

not one of the team to deny that R.K. ever did say what the question asserted. How is it that the majority of the highbrows who sneer at R.K. appear never to have read him, or at any rate to have understood him? We might ask—what do they know of Kipling who do not Kipling know? I once heard a learned and reverend Cathedral Canon begin a missionary sermon with the words, O East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet—as Kipling says! I pointed out to that parson the facts of the case and asked him what he would say if he heard someone say "There is no God as the Psalmist said." Of course the instant reply would be that it was the fool who said that in his heart and the Psalmist was only quoting. I don't think my Canon had ever read the ballad and I fear there are thousands like him who dare to criticise or cavil at our Poet and pick out a phrase or a line without studying the context. It would be an insult to your readers to point out that R.K. wrote the ballad to prove that there is neither East nor West when two strong men, etc., but I am not sure that all our members always take the trouble to contradict or explain to the foolish that these people have either never read or have failed to understand the Poet. We are told to suffer fools gladly but I venture to suggest that, like Ian Hay, it is our business and privilege to haul our flag to the masthead. How often must all of us have heard certain critics sneer at the *Recessional* as the work of a Jingo versifier while we know a true poet was warning his countrymen to beware of jingoism.

In the carboniferous epoch we were promised abundance for all

By robbing selected Peter to pay for collective Paul,

But although we had plenty of money there was nothing our money would buy,

And the God of the Copy-book Headings said—If you don't work you die.

Written in 1944? Oh no. Written in 1919 and some people imagine that the Prophets are only to be found in the Old Testament. The little people are proclaimed from

the housetops and from the B.B.C. as great in their hour, but our truly great always have to wait for generations, if not for centuries, before their greatness is fully realised and acknowledged. So let us not despair but go on proclaiming the faith that is in us.

Oh veiled and secret Power, whose paths we search in vain,

Be with us in our hour of overthrow and pain,

That we, by which sure token we know Thy paths are true,

In spite of being broken—BECAUSE of being broken—

May rise and build anew—Stand up and build anew.

Nine months after those last words appeared in "The Engineer" R. K. passed over from Middlesex Hospital two days before his friend and King and the trumpets sounded on the other side.—G. E. F., Nutcroft, Bicknoller, Taunton, Som.

[A correspondent writes:—

"When Kipling wrote 'For East is East, etc.', he meant what he said, and they only meet when two strong men are in question. R.K. spoke God's truth as anyone who has lived in India and whose forbears have served in India for generations, can testify. Hear, then, what this same R.K. wrote in 1885 in an article entitled "East and West" ("Civil and Military Gazette," Lahore, Nov. 2, 1885, reprinted in the "United Services' College Chronicle" No. 36, March 31, 1888). R.K. puts these words into the mouth of a Peshawari Yusufzai and a Kazi to boot from the Punjab in conversation with R.K. in a railway carriage. '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. And look what you do. You come and judge us by your own standard of morality—that morality which is the outcome of your climate and your education and your traditions. You are, of course, too hard on us. And again I tell you that you are

great fools in this matter. Who are we to have your morals, or you to have ours? (R.K. then moralises as follows). 'My friend and I agreed cordially on this point. God made us—East and West—widely different. We could not adopt each other's clothes or customs. Why insist upon uniformity in morals? The train rattled into that zag-a-zig in the desert—Bandakin—and our roads were divided.' 'You change here,' said my friend. 'I am sorry. You have talked with me and smoked with me and eaten with me like a man. Shall I say as a compliment that you are almost worthy to be an Afghan?' 'And you to be an Englishman but—' 'Ah yes, my friend. It is true. But God has made us different for always. Is it not so?' And methought that he 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.']

IN THE REGIMENTAL VOLAPUK.

In the Xmas number of *Victory*, a magazine for troops, appeared an article called "Kipling's Hindustani Parlez Voo," sent by one L. Shalom who found it in *The Pioneer* weekly of 23rd October, 1888. I wrote to Mr. Shalom who states that in *The Pioneer* the article was called "A Campaigning Phrase-Book," being an extract from a Manual of Conversation for the British Soldier, written in the words of Kipling's introduction, "in the Regimental volapuk" and inspired by the issue of campaigning phrase books to German armies.

I have not seen this article of K's, but it may be in the Sussex Edition. I have a copy for the Society which I hope to bring home on leave in '45.—B. TEN BROEKE, D.I.G., Police, Hazaribagh, Chota Nagpur, India.

"WHY WAS THE STORY MUTILATED?"

Has any member noticed what I haven't until now—that in the 1st edn. of the *Second Jungle Book* the story "The King's Ankus" ends with the words—"Close to the fire, and blazing in the sunshine, lay the ruby and turquoise ankus." This

is the end of a paragraph occupying a quarter of p. 139, and the rest of the page is filled by an ankus.

I have the first printing of this story in the American *St. Nicholas* for March, 1895, and it carries on to an artistic end, as does our 2nd edn., and the Tauschnitz edn. Why was the story mutilated in its first book form?—T. E. ELWELL, Drew's Court, Churchdown, Gloucester.

NAUTICAL.

In his article "The Last Chantey" on pp. 10-13 of the current *Kipling Journal*, No. 70—Mr. J. P. Collins goes astray in two places. Firstly—The "Molly-hawk," "molly-mauk," or "molly-moke"—(all three spellings are in print) is by no means a member of the petrel family, either the stormy-petrel, or Mother Carey's chicken; or the Arctic fulmar, "Nelly" or "stinker;" but is the second largest sea-bird next in size to the albatross. No petrel reaches this size.

Secondly—to "frapp" is not to wrap around anything, as a bandage round a fore-finger, but if you make a U of thumb and fore-finger and wrap a bandage round both to make a long narrow O, then a "frapping" is a close winding *across* the O, thus bringing the digits closer together. It gives a "purchase" surpassable only by a mechanical device. In "The Manner of Men" (*Limits and Renewals*) Kipling uses the term "girt" for strengthening the hull by passing rope below the keel and across the deck. The only way you could strengthen a ship by a "frapping" would be to pass a rope round bow and stern at deck-level several times, then pull port and starboard sides towards amidships by a "frapping." This would ease the keel of a small wooden ship, and tend to prevent her "hogging" and breaking her back.

St. Paul in Acts xxvii speaks of "undergirding." Mr. Collins writes of "saving a tired, and damaged ship from breaking in half by the process of binding strong cable round and round the hull." But no ship ever breaks in two lengthwise or fore and aft, but across or thwartships. "Undergirding" would close a leaking deck and hold outside planking together, as in "The Manner of Men."—SAILOR MEMBER.

Kiplingiana

Press and other comments on Kipling and his work

TO SLOG.

GENERAL Alexander said lately that the battle of the beach-head had become a question of slogging, and further that people with guts and determination were going to win the slogging match. "Here is a good homely, familiar metaphor," comments *The Times*, "akin to General Montgomery's of hitting the enemy for six, which we can all understand It is the sense in which Rudyard Kipling used the word.

We're foot-slog-slog-slog-sloggin'
over Africa—

Foot-foot-foot-foot-sloggin' over
Africa—

(Boots-boots-boots-boots-movin'
up and down again !

There's no discharge in the war ! Here it is as onomatopoeic as the "Quadrupedante putrem," etc., of boyhood's old friend the *Gradus*. It suggests all the guts and the pegging away and the resolution to get to the end of the road which the General comments "

R. K. ON JAPAN.

"Some fifty odd years ago," writes Mr. Edward Shanks in a *Sunday Times* review of *Government by Assassination*, by Hugh Byas, (Allen and Unwin, 10/6d.), "the young Rudyard Kipling, in the course of a journey round the world, stayed for a while in Japan and made some interesting comments on what he saw. At that time the new Constitution had just been promulgated and all the Japanese he met were full of it and of liberation, democracy and progress. This saddened Kipling. "Japan," he wrote, "is the second Oriental country which has made it impossible for a strong man to govern alone. This she has done of her own free will."

But he need not have worried, for the Constitution was never allowed to work. 'It did not,' says Mr. Byas, 'confer power on the military class, but it could not prevent that class from recovering the power its feudal predecessors had exercised. The restoration was but a half-finished revolution.' "

KIPLING'S HOUSE.

The suggested London revival of *The Light that Failed* is a reminder that it was in London that Rudyard Kipling wrote that play. Pass by Charing Cross Station down Villiers Street, and there at the foot, facing the Thames and the Embankment Gardens, is a staid brown brick house—Kipling House. Here Kipling lived from 1889 to 1891, and here he wrote the vivid tale of the artist who went blind. This house provided background for the book, for Torpenhow, his war correspondent friend, tells, the artist. Dick Heldar, of "the large rook that took up a third of the top story in the rickety chambers overlooking the Thames." And Kipling, in describing the view from Dick's window, described his own. "Northwards the lights of Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square threw a copper-coloured glare above the black roofs, and southward lay all the orderly lights of the Thames. A train rolled out across one of the railway bridges, and its thunder drowned for a minute the dull roar of the streets"—T. J. in the *Western Press*.

A CELEBRATED INVOCATION.

"We're not so old in the Army List, but we're not so young at our trade." Thus Kipling in his celebrated invocation to the Regiment in the ranks of which his own son served and died. The Irish Guards have so covered themselves with glory on every battlefield on which they have fought that we are apt to forget that the Regiment was founded only just over thirty years ago. And during that thirty years the issue between Ireland and Great Britain often rose to heights of intense bitterness.

But never at any time did these religious-political differences affect the Irish Guards. Protestants and Catholics, whether officers or men, never ceased to be, in the fullest meaning of the term, comrades-in-arms. I have heard it said on innumerable occasions, and I am not disposed to challenge the generalisation, that the Irish Guards of all ranks constitute

the most united and the pleasantest unit in the whole of the British Army.—CANDIDUS in *The Daily Sketch*.

PROPHECIES FROM KIPLING.

We should then arrive at air control of the world by air, exactly as described by Kipling in *As Easy as A.B.C.*, when the aerial board of control, which ruled everything, had its own way of punishing obstreperous communities. Get that story out of the library and read it. You will find it in a book called *A Diversity of Creatures*. Then you will understand what a world air authority would mean to that freedom for which we are now slaughtering the youth of the world.—C. G. GREY in the *Edinburgh Evening News*.

RECITES "GUNGA DIN."

Fifty-five year old Major-General Alexander Patch, of the U.S. Army, writes the *Daily Express*, is in command of the Allied Ground Forces in Southern France, it is announced in Rome.

He is 6ft. tall, plays poker, collects first editions of Kipling and likes reciting *Gunga Din* and *If*.

"BANJO STRING DRAWN TIGHT:"

In Kipling's *The Finest Story in the World* the bank-clerk who has been a galley slave in some previous existence tells in a memorable phrase how during a sea fight the water had curled over the bulwarks and poured down upon him. "It looked," he says, "just like a banjo string drawn tight and it seemed to stay there for years." That line of silver wire has been stretched tight for a long while and now the flood has crashed over on to the enemy chained to his oar. Hitherto we have been partly occupied with our own nervous apprehensions; now we are swallowed up in the immediate and awful interest of the scene before us. Though we should have scouted the notion as monstrous, we may without knowing it have sometimes thought that this pause was as hard to bear for those who would stay at home as for those who waited to play an active and crucial part. That feeling, if ever it existed, is gone, and our whole

hearts are with the fighting men, both our own and our allies', whose greatest and most testing hour has come. There are hundreds of them whom during the last weeks each one of us has met in the streets, cheerfully taking their ease. We knew that there was ever and inevitably drawing nearer to them their ultimate trial, and in our minds we wished them good luck as they passed by.

'All the best, take care of yourself'—how often have we heard one of them addressed in those trivial and familiar words fraught with no trivial meaning! To-day they and un-numbered thousands of their fellows whom we have not seen are in the full tide of fighting, as are many bound to us by the closest ties. Our good wishes for one and all are renewed with a still more poignant instancy and an unshakable belief in every man of them.—*The Times*.

"SOUVENIRS OF FRANCE."

In Kipling's *Souvenirs of France*, published in 1933, he speaks of "the Boy of Villers Bocage who will unquestionably be the second Lesseps of France." In view of the prominence of this town in the fighting area of Normandy I wonder if any reader can give further details.—P. H. Alder-Barrett, Hereford.

HISTORIC HOUSE.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is believed to be the first distinguished man to arrange during his lifetime to give the nation a house which is important only because he lived and worked there. It is a nice Shavian touch and enables the National Trust to add to the number of literary homes it has acquired over the last few years.

Max Gate came to the Trust through Thomas Hardy's sister and Clouds Hill, the home of T. E. Lawrence, through the trustees of the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Kipling's fine house in Sussex was left to the nation by his wife. The Trust is anxious to enlarge the number of these historic homes, whether or not they have architectural merit. One of them is Coleridge's cottage, and it would like to take over Hughenden if sufficiently endowed.—From the *Manchester Guardian*.

The Kipling Society.

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