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# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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## Notes

### BANQUET MEMORIES.

OUR rejoicings that the greatest of wars has ended as Kipling would have wished and foretold, are tempered by deep regrets over one of its sequels at least—the undeserved reverse administered to the Premier who led us along the way to victory. None the less, the fact remains that if ever a man despised the ricochet of politics it was Rudyard Kipling, so that we who honour him to-day more than ever should be less shocked than many of those who are indignant (as who is not?) at the deposition of Mr. Churchill in his very hour of triumph. Those who were fortunate enough to attend the Memorial Fund Banquet at Grosvenor House must always remember how fitly Mr. Churchill presided. Nor can we forget with what eloquence he voiced the Empire's admiration and thanks for the legacy Kipling has left to mankind, and acknowledged how long these writings had been one of his own chief joys in life. Hut who conceived at that memorable gathering how closely Armageddon was impending upon a world that in the main was wholly unprepared, or the magnificent leadership we were to find in our chairman of that occasion? Consequently, when all parties are tendering him commingled gratitude and regret, it is hardly for the Kipling Society to be silent.

### KIPLING AND JAPAN.

One wonders how many readers have lately refreshed their memories of our author's first impressions of Japan, by re-reading the eleven scintillating chapters that this land inspir-

ed in his travel letters, *From Sea to Sea*. People at the time who knew the early age of this Puck from India who was girdling the earth in forty chapters, must have been struck by the sureness of his touch and the ripeness of his judgment, to say nothing of the freshness of his epithetic colour, and the delicate satire of it all.

It was almost with a shudder that he saw Japan's old and quaint traditions, and its very "wantonness of neatness," giving place to a jagged and insane desire to be westernised at any cost. All the while, however, he found "a strain of bloodthirstiness in their compositions," which may have accounted for the mosquito ways of the Tokio interviewer, who certainly probed him to the quick. But then came this haunting query—"What they will be after their constitution has been working for three generations, the Providence that made them what they are, alone knows." So the young recorder was not misled by the mere cleverness of the "sons of the morning," and this one sentence about Providence was tantamount to prophecy.

### CAESAR'S VERDICT.

One of Kipling's choicest gifts was his power of relating our present period with the classic age, and using the grey background of the ancient world to set off the passionate reality and drama of modern character. He certainly had that Latin sense of the man and the hour which helped Plutarch and Suetonius to lodge each of their heroes in his own proper niche of Valhalla. If only he were alive to-day, instead of striking off parallels and parables like those of

Godolphin, Chatham, and Peel, I believe he would hit off the similarity between Caesar's fall and Mr. Churchill's, and say something immortal about the man of war who comes to grief without warning at the hands of the party politicians.

He might also have pointed out that this tragedy of party has occurred in the month (July) that Caesar re-christened and dedicated to himself. He might even have reminded us of a passage in "The Twelve Caesars" that bears upon the army vote which was such an accessory at the polls. It is the passage where Suetonius enumerates a dozen of Caesar's wise enactments, including the rule that no man should be sent on service to any part of the Roman empire without returning home on leave every three years. Or was it left optional?

#### THE SOCIETY'S BROCHURE.

To turn to works in preparation, one cannot exaggerate the welcome there should be for the brochure that brother-members of the Society's council have undertaken in such a loyal and patriotic spirit. They have studied Kipling's writings in the light of Germany's rank arch-outrage on mankind, and by making an anthology of his opinions concerning the Hun, his record and his nature, they have done us all a service. The result should furnish valuable referenda for those who have to handle international affairs, and to adjudicate on the balance between the Nazis and mankind in the matter of civilised ethics. For no man ever had a sounder sense than Kipling had, of international justice and the obligations it imposes on us all. And by the same token,

I know whom I would ask to accept the dedication, if the choice were mine.

#### A NOBLE TASK.

Another purpose at the back of the Council's mind is to promote and help in the systematic annotation of Kipling's writings, if this finds approval in the proper quarter. The ruling idea, of course, is not to place him on a level of encyclopaedic profundity, like Browning, but to preserve a real and living comprehension of those technical and other details of the sea, etc., which were a passion with our author all his life. For instance, his sister, Mrs. Fleming, has mentioned *The Sight* or the "seventh sense" as a family tradition derived from the Macdonalds, her mother's clan.

Naturally this awakens a rich train of thought relating to a middle world where authors like Donne and Blake and the great Sir Walter were authorities. As for the "healthy sceptics" who pride themselves on reviling this region of telepathy and vision, they remind one of R. L. Stevenson's father who snapped at a Welsh verger for telling Louis there was "music in that face." The prosperous light-house engineer immediately proclaimed to all and sundry that his son "had no ear"; and this was much of a muchness with the rest of his conversation towards a son he so assiduously underrated—much as too many do Kipling to-day. By the way, how he would have withered some of the maudlin grizzle of certain post-war pacifists who have already forgotten our valiant dead!

J. P. COLLINS.

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## Russians, Not Reds

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

*(This is the third of a selection of passages from an unpublished book by the President of the Kipling Society entitled 'Stalky Settles Up.' The first and second extracts appeared in the Kipling Journal dated April and July, 1945).*

KIPLING'S attention, and likewise mine, was drawn to Russia in early schooldays at Westward Ho about 1881. At that time R. K. was editor of the school magazine, the United Services College Chronicle, and among the M. S. S. submitted to him was a series of translations from a Russian book. These were sent in by the Headmaster, Cornell Price, who was a Russian enthusiast.

I retained my interest through life, but R. K. had to put his aside, finding his versatile brain sufficiently absorbed by India, the U.S.A. and the homeland.

When I was staying at Burwash after the last war in which my interest in Russia had been revived and intensified owing to my encounters with the Bolsheviks in Baku in 1918, we discussed Russia briefly but it had naturally ceased to interest him.

### HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS.

My good opinion of the Russians dates from old days in China during the Boxer war of 1900-02, and they are certainly linked with my happiest recollections of Tongku. Since that time they have had a revolution, and have altered their system of government and their outlook upon the world. But eighteen years later, when I lived alongside the Bolsheviks at Baku, I was glad to find their racial characteristics entirely unchanged. In China my wife and I frequently dined on board the Russian Man-of-war, and played tennis nearly every day on a court the sailors had laid out alongside the wharf. My wife was at that time the only white woman in Tongku, and was very popular with the Russians, especially

on the tennis court.

One day she informed me that an interesting event might shortly happen, though she showed little sign of that prospect outwardly. The next time the Russians came to invite us, I explained why we should have to deny ourselves the pleasure and presently the Captain of the ship turned up, and told me my story was all nonsense. He said, with a wealth of experience, that it was just a feminine hallucination, and nothing whatever was going to happen. However, my wife did not turn up at the courts, so the ship's doctor was sent along to tear my story to pieces, like the rest. It had taken hold on local conversation, and I have no doubt that bets were freely offered and taken.

A few days later the ship was ordered to Port Arthur, and we parted from our friends with very genuine sorrow. A short time after this my first-born son arrived, and in reply to my notification of the event, a cable came—in real Russian style—signed by all the ship's officers. It must have cost a most awful lot, but the extravagant generosity of these much misunderstood people knows no bounds. And now that the Russians are our allies in war and peace, I like to recall the happy days I have spent with them in Russia, China, and the Caspian region. But it is tempered, this pleasure of mine, by disgust with the stupidity of our papers in referring to whole nations by their political systems, leading the way to sheer confusion.

What a surprise these Russians have proved to the modern world! I do not believe there is a living man who can say of them "I told you so." The marvellous spirit they have developed simply takes one's breath away, and I am certain that they have not only surprised the rest of us, but themselves as well. Stalin himself is just as much surprised as probably Hitler was, but in a pleasanter way.

As regards the Russians, the news-

paper reporters cannot even stick to one misleading epithet. In future ages when the history of our times will be classified under the heading of archaeology, students who may wish to interest themselves in the matter of this horrible war will naturally look up the newspaper files and will be astonished to find that the Russians took no part in it. They will notice, however, that two other groups—the Reds and the Soviets—did all sorts of wonderful things.

#### THE WORD "SOVIET."

I suppose they will eventually succeed in discovering the fact that the Russians did take a big hand in the fighting, but that there was a conspiracy to conceal their contribution to the Allied effort by disguising them under these two nightmares. "Soviet" is silly enough, being simply a reference to their form of government. It is the commonest word in the Russian language, and means "Committee" or "Council," and it exposes the weakness of the system. Fancy being governed by Committees!

I speak rather bitterly about these Committees because I had an overdose of them in Baku in 1918. A regiment ordered to advance at a critical moment held a Committee meeting and the crisis was unchecked. In considering a plan of action it was necessary first of all to consult the Soldiers' Committee, the Sailors' Committee, the Armenian Committee, and a host of others. Can you wonder that the Turks knocked us out of Baku? Without further prolonging this discussion I would like to add that the word Red no longer typifies the Russian spirit. Behind all these governmental experiments the good old Russian remains the fine fellow he always was, and it is the Russian who smashed Hitler's hordes and not the Soviets or the Reds.

In general conversation I note the usual natural tendency to seek for causes when considering the problem of what is called the regeneration of Russia, and it seems that most people are inclined to argue that as the Russians put up such a poor

show under the Czarist regime in the last war, and are doing so splendidly in this war under the banner of the sickle and the hammer, it must be this sickle-and-hammer business that is doing the trick, and so we ought all to turn Communist.

#### "TEUTONIC OVERLORDS."

It is much more probable, however, that the political aspect has nothing at all to do with the matter. The foresight of men like Stalin leading to a splendid system of organisation in the years preceding the war accounts for half of the miracle, and the grand fighting spirit of the actual troops in the field is based upon a natural hatred of the German, intensified by reading Hitler's book *Mein Kampf*, which informs the Russians that their obvious destiny is to become the slaves of their great Teutonic overlords. I strongly object to these heroes—the Russians pure and simple—being spoken of in silly and misleading terms, and I am sure that all the Russians I know feel exactly as I do on this point. I love the Russians and have always loved them, but my love turns to hate when you call them Reds or Soviets.

I think it is the worst form of human foolishness, this over stressing of nationality and race. I am an Englishman and proud of it, but still higher than this is the fact that I am myself. My real place in the Universe is as an *Individual*. I happen to be English, but I don't boast about it, or even talk about it. Happiness can only be obtained on the basis of pure individuality apart from all false pride in race or nationality. In asserting myself to be the centre of the Universe, you will observe that I do so with not the slightest touch of pride or bumptiousness—quite unlike the feelings of the late Kaiser of Germany in the beginning of the last war, to whom these lines are attributed:—

"I am the Earth, the Moon, the Sun,

All rolled in one.

Both hemispheres am I,

Oh MY!

If there were three, the three

I'd be.

I am the Dipper, night and day,

The North and Southern Poles,  
the Milky Way;

I'm they that walk or fly on wing  
Or swim or creep—I'm everything.  
It makes me tremble like an aspen  
tree

To think I'm ME !

And blink like stars up in the sky  
To think I'm I !

And shrink in terror like a frighten-  
ed elf

To realise that I'm MYSELF!

The Kaiser's effort goes even a little  
beyond my own ideas, but it's on  
the same line.

It may be thought that I over-  
stress the importance of my own  
individuality, but I mean the im-  
portance of *your* individuality every  
bit as much as my own. In these  
days of Beveridge reports, and with  
successive governments for many

years past legislating to reduce us  
all to a dull average type of average  
citizen spoon-fed by the State, for  
God's sake let us make a last struggle  
to be allowed to be ourselves !

\*Note. "The Russian word," writes  
Stalky "is *Bolshevik* not *Bolshevist*,  
but our people have a mania for mis-  
naming peoples and places. Our news-  
papers today never tell us what the  
Russians and Germans are doing.  
Those correct and explicit nomencla-  
tures are seldom used. In their place  
we are told what the 'Reds,' the 'Soviets,'  
and the 'Nazis' are doing.

For centuries we have misnamed  
'Deutschland' as 'Germany' and have  
got accustomed to that name. Now  
our papers and speakers seem to have  
dropped that and instead they tell  
us about the 'Reich'—why? Why  
not say 'Germany'?"

## Kipling and Surtees

By F. A. UNDERWOOD

ILLUSIONS to Surtees are fairly  
frequent in Kipling's books, but  
not everyone can trace them to  
their source. For instance W. A.  
Young's *Kipling Dictionary* (1911)  
refers to the immortal James Pigg  
as: "A huntsman with whom Ben  
the Governor compares Farag."  
Jorrocks and Facey Romford are  
similarly treated, with no mention  
of the books from which they come  
or of the author who created them.  
Such references and quotations in  
Kipling's work are well worth seek-  
ing and study. Some are very short,  
one or two are quite long; but the  
total shows that Kipling admired  
at least some of Surtees' novels, and  
assumed a knowledge of them on the  
part of his readers which is hardly  
justified in the majority of cases.

### A HUNTING NOVELIST.

Doubtless many readers are familiar  
with the writings of Surtees and will  
have been duly shocked by the dictio-  
nary entries above. For those who  
are not, it is enough to say that  
Robert Smith Surtees (1805-1864)  
was a great hunting novelist who  
wrote seven or eight books, published  
anonymously. They have humour,  
and give fascinating pictures of the

social history of their time, beside  
pictures of foxhunting. Those who  
admire the zest and virility of Kip-  
ling's work would probably like that  
of Surtees.

In 1898 Kipling's verses to *An  
Almanac of Twelve Sports* by Nichol-  
son said for "January (Hunting)"  
"Certes, it is a noble sport

And men have quitted selle and  
swum for 't,

But I am of the meeker sort

And I prefer Surtees in comfort.

"Reach me my *Handley Cross* again.

My run, where never danger  
lurks, is

With Jorrocks and his deathless  
train—

Pigg, Binjimin, and Artaxerxes !"

### "A BRIAR PIPE AND A LAMP."

Frederick Watson in his *Critical  
Study* of Surtees said that the second  
verse gives "the confession of faith  
of those who hunt with a briar pipe  
and a lamp at their elbow." The  
verse for February also mentions  
Jorrocks.

A thread of Surtees quotations  
runs all through *Stalky and Co.*,  
Stalky being made to speak most

of them. The first story mentions his reading *Handley Cross*. Such remarks as: "Blister my kidneys. It is a frost. The dahlias are dead!" and: "Hellish dark and smells of cheese," or allusions to Pomponius Ego have additional meaning for those who know their Jorrocks. Stalky's habit occasionally annoyed the others of the trio:—"Let me now from the bonded ware'ouse of my knowledge," began Stalky. "Oh, rot! Don't Jorrock . . . ." snapped M-Turk . . . ." and so on. Many more will be found, especially in *The Last Term*.

*Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour* is also quoted in the book, and search will reveal that the Puffington Run when the printer "improved" technical terms is most often referred to. Of the school magazine it is said, "Stalky christened it the *Swillingford Patriot*, in pious memory of Sponge." Or again: "Stalky knew the Puffington Run by heart." This printing incident is important as it is definitely given as a precedent for the tampering with an examination paper in *The Last Term*: "Member what the Considerate Bloomer did to Spraggon's account of the Puffin'ton Hounds?" Following that, they transpose the type of the paper.

It would be interesting to hear from the President if he or anyone else was in the habit of quoting Jorrocks and Sponge when at school, or if Kipling grafted the idea on to the character in the book.

Facey Romford, another Surtees character, is mentioned and well described in *The Army of a Dream*. One wonders how many readers nowadays could appreciate this reference which is introduced in a very casual manner by a speaker in the story.

The hunting story *Little Foxes* contains a few apt allusions to *Handley Cross*. Both the Governor, who "read, not for the first time, the administration reports of one John Jorrocks, M.F.H.," and the Inspector show a familiarity with the characters of that book.

"Benjamin, by Jove!" the Inspector cried.

"No!" said the Governor. "I believe he has the makings of a James

Pigg!"

*My Son's Wife* contains an account of the impact of Surtees upon a man from a very different intellectual class. Midmore makes his discovery thus:

" . . . It was a foul world into which he peeped for the first time—a heavy-eating, hard-drinking hell of horse-copers, swindlers, match-making mothers, economically dependent virgins selling themselves unblushingly for cash and lands: Jews, trade men, and an ill-considered spawn of Dickens-and-horsedung characters (I give Midmore's own criticiser), but he read on, fascinated . . . ."

This—and there is more of it in the story—is a good survey of the obvious aspects of Surtees' work. The observation of Rhoda, too, shows that like many other leisured hunting men her former master was an enthusiast: "The Colonel used to come into the kitchen in 'is drcssin'-gown an' read us all those Jorrockses." Re-reading the story will make it clear that these novels played some part in the salvation of Midmore.

There is a brief mention of Jorrocks in *His Gift*, and finally in a poem separately published as *The Fox Meditates* and in the Definitive Edition of Verse as *Fox Hunting*. In the former there is an illustration by Lionel Edwards showing Pigg and Jorrocks. The lines run:

"When Pigg and Jorrocks held the stage,

And Steam had linked the Shires  
I broke the staid Victorian age.

To posts, and rails, and wires."

This brief survey shows that Kipling was familiar with the novels of Surtees, and quoted from and mentioned two of them extensively—*Handley Cross* and *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*. Many of the allusions give an idea of the seeming reality of Surtees' characters which many readers feel. The characters of Dickens—or for that matter of Kipling—often have this quality so that they are spoken of as living persons. The recently published correspondence with Mr. J. B. Booth shows that Kipling was very interested in Surtees and in the *Druid*, a later sporting journalist, and further remarks upon the subject may be hidden in unpub-



ed letters from Kipling. The writer would be pleased to hear of any such comments, and also of mentions or

quotations in the work of Kipling not collected in the Uniform Edition.

## *A Poet That Lives Again*

VERSES WRITTEN IN 1914 GAINED NEW SIGNIFICANCE IN THE  
SECOND WORLD WAR

*(The following contribution is reprinted from the Great Western Railway Magazine by courtesy of the Editor).*

IT has often been said that no written words did more to help win the last war than Henry Chappell's famous poem, "The Day," which the Kaiser himself read and so bitterly resented. In every line it pointed an accusing finger at the instigator of the first world war, and with grim realism laid the responsibility upon those Imperial should-ers.

The democratic spontaneity of Chappell's verses had so strong an appeal that they were printed, written and recited times without number, in every Allied country. Coningsby Dawson, the famous author, poet and traveller, even found a copy fastened by a thorn to a tree in the Rockies.

Henry L. Chappell, who died in 1937 at the age of 63, was a Great Western employee for over forty years, many of which he spent at Bath, where he was a luggage labeller until he retired through ill-health. He was a poet of considerable reputation, and his great talents would undoubtedly have secured him more remunerative employment had he so wished; but he always contended that his job gave him unique opportunities of seeing and studying life. It was while Chappell was attending to passengers' luggage at Bath that Rudyard Kipling introduced himself, and this was the beginning of a close friendship between the two.

You boasted the Day, and you  
toasted the Day,  
And now the Day has come;  
Blasphemer, braggart and coward  
all,

Little you reck of the numbing  
ball,  
The blasting shell, or the 'white  
arm's' fall,  
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied  
for the Day,  
And woke the Day's red spleen,  
Monster, who asked God's aid  
divine,  
Then strewed His seas with the  
ghastly mine;  
Not all the waters of the Rhine,  
Can wash your foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you  
schemed for the Day;  
Watch how the Day will go!  
Slayer of age and youth and prime,  
Defenceless slain for never a crime,  
You are steeped in blood as a hog  
in slime,  
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you  
have grown for the Day;  
Yours is the harvest red;  
Can you hear the groans and the  
awful cries?  
Can you see the heap of slain that  
lies,  
And sightless, turned to the flame-  
split skies,  
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day,  
you have longed for the Day  
That lit the awful flame;  
'Tis nothing to you that hill and  
plain  
Yield sheaves of dead men amid  
the grain;  
That widows mourn for their loved  
ones slain,  
And mothers curse your name.

But after the day there's a price  
to pay  
For the sleepers under the sod,  
And He you have mocked for many  
a day—  
Listen, and hear what He has to  
say:  
" Vengeance is mine, I will repay."  
What can you say to God?  
The railway porter's vivid, poignant  
words, first published in August,

1914, so aptly present a true bill  
against the arch-dastards of modern  
Nazidom, that they might well have  
been written a quarter of a century  
later than they actually were. The  
poem indicts the evil architects of  
the " New Order " and such torturers  
as those of Buchenwald, who now  
find Nemesis following so closely  
upon their heels.—H. R. CHUBB.

## *Kipling and the Old School Tie*

By SIR CHRISTOPHER ROBINSON, BART.

I FOUND myself next to her at one of those cocktail parties to which one is dragged, a crushed heap of misery, by the feminine part of one's family. She was one of those women who go through life demanding to see the manager—an elderly and aggressive representative of the new oligarchy of Place and Power. " Kipling ? " she said to me, " Oh yes, I know. He was one of the Old School Tie Brigade . . . "

Kipling was, of course, the greatest interpreter of the Old School Tie that ever lived, though not in the sense in which that expression is used now-a-days by those who are jealous of it. I was a boy when the master works of Rudyard Kipling were published for the first time and I often feel that a full and complete appreciation of Kipling is granted only to those who have experienced the atmosphere of the times in which his early works appeared.

It was the period when the Crimea medal ribbons were a not uncommon sight; when one sat up beside the driver on the old horse bus, and when one would not be seen dead in London without a top hat. London was glamorous and aristocratic. Oxford Street was not congested with vast hordes of unprepossessing idlers, the Regent Street of Nash still survived and Bond Street was an off-shoot of the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. Soldiers and sailors had not yet been ousted from their role of popular heroes by effeminate film stars nor

had sherry and bitters been supplanted by the Dry Martini and the Angel's Kiss. Church going was the fashionable substitute for religion, and Conservative electioneering for Politics. Democracy was a political institution and not merely the Right to be Rude. Young ladies went about with chaperones (and without legs or votes) and the most popular Institution of the Age was the British Empire. Those were the days when *Plain Tales from the Hills* and the *Jungle Books* first saw light.

### THE PUBLIC SCHOOL TRADITION

And those, too, were the days when the Public School tradition—the tradition of a good regiment—was strong in the land. It was, in fact, the day of the Old School Tie. That tradition may not be the most perfect which the mind of man could devise, but I have yet to meet any rule of conduct to equal it. It was a great Unwritten Law which was never put into words nor even spoken about in those days. It was something which was absorbed into one's system subconsciously, partly from one's own experience and partly from the atmosphere in which one lived. Through it one learnt that one must always play for the " Side " and never for oneself; that one must learn how to take a beating; that when one's work is not being supervised is the one time above all others when one must give of one's best; that the unpardonable sin is to look after one's own comforts before first

seeing to the welfare of those over whom one is set in authority . . . and many other things. Rudyard Kipling was the man who set out that Unwritten Law in black and white. And he did it, not by explaining it, but by dramatising it.

Now the only way in which one can dramatise an idea is to present upon the stage people who are imbued with that idea and to show their actions, instincts and impulses under its influence. This Kipling did, but he went further and used animals as well as human beings and even gave us a *I*aw of the Jungle. If, by so doing, his idea was to reach the children, he certainly succeeded, to which I, a child at the time, can bear witness. England owes more to the Old School Tie and to Kipling's interpretation of it than is dreamt of by the present generation, and its doctrines have spread far and wide, even to those who through ignorance affect to despise it.

"NOT A SINGLE KIPLING PRINCIPLE."

If one should look for the antithesis of that teaching, there is one place where it can always be found—and where it has always existed in all its foulness—and that is Germany. National Socialism, the natural son of Pan-Germanism, is, *par excellence*, the extreme opposite to the Old School Tie. There is not a single Kipling principle which is not in violent contradiction to Nazi doctrines, not a Kipling virtue which is not a Nazi sin, and not a Nazi virtue which is not an abomination to all that for which Kipling stood. And Kipling was never taken in by the spurious claims of German music, literature and art. From the beginning, he saw the Germans for what they are, dabblers in a culture which they could do nothing but desecrate, patronising and perverting the arts, hysterical flag-wavers in the concerted procession to perdition.

Now that Nazi Germany has gone the way of the Germany of the Hohenzollerns, it will require a strong determination and an ineffaceable memory on our part to prevent history repeating itself for the third time. It is

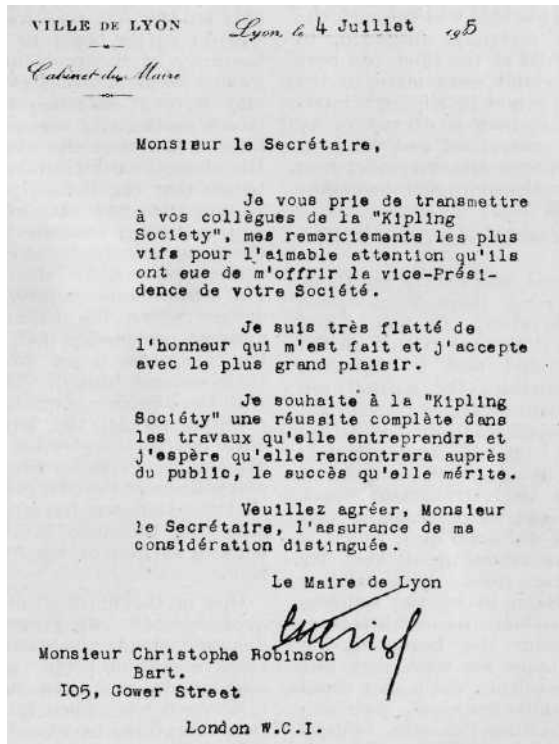
an unfortunate characteristic of the Briton that his favourite method of dealing with unpleasant facts is to ignore them. The unpleasant fact before us today is that the centre of our Continent is inhabited by some sixty million people who are an industrious, hard-working, disciplined and efficient race with a genius for scientific research and the morals of a medieval robber baron, combined with an utter ruthlessness and a pronounced taste for cruelty. If we add to these charming characteristics an insatiable desire to conquer and enslave the whole civilized world, plus an *idée fixe* that some day they will do it, we begin to perceive the enormity of the problem which still awaits solution. Whatever hopes we may have of attaining that solution is not particularly encouraged by the further fact that the average British Islander is constitutionally unable to see that the British point of view is not the only one in this world and that other countries' conceptions of moral standards can differ (and sometimes, not for the worse) from his own. Consequently, the great danger which lies before us is the extreme probability that the moment the Germans begin to camouflage their natural brutality and savagery with the superficial imitation of normal civilized people, the Briton will at once fall back upon his old method of dealing with unpleasant facts, and will accept the comfortable thought that the Germans have now reformed and can therefore be treated and trusted as one of his own countrymen.

One of the most effective way; of avoiding all dangerous romantic illusions about the Germans is to keep before our people what Kipling said about the Germans after the first world war, when it will be seen that everything he feared, and everything he anticipated, came true. A revival and extension of popular interest in Kipling, has become, in fact, almost a national duty. And it would be no bad thing either if, with that interest, there should come a revival of that much maligned phenomenon, the Old School Tie.

### M. Herriot and the Kipling Society

**M**ONSIEUR Herriot, President of the former French Chamber of Deputies, and once more Mayor of Lyons after a long absence as a prisoner in Germany, has accepted the invitation of the Council to become a Vice-President of The Kipling Society. He recently re-

our leaders' treachery Britain found herself alone to continue the fight. What would have become of us, my friends, if Britain had, like us, signed an Armistice in 1940? We must remain faithful to this old friendship because the British people love justice and freedom,



ferred to Franco-British relations in vigorous terms and said:

'Obviously there may sometimes be quarrels between us, but do not small quarrels strengthen family ties? Never forget that through

love freedom perhaps more than we do. It was for justice and freedom that the British fought and died on the battlefields of France. That is something which we must never forget.'

## A New Book About Kipling

Reviewed by J. H. C. BROOKING

(Founder of The Kipling Society)

**RUDYARD KIPLING.** By Hilton Brown. (Hamish Hamilton, 10/6d.)

**A**LTHOUGH this book is by a little-known writer, compared with certain other biographers of Kipling, it fulfils the appreciative comments on his literary abilities made by Frank Swinnerton in the Foreword to the book. It seems clear that the author has had no personal dealings with Kipling, but he makes up for that handicap by reading practically everything that has been printed, in book form at least, on his subject; and has not overlooked a number of items of interest in magazines and periodicals. He has also, had the advantage of discussing her illustrious brother with Mrs. Fleming, to whom the book is dedicated in these terms—

To Alice Macdonald Fleming ("Trix") whose help has been invaluable and whose kindness to an importunate intruder—angelic. The contents are summarized in chapter form, thus—

Part One: *The Factors*. I. Obituary. II. The Years Between. III. "Kuppleen Sahib." IV. Pan in Vermont. V. Something of Himself.

Part Two: *The Product*. VI. The Critical Attack. VII. Telling the Lie. VIII. 'Omer and 'is Lyre. IX. Prospice.

### A REGARD FOR DETAIL.

Here, therefore, is a book which deals with the many-sidedness of Kipling, and advances reasons for this multiplicity of facets, with a regard for detail equalled by no other volume on this subject. The author deals with Kipling's human side most critically, to endeavour to explain certain peculiarities in the literary Kipling, and perhaps in some items with a depth of analysis which appears to show Kipling in some respects as very human indeed.

There is no doubt as to the thorough soaking of the Author in Kiplingiana. The book abounds in illustrations in prose and verse of the various

points as they are taken up; and his understanding of Kipling's Oriental writings is heightened by the advantage of a first-hand knowledge of India. To most of us ordinarily-tuned Kiplingites, R. K.'s productions are so full of meat, that the variations in style, from religious fervour to broad comedy, are taken in our stride on the principle of "all beer is good, but some is better." Hence, it will not worry many of us, who have laughed over *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney* to see it described as "an absolute and shrieking howler, where the breach of taste becomes absolutely unendurable." It merely made this reviewer read the story once again to enjoy the result of Kipling's lively imagination, breach or no breach of taste.

### INTIMATE PERSONALIA.

Among the paragraphs of intimate personalia, the author deals so very fully with the absurd, but widely-credited "tar-brush" legend, as to debunk it finally, to even the most credulous believer in it. This subject is made of greater interest by the details given of Kipling's ancestry, for several generations. Among such, it is recorded that the Macdonalds, his ancestors on the distaff side, were one of the clans having the reputation of Black Highlanders, due, maybe, to some happenings about the Armada date.

### THE SOUTHSEA PERIOD.

The agonising period at Southsea is touched on; the author cannot explain why the two children were sent to such a stranger's house for such a long period as six years, when there were so many relatives in England with whom they might have stayed. He offers, however, a reason, which may seem as good as any other, to jealous mothers in like case. (In view of the 70-year period that has elapsed, it may not be unfair to mention here that the name of the Southsea family was Holloway),

One result of the author's wholesale perusal of books, etc., on Kipling is that he has run across all kinds of criticisms, and a considerable portion of his book is composed of a recital of these rude remarks with his own opinions as to their value, and interesting documentary illustrations. Per contra, he has noted the admiring references also, which, naturally do not need the comment that the criticisms evoke, so that there is much more space given to the alleged vices than to the virtues of Kipling's writings.

Such criticisms also extend to Kipling's personality, in which the author himself takes a hand, some of the points being Kipling's love of privacy and secrecy, illustrated by details of his marriage and his funeral, which may not be generally known. He is also accused of not thinking things out, but of taking other people's opinions as correct, particularly those of his father. It is likely that many of our members would prefer to agree with the author's further complaint as to the cryptic allusions in certain of Kipling's works, both prose and verse, which are aggravating to those who are unable to make out the meaning. But, it may be remembered that one of the main reasons for founding The Kipling Society was the dullness of the founder in this respect. The author, as mentioned, is particularly shocked at Kipling's low sense of humour, but he frankly acknowledges with surprise, that several of these debased items are among those selected by a number of eminent literary critics, as the best written by Kipling.

Space is also given to certain critics' allegations as to "sham-technical writing," "painting with a spade," "bluff," "spooof," "tricks of his Trade," etc., which may, at one time, have been of genuine belief, but can now, of course, be skipped. It might be added, however, that among other "sham-technical" items, *The Bridge Builders* is mentioned, which tale originally appeared in a Christmas Number in the early 1900's, and was the present reviewer's introduction to Kipling. At that time he was a working Engineer, and the accuracy of the technical

details made a great impression upon him.

It is rather likely that the eminent literary people who have thus criticised Kipling knew much more about their own job than engineering, and that, as the author points out, jealousy had much to do with critiques.

Another criticism that may be generally agreed with, is the loose method of compiling the books of verse. To anyone who wants to turn up a poem of which he forgets the name, there is little to help him in the index of titles, on account of the frequent use of fanciful titles which (like many titles of screen-films) bear no relation to the subject. Should there be another Collection of Verses published, it is to be hoped that the example of Hodder and Stoughton's *Sixty Poems* and *So shall ye Reap* (at 2/- each), which divides the verses under suitable headings, may be followed.

#### LACK OF APPRECIATION.

Some amusing instances of lack of appreciation of Kipling's early writings by the most important literary critics and publishers are given, the latter including *Harper's Magazine* and *The Daily Telegraph*, which newspaper frankly replied that his tale was "not up to the standard of *The Daily Telegraph*."

Not long after this nasty snub, the tide turned, and Kipling who enjoyed puzzling people, and the exercise of economy, sent a cablegram to his father as follows—"Genesis XLV. 9, 10, 13." The essential part of this quotation is "Thus saith thy son, Joseph, God has made me Lord of all Egypt, come down unto me."

A quite recent illustration of a literary man's ignorance of Kipling is also mentioned. John Pudney (who is also a poet!), wanted a title for a new book of travel, and had a phrase "going round and round" in his head "Who only England know," of which he says he did not know the origin. He eventually discovered it in a dictionary of quotations!

Kipling's family is described, particularly in regard to Mrs. Kipling, her origin and helpfulness; in fact Mr. Kipling once explained to the

reviewer that he was the Works and his wife (who was present, and did not deny the allegation) was the Works Manager.

It is likely that a number of us have tried to remember whence the "quotations" of verses, complete with titles, which headed certain tales, were derived; and it is revealed that most of these were invented for the occasion.

There is a large amount of reiteration in this book, even of re-reiteration, most of which is differently expressed and may thus be of value in impressing such points upon one's memory. Such multiplicity of references to certain unfortunate incidents in

Kipling's life, however, give the unfortunate impression of "rubbing-it-in."

The last pages discuss the possibility of Kipling's writings "making a come-back" to the height of his popularity of bygone years. While the impossibility of finding any sellers of Kipling's works today, because they are sold out, may seem a poor indication in view of the shortage of paper, perhaps the constant and increasing quoting of his distinctive phraseology in books, magazines and periodicals generally, beyond that accorded to any other writer, will give a better answer to this question.

## *Kipling Questions Answered*

**I**N our last issue, July, 1945 (No. 74) at the suggestion of Mr. W.

G. B. Maitland, the Society's Hon. Librarian, we published the first selection of Kipling questions, with the relative answers. We hope readers will continue to send us their questions for publication. Those submitted should be of general interest, but obviously we cannot deal with questions of an abstruse or controversial nature. Nor can we undertake to answer enquiries as to, say, a single line of verse.

The second selection of Questions is as follows: (The initials preceding the questions are those of the senders; those following are the initials of members who have kindly replied to the questions).

Q. (B. S. B.) The *Windsor Magazine* of December, 1904 contained a Pycroft story "A Tour of Inspection" which was not republished in book form.

- (a) Is it in the Sussex Edition?
- (b) Are there any other stories published in English periodicals that Kipling subsequently rejected as he must have rejected this one?

A. (W. G. B. M.) (a) The answer is Yes.

(b) See *Kipling Journal* No. 48.

Q. (B. S. B.) What is meant by "Autumn's wallflower of the close," in "A Charm." The ordinary wallflower blooms in spring.

A. (E. W. M.) The annual wallflower, if sown in early spring, blooms the same year, *i.e.*, in the autumn. Mrs. Alice Martineau in her book 'The Herbaceous Garden,' referring to the wallflower says: 'Though their flowering times are said to be from April to July, they flower here (Hurst Court) through the late autumn and begin again in March.' The poet Thomas Gray, in his letter to Dr. Wharton, January 31st, 1761, notes that single yellow and "bloody" wallflowers were still in flower on December 2nd.

Q. (G. C. R.) In *A Diversity of Creatures* there appears a poem entitled *A Translation: Horace Book V. Ode 3*. As there is no Fifth Book of the Odes of Horace, can you please explain what this Fifth Book is?

A. (L. M. R.) *Q. Horati Flacci Carminum Liber Quintus*—a little volume of Latin Odes published in 1920 which was the joint work of Rudyard Kipling and Charles Graves.

Q. (A. R. G.) Scattered through *Wireless (Traffics and Discoveries)* are a series of verses. Would it be too much to ask someone to identify the author?

A. (A. R. G.) "The Eye of St. Agnes" and "Ode to a Nightingale" by John Keats, "Kubla Khan" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

## Kipling and Home Influences

By SIR STEPHEN ALLEN, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.

(President of the Auckland, N.Z. Branch of the Kipling Society)

(Parts 1 and 2 of this address to members of the Auckland, N. Z. Branch, appeared in the April, 1944 and July, 1945 issues of the 'Kipling Journal'.)

"TURNING again now to *Something of Myself*, to which I have made a brief reference already, we find in it the effect of house and home on Kipling himself, in later as well as in earlier life. The first house he owned was Naulakha—I do not know how he pronounced it in his wife's native country—in the state of Vermont. Reading his own account of the years he spent there, it is clear that this period was not altogether satisfying. Kipling was not comfortable in his surroundings in America, and this is very evident from the book. He says himself "that Naulakha, desirable as it was, meant only "a house" and not "The house" of our dreams. It would be interesting to study the effect of the houses he lived in on his work, but I shall only suggest that in those days in America, his writings had not the same depth or tranquillity as those of later years, when he was surrounded by that wholly desirable home atmosphere which he had always hoped for and looked forward to.

### AT TORQUAY.

After leaving the United States, the first house he had was at Torquay. He says "We found a house for our heads that seemed almost too good to be true." The house proved a failure, however. There came, to quote Kipling's words "a growing depression which enveloped us both." "It was the Feng-shui—the Spirit of the house itself—that darkened the sunshine and fell upon us every time we entered." It was inevitable that another change should be made, but meanwhile, no doubt, the house at Torquay became the ultimate source of inspiration for the story *The House Surgeon*.

### ROTTINGDEAN AND CAPE TOWN.

Next came the house at Rottingdean, "The Elms," where he and his

family had the company of his maternal relations—the Burne-Jones and Baldwin families—established in neighbouring houses, and where a very happy period of his life was passed. A certain restlessness however took Kipling and his family to South Africa, where he was caught up in the activity of the South African war, which gave rise to several of the short stories and some of his best known poetry. Then he bought "The Woollack," a house situated outside Cape Town, near Rhodes's "Groote Schuur," and residence in England alternated with the months spent in South Africa during the English winter.

### BATEMANS.

Through all this time, he says they "kept before them the hope of a house of their own—a real house in which to settle down for keeps," and at last the ideal home was found at "Batemans." The influence of the house is shown in the later stories. *An Habitation Enforced* is clearly inspired by it, and *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* are full of its influence. The life there must have been peaceful, settled among surroundings long looked for and at last found, and to the influence of the house may be attributed some of the charm and mellowness of the stories written there. Home, in his later years, in fact, exerted as strong an influence on Kipling and his work, as in earlier years it had in shaping and moulding his outlook on life.

It may be objected that in the course of this little paper, I have failed to distinguish between the influence of home and the influence of houses. From one point of view this criticism might be right, but the fact is that it is difficult to draw a line between the two and state their precise difference. The house is the place where the home is situated for the time being, and the memories and influences of home life surround the spot where the house is, so the



two are most closely connected and their influences cannot be severed.

### THE SPELL OF HOUSE AND HOME.

There is much ground that I have not traversed. Except to refer to them at the beginning of this paper, I have not said anything for instance of *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. I am not going to burden you with extracts from these books, or particular references to them. I simply point out that both of them,

consisting as they do of tales real and imaginary, spun about the place where the children, for whom they are told, live, are in their entirety designed to show the gradual weaving of the spell of house and home upon those children, and to exert an influence on them which will always endure. This paper is intended to show the importance Kipling attached to such influences, and I hope it may open some new lines of thought, for those to follow who may chance to read his stories again.

## " The Sight "

### SOME INTERESTING EXPERIENCES IN PSYCHOMETRY

DESCRIBED BY MRS. ALICE FLEMING

(From time to time reference has been made in the "Journal" to the curious gift of 'Second Sight' possessed by certain members of the Kipling family. We have permission to publish the following personal letter recently received from Mrs. Fleming (Rudyard Kipling's sister) in which some interesting experiences are described).

NOW that my brother and husband are both dead I talk openly of 'The Sight'—they loathed any reference to it, though a few years ago my husband twice saw the 'appearance' that had been haunting me for months, and helped me to lay it. Remember, my mother was the eldest of seven sisters, and a Macdonald of Skye, so her only daughter had a right to 'the sight.' I'm so glad it never frightens me; she was afraid of it. I have always found it helpful. For instance, a message a dead child gave me one sunny morning in the College Chapel at St. Andrews, saved his mother's sanity. I had only met her once and I never saw the child living, but the few words and the caress that came with them, drew her out of melancholia and enabled her to be a happy handsome woman leading a normal life.

For the last two years I have had some interesting experiences in psychometry, (the measurement of mental processes) helped out sometimes by

crystal-gazing. A Polish unit at Hilso gave me the name of "the lady who knows everything." It began by my mending a pair of socks for a lance-corporal, and I begged his Chaplain to tell him not to worry so about his mother's health, for he would soon hear of her recovery, and to reprove him for his mistrust of his sweetheart, who was as good as she was pretty. He came to see me, with Father Obertynski as interpreter, and showed me a photo of the girl, and I was able to describe her surroundings, friends and present employment in a way that he recognized at once! A few months later every detail was confirmed. My best triumph was when a crusty old Bishop who had escaped from Warsaw in disguise reproved Fr. O. for believing in the "trances"—utterances of a lady who does not even belong to the True Church—"She is never in a trance—no matter, if she does not read it all from your thoughts she is undoubtedly prompted by the Devil."

However, he tested me by sending me a large iron key, saying that no one knew what it opened except himself, and if the "lady who knows everything" could give even one correct fact from it he would believe in her. I slept with the key under my pillow and had a vivid dream in which the Bishop dressed as a peasant buried the oldest and most valuable of the

golden altar vessels in a dummy grave in the monks' burial ground. At the last moment he took from his neck a case like a small camera, holding the most sacred relic in the monastery, a Pectoral Cross. This was sunk a little to the left of the gold plate. I noted the order of the jewels and that the emeralds were cabuchon while the rubies, topaz and diamond were table cut. Date about twelfth century.

I wrote it all down, and the Bishop reluctantly owned it was all true. I had seen through the steel case, hide-covered, that held the cross,

and as no Devil (he seemed to have a great belief in devils) would dare even to glance at so holy a relic—he owned that the "lady's wisdom undoubtedly comes from *on high*," He would have sent me his blessing, only I was a heretic, but he sent me an Easter card with flowers from Jerusalem, and a tiny rosary of pebbles from Gethsemane. I hope his treasures are safe still. Three of the most striking instances of "the sight" have come to me in church on sunny mornings. But I am babbling on at too great a length.

## Letter Bag

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

I WAS interested to note in the December, 1944, issue of the Journal that Mr. Brooking suggests "R. K. committed an anachronism never pointed out in print before." (Journal p. 2, R. K. as a Jane-ite). There is an excellent reason why the Sir Walter referred to in 'Jane's Marriage' was not Sir Walter Scott, but Sir Walter Raleigh—adventurer, explorer, historian, philosopher, poet and seaman, beheaded in 1618 to soothe the ruffled feelings of Spain. It was not Kipling who slipped. You have, probably, before now received notes on this point, but if not, here is my contribution towards clearing up one alleged error. —(Mrs. RHODA E. BROWN, Librarian, Melbourne Branch, Australia.

*FROM AUCKLAND, N.Z.*

At the last meeting of this Branch, April 16th, 1945, we had the pleasure of receiving Commander A. Leonard, R.N.V.R., who is a member of the Kipling Society, London. He gave us a vivid account of his adventures in the Seven Seas, recalling memories of Kipling in sundry places.

At the same meeting, Rev. C. E. Perkins, chairman of this Branch several years ago, who lives now in Wellington, paid us a visit. He has lectured occasionally on Kipling and hopes to found a Wellington Branch.

Our Members unite with me in congratulations on Victory.—EDITH M. BUCHANAN, Hon. Secretary, Auckland, N.Z., Branch.

*KIPLING AND THE GERMANS*

*Extract from a letter received from Lord Vansittart (addressed to Mr. Bazley) dated 25-5-45.*

'You could not have chosen a better moment than the present to remind the British public of Kipling's informed opinion of the Germans.'

*(This refers to the article "Kipling's Opinion of the Germans," by Basil M. Bazley, which appeared in the July, 1945 issue of the "Kipling Journal.")*

*THE ORIGINAL OF HARTOPP.*

A friend who recently came to see me said: "an uncle of mine by marriage was Herbert Arthur Evans, of Balliol, an Oxford Don, who was the original of Kipling's Hartopp, of *Stalky and Co.* I once mentioned Kipling and the Imperial Service College to him and he replied—'Yes, yes—tiresome little boy!'"—R. E. HARBORD London.

(We thank our correspondent for this interesting reference. Many of our readers, however, will already be aware that with H. A. Evans the original Hartopp may be identified.—Ed. K. J.)

*KIPLING QUESTIONS ANSWERED.*

Although the July *Journal* definitely states that you cannot answer enquiries about single lines of verse, I should be very grateful if you or any other member could construe for me one line which has always

puzzled me as to its meanin".

I refer to the fourth line of the sixth verse of the poem—*The King*—describing how Romance

. . . . passed with coach and guard  
and horn

And left the *local*—late again.

I may be very stupid but I cannot see what Kipling meant to imply. Can you?—H. KENNEDY SHAW

(Colonel), Kings Orchard, Teffont Magna, near Salisbury.

(Captain E. W. Martindell writes : " The poem 'The King' originally appeared in 'Under Lochnagar' in 1894 under the title 'Romance,' and then the fourth and fifth lines ran : 'And we're the Local—late again !' 'Romance is dead' . . . 'and all unseen.' )

## Auckland, New Zealand

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

THE Hon. Secretary of the Kipling Society has pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of £8 this year, in payment of subscriptions for last year. During 1944 £5 was also received, making a total of £13 for the year 1944.

The continued activity of the Auckland Branch of the Society in difficult times is highly appreciated at Headquarters, and again we thank

Mrs. Buchanan, the Hon. Secretary of the Branch, and all concerned for their co-operation

In her most recent letter received she writes : " At our last Meeting in celebration of VE day, Mr. Norman Boyes gave a stirring address of homage to British Commonwealth, through the voice of Kipling. Twenty-four members were present."

## M. Jules Castier

### Visits our LONDON OFFICE.

WE were glad to welcome M. Jules Castier in our office the other day from Paris. M. Castier lived all through the German occupation in Paris, and called to tell us how much he missed the *Kipling Journal* during those years. To celebrate the Allied victory he has become a Life Member of the Society—

an excellent idea which we commend to our members.

\*M. Castier is the translator of *LES CINQ NATIONS* and *LES SEPT MERS*, published in Paris by LOUIS CONRAD MCMXX, both volumes being available in the Kipling Society's Library in London.

## A Gift from Melbourne

WE have received from Mrs. G. V. Brown of Melbourne, Australia, a most valuable Index of Macmillan's pocket edition of Kipling's works which she has

compiled. In offering her our best thanks for her gift, we assure her that this is a highly appreciated addition to our Library.

WANTED :— Copy of " *Nash's Magazine* for April, 1909. Col. B.S. Browne, Bournestream, Wotton-under-Edge. Glos.

# The Kipling Society

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