



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

Published quarterly by the

**KIPLING SOCIETY**



**JULY 1948**

**VOL. XV No. 86**

**PRICE 2/-**

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES—J. P. COLLINS     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...	1
RUDYARD KIPLING AND HIS OLD SCHOOL—PART I—	
Colonel H. A. TAPP, O.B.E., M.C.     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...	3
THE SHORT STORY—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM ON KIPLING     ...     ...	5
KIPLING AND THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS—PART II—LIEUT.-GEN.	
SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.     ...     ...     ...	6
SPEAKING OF BOOKS—J. DONALD ADAM     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...	8
KIPLING AND FRANCE—PART II—BASIL M. BAZLEY     ...     ...     ...	10
THIS COLLECTING GAME—W. G. B. MAITLAND     ...     ...     ...     ...	15
LETTER BAG     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...	16

## THE KIPLING SOCIETY SALES DEPARTMENT

**POSTCARDS :**

Burwash or Kipling's Grave.  
1d. each or 9d. per dozen.

\*           \*           \*

**KIPLING PENCILS :**

2d. each or 1/9 per dozen.

\*           \*           \*

**BOOK PLATES :**

1d. each.

\*           \*           \*

**LIST OF MEMBERS :**

Extra copies for members  
only, 6d.

**SOCIETY'S SHOW CARD:**

Free, where a member can  
have it displayed in any  
club, hotel, etc.

\*           \*           \*

**JOURNALS :**

Extra copies for members  
only, 1/- each. Special prices  
which may be obtained from  
the Secretary, apply however  
to those numbers which are  
nearly out of print.

*All the above are sent post free.*

*Correspondence should be addressed to—*

THE HON. SECRETARY  
THE KIPLING SOCIETY  
98, GOWER STREET  
LONDON, W.C.1.  
— Tel.: Euston 7117 —

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Vol. XIII No. 86

JULY, 1948

## Notes

### THE OFFICIAL "LIFE."

WE know what the oracles have said about the fever of gossip on the brink of any event of moment; we also know the lengths to which men's hopes and imaginations may carry them. But here is evidently something more substantial than "intelligent anticipation" in the news that the Londoner's Diary gave us lately in the *Evening Standard*. This ran to the effect that the official biography of Rudyard Kipling, which the Earl of Birkenhead undertook to write more than two years ago at the request of the poet's daughter, Mrs. Bambridge, is now completed and typed. It extends to some 160,000 words, or rather longer than *Kim* or the second volume of *From Sea to Sea*; and the author, we are told, is giving it a final revision before submitting it to Mrs. Bambridge for her approval. We are promised original letters never yet published, and half-a-dozen poems, including one about South Africa, that contains thirty stanzas.

### SAGES AND HEROES.

People of northern persuasion talk of hero-worship as if it were invented by Thomas Carlyle, forgetting that if it had not existed from time immemorial, celebrities like Bruce and Wallace and Burns and "a wheen mair fowk" might have stood a poorer chance at the bar of history. But at least it is fairly arguable that the Sage of Chelsea gave the cult of heroes a vogue which it has never since lost, and no man since his day has ever drilled us into sounder relations with heroism and valour than Rudyard Kipling. Indeed, it is questionable if any man of his generation has equalled him in capturing our "worth-ship" and securing it so firmly a continuous existence. The result is that the admiration

we feel for him ("this side idolatry") is exacted from us by his writings, expressed in the attentive and continual commentary they awaken, and embodied in the men we instinctively recognise as answering in all fullness and reality of life to his ideas and demands.

This triple conviction came across the mind at the night of good talk Sir George MacMunn gave us members of the Kipling Society on March 16, when he proceeded to emphasise and illustrate what he called "the Kipling Vision." First of all, there was the gusty, blunt and downright affirmations he flung off in such a characteristic manner, and then the way in which these soldierly qualities appeared in every tone and gesture, adding all the while to the position he holds in our memory and regard. Lecture it was not, but could there have been a truer expression of all that both men have stood for all their lives? Sir George extolled Kipling's universality of interest, his range of scene and character, and his unflinching reverence for religion, the motherland, and the relationship of sex, especially in the intimate influences of life. As the chairman, Mr. Bazley, said, Sir George delighted his hearers by the thoroughness with which he threw himself, his recollections, and his record, into every living word. One's only regret was that by the time the talk was at an end, the manuscript of his notes seemed to be in much the same condition. Yet we hope there may be something to come of it all for reproduction here in the *Journal*.

### DR. ANGUS AND M'ANDREWS

Recently it was a pleasure to note the clear thought and enthusiasm which engineers of high standing in their profession give to the appreciation of Kipling and his message in

its executive aspects. Recent correspondence on this professional link with Kipling literature and interpretation is sure to awaken wider interest in the subject wherever British engineers are likely to carry their work and influence. But obviously in the case of Dr. Angus and his coevals, this pursuit of the best in contemporary thought and literature must have been there for years, long before the aforesaid correspondence began to appear in print.

Alas, what the doctor has said regarding the shallow uppishness of University students in disparaging an author, shows that they have probably never really studied him in an intelligent spirit of interpretation. But we know the rapid evolution of these prodigies, and unless they study themselves into the nearest lunatic asylum, the presumption is that they will see the light in due course and admit the error of their ways. But of course it is not to be expected that the recantation would ever be anything like as unabashed as the initial error.

#### *MEDICINE HAT.*

To anyone who has ever traversed the landscape splendours of Canada and watched the snow-tops of the Rockies rise like incantations into the blue serene a hundred miles away, there is no wonder we get so many letters about Medicine Hat. There may have been a time when some geologic stratum anticipated the smug type of docterial headgear that flourished years ago, but has now given place to the common or garden Stetson or just the "slouch" of commerce.

Whatever theory one adopts as to the cause for such a quaint sponsorship as Medicine Hat, it is just as pat as other local names like Swift Current or the Bow and Elbow rivers of Saskatoon, which is Indian, again one supposes, for some association or feature of note. But there are controversialists in

milder worlds than this, and irrelevant modernists have been crass and rude enough to quarrel with a place-name of which they had every reason to be proud. When a conformation of Nature, or whatever it is, has given a place a name that has not a rival, one easily understands the reluctance to have it altered. We may all rejoice that a single citizen should appeal to Kipling for a ruling, and Kipling should respond with a rescript so reasoned, so sententious, and so final. As for Kipling, he must have been about the only man on earth capable of raising a matter of local nomenclature to the highest level of adjudication and patriotic pride. It was no less public-spirited of Mr. Winship to have the said reply printed so handsomely, and again, it was a pleasure to reproduce the full text in the columns of our *Journal*.

J. P. COLLINS.

#### THE KIPLING SOCIETY IN THE U.S.A.

ONE of our Vice-Presidents, Mr. Carl T. Naumburg of New York, who has recently undertaken the task of furthering the interests of the Kipling Society in the United States, has received the following letter from Field Marshal Lord Wavell, our President:

The Kipling Society,  
98, Gower Street,  
London, W. 1.

Dear Mr. Naumburg,

As President of the Kipling Society, I am writing to thank you for all you have done in forwarding the work of the Society and enlisting so many fresh members. Kipling had such close connections with the U.S.A. that it is right and natural that there should be a strong branch of the Society there.

The more I read, or rather re-read Kipling, the more I am struck by his vision and his insight, and how much of it is pertinent to the present times.

I hope that we may have the pleasure of seeing you or some of the members of the American Branch at our meetings later on.

WAVELL.

18th March, 1948.

We feel sure that our American members will be glad to note the President's interest in the progress of the Kipling Society in the United States.

## Rudyard Kipling and His Old School

By COLONEL H. A. TAPP, O.B.E., M.C.

(The following extracts are taken from the report of a recent talk, illustrated by lantern slides, given to members of the Kipling Society in London by Colonel H. A. Tapp. The report will be concluded in our next issue).

**A**GED 12, Rudyard Kipling arrived at Westward Ho. for the Easter term of 1878 when the School had been in existence just over three years. It may be of interest to ask two questions. Why was the United Services College founded, and why was this School selected for the education of the young Kipling?

The College was founded in September, 1874 for the express purpose of providing a reasonably cheap education for the sons of officers of the Royal Navy and Army who were often not too well endowed with this world's goods. It was not intended, however, to limit admission to sons of officers. In 1871 the system of obtaining Commissions in Her Majesty's Army by purchase was abolished, and very soon there was keen competition for entry into Woolwich and Sandhurst. Most of our Public Schools had still to adjust their curriculum to meet the needs of boys going up for the Army.

In the meanwhile it was quite a common practice, and almost a necessity, for boys to go to a crammer for at least six months. These crammers knew how to charge exorbitant fees, hence the founding of the U.S.C.

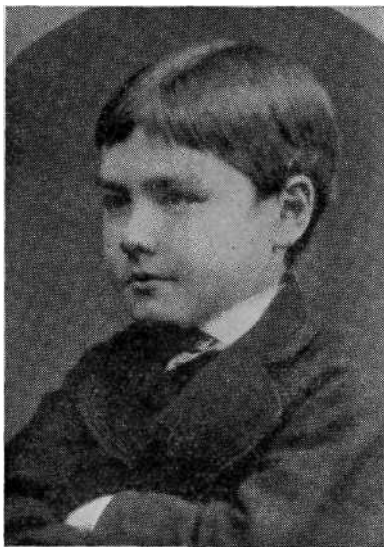
### A WISE CHOICE.

The College buildings were not ideal, but the locality was a particularly healthy one. At the time and on the whole Westward Ho. may be considered to have been a wise choice for such a school. The north coast of Devon could be relied upon to provide the necessary environment to turn out robust young men not lacking the spirit of adventure.

It may seem strange that the young

Rudyard, possessing very bad eye-sight and never intended for the Army, should have been sent to the United Services College, when so many other schools might have provided better scope for a boy of his outlook and temperament. The answer is to be found in the fact that Mr. Cornell Price, the Head Master, was a personal friend of the Kipling family, and he could be relied upon to watch the young Rudyard's interests while his parents were in India.

Mr. Cornell Price had been for eleven years Head of the Modern side of Haileybury, and



RUDYARD KIPLING AGED FIVE OR SIX.

This picture, sent by Colonel Milburn, was accompanied by the following note:— "This was very kindly given to me in February, 1942, by Mr. Julius Macdonald, Rudyard Kipling's cousin. He was blitzed from his home in London, and came to live in Harrogate, where we became acquainted.

he took with him twelve Haileybury boys to form the nucleus of the United Services College. Mr. Cornell Price was to prove himself an outstanding personality and well qualified to undertake the difficult role of starting a school of rather special characteristics. He had obtained no academic honours, but one of his great virtues was an abundance of common sense. He was scrupulously fair to masters and boys. Judging by results, we may assume that the masters serving under Mr. Cornell Price were efficient and well up to the standard of the normal Public School.

#### THE BOY KIPLING.

And now to turn our attention to the boy Kipling. Two boys, later to become well known to members of the Kipling Society, were already at the College when Rudyard Kipling arrived. They were Lionel Dunster-ville and George Beresford. Beresford tells us that he wanted a chum, so he spread out a net in which he caught the new arrival. This was the beginning of their friendship. Kipling has related how the three decided to go up the school together on the co-operative system by which they assisted each other over their lessons. In *Something of Myself*, Kipling tells us that the triple alliance was well established before they were thirteen. Kipling's account of his schooldays is all too brief. Perhaps the most factual account of the early days of the United Services College, is to be found in General Dunster-ville's book *Stalky's Reminiscences*. Again the account is too brief for our liking. The fullest, but perhaps not the most satisfying description of the early days at Westward Ho. is to be found in Beresford's *Schooldays with Kipling*. There is much more to be learned than is recorded in these three books written so long after events.

#### "PROUT."

The three boys joined Campbell's House, shortly afterwards taken over by Mr. Pugh, a rather more successful Housemaster than we are led to believe when we read of him as "Prout" in *Stalky & Co.* There was no Junior School at Westward Ho. during the College's early existence, and so quite

young boys were under the same roof as the seniors—perhaps not altogether a sound arrangement, but not necessarily a bad one. A little buffeting about when first at school very often leads to good results. There were no real grounds for branding the old U.S.C. as a particularly rough school.

(At this stage the following slides were shown, comments with each from the speaker:—

Views of Westward Ho. and the College buildings.

The School Crest.

Mr. Cornell Price.

A Group of Masters taken in 1880.

Mr. Pugh ("Prout.")

Mr. Crofts ("King.")

A Group of boys in Kipling's time.

Bathing off the Pebble Ridge.

The Nassau swimming baths.

Kipling, Dunsterville and Beresford as boys.

No. 5 Study.

Rugger XV of 1881-82.)

It is, of course, well known that Kipling was barred from playing most games because of his poor eyesight. This proved a handicap from the point of view of gaining popularity so often assisted by prowess at games. Kipling himself leads us to believe he was a tolerably good swimmer. He would certainly have plenty of opportunity at Westward Ho., where a great deal of encouragement was given to swimming and all forms of aquatic sports. In the summer of 1881, of boys over 12 (Kipling was now 15), 73% were classified as proficient in swimming, which meant they could swim a ¼ mile, exactly 50% reaching the ½ mile standard. Some years these percentages were improved upon.

To toughen the boys, it was Mr. Cornell Price's policy to ensure they went to bed healthily tired—"work hard and play hard" was his prescription for keeping boys out of mischief. Although rugger, cricket, running, swimming and gymnastics were encouraged, these physical exertions did not prevent spare time being spent on other excellent pastimes such as music, theatricals, reading and debating and considerable interest was taken in the Natural History Society. In all these activi-

ties the Masters took their share. The Triple Alliance did not shine at games, but it is known from their own recordings and from the "Chronicle" that they did take an active interest in the various pastimes, although where music was concerned they did not achieve much success.

#### READING AND SCRIBBLING.

With regard to lessons, it would appear that Kipling did not take his form work too seriously. He was only studious when he wanted to be: he knew he had no examinations to pass. Mathematics and Latin did not really interest him. If we leave out English and History, French was probably his best subject. Quite possibly Kipling would be a tiresome fellow to sit next to in form, if you yourself wished to concentrate. It is reputed that he was always reading and often scribbling. Kipling no doubt browsed over books when other boys were playing games, and for his last year at Westward Ho. we know he had the run of the Head's study and library. It could not be said that Kipling was popular at

school: not that he was unpopular. He did not come into the limelight as much as boys who excelled at games. He had not been made a Prefect by the time he came to leave the College, but neither had Dunster-ville or Beresford.

Kipling's most notable contribution to the life of the School began when he was appointed editor of the "Chronicle" with the issue of No. 4, published on June 30th, 1881. It seems strange that the school magazine had not been taken seriously during the early years. Kipling was responsible for seven numbers, the last being No. 10 dated July 24th, 1882. While editor he wrote the verses "Ave Imperatrix" on the occasion of the attempt on Queen Victoria's life, and the story "*Ibbetson Dun*," just to mention two only. It is clear that Kipling set a high standard, and a little perplexing that No. 11 contained no reference to his ceasing to be editor on leaving the school. Praise for his efforts does not appear in the pages of the "Chronicle."

(To be concluded)

## The Short Story

### MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM ON KIPLING.

(The following extract from a Lecture on "The Short Story," delivered by W. Somerset Maugham before the Royal Society of Literature, is published here by special permission).

**R**UDYARD Kipling alone among the English writers of the short story can bear comparison with the masters of France and Russia. Though he captured the favour of the great public when first he began to write and has retained a hold on it ever since, cultivated opinion has always been somewhat scornful of him. He was identified with an imperialism which was obnoxious to many sensible persons, and certain characteristics of his style have always been irksome to readers of fastidious taste.

But he was a wonderful, varied and original teller of tales. He had a fertile invention—a merit in any writer—and to a supreme degree the gift of narrating incident in a surprising and dramatic fashion. His

influence for a while was great on his fellow-writers, but perhaps greater on his fellow-men who led in one way or another the sort of life he dealt with. When one travelled in the East it was astonishing how often one came across men who had modelled themselves on the creatures of his invention.

They say that Balzac's characters were more true of the generation that followed him than of that which he purported to describe; I know from my own experience that twenty years after Kipling wrote his first important stories there were men scattered about the outlying parts of the world who would never have been just what they were except for him. He not only created characters, he created men. Rudyard Kipling is generally supposed to have rendered the British people conscious of their Empire, but that is a political achievement with which I have not here to deal; what is important to my present

purpose is that in his discovery of the exotic story he opened a new and fruitful field to writers. This is the story, the scene of which is set in some country little known to the majority of readers. It deals with the reactions upon the white man of his sojourn in an alien land and the effect which contact with peoples of another race has upon him.

Subsequent writers have treated this subject in their different ways,

but Rudyard Kipling was the first to blaze the trail through this new-found country, and no one has invested it with a more romantic glamour, no one has made it more exciting, and no one has presented it so vividly and with such a wealth of colour. He had, like every writer that ever lived, his shortcomings, but remains notwithstanding the best short-story writer that our country can boast of.

## Kipling and the World's Religions

By *Lieut.-Gen. Sir GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.*

(*The second and concluding part of Sir George MacMunn's article on this subject. The first part appeared in our last issue.*)

OF Judaism, Kipling has little to say save when writing of the Hierarchy of the Angels. Possibly there is little scope, since Judaism is but Part I of Christianity. When there is an allusion, it deals more with the sorrows and peculiar influence of the race, rather than with the faith.

When we come to Islam, "The Submission" (to the Will of God,) it is another story, though Kipling is versed in both the orthodox faith and two great heresies, that of the Shiat-al-Ali and the 'Twelvers,' the Ismaelis. But Kipling is more prone to write of Islam, and its unexplainable but sudden, easily aroused fanaticism that calls for the sword, and apart from the terrible mutual massacres in the Eastern Punjab, can bring about such dreadful things, as the massacre of harmless Hindu refugees, in far away Karachi, or in the train at Gujerat.

Politicians, both British and Hindu, will not understand that Islam is one, all over the World, from Morocco to China. A stone thrown into a pool anywhere will cause fierce ripples all over the world and, if need be, the sharpening of swords and the fierce maddening cry of *Allah ! Allah !* The British in India knew, and are called fools by the kiss-mammy folk in Parliament and their emissaries. The Europeans in Egypt and Arabia know it too, and one day when arrogant young Jews claim the Dome of

the Rock, you will see the Eastern world go up in such flame and fire and sword as will shatter U.N.O.'s weak nerves for very horror. But Islam is hardly even a religion, neither made nor created but proceeding—proceeding from the old religion of the Patriarchs and the legends of the Desert, and El, the God of Genesis, joined to Judaism and tinged with bits and pieces snipped from Christianity. It is the Rule of Life and the Worship of God Almighty seen through a glass darkly. But to blossom, it is intended to be a lay as well as a religious system, as is also Hinduism. The righteousness of Allah Kipling constantly alludes to :—

" There are three degrees of bliss  
At the foot of Allah's Throne  
And the highest place is his  
Who saves a brother's soul  
At peril of his own.

(*The Jester*)

and again from *The Legend of Mirth*,  
" And Allah who created Zeal and  
Pride,

Knows how the twain are perilous-  
near allied."

### TWO UNPUBLISHED BALLADS.

But for Kipling's knowledge of the rival heresies and the stresses and strain within the Shadow of the Prophet, one should read, if one can, two unpublished ballads—*The Vision of Hamid Ali* who had smoked opium with The Pearl, a courtesan :—

" Before the Perfect Flower had dulled  
our brains,  
Azizun, Hamid Ali, I, the Pearl,  
Spoke of the Prophet and the other,  
Christ.



\* \* \*

And whether Islam shall arise  
again  
And drive the Christ across the  
Western sea,  
As people hold, shall be in two more  
years.

\* \* \*

And Islam and the Sword make  
all things clean."

But the *ganja* still fierce in Hamid  
Ali leads him on to apostasy and  
to jeer at the mosque and the moulvi,  
"The Mosque has fallen. Hamid  
Ali saw  
The domes sink inward and the  
minarets  
Break at the base and crumble  
like the dust."

Even too must he jeer at The Twelve  
and the Shiah as well as the Sunni  
till the singer of the song writes :—  
"God grant it was the *ganja*. Other-  
wise

Hamid is lost for ever, with the  
Pearl."

The Pearl indeed had backed her  
breasts and lips against the lot.  
You must know a good deal to frame  
these phantasies aright.

The other Islamic Legend is *The  
Seven Nights of Creation* obviously  
written in Lahore :—

"Yusuf, the potter, told me this  
today,

In the cool shadow of the Bhatti  
Gate."

Yusuf tells of how the Almighty  
laboured all the long six aeons of  
time that are written 'day,' and  
how God saw that it was good, but  
also how Eblis from the pit had  
power in the night and made all  
the horrible beasts of the earth.  
Since Islam has a story of Creation  
not unlike to that of Genesis, Kipling  
makes Yusuf relate it at length, and  
as a monkey lets down a long paw  
from above and steals his grapes,  
Yusuf pays his score. Eblis has  
toiled all night to make man also :—  
"It is written Eblis called

Three times to God to stay the  
fleeing night.

*Allah el Bari* heard him (HE is  
great)

And held three times her pinions  
till the crescent

Ceased and the work was perfect.  
Yusuf smiled."

But the great work seen in the day-  
light was not man but an ape, and  
Yusuf's grapes were avenged for  
all time. Eblis cries :—

"My greatest work is Mockery.

Depart O ape ! Depart and leave  
me foiled."

And yet, lest the Great Religion of  
many millions—the Submission to  
the Will of God—should be slighted,  
we find Kipling writing this :—

"Some men are Mohammedan  
by birth, some by training, some  
by faith; but I have never met  
an Englishman yet who hated  
Islam and its people, as I have  
met Englishmen who hated greatly  
some other faiths." (*A Serpent  
of old Nile*).

### HINDUISM.

But now let us for a moment turn  
to the Great faith and Way of Life,  
with its many strange, aye and evil  
side-tracks—Hinduism—which is not  
quite the same as Brahmanism. In  
many of his stories of India, Kipling  
has told of its good and its vagaries,  
and if you will look at the Preface  
(but who does?) to *Life's Handicap*  
you will read charming things of the  
Chubára of Dhunni Bhagat and  
those who frequented it, and of the  
wisdom of Govind the one-eyed who  
sat therein.

There is one poem *Shiv and the  
Grasshopper*, which will show what  
our author really thought. There  
are two great personae who rule the  
Hindu world—under aloof and mighty  
Brahm, viz :—Shiva, the Lord of  
action and Vishnu the cherisher  
of the soft quiet virtues. Shiv, or  
Mahadeo, 'The Great God' is more  
than benevolent to mankind, and  
Kipling quaintly and sympathetically  
sings this song of Shiv and *The  
Grasshopper* :—

"Shiv who poured the harvest and  
made the winds to blow,

Sitting at the doorways of a day  
of long ago,

Gave to each his portion, food and  
toil and fate,

From the King upon the *guddee*  
to the Beggar at the gate.

Wheat he gave to rich folk, millet  
to the poor,

Broken scraps for holy men that  
 beg from door to door,  
 Cattle to the tiger, carrion to the  
 kite,  
 And rags and bones to wicked  
 wolves without the wall at  
 night."  
 Now Parbati his wife, was with  
 him and thought to trick him and  
 took a little grasshopper and hid  
 it in her breast :—  
 When the dole was ended, laughingly  
 she said,  
 "Master, of a million mouths is  
 not one unfed?"  
 Laughing, Shiv made answer, 'All  
 have had their part,  
 Even he, the little one, hidden  
 'neath thy heart.'

From her breast she plucked it,  
 Parbati the thief,  
 Saw the Least of Little Things  
 gnaw a new-grown leaf !"  
 A charming lullaby ! The first and  
 last verses ending :—  
 " And Mother's heart for sleepy  
 head, O little Son of mine!"  
 And there we must leave it, though  
 why the Children of the Submission  
 and the men of Mahadeo should  
 massacre each other by the hundred  
 thousand to celebrate release from  
 the *Pax Britannica* must puzzle Shiv  
 and anger Allah, bleed the heart  
 of the Buddha to death, and make  
 all the Angels in Heaven weep  
 beyond measure.

## Speaking of Books

By J. DONALD ADAMS.

(This note, which appeared in the  
 "New York Times Book Review,"  
 is reproduced here by permission.)

NO modern writer has surpassed  
 Kipling in technical skill. He  
 had at his command all the  
 resources of the language. His feel-  
 ing for words was keenly sensitive  
 and he could extract from them all  
 that they had to give. With these  
 powers he possessed also a sharpness  
 of observation seldom equalled, so  
 that aside from his narrative gifts  
 he has few peers in the art of de-  
 scriptive writing. But this descrip-  
 tive power of his was photographic ;  
 excellent though it was, it rarely goes  
 beyond expert transcription.

What else can description do ?  
 It can communicate a mood, it can  
 evoke reflection on the meaning of  
 the things seen. In his "Avowals"  
 George Moore devotes several pages  
 to this distinction, in which he places  
 in contrast pages from Kipling and  
 from Pierre Loti. The Kipling  
 passage is from *Kim* and it is a de-  
 scription of evening, which, as Moore  
 remarks, is one of the eternal subjects :  
 "Men were sensible to the charm  
 and beauty and tenderness of even-  
 ing 10,000 years ago, and then  
 thousands of years hence they will  
 be moved in the same way."

Kipling wrote : "By this time

the sun was driving golden spokes  
 through the lower branches of the  
 mango trees ; the parakeets and  
 doves were coming home in their  
 hundreds ; the chattering grey-backed  
 Seven Sisters, talking over the day's  
 adventures, walked back and forth  
 in twos and threes almost under the  
 feet of the travellers ; the shufflings  
 and scufflings in the branches showed  
 that the bats were ready to go out  
 on the night picket. Swiftly the  
 light gathered itself together, painted  
 for an instant the faces and the  
 cartwheels and bullocks' horns as  
 red as blood. Then the night fell,  
 changing the touch of air, drawing  
 a low, even haze like a gossamer  
 veil of blue across the face of the  
 country and bringing out, keen and  
 distinct, the smell of wood smoke  
 and cattle and the good scent of  
 wheaten cakes cooked on ashes.  
 The evening patrol hurried out of  
 the police station with important  
 coughings and reiterated orders, and  
 a live charcoal ball in the cup of a  
 way-side carter's hookah glowed red  
 while Kim's eyes mechanically watch-  
 ed the last flicker of the sun on the  
 brass tweezers."

As Moore remarks, it is impossible  
 to deny the strong rhythm of the  
 sentences, the accuracy of the obser-  
 vation. It is a passage extraordinarily

full of local colour, but we are left with the impression that Kipling has seen more than he felt. The passage from Loti is not the equal of Kipling's in sharpness of definition, but, as Moore points out, it carries with it more of the essence of evening, more of the feeling produced by that hour :

" But evening comes, evening with its magic, and we relinquish our selves to its charm once more.

" About our brave little encampment, about the rough horizon where all danger seems at present asleep, the twilight sky kindles an incomparable rose border, orange, then green; and then, rising by degrees to the zenith, it softens and quenches. It is the indecisive and lovely hour when, amid limpitudes which are neither day nor night, our odorous fires begin to burn clearly, sending up their white smoke to the first stars; our camels, relieved of their burdens and their high saddles, sweep by the thin bushes, browsing on perfumed branches like great, fantastic sheep of slow, inoffensive demeanour. It is the hour when our Bedouins sit in a circle to tell stories and sing; the hour of rest and the hour of dream, the delicious hour of nomadic life."

Moore remarks that we learn more from the Kipling passage, factually, but we are not moved as we are by Loti's. The comparison interests me, because it points to one of the fundamental cleavages in writing. It is a cleavage which, of course, has its exact counterpart in painting as well. What it boils down to is the presence or absence of poetry, using that word in its widest sense. It is the difference between writing of which one reading suffices and that to which we can repeatedly return.

Although I have been speaking of this difference in connection with descriptive writing, it is not without some bearing on the handling of character in fiction. It is a question whether the modern manner has not become too objective. I am not suggesting a return to the custom of direct comment upon and explanation of their characters in which some eighteenth and nineteenth century novelists indulged so freely, but I think there is some ground for believing that fiction has gone too far in the opposite direction. The good Victorian novelists got inside their characters to a greater degree than is common nowadays, when it is technically fashionable to approach them clinically. We are long on observation, short on feeling.

## Uncollected Kipling

### IN THE " EVENING STANDARD "

By the Hon. Librarian.

THE *Evening Standard* has recently been delighting its readers with some uncollected Kipling items, amongst which were *The Benefactors* (March 15th), *The Battle of Rupert Square* (March 27th), and a set of verses under the title *Home* (April 27th) which Rudyard Kipling inscribed in a Visitors' Book he had presented to Sir Max Aitken (afterwards Lord Beaverbrook) when the latter bought Cherkeley Court in 1912.

The two prose items are in the "Sussex Edition" only. *The Benefactors* originally appeared in "The National Review," March, 1912, *The Battle of Rupert Square* has been resurrected from the files of the old "St. James's Gazette" of 1889.

As there is still much fugitive and uncollected material of Kipling's early days in London, it is to be hoped that the *Evening Standard*, having made a start, will continue to give us some further gems.

#### KIPLING SOCIETY ANNUAL CONFERENCE

The Annual Conference will take place at Dorchester House, Park Lane, London, W.1., at 3.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 14th July, 1948. It will be followed by a tea party in honour of the President, Lord Wavell, who will address the gathering.

## Kipling and France

By BASIL M. BAZLEY

(Below we continue the report of Mr. Bazley's address to members of the Kipling Society in London, the first part of which appeared in the April, 1947 issue of this Journal).

WE have already mentioned the story, *The Bonds of Discipline*. Here a young French naval officer, full of zeal to learn something of the *vie intime* of the British Navy, ships as a stowaway on a cruiser that had called at Madeira. But it will be noted that in spite of the play-acting which follows the discovery and the way in which the stowaway is led astray, there are no faults found with him professionally; witness his action when Pycroft tells him to sling his hammock! : "In the ensuin' melly I pioneered him 'to the after-'atch, which is a orifice communicatin' with the after-flat an' other similar suites of apartments. He havin' navigated at three-fifths power immejit ahead o' me, I wasn't goin' to volunteer any assistance, nor he didn't need it." . . . Nevertheless, to oblige Mr. Ducane, I went an' readjusted Antonio (the stowaway's assumed name). You may not 'ave ascertained that there are two ways o'comin' out of an 'ammick when it's cut down. Antonio came out t'other way—slidin' 'andsome out to his feet. That showed me two things. First, he'd been in an 'ammick before, an' next, he hadn't been asleep." Finally Antonio is transferred to a tramp collier, which he didn't like :—"Op was deputed to convey the information, an' 'Op got in one sixteen-inch kick which 'oisted 'im all up the ladder. 'Op ain't really vindictive, an' 'e's fond of the French, especially the women, but his chances o' kicking lootnants was like the cartridge—reduced to a minimum." I have given perhaps a good deal of this talk, because it is the only one in which a Frenchman is treated at all—shall we say—critically.

When we turn to *Rewards and*

### A LOVABLE CHARACTER.

*Fairies* we shall find much of interest. In *Marklake Witches* we are introduced to a very lovable character in the person of René Laennec, a reproduction of a real doctor, who was the inventor of the stethoscope and died at the early age of forty-five. Out of many incidents concerning him I shall only take one, where he tells the local white wizard that he is doomed by the disease. "It sounds like breakers on a reef—a long way off. Comprenny?" "Perfectly," said René. "I drive on the breakers. But before I strike, I shall save hundreds, thousands, millions perhaps, by my little trumpets." He shows fine courage and the true spirit of the pioneer in medicine.

In the same book is the tale, *A Priest in spite of Himself*. Here we have a very clever and, so far as can be judged from various biographies, truthful picture of Talleyrand, who is first presented as a button-seller. "Well, then, in due time he arose and left in a style which made us feel he'd been favouring us, instead of us feeding him. I've never seen that so strong before—in a man." Then the boy Pharaoh, with one of the Red Indians, gets a glimpse of the ex-Bishop of Autun through a window! : "He is bad," says Red Jacket. "But he is a great chief. The French have sent away a great chief. I thought so when he told us his lies. Now I know." Some remarks made by the *émigrés* are equally apposite. 'Says the French Marquise, "My friends, you laugh too soon. That man will be on the winning side before any of us." "He will be on the winning side if it costs him the blood of every friend he has in the world." "He will find out, if any one can, whether this canaille of a Washington means to help us to fight England. Genet . . . has failed and gone off disgraced; Fauchet . . . hasn't done any better, but our abbé will find out,

and he will make his profit out of the news. Such a man does not fail."

But, like a great artist—like Shakespeare—Kipling does not make Talleyrand all bad. Pharaoh gets a much-needed gift of five hundred dollars; he makes more of this sum, and invests it in a ship and cargo of tobacco. Near the European coast the ship is seized by the French and condemned as a prize; the boy follows his cargo up the Seine to Paris, where, when almost starving, he sees Talleyrand and Napoleon driving together. At his call Talleyrand recognises him and he is admitted to the room where the two are in conference. Pharaoh tells his story and Talleyrand, against Napoleon's wish, restores to him his brig and cargo. There is a thumbnail sketch of Napoleon, who wants to confiscate both, doing away with the unlucky owner. "Need anybody talk about the affair?" he says. He didn't look at me, but I knew what was in his mind—just cold murder because I worried him; and he'd order it as easy as ordering his carriage." Napoleon is taken aback and asks Talleyrand if he is mad. "Quite," says Talleyrand, getting up. "But be calm; the disease will never attack you. It is called gratitude. This gentleman found me in the street and fed me when I was hungry."

#### WE MEET JULES.

After this we go forward in *The Horse Marines* from a *Diversity of Creatures*, to 1911, when we meet Jules, petty officer of the French Navy. "Jules was a *permissionnaire*, which meant being on leaf, same as me, from a French cassowary-cruiser at Portsmouth. A party of her trusty and well-beloved petty officers 'ad been seeing London, chaperoned by the R.C. chaplain. Jules 'ad detached himself from the squadron and was cruisin' on his own when I joined him, in company with copious lady-friends." Pycroft has to explain the outline of the jest to Jules:—"To him, I says, wishing to try him, *Allez a votre bateau. Je say mon Lootenong. Eel vous donneray pork wor.*" To me, says he, "*Vous ong ate hurroo! Jamais de la vee!*" and I saw by his eye he'd taken on for

the full term of the war. Jules was a blue-eyed, brindle-haired beggar of a useful make and inquirin' habits." "How much did Jules understand by that time?" I asked. "Sufficient unto the day—or night, perhaps I should say. He told our Mr. Morshed he's follow him *more sang frays*, which is French for dead, drunk or damned. Barrin' 'is paucity o' language, there wasn't a blemish on Jules." After the lovely scene on the Downs Jules leaves the party!—"We returned him to his own Navy after breakfast. He wouldn't have kept much longer without some one in his own language to tell it to. I don't know any man I ever took more compassion on than Jules. 'Is sufferings swelled him up centimetres, and all he could do on the Hard was to kiss Lootenant Morshed and me, and your Mr. Leggatt. He deserved that much. A cordial beggar."

There are some very charming impressions of France in *The Bull That Thought in Debits and Credits*, in which tale M. André Voiron appears. After a night speed-trial M. Voiron invites the Englishman to typical French hospitality. "On our return, he disappeared for a few minutes, and I heard him rumbling in a cellar. The proprietor presently invited me to the dining-room, where, beneath one frugal light, a table had been set with local dishes of renown. There was, too, a bottle beyond most known sizes, marked black on red, with a date. Monsieur Voiron opened it, and we drank to the health of my car. The velvety, perfumed liquor, between fawn and topaz, neither too sweet nor too dry, creamed in its generous glass. But I knew of no wine composed of the whispers of angels' wings, the breath of Eden, and the foam and pulse of youth renewed." Then M. Voiron explains the sounds of the night:—"Our beasts do not like automobiles—so we move at night. You do not know our country—the Crau, here, or the Camargue? I was—I am now, again—of it. All France is good; but this is the best." He spoke as only a Frenchman can, of his own loved part of his own lovely land.' These two short extracts, I hope, will give you an idea

of the delightfully happy French atmosphere of this enthralling tale. *LIGHTNESS OF TOUCH.*

In the year 1930 comes the tale of *The Miracle of Saint Jubanus* (collected in *Limits and Renewals*). If you have liked M. Voiron of the previous story, you will feel deep affection for the *curé* of this off-the-map French village; more than any of the other characters he represents the courteous hospitality, high spirits, natural humour, and deep conscientiousness of the French. In spite of its underlying seriousness, this *conte* demonstrates what Kipling can do when he sets out to make us laugh; though the whole atmosphere is absolutely French, the incidents are such as might occur in any quiet English village, for the French share with the English the gift of deriving mirth from the ordinary little things of commonplace life—miles distant from the type of heavy joke which depicts an M.P. taking a pig for a drive in his car! I hope to show by some few quotations, that Kipling has the necessary lightness of touch, common to both our countries, which makes possible the telling of a very simple story such as this.

The Englishman goes to this village to see a bit of Thirteenth Century glass :—" But there was a wedding in the church, followed by the usual collection for charity. After the bridal procession had passed into the sunshine, two small acolytes began fighting over an odd sou. In a stride the tall old priest was upon them, knocked their heads together, unshelled them from their red, white-laced robes of office, and they rolled—a pair of black-gabardined gamins locked in war—out over the threshold on to the steep hillside." After he has put in an appearance at the wedding-breakfast, the *curé* returns to find the visitor still exploring, to whom it is explained that the local people hope to attract tourists to their village :—" Postcards for the tourists, an hotel, and an antiquity shop, for sure, here beside the church. A Syndicate of Initiative has, indeed, approached me to write on the attractions of the district, as well as on the life of Saint Jubanus . . . But *surely* he existed! he was a Gaul

commanding a Gaulish legion at the time when Christianity was spreading in the Roman Army. We were—he was engaged against the Bo—the Alemanni—and was on the eve of attack when some of his officers chose that moment to throw down their swords and embrace the Cross." Jubanus tells them to wait till the battle is won and then, when they would have given him a triumph, he renounces his profession and the Roman gods. The *curé* goes on :—" So—I expect it was necessary for discipline to be kept—he was beheaded on the field he had won. That is the legend . . . His miracles? But one only on record. He called a dying man back to life by whispering in his ear, and the man sat up and laughed . . . I imagine him as an old soldier, strict in his duty, but also something of a *farceur*." He then speaks of the mental and physical harm wrought by the war :—" Some entered hells of whose existence they had not dreamed—of whose terrors they lacked words to tell. So they—men distraught—needed more care in the years that followed the war than even at Chemin des Dames . . . Yes, I was there, also, when it seemed that hope had quitted France. I know now how a man can lay hands on himself out of pure fear!" Then there comes a heart-rending description of the subject of the tale—one Martin Ballart :—" He was not clever nor handsome, but he had the eyes of a joyous faithful dog, and the laugh of Pan himself. And he came back at the last—blasted, withered, dumb—a ghost that gnawed itself . . . One thing only gave me hope. He took pleasure in my company. He looked at me with the eyes of a dog in pain, and followed me always."

(To be continued)

#### CHANCES OF ADDRESS

Members changing their address are asked to notify the Hon. Secretary, Kipling Society, 98 Cower St., London, W.C.1.

## Manuscript Letters

### TWO QUOTATIONS

MRS William M. Carpenter, The Orrington, Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A., sends us the following interesting note. It is published by permission of Mrs. Bambridge who cannot, however, vouch for the genuineness of the letters referred to, as she has never seen the originals.

Mrs. Carpenter writes:—

"The reproduction of "An Autograph Letter from Rudyard Kipling" in the December, 1947 *Kipling Journal*, by permission of Mrs. Bambridge, leads me to send you quotations from two manuscript letters to the same person, in our Kipling collection, which Mr. Carpenter bought from a London book dealer in the early 1920's. The publication of the *Jungle Books* in 1894 and 1895 may have inspired Miss Nesbit's request for a contribution to her magazine. Mr. Kipling's reply was written on a letter head of Rock House, Maidencombe, St. Marychurch, Nov. 15:

Dear Miss Nesbit,

Many thanks for your note of the 10th. Honestly, if I could be sure of making something that would suit your magazine I would do it, but I haven't a thing by me. Won't you send me your prospectus and give me some sort of a lead? (He then warns her against depending on a list of "star" names as a "snare.")

I haven't been to London for a year . . . I shall hope, however, some day to have the pleasure of meeting you over a chafing dish, which I take it is the inner meaning of crabs with cream.

Very sincerely yours,  
RUDYARD KIPLING.

#### A DELIGHTFUL LETTER.

The second is a humorous letter full of appreciation of a fairy tale by his correspondent (Miss Nesbit) which had been running in *The Strand Magazine*, and whimsically expressing the eagerness which the children looked for and had read to them the numbers in which the story appeared. It is a delightful letter, similar in content to the letter in the December *Journal*, but of greater length. It

is written from Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, Oct. 20, 1904:

Dear Madam,

I take the present of yr book about Carpets in a kind spirit though it has not done me much good personally and the trouble and Fuss in the past on account of forgetfulness when I was ordered to buy serial Strands at the Station which is all of three (3) miles uphill you should have known to have appreciated My orders were that any time I went that way to bring back a Strand and you know owing I presume to Sir G. Newnes's stinginess the Publication only comes out once a month but that didn't matter to them worth a cuss on account of their Innocence and I had to explain that too. Besides they couldn't read . . . they got the Governess to read to them and me afterwards (not more than three times) and their mother just all the time . . . it came to fighting over looking at the pictures and splitting the Strand down Sir George Newnes's back cover . . . so when the book came all in one piece . . . I no sooner had got it than both the two of them found out by watching the Post I suppose and they have Jumped it and took it off already and God knows I am sorry for the Governess first and me after and their mother too because it will all have to be read over again They done just precisely the same about the Psammead whose title should not have been Five Children and It because everyone calls him by his Christian name . . . a name is just as important to a Book as a Baby and it is born more frequent . . . The consequence is they are highly delighted in the School Room though they say they knew it all before and they want a lot more of the same sort quick. I am to tell you this and -I am to send you their love.

I am yrs respectfully,  
RUDYARD KIPLING.

How completely Kipling understood the heart of a child!

## New Members

<p>THE following new members of the Kipling Society have recently enrolled :—</p> <p>U.S.A.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">Lt.-Colonel John B. Baker, U.S.M.C., ret'd.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">T. W. Sterling, Esq.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">John McFaul, Esq.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">Joseph Dunlap, Esq.</p> <p>New Zealand.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">Miss Hodgkinson.</p>	<p>Miss Joyce Key-Jones.</p> <p>Mrs. R. W. Williams.</p> <p>R. W. Williams, Esq.</p> <p>Australia.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">G. H. Newman, Esq.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">Master R. G. Newman (Associate Member).</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">Miss J. A. Newman (Associate Member).</p> <p>London.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">E. C. G. Bishop, Esq.</p>
---	--

## Visitors from Overseas

WE have been glad to welcome at the London office of the Society the following visitors from overseas :—

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Blackwell (New Zealand).

Sir Stephen Allen, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O. (New Zealand).

Mrs. E. Fryer (Victoria, B.C.)

## Can I Help the Kipling Society?

THIS kindly question appears from time to time in members' letters, and we would say that at the present time, no more useful service can be rendered to the Society than that of enrolling friends as members, especially the younger readers.

Others who wish to help, may support our efforts to keep the memory of Rudyard Kipling green, and to bring his great ideals before the coming generations of young people by remembering the Kipling Society in their Wills. Such legacies afford proof of a desire that our work should go on beyond the span of the donor's life-time, and afford

great encouragement to those who believe that the creed of Kipling is everlasting.

The following simple form of bequest should be used :

" I bequeath to The Kipling Society, 100, Gower Street, London, W.C.1. a sum of (£ \_\_\_\_\_), free of duty, to be applicable for the general purposes of the Society. And I declare that the receipt of the Hon. Treasurer or other proper official for the time being of the Society shall be a good and sufficient discharge or my Executors "

*Members of the Kipling Society who possess press cuttings, photographs or sketches associated with Rudyard Kipling and his works, which they think might be suitable for publication in the Journal, are invited to send particulars to the Hon. Editor, The Kipling Journal, Lincoln House, London Road, Harrow-on-the-Hill. In the case of cuttings from overseas publications, senders are asked to obtain formal permission to reprint from the Editors of the journals concerned, for which due acknowledgment will be made in " The Kipling Journal."*



## This Collecting Game

By W. G. B. MAITLAND

RECENTLY I tried to show how I came to read Kipling and the pleasure I extracted from my discovery of him as an author. I concluded my remarks by explaining that I soon became a real collector and have remained one ever since. This, perhaps, needs a little elaboration or explanation because a "collector" can collect anything from rare "Firsts" downwards.

### ALONG NEW PATHS.

Because I have found so much to interest me in Kipling and because there may be others who share my enthusiasm I will try to show in which direction this collecting habit first took me.

To begin with, I had to read every volume of the prose works and thoroughly digest them. This took time, for one does not buy one's reading matter by the running dozen of volumes. I became a member of the Kipling Society and soon met others who shared my interests, and who unwittingly added fuel to the flames of my enthusiastic approach to Kipling. My feet were guided along new paths, and from buying the ordinary volumes of prose and verse published in England, I turned my attention to American editions, to the newspapers and magazines in which a story or poem originally appeared. These were often illustrated, whereas the volumes into which they were collected were not. Comparison between the two texts frequently disclosed certain differences and thus I was able to get an idea of how an author tackled the necessary task of revision. It might be said, "Where's the interest in spending hours searching in second-hand book-shops for old magazines when one can read the same yarns in a nice clean book? Anyway, what's the point in collecting illustrated as against unillustrated versions of an author's work? The illustrations aren't by him!" Well, that's just it, that is the interesting part.

So I set myself the task of securing every magazine, both English and American, for which Kipling had

written. Naturally I didn't succeed but I accumulated a fair number. I studied the subject assiduously; I steeped myself in Kipling; I traced, or tried to trace, with the aid of bibliographies and notes by other collectors, every piece of Kipling's work to its original source, and then searched for the particular newspaper, magazine or book. I spent hours in the Reading Rooms of the British Museum and India Office Library searching the files and copying where I knew I could not buy the original. It was often laborious, but always interesting.

### DILIGENT SEARCH.

Many Kipling items are scattered about in the most unusual places and it is only by diligent search, plus a certain amount of special knowledge that such fish are netted. *The Detroit Free Press* containing *The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot*; *The Fishing Gazette* with that uncollected gem, *On Dry-Cow Fishing*; a complete run of *The Pall Mall Budget* in which the *Jungle Book Stories* appeared with the delightful illustrations by Cecil Aldin; a privately printed Royal Navy magazine with an unknown and unrecorded poem written by Kipling expressly for the ship; an autographed American volume which I picked up for a shilling or two; a parcel of a dozen volumes—including several I had long wanted but couldn't afford—one of which a certain dealer had offered me for £5, which I secured in the Sale Room for a tithe of that sum. These are just a few of my "finds."

There is great charm and no little excitement in making a sudden and unexpected capture, and although I have never been able to go after the "big game" such as rare "Firsts," "Limited Editions" or inscribed copies and the like, I have found many interesting and desirable things—and derived great fun out of it. Besides giving me an added interest in Kipling and providing me with a hobby, it has brought me many good friends all over the world.

Behind nearly every item in my library of books there lies a story of how it came into my possession and, as I handle them and refer to them I re-live the pleasure and excitement their acquisition has given me.

To the uninitiated—the man who has never been bitten by the collecting bug—I can only quote Kipling himself and say, "But who can show a blind man colour?"

## Letter Bag

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

### LISTS OF FAVOURITE STORIES

**I**n the April, 1948 number of the *Kipling Journal* a correspondent suggests that members send in lists of their favourite stories. I have with great difficulty compiled a list which, although of no interest in itself, might fit into a general pattern. Actually I give three lists, and have tried—though this is hardly possible—to arrange List A in order of preference.

#### LIST A Favourite Stories

1. *An Habitation Enforced.*
2. *The Finest Story in the World.*
3. *The Janeites.*
4. *The Propagation of Knowledge.*
5. *My Sunday at Home.*
6. *A Centurion of the Thirtieth. On the Great Wall. The Winged Hats.* (Counted as one story).
7. *In the Same Boat.*
8. *On the Gate.*
9. *Uncovenanted Mercies.*
10. *In the Presence.*
11. *A Madonna of the Trenches.*
12. *The Church that was at Antioch.*

#### LIST B

#### Very near misses from List A

- My Son's Wife.*
- The Dog Hervey.*
- The Man who would be King.*
- They.*
- Wireless.*
- The Bull That Thought.*
- The Finances of the Gods.*
- The Bonds of Discipline.*
- An Error in the 4th Dimension.*
- Regulus.*
- The Puzzler.*
- The Vortex.*

#### LIST G

#### Abominable Stories

- The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.*
- The Horse Marines.*
- Steam Tactics.*
- The Honours of War.*

#### *The Captive.*

—A. E. BAGWELL-PUREFOY (Lt.-Col.), 80, Riddlesdown Road, Purley, Surrey.  
**THE ARMY OF A DREAM.**

I note that a correspondent in the *Kipling Journal* is asking about one or two references in *The Army of a Dream*. Presumably there are some members who know from first hand that Sanna's Post was a reverse suffered near Bloemfontein in the South African war, and can give the actual date of it, and others who are more familiar than I with Surtees, who can tell him more about Facey Romford than I know from *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, in which he and Sponge concocted the report of the Puffington Run whose "milk was sugared" by the "considerate Roomer." I haven't read *Facey Romford's Hounds*, but R. K. quotes from or alludes to Surtees so often in *Stalky & Co.*, *My Son's Wife* and other places that all Kiplingites should have at least a nodding acquaintance with *Handley Cross* and will find Surtees well worth reading for his own sake . . .

I was glad you mentioned the reprinting of *Proofs of Holy Writ* in your editorial notes. After a hunt through several newsgagents and through several copies of *The Strand* at one of them (I would have blazoned "A Story by R. K." on the cover had I been the *Strand* editor), I managed to get hold of the December number and so to read this story for the first time.

I wish the publishers could find the paper and other materials to add a few more uncollected stories to those already published in the red leather Pocket Edition, which is my particular form for collecting Kipling.—CHAS. V. ROBERTS, Lynthorpe, Romney Road, Ensbury Park, Bournemouth.

**SANNA'S POST.**

As regards Sanna's Post, the action was fought on March 31, 1900. We lost 3 officers and 15 N.C.O.'s and men killed, also 16 officers and 121 N.C.O.'s and men wounded.

A vivid detailed account of this misadventure may be found on pp. 376-382 in Conan Doyle's "The Great Boer War," published by Smith, Elder & Co., London, 1900. The figures quoted above are given in the Appendix on page 536.—N. LAWSON LEWIS, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

**JIMMY FAWN.**

To answer your enquiries in the *Kipling Journal*. Jimmy Fawn was a popular comic singer on the music hall stage in the later Victorian period.

Facey Romford is the leading character in Surtees' book *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds*.

Sanna's post was fought on March 30th, 1900 in the Boer war in S. Africa. A column under Colonel Broadwood was caught in an ambush by the Boers and suffered heavy casualties.—T. KENNEDY SHAW (Col.), Kings Orchard, Teffont Magna, near Salisbury.

**THE TOMMIES OF THE PERIOD.**

(1) James or Jimmy Fawn, was

an under-sized and agile favourite among the music-hall luminaries of the 'eighties, and later, so he must have been prominent in the days of R. K.'s "abit of 'all-'unting," especially for his low-life caricature of the Tommies of the period, as Little Tich's were in later years.

(2) Facey Romford was the hero of Surtees' Book *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds* in the Jorrocks series (1865).—J. P. COLLINS, Michaelmore, Pine Walk, Carshalton Beeches, Surrey.

**NAMES REMEMBERED.**

In *Some Impressions of India* (April, 1948 *Kipling Journal*) Sir Cyril Radcliffe has forgotten the artists Thomas and William Daniell and Sir Charles D'Oyly, and writers on Indian subjects in prose and verse such as Sir A. Lyall, Sir W. W. Hunter, E. H. A. (E. H. Aitken), Aliph Cheem (Major Feldham), Sir Edwin Arnold, Mrs. B. M. Croker and earliest of all, Sir William Jones and Bishop Heber. The artist, of whose name he was doubtful, was Henry Martens and he only painted pictures from the war in the Punjab, 1845-9, unlike the Daniells, who covered most of Hindustan during their long stay in India 1795-1808.—E. W. MARTIN-DELL, Hook, Hants.

## The Influence of Books

Extract from *LADY GREGORY'S JOURNALS, 1916-1930*. Edited by Lennox Robinson. (Putnam & Co., Ltd. London, 1946).

" RUDYARD Kipling came to lunch with his wife and daughter and I liked him; he was friendly and unaffected and we had Roosevelt for a theme; he spoke of his truthfulness and courage. I had liked very much his *Greatheart* ballad on him, and we went on to speak of *The Pilgrim's Progress*; he thinks *Greatheart* "one of the finest characters in fiction." He loves also the Holy War. As we talked of America I said *Queechy* and *The Wide Wide World*, read in my childhood, had given romance to common things—doughnuts and apple-pie and cheese—when I went there. He had also read these in his childhood, and also *Little Women* and *Little Men*. He

had loved Aunt Judy's Magazine but hated the *Sunday at Home* which I had loved and where I got my interest in Polar travel through Sir Leopold McClintock's voyage . . . He said one could not think too much of the influence of the books read in early years, and quoted someone saying, "Give me the first six years of a child's life . . ."

He did not talk of the Empire, but wondered why people who could live in those glorious countries, Canada and South Africa, ever wanted to come back to England. Mrs. Kipling, I think used to feel exhausted after an hour of Roosevelt's society. She said Kipling had been to see Wilson but was not at all pleased with him, 'all jaw and froth, thinks he knows everything.' "

(Written under date of July 20, 1919, in London).

# The Kipling Society

FOUNDED IN 1927 BY J. H. C. BROOKING.

## President :

Field-Marshal THE EARL WAVELL  
G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C.

## Vice-Presidents :

Lt.-Col. R. V. K. APPLIN, D.S.O.	THE EARL OF GOWRIE,
Mrs. GEORGE BAMBRIDGE.	V.C., G.C., M.G., C.B., D.S.O.
Countess BATHURST.	M. EDOUARD HERRIOT, (France).
VICTOR BONNEY, F.R.C.S.	Sir RÖDERICK JONES, K.B.E.
Maj.-Gen. Sir JULIUS H. BRUCHE,	Mrs. FLORA V. LIVINGSTON, U.S.A.
K.C.B., C.M.G., Australia.	DONALD MACKINTOSH, (Australia).
Lt.-Gen. Sir SIDNEY CLIVE,	Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE F. MACMUNN
G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.	K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.
S. A. COURTAULD, D.L.	Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.
WM. B. OSGOOD FIELD, U.S.A.	Col. C. H. MILBURN, O.B.E., D.L., M.B.
Mrs. A. M. FLEMING	CARL T. NAUMBURG, U.S.A.
(Rudyard Kipling's Sister).	Sir ALFRED WEBB-JOHNSON, K.C.V.O.
Sir ALEXANDER GIBB, G.B.E., C.B.	C.B.E., D.S.O.
Gen. Sir A. J. GODLEY,	Sir CHARLES WINGFIELD, K.C.M.G.
G.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C.	THE RIGHT HON. LORD WOOLTON.
Viscount GOSCHEN, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.	

## Council :

Chairman : Miss FLORENCE MACDONALD, M.B.E.

T. C. ANGUS, D.F.C., A.M.I.E.E.	W. G. B. MAITLAND.
Mrs. GEORGE BAMBRIDGE.	Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.
B. M. BAZLEY.	PHILIP RANDALL.
VICTOR BONNEY, F.R.C.S.	Sir CHRISTOPHER LYNCH-ROBINSON, Bt.
J. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E.	C. Lord H. A. TAPP, O.B.E., M.C.
E. D. W. CHAPLIN.	Mr. R. F. THORP.
R. E. HARBORD, Deputy Chairman.	J. R. TURNBULL, M.C.
Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE MACMUNN	Lt.-Col J. K. STANFORD, O.B.E., M.C.
	Sir CHARLES WINGFIELD, K.C.M.G.

## Hon. Treasurer :

Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE MACMUNN.

## Asst.-Hon. Treasurer :

R. E. HARBORD.

## Hon. Editor :

E. D. W. CHAPLIN.

## Hon. Auditors :

Messrs. MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL.

## Hon. Solicitor :

PHILIP RANDALL.

## Hon. Librarian :

W. G. B. MAITLAND.

## Hon. Secretary :

Sir CHRISTOPHER LYNCH-ROBINSON, Bt.

## Offices :

93, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

Tel. Euston 7117

## Auckland (N.Z.) Branch :

President : Col. Sir STEPHEN ALLEN, Hon. Secretary : Mrs. BUCHANAN.

K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.

79, Victoria Avenue, Remuera, Auckland, N.Z.

## Cape Town Branch :

(Not operating at present).

## Melbourne Branch :

### President :

Mr. R. A. GOLDING,  
A.M.I.E.E., M.I.E. (Aust.)

### Hon. Secretary :

Mr. J. V. CARLSON,  
13, Craigrossie Avenue,  
Coburg, West, Melbourne.

## Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada) :

President : E. A. G. CORNWELL.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: MRS. MAUD BARCLAY, 506 Niagara St., Victoria, B.C.

## Hon. Secretary, U.S.A. :

CARL T. NAUMBURG, 210, West 90 Street New York 24, N.Y.