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## THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927 by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field Marshal the Ead Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership. The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district.

The subscription is : Home Members, 15s. (*Journal* 10s. extra); Overseas Members, 15s. per annum, which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly.

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## Notes

**G**UY INNES was a fellow Australian and, like a colleague of both of us, the late Taylor Darbyshire (*Kipling Journal*, April, 1952), he had an encyclopaedic memory for Kipling. It tempted him to produce what he calls "Kipling Steps Aside" for *Truth* and the article was published on November 20th, 1952. It would seem to be a final statement upon that oft-debated problem, "The Howlers" to be found in Kipling's short stories and poems. It was also Mr. Innes's last contribution to Kiplingiana. He died at the end of February, 1953.

### A Real Blunder

It will be remembered that Kipling, in his autobiography, *Something of Myself*, stated that his worst blunder had never been detected.

Guy Innes has this to say about "Black Jack," one of the stories in *Soldiers Three*. In this the removal of the block axis pin from the breech of a Martini Henry rifle was said to have caused the breech-block to blow out when the weapon was fired, inflicting a raking wound on the face of the soldier who discharged it in an attempt to inculcate Private Terence Mulvaney. Such a result, it was pointed out, would be impossible when the breech was closed for firing, the function of the pin being to prevent the mainspring from throwing the block out of the rifle when the breech was *open*. Another mistake which furnished the peg on which a story was hung was the description in "The Broken-Link Handicap" (*Plain Tales*)

of the Maribyrnong Plate, a Melbourne flat race, as "a jump-race."

Very properly, Mr. Innes refuses to accept the oft-quoted error in "The Road to Mandalay." As he says, it is pedantic to declare that there is no actual road to Mandalay.

Kipling himself corrected in *The Devil and the Deep Sea* ("The Day's Work") the colour of the boats of the Aglaia from the "robin's egg blue" of the first edition to "sparrow's egg blue" in 1899. In my own edition of *The Five Nations* (1903) the error regarding "David went to look for donkeys," which was perpetrated in 1898, persisted, but the correction "Saul" came later, so Kipling justified his knowledge of the Bible.

### Light from Melbourne

From the time of his first visit to the island continent, Kipling has been a prime favourite in Australian reading circles. To the *Melbourne Age* of November 22nd, 1952, Sir John Medley, a former Vice-Chancellor of Melbourne University, contributed an article upon Kipling as an historian. Mr. Archie Michaelis kindly sent us a copy. Sir John Medley in 1911 was a member of a party excavating a section of the Roman Wall in Northumberland. When *Puck of Pook's Hill* was published, a member of Sir John's party wrote to Kipling pointing out one or two small errors in the Roman Wall stories. In particular, the hero was named Parnesius—a centurion of the 7th cohort of the 30th

Legion. Now, says Sir John Medley, the 30th Legion never came to Britain. It was usually stationed on the Rhine. The 2nd, 14th and 20th were the British legions. Kipling, however, took the correction very huffily and indicated in his reply that these academic pundits could run away and play with such minutiae so far as he was concerned. "And that was that," as Sir John wrote. But that was not the end of the story.

Sir John Medley goes on: "That year we were digging at the walls of a storehouse of no very special interest to anybody. But in it was discovered a small stone with an inscription that stated that repairs had been carried out in 280 A.D. by a party in charge of a centurion of the 7th cohort of the 30th legion. I wrote to Kipling. He sent me a telegram asking me to come and see him in Sussex, which in due course I did. He was quite irrationally pleased at having scored over his critic, but, after allowing himself to exult, he put me through a ferocious interrogatory designed to make quite certain that we were not merely 'pulling his leg.'

"Once satisfied, he delightfully showed me the notes from which he had written the story, and it was clear that he had not bothered to look anything up but had just put down the first numbers that came into his head. We decided, I remember, that the unfortunate centurion had probably over-indulged in the fleshpots of Strasbourg and had been seconded to the outer darkness of the Wall for a period to expiate his misdemeanours.

### **An Alternative National Anthem**

Mr. R. A. Piddington, writing in the *Sunday Times* of March 23rd, a year ago, had an interesting comment upon the National Anthem in which he described Kipling's "Recessional"

as that wonderful expression of pride and humility which is unique among patriotic songs in its realisation that national greatness is a trust rather than a boast. Mr. Piddington goes on: "As poetry, the 'Recessional' is superior to those other fine songs and tunes, 'Rule Britannia' and 'Land of Hope and Glory'; but any one of the three is sufficient to refute the charge that Britons cling to their long-established National Anthem because they lack the verbal and musical inspiration for creating one intrinsically better. Why, then, it may be asked, has none of these three superior compositions been officially adopted? The first reason is that, excellent though they are from the literary viewpoint, all of them would need no alteration if Britain were a republic."

### **Gatti's Song**

Here is another bit of Kiplingiana which is new to me.

When the poet was living in Embankment Chambers, he was very near to Gatti's Music Hall, and there he wrote his first, though not his only, music-hall song. That came more than twenty years later in *The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat*. But Gatti's song was of the period and its story appeared in a number of the *Civil and Military Gazette* in 1890. There was a crusade against the immorality of the halls, but Kipling found that certain of the West End theatres had "nudities and lewdities" at least as offensive. One of Kipling's verses ran:

You may make a mistake when  
you're mashing a tart,  
But you'll learn to be wise when  
you're older,  
And don't try for things that are  
out of your reach,  
And that's what the girl told the  
soldier, soldier, soldier.

That's what the girl told the  
soldier ERNEST SHORT.

# Literary Judgment and Common Sense

by Basil M. Bazley

"AS I got to know literary circles and their critical output, I was struck by the slenderness of some of the writers' equipment. I could not see how they got along with so casual a knowledge of French work and, apparently, of much English grounding that I had supposed indispensable. Their stuff seemed to be a day-to-day traffic in generalities, hedged by trade considerations. Here I expect I was wrong, but, making my own tests (the man who had asked me out to dinner to discover what I had read gave me the notion), I would ask simple questions, misquote or misattribute my quotations; or (once or twice) invent an author. The result did not increase my reverence. Had they been newspaper men in a hurry, I should have understood; but the gentlemen were presented to me as Priests and Pontiffs."

Kipling—"Something of Myself," p. 214

AS a rule, Kipling never took any notice of, or replied to, his detractors, until he made the above remarks in his last book. Perhaps he guessed that this was the most effective method of dealing with vituperation—most of it cannot be called criticism; certainly, this attitude of indifference annoyed his detractors. Looking back over the years, we cannot help being puzzled by such conduct from the 'high-brows,' whose task should have been to deliver fair and balanced judgments on literary men and their work; it is not surprising that today we see the pendulum swinging back—the more responsible writers realise that, whether they like it or not, Kipling's work as a whole has come to stay.

Even in the 'nineties, men such as George Moore, Richard le Gallienne and (later) Stevenson saw that they must not allow prejudice against subject or its treatment blind them to real worth, though lesser men, of the

type which writes summaries of English Literature or text-books for schools, were bad offenders, either dismissing with brief or almost meaningless comment, or condemning in high-priestly tone. These last only merit contempt, but it is astonishing when an essayist of the calibre of A. C. Benson, for example, appears to be guilty of deliberate misunderstanding, founded in part on prejudice but more on omission.

The cardinal error he makes lies in assuming that *Stalky & Co.* is a book for boys; having been a schoolmaster, I cannot agree with this:—"I have talked to a good many boys who have read the book; they have all been amused, interested, delighted." Now, most boys I remember, including myself, were not particularly struck with this book until later, and—small blame to us—entirely missed its inner meaning; we just took in the more blatant incidents and phrases. *Stalky & Co.*, and here Benson's deduction is correct, is mainly about the masters rather than the boys; in regard to the latter, the only apposite criticism is that the incidents are rather too numerous for real life, though quite happily placed in a story. What does annoy him is the character study of the masters at the United Services College:—"Here I see portrayed with remorseless fidelity the faults and foibles of my own class; and I am sorry to say that I feel deliberately, on closing the book, that school-mastering must be a dingy trade." I suppose Benson omitted to read the poem at the beginning:—

Wherefore praise we famous men  
From whose bays we borrow—  
They that put aside To-day—

All the joys of their To-day—  
And with toil of their To-day  
Bought for us To-morrow !

Admitting that the Head is a shade too omniscient (Kipling remedied that in one of the later tales), the other members of the staff are true to life—I have met them—and this truth has upset an old-fashioned schoolmaster.

In justice to Benson, we must admit that he has read carefully the subject of his dislike. There are many others whose knowledge of Kipling is founded on mis-readings of "The Ballad of East and West" and "The Absent-Minded Beggar" (Compton Mackenzie fell here), plus a few phrases out of context and gathered at random. Take the case of that widely quoted poem, "The Vampire." Here, it may be that the misunderstanding of its meaning was due to the picture by Philip Burne-Jones, in which the lady is depicted as a kind of vampire. Now, the whole sadness of this poem lies in the fact that the adored idol does not understand—

(Seeing, at last, she could never  
know why)

And never could understand—  
something like Maisie in "The Light That Failed." The Suffragettes fell into the same error as the critics and produced a not very telling paraphrase, to show how badly women were treated by men !

## The French and R.K.

Lack of knowledge of the subject criticised is, it must be feared, common enough today. How seldom can we learn anything from the account of a new stage show? In some cases the writer is more concerned to show how clever he is than to give his readers the information they require. So it is with the treatment of Kipling, for there is not yet an adequate English appreciation of his work (they get a little nearer in the U.S.A.); to date, there is nothing that can compare with the work of the great French critics—Chevrillon, Maurois, Chevalley, Brion—where Kipling's work is given a thorough and analytical study, despite the difficulties of an alien tongue. Some readers may remember that Monsieur Maurois, when he addressed the Kipling Society, was asked why Shaw was so popular in Germany though not in France, and why the French thought so much of Kipling; he replied that though Shaw might have something to teach the Germans, he had nothing to teach the French, and that the French admitted that they had learned a great deal from Kipling. Are we to say, with Laurence Sterne, that they order this matter better in France?

(To be concluded)

## Kipling at Rottingdean

by H. E. Blyth

A MAN who knows Rottingdean intimately, and has lived there for more than 65 years, has recently published his reminiscences of this picturesque hamlet in the heart of the Sussex Downs. In *Rottingdean—The Story of a Village*, Colonel S. M. Moens has many anecdotes to tell, and it is not surprising to find that Rudyard Kipling figures in a number of them.

It was, of course, "the beloved Aunt," Lady Burne-Jones, who was first responsible for introducing Rudyard Kipling to Rottingdean. Sir Edward Burne-Jones had made his home at North End House, on the western extremity of the Green, in 1880, and it was here that young Kipling spent his last few days in England before sailing for India in 1882. He returned to the village in

1897, staying first of all at North End House, where his son John was born, "under what seemed every good omen," and later he rented The Elms, a stone's throw away on the northern side of the Green.

It is evident, from what Colonel Moens tells us, that there were two outstanding personalities in Rottingdean in those days. One was the formidable Mrs. Ridsdale, of The Dene, whose elder daughter, Lucy, married Kipling's cousin, Stanley Baldwin. The other was "the beloved Aunt," a tiny little woman with a rare spirit of her own—"the only woman in the village who knew how to think," as an old Rottingdean inhabitant told me not long ago. It was a quality which sometimes brought her into sharp conflict with the remainder of the community.

### Lack of Privacy

Colonel Moens refers to the lack of privacy which so irritated Rudyard Kipling in Rottingdean, and accepts this as a contributory factor to his leaving the village in 1902, but he is of the opinion that the unfortunate scene which took place outside North End House on Mafeking night was also partly responsible for Kipling's ultimate departure to Bateman's.

At the height of the revelry, Lady Burne-Jones, who had always held strong views on the conduct of the war, displayed a silken banner outside the house on which was written in large letters: "We have killed and also taken possession." The villagers, stimulated by patriotic fervour and The Plough beer, noisily clamoured for its removal. The situation became so ugly that Rudyard Kipling had to be summoned from The Elms to try and quieten them.

He was in an awkward position. His own patriotic feelings made their excitement understandable to him, but he could not stand by and see his beloved Aunt threatened. Some harsh words were uttered on the Green that

night, and it may be that the memory of them was never quite forgotten.

But Colonel Moens has other and more pleasant incidents to recall. I like the picture he conjures up of "The Bard of the Empire" fishing happily off Rottingdean's tiny jetty while the faithful Coe, treasurer of the village Rifle Club, was posted at the entrance with a piece of paper on which Kipling had scribbled a number of his autographs. These the treasurer was instructed to sell at half-a-crown apiece, in order that the funds of the Club might prosper and that the celebrity might be allowed to fish in peace!

### Local Characters

Kipling, like all great authors, was always fascinated by local characters and personalities, but there was one in Rottingdean who steadfastly refused to be 'interviewed.' This was the old shepherd, 'Steve' Barrow, a most picturesque figure with his moleskin cap and patriarchal beard. 'Steve' Barrow knew a number of ancient village songs and legends, but the moment Kipling approached he became resolutely mute.

Alfred Noyes, the poet, was also fascinated by this old shepherd, who is the original of "Old Bramble" in his poem, *The Silver Crook*. "That Rudyard Kipling," he used to say to Alfred Noyes, "would be sending my songs to Lunnun and making a mort of money out of 'em."

There are a large number of illustrations in *Rottingdean—The Story of a Village*, including several excellent pictures of The Elms. It can be obtained direct from the publishers, Messrs. John Beal and Son, of East Street, Brighton, Sussex, for 5s. (5s. 3d. post free), and there is also a special leather edition at 12s. 6d. (12s. 9d. post free).

A special enlarged Coronation edition, with a whole chapter devoted to Rudyard Kipling and The Elms, will shortly be available.



NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are: LONDON—Dr. C. P. Craggs; U.S.A.—Mr. Ward Cheney.

## Kipling: A New Aspect

By Bonamy Dobrée

*This is the second and concluding part of a broadcast talk in the B.B.C. Third Programme from London. The first part appeared in our last issue.*

*Professor Dobrée writes: "I was overbold when I headed my talk on Kipling "A New Aspect." I was not at the time aware of a brilliant article by Miss J. M. S. Tompkins on "Kipling's Later Tales: the Theme of Healing," which appeared in The Modern Language Quarterly Review, Vol. XLV, No. 1, January, 1950. This deals at greater length and with deeper insight than mine does with the matter we were both interested in, and I would strongly recommend it to all who are interested in Kipling."*

IF then the world includes hells for men and women so intolerable that the strain sometimes actually breaks them, what's the cure? Kipling has all sorts of mechanism for healing, varieties of psycho-analysis which clear up complexes. But these are merely mechanisms, and the driving force, the virtue without which no cure can be effective, is—I state this quite boldly—compassion. He realised very early, as an intuition, with what Newman would have called "complete assent," that man is fated to suffer and be lonely; that when a man's black hour descends upon him he has to fight it out alone, indeed would rather fight it out alone. The pity appears even in one of the early stories about Mulvaney—himself, incidentally, a healer—where he is described as "lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know not what vultures tearing his liver." In some moods Kipling—the grandson of two Methodist preachers—felt that the only cure was work, doing things, especially one's job. Even so late as *Debits and Credits* he remarks that "for the pain of the soul there is, outside God's grace, but one drug; and that is a man's craft, learning, or other helpful motion of

his own mind." But we notice the phrase, "Outside God's grace," which for Kipling meant compassion. One becomes, perhaps startlingly, aware of this from the story "The Gardener" in the same volume. This is concerned with a woman whose adored natural son—whom she passes off as her nephew—is killed in the war. She goes to the war-cemetery to visit his grave, and finds there a man firming-in young plants, who asks, "What are you looking for?" She gives the name and adds: "My nephew." The story ends:

"The man lifted his eyes and looked at her with infinite compassion before he turned from the fresh-sown grass toward the naked black crosses.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will show you where your son lies."

When Helen left the cemetery she turned for a last look. In the distance she saw the man bending over his young plants; and she went away supposing him to be the gardener."

### Revealing

Now though Kipling was not, I think, in any ordinary sense of the word, a Christian, I believe that this Gospel reference to Mary Magdalene meeting Christ at the Tomb is profoundly revealing of his attitude. If this were an isolated case it wouldn't perhaps count for much: but the attitude is expressed again and again, as in "Uncovenanted Mercies" which I have already touched upon. After Satan's remark about the Ultimate Breaking Strain the story goes on: "'But now?' Gabriel demanded, 'Why do you ask?' 'Because it was written *Even Evil itself shall pity.*'" It may be noted, too, that the choruses of the poem which concludes the similar story "On the Gate" in



*Debts and Credits*, consist certainly of Glories, Powers, and Toils, but also, and this one ought to notice, of Patiences, Hopes and Loves.

This point could be illustrated over and over : but what I should like to do now is to draw attention to the remarkable series of stories which treat of healing, especially those in the later volumes, "the Kipling that nobody reads," as G. M. Young quotes in his article in *The Dictionary of National Biography*. Kipling was perpetually interested in doctors and doctoring, and was much the friend of the famous Sir John Bland Sutton, who figures as Sir James Belton in the story, "The Tender Achilles," in Kipling's last volume. Time and again he demands of medical research less thinking and more imagination : let's have bolder speculation, he begged the doctors, rather than more technique. He himself had amazing, not to say visionary, notions about healing. He touched on them first, I think, in "A Doctor of Medicine," in *Rewards and Fairies*, where the seventeenth-century astrologer-physician, Nicolas Culpeper, utters very strange doctrine. Kipling dared develop such notions in an after-dinner speech made to the Royal Society of Medicine in 1928, when he made a plea for doctoring to return—on a modern basis—to the astrological idea of "influence." He argued that : "Nicholas Culpeper, were he with us now, would find that the essential unity of creation is admitted as far north as we have plumbed infinity ; and that man, Culpeper's epitome of all, is in himself a universe of universes, each universe ordered—negatively and positively—by sympathy and antipathy—on the same lines as hold the stars in their courses." Soon he put some of these ideas into the story, "Unprofessional," where the medical men study what seem to be

tides in malignant tissues. They discuss radium as astrologers might discuss planetary influences, the analogy Kipling had made use of in his speech to the Royal Society of Medicine. No doubt he knew that all this was the wildest speculation—yet—was it so daft? If one of the people in the story said, "It's crazy mad," another retorted, "Which was what the Admiralty said at first about steam in the Navy." Some of his tales, as I have already noted, are on a more psycho-analytical level, and at least two of his cases of war neurosis are cured by what may be called Freudian therapeutics.

### An Immense Pity

Healing, however, that urgent business, might be brought about by other means—even by laughter, which for Kipling, as for Meredith, was always one of the great healers. Take another story from his last book, "The Miracle of St. Jubanus." The centre of the tale is a village priest, drawn with extraordinary tenderness and understanding. One of his parishioners is a returned peasant-soldier suffering from what we call, a little euphemistically, shell-shock. He was one of those who, in the priest's words, "entered hells of whose existence they had not dreamed—of whose terrors they lacked words to tell." He would "hide himself for an hour or two, and come back visibly replunged in torments." Being made to laugh restored him from idiocy to normality. Kipling, then, sought every way of cure ; he was passionately concerned to relieve the sufferings of humanity which, in the last resort, can end only in death. Time and again one finds in him an immense pity, especially for those who, as he liked to put it, had fought with the beasts at Ephesus, beasts far more terrible than the actual beasts of the Epistle of St. Paul. He

was not I say again, as far as I can judge, a Christian. I suppose one could say that he adhered to the perennial philosophy and verged on mysticism ; certainly he shared with Hindus their tolerance for all attempts to bear the burden of the mystery :

O ye who tread the Narrow Way  
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,  
Be gentle when " the heathen " pray  
To Buddha at Kamakura !

It didn't matter to him where a man

got his beliefs, so long as his religion could tell him what is said in II Samuel. "Yet God doth devise that his banished be not expelled from him." Surely these are not the words of a man who symbolises the literature of hate and malignity, but of one who for all his rough scorns, and his sometimes infuriating blindness to the other side of the question, symbolises, rather, a profound understanding compassion.

## A National Book League Lecture

Mr. B. S. Townroe on Rudyard Kipling

LAST November, before an audience mainly composed of members of the National Book League, Mr. B. S. Townroe began his lecture with great force by criticising Raymond Mortimer's *Sunday Times* review of Somerset Maugham's *A Choice of Kipling's Prose*, disposing in a few terse sentences of Mr. Mortimer's notion that no one now ever hears of Kipling. The speaker told his audience that despite Mr. Mortimer, there is in fact a pronounced and increasing demand for Kipling. Nor was he sparing in his criticism of Mr. Maugham's choice, giving it as his opinion that the selection fell far short of Kipling's best work.

The lecture was most instructive, and in the main directed towards the reader whose knowledge of Kipling is slight. New readers were recommended to increase that knowledge, which they would find would be to their profit and gain in their experience of the world of literature.

Mr. Townroe spoke, too, of the Kipling he knew personally, painting many word pictures of the character and genuineness of the man he had grown to know and admire.

Drawing attention to Kipling's insight into the true character of the German nation, and to the failings the

British could expect from their own rulers when dealing with Germany, reference was made to *The Rowers* and the warning Kipling gave in that poem.

The appearance in the current issue of *Punch* of a parody on the " Bandar-Log " led the lecturer to advise his listeners to read *The Jungle Books*. He also spoke of Kipling's intense love of children, and the stories in *Rewards and Fairies* and *Puck of Pook's Hill* which were written for children.

As an instance of Kipling's generosity of spirit and patriotism, Mr. Townroe told the story of how the famous recruiting speech at Southport in 1914 came to be made. He recounted how Lord Derby, much perturbed at the poor response Southport had made to the call for men for the army, suggested that perhaps Rudyard Kipling could be prevailed upon to make a speech. Kipling's immediate response to a telegram, the wonderful stirring appeal he made to the thousands who packed the public square in Southport, was an instance of Kipling's deep and abiding patriotism and his selflessness.

In conclusion, Mr. Townroe expressed the wish that a comprehensive biography of Rudyard Kipling would one day be written. W.G.B.M.

# Kipling's Youthful Characters

by Rhoda E. Brown

*Vice-President of the Melbourne Branch (Australia)*

*[This is the first part of Mrs. Brown's recent paper, read to members of the Melbourne Branch. The second part will appear in our next issue.]*

**T**O attempt to include in a short paper all the young people to be found in Kipling's stories would be impossible. Therefore, I have chosen to study briefly examples only of his youthful characters. Some of these are presented as sketches; others are full-length outlines with a few details indicated; others, again, are shown with much detail. I have also found it convenient to classify them, with rather wide limits, under the headings of (1) The normal children; (2) 'Dream children'; (3) The ill-starred; (4) The war victims. I have purposely omitted all reference to The Stalky stories, Baa, Baa, Black Sheep, Kim, and Lalji in the Naulahka, as their inclusion would make far too long a contribution.

## The Normal Children

Dan and Una, in their non-magicked moments, are excellent portraits of normal, healthy, happy children whose parents are wise enough to allow them to amuse themselves in their own ways. We are first introduced to them performing their own, or rather their father's, abridged version of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and quenching their appetites with a supper of hard-boiled eggs and Bath Oliver biscuits seasoned with salt. I am not dealing with their experiences with Puck, but only with the children themselves. They fish, they journey across the world in the 'Golden Hind' or 'Long Serpent'; Dan comes to grief over his Latin and is kept in to

learn that the plural of Dominus is not dominoes. He goes in for boat-building, leaving Una to clear up the mess he makes; and Una learns to milk. They have Wild Afternoons when they are free from supervision of any sort, their parents and governess being away from home; they plan a picnic tea near the beehives with the old hedger, Hobden, and his son, the Bee Boy, who is not quite right in his head. In the hop-picking season, they join in the work when their lessons are over and then go with old Hobden and his dog, Blue-eyed Bess, to the oast house, where they feast on potatoes roasted at the fires drying the hops.

They are a couple of normal children, running about bare-footed in the summer months, engaged by the amusements afforded them by the countryside, friends with all the country folk, especially old Hobden, who teaches them the ways of otter, rabbit, hare, pheasant and fox, as well as much of the folk-lore peculiar to the county.

Jimmy Kidbrooke bawls for his grand-daddy. When retrieved and taken up to the belfry where his father and grandfather are mending the bell-beams, he settles down to the business of chewing the shavings falling from the old man's plane. These two make a rather perfect picture of the meeting of extremes in age where the wheel of life, coming full circle, brings them so near together.

Master Digby, in 'Thy Servant a Dog,' is drawn from the dog's point of view. He is the perfect owner to be worshipped as a baby, jealously guarded as he grows up and provided

with the hunt-of-hunts which included a bit of everything.

In the Scout story, 'His Gift,' we have a detailed portrait of that 'most unprofitable person' William Glasse Sawyer, who is apparently unfit for any responsibility. But Fortune, in good mood, reveals him to be a cook, a gifted cook. So William graduated from the position he had held—the only Sealed Pattern, Mark A, Ass—an unique jewel, so to speak, of Absolute, Unalterable Incapacity—to that of a Super-cook, filled with 'the Master's pity for the mere consuming public.'

### Indian-born White Children

Among the pictures of the Indian-born white children, Kipling portrays for the most part rather precocious young people. Tods, of 'Tods' Amendment,' 'an utterly fearless young Pagan' and 'the idol of some eighty jhampanis and half as many saises,' through his childish interpretation of bazaar talk gives the key to the solution of a knotty problem in the matter of land tenure. Percival William Williams, put under military discipline as soon as he was old enough to understand what discipline meant, and Adam Strickland, a self-possessed sprat capable of scoring off his elders and causing an immense amount of trouble through a dozen different stations, are all children whose actions far surpass the average capacity of their tender years.

Last in this group come the self-reliant older persons—Harvey and Dan in 'Captains Courageous,' Jim Trevor in 'The Unqualified Pilot' and Young Ottley in 'The Bold Prentice.' The first glimpse of Harvey is not prepossessing. One passenger describes him as the biggest nuisance aboard, while an old German suggests that acquaintance with a rope's end

would be beneficial. But a third says there is no real harm in the boy; his upbringing has been at fault and there is much good in him if only the good can be brought out. This is proved correct when Harvey is lost overboard, rescued by a fishing vessel on the Grand Banks and restored to his parents after a season's hard work with the fishing fleet. Dan Troop, the hard-working son of Disko Troop of the "We're Here," was a shrewd young person along his own lines and he soon came to the conclusion that Harvey was telling the truth about himself. Dan had his own ambitions; he secretly wished to own one of the new haddockers and herring boats, despised by Disko because of their pitching and jolting. He has a sweet-heart at Gloucester and he would name the boat the "Hattie S.," after her. He reveals to Harvey the charms and influence of the real Hattie S., and it is curious to reflect that Harvey, from among all his acquaintances, has no similar guiding star on his horizon. Another home attraction for Dan is the thought of the new, soft-washed night-shirt that his mother will have ready for him—the hot bath, suggested by Harvey, coming second in his short list of luxuries.

### A Chinese Junk

Jim Trevor, with Hugli-pilot lore bred in his bones, determines to follow his father's calling, in spite of Martin Trevor's plans for a berth in the Subordinate Civil Service. Jim's pocket money is cut down so that he may no longer be able to flit about the river as he had hitherto done, so he sets about finding a way to make good the deficit. He takes a Chinese junk in hand and pilots her down the river in the wake of his unsuspecting father. His method of steering was to station three Chinese each side of

the tiller, gather their pigtailed in his hands and pull left or right according to his need. When he is left far behind his father's ship, he anchors at night and next day follows after a big four-master piloted by an old friend of Trevor senior. When they reach the Pilot Brig, both of the men are extremely angry, but Jim thinks that 120 rupees and a thrashing from his father are well worth the having, since he is to be duly apprenticed to one of the most experienced pilots and thus achieve his desire.

Young Ottley, apprenticed in the Locomotive Repair shops, comes under the wing of old Olaf Swanson, a Swede, who has compiled a book, in his own peculiar English, dealing with every conceivable and inconceivable accident that may befall an engine. At first, Young Ottley didn't wish to be bothered with the book, but he liked the old man and in a short time began to realise that it was of great help when new types of engines came in for repairs. And the knowledge stood him in good stead one night in the rains when he was enabled to bring a semi-wrecked engine to safety. His good sense and self-reliance were rewarded by a billet on a loop line—a driver's billet, and permanent after six months.'

### " The Dream Children "

These occur in 'They,' 'Swept and Garnished,' 'The Children of the Zodiac,' 'How the Alphabet was made,' and 'How the first Letter was written.'

The characters in 'They' remind one rather of Lamb's Essay entitled 'Dream Children' except that, towards the end of the story, Kipling gives us a revelation of himself and his attitude to the unseen world. The glimpses of the phantom children resolve themselves one evening into

something he could feel. "I felt my relaxed hand taken and turned softly between the soft hands of a child . . . The little brushing kiss fell in the centre of my palm—as a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close; as the all-faithful, half-reproachful signal of a waiting child not used to neglect even when grown-ups were busiest—a fragment of the mute code devised very long ago."

In Taffimai of 'How the first Letter was written,' I think we have another reference to the little daughter Josephine (Kipling's first baptismal name was Joseph) who died in 1898 when about six years old. It is rather noticeable how often Kipling quotes the age of the child he is writing of as six or thereabouts.

Taffy is the constant companion of her father till she leaves him

". . . very far behind,

So far she cannot call to him."

The children in 'Swept and Garnished' are the little victims of a devastated village conjured up by the fevered dreams of a sick German woman. She first imagines an untidy, thin-faced little girl about ten, who wanders about the room, then disappears. The sick woman's maid returns from the chemist with news of another victory and when she leaves Frau Ebermann alone, the little girl returns with four others. "They took no notice of her, but hung about, first on one foot, then on the other, like strayed chickens, the smaller ones holding by the larger."

They carry on dream conversations with the invalid, describing from their childish point of view the disasters that have overtaken them and their families and thousands of other children—and they are all waiting patiently till their own people should come to claim them.

*(To be concluded)*

# Kipling's Days at the Cape

by Basil Fuller

[The following article is reproduced from the Cape Times Magazine.  
by permission.]

SOME people living in Cape Town still remember the slightly built figure, short-sighted gaze and fierce, semi-military moustache of Rudyard Kipling, who once lived here, at intervals, for several years.

Recently I met one of these people. He said: "Kipling was a man of curious temperament. His brusque manners caused many strangers to misjudge him. And, indeed, he could be very rude to anyone whom he thought presumptuous. An incident which occurred on board ship in Cape Town harbour will illustrate this point. The vessel—I think it was the *Norham Castle*—was about to leave. Most passengers stood at the rail waving to friends ashore. But Kipling sat apart.

"Presently, a young man approached and made a casual remark. Probably he had recognized the author and hoped for his company during the voyage. But Kipling merely stared through the unfortunate youth."

Another acquaintance, a man who served aboard a vessel in which Kipling travelled several times, agreed that the author's manner frequently was misleading.

"Many thought that he did not wish to know people. But if, sometimes, this was so there was an excellent reason for it. I was a young man at the time, "and he put up with me without quibble, but I noticed that some older people tried to impose on him quite shamelessly. For instance, there was the woman who had a nephew who was a really brilliant writer, 'if only he had just that little bit of assistance and advice, Mr.

Kipling; now if only you could spare the time to read one or two of his poems. . . .!' And then, of course, there were those others who delighted in being seen talking to a 'Hon.' It is my belief that years of this treatment had caused Kipling to react in an unfortunate manner. You see, he was very easily recognizable."

On the other hand, Mr. C. J. Sibbett recently told me about an amusing incident which occurred during the South African War and which shows that Kipling sometimes took a far milder view than the average man on judging inconvenience caused by strangers. I called upon Mr. Sibbett because I knew that his memory is usually good and that he has a wealth of stories concerning the days when Kipling lived in Cape Town.

## Train Stopped

It happened one day that Mr. Sibbett travelled north on a train which also carried the author and the general manager of a well-known bank. The train was held up by troops commanded by a one-armed major, who flatly refused to allow it to proceed. In the upshot, the travellers were detained on the veld for 24 hours at Norvalspont.

I gather that, quite naturally, the general manager of the bank was indignant because he considered that the delay was unnecessary, and that most of the passengers expressed very forcible opinions. But Kipling seems to have been amused rather than annoyed. Indeed, later he described the incident for a British journal in a contribution which he called *An Episode at Folly Bridge*. He told the

story humorously and without a trace of rancour.

In his autobiography, Kipling records another amusing story of this difficult railway journey. Apparently, his carriage was unlit. So he obtained a pair of three-wicked signal-lamp candles from a member of a party of "tommies" to whom, earlier that day, he had distributed tobacco. He wrote:

"I naturally wanted to know how he had come by these desirable things. He replied, 'Look 'ere, Guvnor. I didn't ask you 'ow you come by the baccy you dished out just now. Can't you b— well leave me alone?'"

Kipling's first memories of Cape Town concerned "a sleepy, unkempt little place." These memories dated from 1891 when he landed from a liner named *The Moor*. At once, he began to make happy contacts which he recalled with pleasure to the end of his life. On the voyage from Britain he had made friends with a certain naval captain who was on his way to a new command at Simonstown. So, in due course, he was introduced to the Admiral of the Cape Station who, he says, "lived in splendour, with at least a brace of live turtles harnessed to the end of a little wooden jetty, swimming about till due to be taken up for turtle soup."

He came to Cape Town again in 1897 and went to live in a boarding-house at Wynberg. This house was kept by an Irishwoman who, said the author unkindly, "spread miseries and discomforts round her in return for good monies." But, despite such inevitable complaints, already he loved the Cape, for he adds: "—the colour, light, and half-oriental manners of the land bound chains round our hearts for years to come."

### Cecil Rhodes

Indeed, "for years to come" it was

to be, for at this time Kipling made a friend of Cecil Rhodes. Immediately Rhodes saw in the author a means of obtaining for South Africa increased favourable publicity overseas. So he tried to persuade Kipling to make his home permanently at the Cape and, to lend force to persuasion, even built for him a house on the slopes of Devil's Peak. This house, The Woolsack, stands hard by Groote Schuur and, in Kipling's day, was even more closely surrounded by trees than it is now.

Rhodes offered Kipling the use of this beautiful home for life. And so, "to this Paradise we moved each year-end from 1900 to 1907."

Delighted in his beautiful Cape Town home, Kipling makes many references to The Woolsack in his book *Something of Myself*. He tells how many of the tame animals from the zoo on Rhodes's estate made friends with the children and even found their way to the house. For a time, even a lion cub became a household pet.

"Close to the house lived a spitting llama, whose peculiarity the children learned early. But their little visitors did not, and if they were told to stand close to the fence and make noises, they did—once. You can see the rest."

Sometimes Rhodes would walk across for a chat. Indeed it was with the Kiplings in the Woolsack that he first discussed his great scholarships scheme, and it was on Mrs. Kipling's suggestion that he increased the £250, originally proposed, to £300.

### The British Sniff

Kipling seems to have been fond of telling stories of The Woolsack. For instance: "We were showing off our newly built little Woolsack to a great lady on her way up-country, where a residence was being built for her. At the larder the wife pointed out that it

faced south—that quarter being the coldest when one is south of the Equator. The great lady considered the heresy for a moment. Then, with the British sniff which abolishes the absurd, 'Hmm! I shan't allow that to make any difference to me.'

During the South African War, when the Absent-minded Beggar Fund, sponsored by Kipling, was making £250,000 for comforts for the troops, the author would sometimes take parcels to certain Wynberg hospitals where, at the time, he was well known. Once he offered a bale of pyjamas to the wrong nurse. He said afterwards that he was confused by the red capes.

"Sister," he cried, "I've got your pyjamas!" But it seems that she lacked humour, for Kipling remarked sadly, "That one was neither grateful nor very polite."

### Edgar Wallace

Early in 1898, Kipling met Edgar Wallace in Cape Town and helped to start the crime writer on his meteoric career. The author arrived in the Dunvegan Castle and, on the morning the vessel docked there appeared in the *Cape Times* a poem called *Welcome to Kipling*. It imitated the famous Kipling metre. The first verse ran:

"O, good mornin', Mister Kiplin'!  
You're welcome to our shores:  
To the land of millionaires and  
potted meat:  
To the country of the 'fontains'  
(we 'ave no 'bads' or 'pores'):  
To the place where di'monds lay

*about the street  
At your feet;  
To the 'unting ground of raiders  
indiscreet . . ."*

Contributed by Edgar Wallace, then a "tommy" in the military hospital at Simonstown, the poem appealed to Kipling, who asked that the soldier poet should be invited to a dinner to be given in the City Club. At the dinner, it seems that Kipling was kind and gave Wallace his London address, an invitation to call, and strong advice not to attempt writing as a career.

Kipling certainly loved Cape Town. One gathers that during the greater part of the first decade of the country the thrill of each year became the outward journey from Britain. On the slopes of Table Mountain one might escape from life's realities—always a little frightening to Kipling, whose fierce manners were, perhaps, a mere protective mechanism. The author was full of feeling for the Cape, and this feeling often escaped quite beautifully in his writings.

"Into these shifts and changes we would descend yearly for five or six months from the peace of England to the deeper peace of the Woolsack, and life under the oak trees overhanging the patio, where mother-squirrels taught their babies to climb, and in the stillness of hot afternoons the fall of an acorn was almost like a shot."

He also had cause to bless the Cape for the health it restored to him. And he himself summed up his days in Cape Town in four simple words—"Life went well then."

THE KIPLING SOCIETY SALES DEPARTMENT is able to supply the following to Members interested: POSTCARDS of Batemans, Rudyard Lake, or Kipling's Grave, 9d. per doz.; BOOKPLATES, 1d. each; Members' List, 6d.; and extra copies of *The Kipling Journal* at 2/6d. per copy—except for certain rare numbers. Enquiries should be addressed to The Secretary, Kipling Society, c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund, Greenwich House, 11, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.



## Two Extracts—1891, 1951

WE thank correspondents for the following extracts :—

From *The Critic as Artist* by Oscar Wilde, 1891.

"He who would stir us now by fiction must either give us an entirely new background, or reveal to us the soul of man in its innermost workings. The first is for the moment being done for us by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. As one turns over the pages of his *Plain Tales from the Hills*, one feels as if one were seated under a palm-tree reading life by superb flashes of vulgarity. The bright colours of the bazaars dazzle one's eyes. The jaded, second-rate Anglo-Indians are in exquisite incongruity with their surroundings. The mere lack of style in the story-teller gives an odd journalistic realism to what he tells us. From the point of view of literature Mr. Kipling is a genius who drops his aspirates. From the point of view of life, he is a reporter who knows vulgarity better than any one has ever known it. Dickens knew its clothes and its comedy. Mr. Kipling knows its essence and its seriousness. He is our first authority on the second-rate, and

has seen marvellous things through keyholes, and his backgrounds are real works of art."

From *Trail of an Artist-Naturalist: The Autobiography of Ernest Thompson Seton*. (Hodder & Stoughton.) First published 1951.

"There can be no doubt that this book (*Wild Animals I have Known*) founded the modern school of animal stories—that is, animals' life and modes of thought. There had been many stories, such as "Reynard the Fox," but the animals in that were not real; they were human beings dressed in animal skins, living like men, thinking and talking like men, that is, they were amusing fairy tales or allegories. . . . Kipling wrote in a letter, now before me, that he had read "Silver-spot" and "Molly Cottontail" (1890) in *St. Nicholas*, and had been greatly influenced by them before writing his *Jungle Tales* (1895). Since Kipling had no knowledge of natural history, and makes no effort to present it, and since furthermore his animals talk and live like men, his stories are not animal stories in the realistic sense; they are wonderful, beautiful fairy stories."

## Letter Bag

*Correspondents are asked to keep letters as short as possible*

### The Bodleian and Kipling

I recently visited the Bodleian Library, mainly to inspect the four volumes of Kipling's "uncollected" early stories and verses, which were specially reprinted by our late member, Captain Martindell, and bequeathed by him to that library. These volumes, printed on stout paper and solidly bound, are :

"Flies in Amber," 1924, mainly from *The Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore—69 items.

"More Flies in Amber," 1924, mainly from *The Pioneer*, *The Pioneer Mail* and *St. James's Gazette*—54 items.

"Still More Flies in Amber," no date, mainly from Indian journals—17 items,

"School Days" (1881-1882), 1924, mainly from the United Services College *Chronicle*—11 items.

I was informed that these volumes had been inspected by Mrs. Bambridge and were annotated by her.

The fly-leaf on each of these volumes bears the following printed note :—

"This is the only copy printed of this book and the type has been distributed"—signed by "John M. Stitt, Printer," in handwriting.

Notwithstanding this statement there are two other volumes, identical, respectively, with "More Flies in Amber" and "Still More Flies in Amber" except for the word "Proofs" being added, and the printer's statement and signature being omitted.

I have since asked Mr. L. W. Harman,

the very helpful Librarian of the Printed Books, as to the possibility of these two duplicates being donated to the Kipling Society, but he has replied that "We must keep both copies of 'More Flies in Amber' and 'Still More Flies in Amber.' We never part with books bequeathed to us."—J. H. C. BROOKING, 2 Badminton House, Amersham, Bucks.

### A "Disciple" of R.K.

The death of Gilbert Frankau reminds us that he was a "disciple" of Rudyard Kipling.

In his "Self-Portrait" he mentions him several times. Here is one quotation:—

"Kipling said: 'I don't understand England any more: only India!' What I didn't understand . . . was that I should never talk with my master in craftsmanship, on this earth at any rate, again. We cannot have met more than half a dozen times, or exchanged more than a dozen letters all told. Yet, when he was eventually taken, nothing would satisfy me but to give him my tiny tribute with my own hands. He lay all alone under the flag he served, in that exquisite little chapel of the Middlesex Hospital. I put down my flowers, and meditated a little, and went out into the rain once more—'not unmindful of benefits,' as he himself would so often write it, yet 'wholly conscious that so fine a spirit needed neither prayers nor praise from me.'"—R. E. HARBORD, Stevenage, Herts.

### "Birds with Black Eyes"

Lt.-Col. J. K. Stanford italicises his opinion that ornithologists are not definite about the colour of deep-sea birds' eyes because none of them have handled one when freshly killed. But one does not need to shoot an albatross before handling it. My opinion was given because I have brought dozens of them to a sailing-ship's deck, "alive and snapping," as have thousands of men and boys of days gone by. So, no doubt, has our Founder, when on the ship *Cypromene*.

I have seen an after-deck looking like a caricatured goose fair. Albatross are not "Birds of South Africa" or of any other continent, but are birds of southern latitudes, breeding mainly

on desolate islands.

If Lt.-Col. Stanford could not be sure of the colour of the eye from *his* steamer's deck, why should he "back Kipling's observation" (whose sight was never exceptional) from the deck of *his* steamer, in, as he writes, a wet, misty, sunless end of the day, with ship lights burning?

I imagine some of Kipling's pictures were painted within the mind's eye. Against the ornithologists of the "freshly-killed" I still say "black," and taxidermists, of Liverpool at any rate, say the same.—T. E. ELWELL, Regent House, Ramsay, I. of M.

[Colonel Stanford writes: "*Albatrosses of six species occur in South African coastal waters, which was why I quoted The Birds of South Africa, as the most immediately available work of reference, but I am prepared to bow to Mr. Elwell's vast firsthand experience of albatrosses in the hand. If their eyes are really black, then they are an exception to a fairly general rule, or else all the bird-books are wrong! I should like to meet a taxidermist who has seen a lot of birds with black eyes.*"]

### Information Wanted

A correspondent enquires: "Can any member of the Kipling Society tell me where the parody, by S. Low, of Kipling's poem, 'The Female of the Species,' appeared? I understand the original poem was first published in the *Morning Post* in the year 1911, and was parodied a number of times."—Ed K.J.

### My Twelve Favourite Poems

Mr. Somerset Maugham has given us his choice of Rudyard Kipling's best stories, but all of us have probably our own ideas on this subject, and the fact that there are almost certainly no two of Kipling's admirers who would produce exactly the same list is a tribute to the enormous scope of his appeal.

The same may be said of Kipling's verse, which ranges from "doggerel" (but what doggerel—and did not even Shakespeare write "doggerel" at times?) to poetry which touches the heights. If I had to choose one book to keep me company on a desert island for the usual unspecified length of time, I would take the collected edition

of Kipling's poems, sure that therein I should find interest, inspiration and hope for every mood, however black.

How then to make a selection of my favourites, twelve, say, which make the most appeal to me, where nearly all appeal? There are, of course, four or five about which I have no doubt at all; they have been a joy and an inspiration to me all my life. After that the choice becomes more difficult, and the titles crowd to my mind, each with its insistent claim. The *Barrack Room Ballads*, for instance, how to choose between them? "The Eathen"? "Soldier an' Sailor Too"? That grim little ballad "Snarleyow"? The tragic "Follow Me 'Ome"? Or the maltreated "Gentlemen Rankers," which has recently been seized upon by the adolescent American, mangled, debased into a cross between a crooner's bleat and a drunken dirge under the incredible title of "The Whiffenpoof Song," and claimed as being of American origin. It is not. It is by Rudyard Kipling" and it is a poem of bitter tragedy.

Or how about the songs from *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*? "Rimini"? "The Ballad of Minepit Shaw"? "The Looking Glass"? "Eddi's Service"? "The Way Through the Woods"?

How about the caustic wit of the *Departmental Ditties*? or what I call the prophetic poems, "The Islanders," "The Old Issue" and "The City of Brass," which, however true they were when Kipling wrote them are a hundred times more true today in the urgency of their warning. How discard "The Flowers" and "Sussex"—poems which tug at the heartstrings? Or the rollicking "Ballad of the Bolivar"? Or "The Female of the Species"—which disposes conclusively of the charge that Kipling did not understand women? Or "Pagett, M.P.," which might well be sent to all M.P.s who go on unofficial "fact-finding" missions, and then return and "duly misgovern the land."

Such riches to choose from, and such variety of riches. How to select twelve? Many lists have I made, and many have been my crossings out; here is my final choice, and I don't suppose anyone will agree with it: *The English Flag*, *The Song of the English*, *The Mary Gloster*, *The*

*Thousandth Man*, *If—*, *The Explorer*, *The Ballad of East and West*, *The Way through the Woods*, *The Conundrum of the Workshops*, *Eddi's Service*, *The Ballad of the Clampherdown*, *Pagett*, M.P.—V. B. LAMB, 12 Pelham Street, London, S.W.7.

## Rewards and Fairies

John Aubrey (1625-1697), who wrote that "the divine art of printing and Gunpowder have frightened away Robin-good-fellow and the fayries," described Richard Corbet, the writer of *Farewell Rewards and Fairies* as "very facetious and a good Fellowe." "His poems," wrote Aubrey, "are pure naturall Witt, delightfull and easie."

Edward Thomas, in his book, *Oxford*, gives a verse in addition to the one recited by Puck:

Lament, lament, old abbeys,  
The fairies lost command;  
They did but change priests' babies,  
But some have changed your land;  
And all your children sprung from  
thence  
Are now grown puritans;  
Who live as changelings ever since.  
For love of your domains.

(Dr.) R. B. PHILLIPPS, Cambridge, N.Z.

Members of the Kipling Society who possess press cuttings (new or old), letters, or other literary material relating to Rudyard Kipling and his works, which they think might interest readers of the "Journal," are invited to send particulars to the Hon. Editor, "The Kipling Journal," c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund, Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1. In the case of cuttings or extracts 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" if the matter is used.

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