The KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY

APRIL, 1957

VOL. XXIV No. 121

PRICE 2/6

CONTENTS

PAGE

NOTES — Roger Lancelyn Green 1

WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT KIPLING'S WORKS—-Basil M. Bazley ... 4

BEETLE'S BROWNING — Joseph R. Dunlap 7

" LAWSOMENESS," ALONENESS, KINDNESS

— Mrs. Goddard, Victoria, B.C., Canada 9

R.K. AND HIS ROLLS-ROYCE CAR 11

LETTER BAG 14

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 Earl 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, 25s. ; Overseas Members, 15s. per annum, which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly.

Until further notice the Society's Office at Greenwich House, 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.I, will be open on Wednesdays only of each week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Members will be welcomed on other days if they will notify the Hon. Secretary in advance. This particularly applies to Overseas Members.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

VOL. XIV. No. 121 APRIL, 1957

Notes

Jungle Book Names and Other Matters

KIPLING explained the meaning or origin of most of the names in the *Jungle Books* in a special note at the end of Vol. XII of *The Sussex Edition* which, with the aid of " How to Pronounce the Names " at the beginning of *All The Mowgli Stories,* leaves little to be desired. It even settles, once and for all, the question which one is often still asked : the pronunciation of "Mowgli"—the accent being on the first syllable, which rhymes with " cow " and not with "low."

But it does not explain two changes in the names which occurred since the early editions where Ikki the porcupine appeared as " Sahi," and Chil the kite was called " Rann." There is also an interesting cut of nine lines in " Tiger-Tiger," where Mowgli offers to fight the god in the temple when the priest says that it will be angry if Mowgli eats the priest's mangoes.

Why, also, is the standard edition of *The Jungle Book* said (on the title page) to contain illustrations by P. Frenzeny when none are actually included? Frenzeny supplied four illustrations to " Servants of the Queen " in the original edition, which came with the story from its first appearance in *The Pall Mall Magazine;* but they seem to have been omitted long ago from the volume.

In his " Note " Kipling omitted all but a single reference to the most unexpected of all the "Jungle" stories, " Quiquern." It is, he tells us, " pronounced *Kwai-kwern,* and the places named in the story can be found on maps of the country inside the Arctic Circle. Look them up."

Kipling had not himself crossed the Arctic Circle, and the story of Hans Olsen and the pictograph on the piece of ivory found in Ceylon is as open to " historic doubts " as the participation of Limmershin the Winter Wren in the making of " The White Seal." He is said to have gained his knowledge for the background of " Quiquern " from an explorer who visited him at Vermont ; no-one has so far challenged his accuracy, nor need we assume that he followed the course satirized in Andrew Lang's scathing verses about a less scrupulous contemporary :

> " The Eskimo—so little known
> Of *them,* we'll e'en say what
> we list ! "

The Mark of the Beast

From cold fact to hot fancy seems an easy transition. Not long after he had written his verses, " Our Eskimo Constitution," Lang's friend Ian Hamilton showed him the early draft of a story written by a young, unnamed friend of his. It was called " The Mark of the Beast," and was of that type of violently macabre horror which Robert Louis Stevenson (who was writing "The Body-Snatcher " at much the same time) was in the habit of describing as " a crawler."

The over-sensitive, hyper-imaginative Lang could stomach neither cruelty nor crawlers, and he wrote : " I would gladly give Ian a fiver if he had never been the means of my reading this poisonous stuff, which has left an extremely disagreeable impression on my mind." We do not know how much worse the early version was than the published piece, but it is worth adding that Hamilton submitted it also to William Sharp, whose reactions were even more pronounced than Lang's. " I would strongly recommend him instantly to burn this detestable piece of work," he wrote. " I would like to hazard a guess that the writer . . . is very young, and that he will die mad before he has reached the age of thirty."

Kipling's First Critic

Andrew Lang has often come in for undeserved scorn for failing to recognise genius in the unknown author of the story which Ian Hamilton showed him, but he was, none the less, the first critic in England to hail the coming of a new writer when he received a copy of *Departmental Ditties* in the late summer of 1886.

" The modest author does not give his name," says Lang, so he must have assumed that " Rudyard Kipling Assistant " was part of the publisher's imprint. "A quaint and amusing example," of the Anglo-Indian species of *Vers de Société,* is Lang's comment. " On the whole these are melancholy ditties. Jobs, and posts, and pensions, and wives of their neighbours appear (if we trust the satirist) to be much coveted by Her Majesty's oriental civil servants. The story of Giffen, who was broken and disgraced, and saved a whole countryside at the expense of his own life, and is now worshipped (by the natives) in Bengal, is worthy of Bret Harte.

" The Indian poet has kept the best wine to the last, and I like his poem, *In Springtime,* so much that (supreme compliment !) I have copied it out here . . . "

This was in his monthly *causerie,* "At the Sign of the Ship," in *Long-Man's Magazine* for October, 1886; and Lang seems next to have written about Kipling on 2 November, 1889, when he gave a leading article, headed "An Indian Story-teller " to *Plain Tales from the Hills* in *The Daily News,* while he reviewed a new edition of *Departmental Ditties* in the same paper on 15 March, 1890.

These two reviews, and a much better - known article in *Harper's Weekly* for 30 August, 1890, formed the basis of the study the following year in Lang's volume of literary criticism, *Essays in Little* — which, again, represents the earliest essay on Kipling's work to appear in book form.

The Courting of Dinah Shadd, and Other Stories

The essay from *Harper's Weekly* was reprinted in September, 1890, as the "Biographical and Critical Sketch" which prefaced Messrs. Harper's collection of stories *The Courting of Dinah Shadd,* which was as " official " an edition as any then produced in America, though one of the stories included was there by piratical means.

Lang's essay is worth attention, as it has often been misunderstood or mis-represented by critics who start out with the idea that Lang was averse to Kipling and his works. It is, actually, an astonishingly warm and generous welcome to a great writer who had been less than a year before the wider public, and who had certainly written much of a kind which was far from being a favourite of Lang's.

" One may overestimate what is so

new, what is so undeniably rich in many promises. This is a natural tendency in the critic. To myself Mr. Kipling seems one of two, three, or four young men, and he is far the youngest, who flash out genius from some unexpected place." Lang further states that, as a writer of short stories, Kipling is " all but unrivalled among his contemporaries "— which is high praise indeed when Stevenson was still living and still rising steadily to greater heights. From the first moment of reading *In Black and White* and *Under the Deodars,* adds Lang, " one saw that a new star of literature had swum into one's ken," and he goes on to assert that "The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows" "defeats De Quincey on his own ground," while " Morrowbie Jukes " is " a nightmare more perfect and terrible, I think, than anything of Edgar Poe's." Many other stories are picked out for particular praise, but Lang, with his rather poor opinion of American taste in literature at that time, descends into sarcasm when he concludes : "I do not anticipate for Mr. Kipling a very popular popularity. He does not compete with Miss Braddon or Mr. E. P. Roe." Taken in its context, the intention of this last sentence is obvious ; but wrenched out and served up as Lang's considered opinion it can—and has been made to give—an entirely wrong impression.

A reading of the study in *Essays in Little* takes away any possible doubt of Lang's full appreciation of Kipling's remarkable gifts as exhibited in his published work down to *The Light that Failed.*

"Andrew Lang, as detached as a cloud "

It would be possible to follow Lang further through various reviews or references in other writings. Although he had his prejudices, Lang never hesitated to criticise even the writers to whose work he was most devoted ; and with his immense knowledge of literature, both ancient and modern, both British and European, he was one of the few critics whose words were not to be disregarded lightly.

When his criticism is purely that of personal taste, the reader is left in no doubt of the fact, as when he objected to *Stalky & Co.* ("At the Sign of the Ship," May, 1899) whose adventures he was following through *The Windsor Magazine* : "I could wish that his boy heroes in his school tales (and a queer school is theirs) did not despise cricket, and, for all I know, football. (Hurrah ! Stalky, in the April number, does play football. There are hopes !) . . . I am only in sympathy with Mr. Kipling's boys when they bully the bullies . . . How many hundred times I have denounced 'a moral purpose' in fiction ! This time—alas for human consistency —I am on the side of the moral purpose, and I hope that Mr. Kipling's tale will not be wasted."

However, Lang had no cause to find fault with the next book, and in April, 1901, was writing enthusiastically : " Mr. Kipling in *Kim* in *Cassell's Magazine* is once more the Mr. Kipling who won our hearts. His theme is India, where he is always at his best; and we learn more of the populace, the sects, the races, the lamas, the air, the sounds, scents and smells from a few pages than from libraries of learned authors."

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS

OWING to unavoidable circumstances the Lecture fixed for April 10th, 1957, at the National Book League, London, will not now take place.

C. H. L.-R.

What they said about Kipling's Works

(Continued)

by Basil M. Bazley

ADVANCING into the next decade (1900/1910) we hear Mr. Henry Murray, reviewing in 1901 a book about Kipling, repeat the encomium on brevity noticed just above : " The style of his best work is wholly admirable; he has the genius of *le mot juste;* he can do more in a paragraph, a sentence, a phrase, or a word, to establish about his reader the atmosphere in which he desires him for the moment to move than most living writers could accomplish in the course of a lengthy book. His words convey light, colour, and perfume." In this connection it has been said that Hardy would have made a ' three-decker ' novel out of Kipling's tale, " Friendly Brook." But Henry Murray is not entirely an admirer ; at times he has distinctly contrary ideas, though his is, on the whole, a favourable verdict : " His buoyancy of spirit, his vivid and rapid style, carry me along like a straw on the surface of a torrent . . . The manner of the speaker is forgotten, his matter is remembered." Murray, by the way, held Little England tenets, and some of his praise is qualified : " Though personally an artist of exquisite powers, he has no enthusiasm for art." That text leads up to a statement that Kipling would not have been interested in Ancient Greece, because of the smallness of her colonies !

William Archer, one of our great school of literary critics, takes a more balanced view in *Poets of the Younger Generation* (1902), though he appears at first to like Kipling's matter better than his mode of expressing it : " Whatever may be his ultimate place in literature, there can be no doubt that his poems have won for him what perhaps he values more—a place in the history of his country." Nevertheless, commendation is given, *inter alia,* to McAndrew's Hymn : " Only by some narrow trick of definition can such work as this be excluded from the sphere of poetry." The union of realism and romance also finds Archer's approval : " It is this vision of the eternally romantic in the unflinchingly real that is the mark of Mr. Kipling's genius."

In *The Book Monthly* (1903) Mr. Arthur Waugh has doubts about the continued popularity of Kipling as a poet : "Altogether Kipling is not the trump card he was, and no one who watches the vacillations of literary taste can pretend it." Why the word ' literary ' is introducer here I cannot understand, for such pieces as " The Bell Buoy," " Bridge Guard in the Karroo," and " White Horses " are rightly classed as real poetry. The gravamen is in " The Islanders," with its disrespectful — should we say, irreverent ? — line about the sacred ' Soccer.' Yet how accurate his prophecies were, as we found in both World Wars, especially from Hitler and his knaves. The book, of course —*The Five Nations*—is full of beauties as well as humour, in the Service Songs, but Kipling used his great position to warn us, thereby sacrificing something of his literary reputation in a few places—he put country before style and reaped the obloquy of the spiteful and shortsighted. Much the same line is taken by Mr. Hubert Bland—*Essays,* 1914; in a chapter headed " The Decadence of Rudyard Kipling " we see all the prejudice of the group who left us so unready for a war that was about to break out—Kipling is attacked because he is not in tune with that group : " One guesses

that somewhere at the back of his mind the writer imagines himself to be saying something severe about Mr. Lloyd George's Budget." There is an attempt to read into Kipling's words something that he neither thought nor said; this critique is diatribe—not criticism, and a short example will indicate the completely biassed point of view : " The miserable result of this setting up of a materialist ideal, this loss of a spiritual conception of life, this forgetting of social justice, is that Kipling now writes verse which is not only execrable as art but which is mendacious nonsense as well. ' The motto here seems to be : if you can't abolish a man you dislike, slang him !

One contemporary, now dead, was annoyed because Kipling always ignored him ; being vain and egoistic, this stung far more than open rebuke. The late Arnold Bennett seemed to have been affected in the same way ; he had just read *Actions and Reactions* and found this picture of England, in " the best story," untrue : " There are no shadows whatever. The English land system is perfect, and no accusation could possibly be breathed against it *(v.* Sangres in that tale !). And the worst is that for Kipling the English land system probably *is* perfect. He is incapable of perceiving that it can be otherwise." Now, anyone who has read this story will see at once that Bennett's interpretation is false ; it is, in fact, mere abuse, unworthy of the author of *The Old Wives' Tale.* Nor did he like " With the Night Mail," which is " a glittering essay in the sham technical. . . . The men are exactly the same semi-divine civil service men that sit equal with British military and naval officers on the highest throne in the kingdom of Kipling's esteem." The engaging virtue of this tale is that the men *do* seem to be at home in their surroundings—they are not quite the same as their predecessors. The remark might have more justly been made about the characters in H. G. Wells's ' scientific ' stories, where the men certainly have not changed, nor is the ' science ' as good as that of Kipling. After saying that " a thin powder of dullness lies everywhere," Bennett concludes : " When I had read these stories, I . . . tasted again the flavour of ' On Greenhow Hill,' which I have always considered to be among the very best of Kipling's stories. It would be too much to say that I liked it as well as ever. I did not. Time has staled it." And that's that !

"Stories Superb"

Now let us sample something a little less biased, but also from two contemporary authors, Conan Doyle and Ian Hay. In speaking of those whom he would select for a representative team of English short story writers, Doyle says, *Through the Magic Door* (1912) : " If it be not an impertinence to mention a contemporary, I should certainly have a brace from Rudyard Kipling. His power, his compression, his dramatic sense, his way of glowing suddenly into a vivid flame, all mark him as a great master. . . . Yes, no team of immortals would be complete which did not contain at least two representatives of Kipling." A few years later, in *Memories and Adventures* (1924), Doyle returns to the subject and tells us how eagerly he bought a copy of *Plain Tales,* to find a great writer whose methods were so different from his own : " In form his stories were crude, and yet in effect—which, after all, is everything—they were superb. It showed me that methods could not be stereo-

typed, and that there was a more excellent way, even if it were beyond my reach." A very generous tribute from an author who also had achieved world-wide fame. Ian Hay's critique is placed in what, to my mind, is his best novel, *A Knight on Wheels,* where we find some interesting comments : " He saw poetry in the curve of a radiator and heard music in the whizzing of a clutch. One day, in an expansive moment, he confided these emotions to Mr. Mablethorpe. That many-sided man did not laugh, as Philip had half-feared he would, but said, ' Romance brought up the nine-fifteen—eh? I must introduce you to a kindred spirit.' And he led Philip to a shelf filled with a row of books. Some were bound in dark blue, and consisted mainly of short stories; the others, smaller and slimmer, were dark red, and contained poetry. ' There,' said Mr. Mablethorpe, ' are the works of a man whom I regard as the head of our profession. Wire in ! ' Philip spent the next three days learning M'Andrew's Hymn by heart." The boy, we learn, read widely, " but he came back again and again to the shelf containing the red and blue volumes, and the magician who dwelt therein never failed him." Philip did not care for *The Light that Failed,* and asked for the reason; his novelist friend said : " His best book, Philip. But—I read it less than any of the others." A singularly neatly expressed opinion.

In *Loose Ends* (1918) there is an interesting comparison between Conrad and Kipling, though here it is obvious that these opinions are those of the characters and not those of Mr. Arnold Lunn. His schoolmaster, Quirk, likes Kipling, but thinks him very much inferior to Conrad in things concerning the sea : " When he (Conrad) writes about the sea and the Merchant Service, you feel he must be heir to generation after generation of English seafaring blood. Kipling has his ear on the keyhole and picks up the slang of the sea. Conrad gives you the soul of the men that go down to the sea in ships." I, too, have heard a schoolmaster talk about these two writers in almost the same words and about the same time; the estimate of Kipling is wrong, however good that of Conrad may be; and—more important — Kipling gets his message over, as theatrical people say, just as truthfully and in one-tenth the time, or less.

BATEMAN'S VISIT, 1957

THE annual visit to BURWASH will take place this year on Tuesday, May 21st, provided that a minimum of 12 members and friends notify us not later than Saturday, May 4th, of their intention to **go by coach.** This special coach will leave Charing Cross **Underground** Station at **10.30 a.m.,** returning at about 5 p.m., arriving back in London by 7 p.m.

Charges for the excursion, including two meals, will be 25s. for those going by coach, and 15s. for those using other forms of transport.

Members wishing to attend must notify the Hon. Secretary, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.I, enclosing the appropriate fee, not later than the first postal delivery in London on Saturday, May **4th.**

BOOK THIS DATE CAREFULLY. As ample notice is given this year, no post-cards will be sent out.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are: LONDON—Miss Clutterbuck, Mrs. H. M. Rawlings, Mr. N. H. Rawlings, Mr. L. Scarratt; MELBOURNE—Mrs. M. V. Winlaw, Miss E. Thomas, Miss Anderson; VICTORIA—Mrs. P. Narroway ; BULAWAYO—Associate Member Miss C. Kalshoven; U.S.A.—Miss J. H. Relf.

Beetle's Browning

by Joseph R. Dunlap
(Leonia, New Jersey, U.S A.)

[The first part of this article appeared in the December, 1956, issue of " The Kipling Journal."]

THERE are several narrow paths around this " Dead End " sign, none of them decisive but at least worthy of mention.

In later years when Beetle wrote these reminiscences *(vide* " Slaves of the Lamp, Part II ") his memory of the date may have slipped. In 1872 Smith, Elder & Co. issued a volume of selections from Browning's works which contained " Waring " and " Caliban," and followed it in 1880 with a " Second Series " which included " Soliloquy " and " Bishop Blougram's Apology." When bound together, as I found them at the New York Public Library, they present a volume of over 700 pages with our four poems published, if not in the later 'sixties, at least two years (cf. R. L. Green) before the stirring events in the Music Room, Number Five Study, and King's library.

Another possibility is suggested by Beetle's remark, " He [King] gave me that book, too." Ordinarily this would be taken to refer to the book from which he had just read the selection from " Waring," implying that King's own weapon could be turned against him. But we might take this remark to indicate another volume from which, presumably, Beetle read the words from " Soliloquy " and " Caliban." If we take it this way we must find a volume of the later 'sixties containing " Bishop Blougram " and " Waring " as the one Beetle read at the table. The *Works* of 1868 are out of the question. If we admit the date 1865, we can find these poems in volume 1 of the Fourth Edition (see above). I have not been able to consult a copy of the 1869 *Selections* or its forerunner of 1863. It contains, I understand, both *Men and Women* and *Dramatic Lyrics,* which would assure the presence of " Bishop Blougram " and " Soliloquy." " Waring," however, was moved from the section " Dramatic and Romantic Lyrics " to ' Dramatic Romances " in the *Poetical Works* of 1863, so I cannot tell whether Forster and Proctor included it or not. If they did, the 1869 volume should be considered seriously under this theory as the first book from which Beetle read; otherwise we are thrown back to 1865. . . For his second volume we have the chronological limits of 1864-1882 : from the publication of "Caliban" to the date of " Slaves of the Lamp, Part I," but I have been unable to discover any volume of that period in which " Soliloquy " accompanies " Caliban." If one reverts to the 1872-80 *Selections* bound as one volume we would have them together, but we would have the two former poems as well, and the theory of two volumes becomes rather pallid.

Another Theory

Still another theory may be explored. In the text Beetle handles a book which contains " Bishop Blougram's Apology " and from which he and M'Turk rapidly read a portion of " Waring." Although he quotes from the other two poems, we do not know that Beetle actually *read* either one from the book he was holding. He may well have been quoting from memory lines that had delighted or awed him. Some support is given this notion by his inaccurate rendering of

the last quotation : " thinketh he liveth in . . ." rather than Browning's " thinketh he dwelleth i' the cold of the moon." If this theory is correct, Beetle's gift from King may have been volume 1 of the 1865 *Poetical Works* or, if " Waring " is in it, the *Selections* of 1869. From either of these he could also have read about the " great text in Galatians," then quoted " Caliban " from memory. I am not inclined to lay too much stress on a misquotation as indicating that Beetle was speaking from memory. With the excitement of that evening, the flickering gaslight, possibly small print, and his poor eyesight, Beetle slipped on the third line from " Waring." To Browning the Kremlin's pavements were

bright
With serpentine and seyenite.

In Beetle's haste they became *white* rather than *bright.**

Though this answers a number of questions, it raises another. Whence had Beetle his knowledge of " Caliban " if not from the be-dropped pages of the volume of the late 'sixties? The Head's library had not yet been thrown open to him. There is no real answer to this question. From Beetle's absorption with the book it would seem to have been his one gateway into the wonderland of Browning's world. But we get an oblique suggestion from Stalky, who said, " Beetle reads an ass called Browning," which probably referred to the book under discussion. If taken broadly this could mean that Beetle had searched for other works by the same hand as he did in another connection in " The Propagation of Knowledge."

I have not brought into the discussion any American editions of Browning, of which several were printed in the late 'sixties, partly because those I was able to examine (*Poems,* Boston, Ticknor & Fields, 1866; Fields, Osgood & Co., 1869) did not solve the problem, and partly because I was doubtful that Mr. King, with his uncomplimentary views on certain trans-Atlantic literary phenomena (cf. " United Idolators ' 'and " Propagation of Knowledge "), would have purchased any of them for his personal library. On the other hand, if one had somehow come into his possession, its Bostonian origin might have been part of the reason Mr. King felt so ready to use it as a projectile.

The identity, then, of Beetle's Browning remains obscure. No one volume satisfies all the requirements. The best we can do, if we wish all four poems together, is to pass beyond the 'sixties ; but if we allow his irrelevant quotation from " Caliban " to have come from memory rather than from the page before him, we have the possibilities mentioned under C : *Works,* 1865, volume 1, or *Selections,* 1869, if it includes " Waring."

In this paper it has been my object to add to the Studies in Stalky already begun, and it is of the essence of this sort of thing to court criticism, corrections, additions and varied interpretations to the end that we may gain a fuller understanding and appreciation of the immortal trio of Number Five.

**I find that in Browning's* Poetical Works, *1863 and the Bur-wash* Stalky a *line from " Waring " reads "* To *kerchiefwise unfold his sash," while in the* Selections *of 1872 and the Doubleday, Doran* Complete Stalky, *1930, the line reads* "And *kerchief-wise," etc. I have not been able to examine volume 4 of the 1868* Works *to see how it appeared in the later 'sixties.*

" Lawsomeness," Aloneness, Kindness

(A talk by Mrs. Goddard to members of the Victoria, B.C. Canada Branch)

THREE words come to mind—the first is a coined one : " Lawsomeness," otherwise God's Law. God represents the Law, so Kipling always uses a capital L. He has been considered by some as an un-religious man, he was not much of a church-goer until after his marriage ; and his language and much of his subject matter was too free, too pungent for that era in which he began to write. Yet, can anyone read him without finding God and the Law underlying every thing he wrote from, Barrack Room Ballads to his final words?

Kipling's Law of the Jungle is just as truly and definitely the Law that governs mankind. If it did so actually we need look no further for the millenium. Fight if forced to do so, but first let the leaders parley that peace may be possible. The rights of the mother over the child : the father must not be overlooked, but the head wolf, because of his age and cunning as well as his fangs and claws, is the judge. "An Englishman's home is his castle " is part of that Law.

" Now these are the Laws of the Jungle and many and varied are they,
But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch and the hump is—Obey ! "

The urgent need for obedience to the Law—not of man but of God—runs like a thread through all the poems and stories of Kipling.

Aloneness

The next word is Aloneness—not lonesomeness, for Kipling had many close friends, and when he was apart from those he loved, his appreciation of the liking and comradeship of his fellow-men, as well as his seeing eye, his retentive memory, and his almost superhuman capacity for the dramatic possibilities of all that he saw and heard kept brain and heart fully occupied. He could always be interested in those about him, whoever or whatever they might be. Yet he was essentially an individualist and to him the human race was a fusion of individual souls—each in his own way a part of the whole. "And carry my words to the souls of men or ever ye come to die, That the sins they do by two and two they must pay for one by one."

To Kipling, every man had a right to his own beliefs—Christian, Brahmin, Hindu, Moslem, Jew—just so long as he was true to that belief and followed the Law on which it was founded. He saw us as Separate Souls and each of us a tiny part of the Great Whole.

He says, " When you get to a man in the case they're as like as a row of pins " : he infers that they are units. "And the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins." Not one person but sisters. As a forest with its many varieties of trees is composed of miles and miles of single trees, so is the world of men a world of many brotherhoods and each man a Soul apart. " O gentle Bandar, an inscrutable decree makes thee a gleesome, fleasome Thou and me a wretched Me ! " (Here followed When Earth's Last Picture.)

Kindness

The third word is Kindness. A feeling of kindness seems to run through most of his more serious work and so very much of his lighter writings — ironical very often but gentle and kindly. Does one really believe that he *meant* : "A woman is

only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke." Will not Maggie win in the end when the smoke has drifted away into nothingness?

Then there is his animal verse and the *Jungle Books,* so full of kindly feelings. Although it is a memory of youthful days, that tragic and tender story, " In the Pride of His Youth," still means Rudyard Kipling to me. Few men have been so well equipped as a writer and a person for the task he was picked to do. His family background, with its foursquare completeness, the childhood love for his Ayah, whom he visited many years later on his short stay in India that gave him understanding and sympathy with all native peoples and for all oppressed underdogs. The lonely days at the House of Desolation when reading was his one joy and relief from suffering, his life in Simla and his varied and colourful years as a newspaper man and his travels far and wide, always with that camera-eye, that hearing ear, and that tender heart, plus a God-given soul, set him on the road he was to follow unflaggingly to the end.

"Never Forgot"

Years later, in speaking of him, Dave Carey, the baggage man at Brattleboro, said of him : " Kipling had the darndest mind—he wanted to know everything about everything and he never forgot what you told him." When Mrs. Adams Beck lived in Victoria I was deeply impressed with the power by which she seemed to be able to answer questions. Sometimes she would hesitate for a moment and You could really see, it seemed, a mental plumbline go down into the sub-conscious mind and would come up with the exact, clear answer to the question that had been asked. Such a power must have been Kipling's with his vast store of knowledge, and how generously he gave himself and that store to the world.

He detested hypocrisy and the man or woman who tried to face both ways, and so get the best of both sides. They were not for him : " Believe or disbelieve, but thoroughly—be good or bad, do good or evil, don't just think about it. Whatever you do, do it completely and with courage to face the outcome and pay the price."

Never be a Tomlinson !

How much Kipling stresses his belief that certain men are set apart for certain work. In his talk about the Magic Square, after telling how the square came to be, and an explanation of drill, all based on ancient law, he says : " What the earliest man faced at the beginning we have to face now. There were wonders and terrors of death : darkness, fire lightning, frost, blood and destruction were all about him. He faced them with such weapons as were within his knowledge, but behind all was his indomitable soul " ; and another time : " Man changes little, but the Magic Square has developed into the Altar of Sacrifice for the Man Set Apart to Save the Tribe."

The Chosen

Throughout the centuries there have been leaders among all vocations : statesmen, craftsmen, scientists, writers ; men and women accepted by the world as set, by a Divine Power, to do his or her especial work. Can one help feeling that Rudyard Kipling, in his rough and ready irony as well as in his serious and compelling truth and his " love to all men 'neath the sun," was the chosen of God?

R.K. and His Rolls-Royce Car

[The following extract is from " Under My Bonnet," by G. R. N. Minchin (G. T. Foulis & Co. Ltd., 1950). Mr. Minchin has owned and driven a great variety of cars, including many Rolls-Royces. His memory carries him back to the 1900 and 1902 Gordon Bennett Races and onwards to the present day. He includes the following interesting letter to the late Mr. Claude Johnson, of Rolls-Royce, from Rudyard Kipling, which is reproduced by permission of Mrs. Bambridge and the publishers.]

DURING the period referred to . . ." writes Mr. Minchin, " Claude Johnson was still the organising genius of Rolls-Royce Ltd. A letter from Rudyard Kipling to Claude Johnson written in those days has recently come into my hands. One would expect something well written from the famous poet, but as an example of how a letter can be worded and composed to such perfection, I reproduce it as follows :

Costebelle Hotels,
Hyeres.
March 25, 1921.

Began 11 a.m. Finished 4 p.m.
Dear Claude Johnson,

Here is a story to the credit of your firm showing how business should be done.

I had been in Algiers for a month, which is no place for a Christian's car : so I left the Duchess at home with orders to join me at Marseilles, on my return from Africa, for a farewell honeymoon tour ere I forsook her for another—my fourth, or fifth, is it?—from the same harem.

I reached Marseilles on the evening of the 23rd March, the Duchess met me at the Docks, loyal and devoted as ever, but not quite well. On these cursed Avignon roads she had snapped a leaf of her offside fore spring and lost, or scraped off, her exhaust apparatus pipe behind the exhaust box. You can see the situation !

I gathered that, with care and the cut-out in use, she could hobble from Marseilles to Hyeres without collapsing in front or lighting up behind. It was too late that evening to attempt to legislate for the situation. So, next morn, into Hyeres she took us—2' 45" for 50 miles of hell's own pot-holes variegated with road trimmings and surface railways. (I had never been east of Marseilles before: nor had she, and we groaned in unison.)

Arrived at these hotels, I recalled that you had an agency in Nice. At this point the concierge, armed with a pre-war directory, assured me that you hadn't. I could get no definite address, so in despair (after having killed the concierge, who will appear in the bill) I sent off a wire to " Rolls-Royce Agency, Nice," and outlined my appalling situation. Simultaneously I wired R.R. at Paris for the Nice address and resigned myself to the worst.

Remember that was Thursday evening ,(5 p.m.) before Good Friday ; the Easter holidays were ahead of us ; 1 had Mrs. Kipling, my daughter and a niece with me, all the Riviera to play with for the next ten days ; every conceivable wagon-lit berth filled up for a month ahead; all day trains occupied as far as I could make out, the night before, and my sole link with life and the decencies was a semi-paralytic, only too inflammable Duchess ! The utmost I dared hope for was that I could send her alone to Nice (180 km.). I might, by divine Providence, call her my own again after the Easter holidays. I was not angry. I was calm with the chill melancholy of despair.

This morning at 9.30 a.m. (March 25th) I got a reply from the rue Malakoff giving me the Nice agency address. To make sure, then, I repeated my overnight telegram plus proper address, to Nice and sent it into the hotel office to be despatched. It was brought back to me with the announcement that the concierge assumed Monsieur would not now wish to despatch it as " they " had already arrived.

At first I took this for a bad jest of the sort that destroys ententes—but when I went to the garage—*it was true.* Parsons, who used to be in your Paris repair shop, and an assistant

had arrived in an horizon-blue lorry-lette, with spare springs and exhaust pipe. The Duchess' front was already jacked up and work was in full swing (10.15 a.m.) (morning of March 25th). They had got my wire, had pulled out of Nice at five in the morning, when French telegraphists are abed, and to my hungry eyes they looked like fairies in goatskin coats.

They had her all finished, tried and done with by 3 p.m. this afternoon. Then they folded their horizon-blue wings and vanished in the direction of Nice. A field ambulance could not have been quicker than that travelling circus. When did you start 'em?

(Incidentally, at our garage lay an open body 1907 R.R. which in old age had developed a habit of heavy drinking and could not do more than 8-m. per gallon. I presume this would be equivalent to inflammation of the prostate gland among the aged. Anyhow, when the Duchess' wants had all been attended to, I believe the travelling circus prescribed for the poor old dear.)

And it is to make you all my compliments that I send you this with gratitude and admiration, still warm and panting after my rescue. Literally, I was not delayed one minute; for, after the Havre-Hyeres run she would have had a day off anyhow.

With every good wish,

Most sincerely,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

At the National Book League

[A summary of Professor Bonamy Dobrée's Lecture — given at the National Book League on Jan. 10th, 1957.]

PROFESSOR Dobrée began by saying that Kipling, whatever his theme, is always catching the reader unawares; he is elusive, his real message being hard to grasp through what he says. His work covers such a wide field that no talk could deal with more than one aspect of it, and he (the lecturer) would omit Kipling's Romance, "Imperialism," and interest in the Conquest cf Knowledge, and would take as his subject the theme of Loneliness and Depression. In this field Kipling not only brings his readers into contact with the deepest layers of human consciousness, but also shows his own profound understanding of the simplest men. "On Greenhow Hill" is a fine example of this, and when reading any of Kipling's most moving tales this sympathetic understanding of his should be kept in mind.

Kipling, of course (the lecturer went on), rarely dwells on Depression for its own sake. He is much more interested in the cures. First of these is Work, Devotion to Duty, "The Thing" that you give your life to regardless of yourself. From "The Camel's Hump" onwards the author rubs this in. Another "bulkhead against the pains of Hell," or indeed against the effect of any severe tension, is Laughter—and we need look no further for examples than "Saint Jubanus," or the Rahere episode in "The Tree of Justice." Nor does Kipling fail to demonstrate psychological cures, and stories such as "In the Same Boat" and "The Woman in His Life" show to what extent he had absorbed the technique of modern psychology.

The lecturer quoted "The Wish House" and "The Gardener" as proof of Kipling's conviction that **out** of Loneliness and Depression can arise Pity and Love, and he insisted that Compassion is, in fact, the principal thread running through Kipling's work. Allegations that he deliberately made his characters 'cruel' or 'sadistic' are baseless, since the relevant stories ("Mary Postgate" is one) do nothing but show exactly how human beings *would* behave in certain circumstances.

"To understand Kipling," the lecturer concluded, "you must read *all* of him."

An interesting discussion followed, and the lecturer received a hearty vote of thanks.

A.E.B.P.

Kipling Society Discussion

FIFTEEN of us attended the discussion on The Second Jungle Book at the Lansdowne Club, London, on 20th February, two or three other " regulars " being absent through illness. It was soon clear that the Jungle Book stories lend themselves to discussion and examination as much as does the rest of Kipling's work. Several speakers pointed out how diverse these stories are, and how false is any idea that they are no more than a collection of Indian animal stories for the nursery. In the Second Jungle Book we go from sea-level to 10,000 ft. up, and from tropical jungle to near the Arctic Circle. There are tales with strong, exciting plots, and others that are purely conversational and " atmospheric," while, strangely out of setting, we come upon that disembodied, ethereal piece, " The Miracle of Purun Bhagat."

The stories placed first were this same " Miracle," though hardly to be appreciated by the very young ; " The King's Ankus," a thriller that would make a gripping play ; " Red Dog," the hottest action story of Mowgli's career ; and "The Undertakers," which owes its immortality to the tremendous central figure of the Crocodile—a revolting personality but none the less a Thinker and a Titan. The least popular was " Letting in the Jungle," with its wholesale destruction (including, deplorably, the village ponies) and a rather too cocky Mowgli.

A.E.B.P.

M. Jules Castier

regret to record the death in December last, in Paris, at the age of 68, of M. Jules Castier, who was recently elected a Vice-President of the Kipling Society. His translations of Kipling's works into French are notable, particularly his rendering of the dialect of Kipling's characters—*M' Andrew? s Hymn,* for example — into French argot.

M. Castier was a charming personality, who spoke excellent English. He will be greatly missed by his many friends.

Mr. A. E. Cornwell

WITH great regret we record the recent death of Mr. A. E. G. Cornwell, of the Victoria (British Columbia) Branch of the Society of which he has been for many years Chairman, and which he himself had founded and firmly established. Mr. and Mrs. Cornwell were two of our very earliest Canadian members, and although we do not now have anything like the number of members we should have in this large Dominion, we think we owe the enrolment of the greater part of those we have today to the early labours and enthusiasms of Mr. Cornwell and his wife. Indeed, quite a book could be written of the Cornwell's early struggles to get the branch going, but—alas—our then office in Gower Street, London, received a " near-direct " hit in the London air raids which practically blotted out our office and entirely obliterated our records of the early days of the Society.

We offer Mrs. Cornwell our profound sympathy in her great loss.

C. H. L.-ROBINSON.

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.I.

Letter Bag

(Correspondents are asked to keep their letters as short as possible)

From Professor C. E. Carrington

I hope I shan't be thought ungrateful, after the many kind allusions to my book in the *Kipling Journal,* if I strike a slightly discordant note. Mr. Dunlap's admirable article on *Beetle's Browning* (K. J., December, 1956, p.7) asks why the technique of the Baker Street scholars who work on Conan Doyle should not be more commonly applied to Kipling. I modestly claim to be one of the Baker Street pioneers ; a footnote in one of the fundamental documents ascribes to me the vital discovery of Doctor Watson's second marriage, an epoch-making event in that sphere. But the elaborate Baker Street joke (which in my opinion is now wearing rather thin) is a game you can't play with Kipling. His elusive, baffling, and sometimes infuriating talent does not depend upon the same kind of ' trick-work ' (a word Kipling used in that sense). Conan Doyle was not a great writer. He had one astounding success ; he invented a myth which the world will never let die, the Myth of Sherlock Holmes ; but he touched nobody's heart to love or hatred ; he had no effect on the life and thought of his age ; and his talent lay in good plain narrative set forth in a conventional style. In a Sherlock Holmes story you merely want to know what will happen next, and because everything hangs together, you won't be disappointed. He had a strong sense of what they call ' continuity ' in Hollywood. It is thus rather fun to read between the lines, to study the ' cuts ' and the ' montage ' even if they were only in the author's mind. You can play this game with Jane Austen (as in *The Janeites)* or with Trollope, but not with Dickens or Kipling".

Our man cared nothing for mode, fashion or convention, or for continuity either ; but was solely concerned with getting his effect. The notion came to him, as he often said, from without, the flash of genius that is so different from mere talent ; and, having the notion, the conscientious craftsman set to work. History and geography and science might go hang if they didn't suit his purpose, and he was utterly indifferent to the gentilities. If sentiment or brutality were needed to get the effect, he never shirked them. He went straight, as Henry James said, " for the common and the characteristic," and accordingly he accepted that measure of brutality which is common and characteristic in human nature. Nine tenths of the hostile criticism of Kipling is shallow stuff composed by people who never get past what Henry James called " the stupid superstition that the amiability of a story teller is the amiability of the people he represents —that their vulgarity, or depravity, or fatuity, or gentility are tantamount to the same qualities in the story teller himself." This is the error of Mr. John Wain, whose article on Kipling in *The Spectator* (2 December, 1955) is attacked in your editorial notes. But Mr. Wain, I believe, is young and may learn better. Sixty years ago, the bright young critics were saying much what he says about Kipling, and already Kipling has outlived three generations of them. There must be *same* explanation of his persistent vitality.

But one part of the Kipling legend that won't stand fire is his supposed technical accuracy. As he said more than once, his father continually blamed him for gross carelessness. There are dozens of errors in his technical stories and ballads, not only the one that Kipling-fans are always hunting for. The nature of his accuracy is altogether different ; he gives an accurate impression. His extraordinary powers of observation, his extraordinary skill in handling words, impose themselves on the reader, willy-nilly. Even if you dislike it, you can't forget it, as John Wain said in his *Spectator* article. Kipling is an impressionist, rather like a *pointilliste* painter, rather more true than life.

So it's not much use asking Who was Danny Deever? Who was Pagett, M.P. ? Pagett was the quintessence of all the globe-trotting liberals, and Danny Deever of all the victims of *cafard* in the hot weather. To counter that, the other side of the picture is

that every story, every ballad was touched off by some real event or experience. Some military execution set his mind to work on all military executions, and some globe-trotter put the notion of Pagett into his head. As he grew older and more skilful, he took more pains to conceal his origins. The later stories can hardly be related to any facts except at second or third remove. When young and in a hurry, he sometimes painted straight from the life, merely putting his model into a new costume.

The problem I want to solve is Who was Mrs. Hauksbee? And in this case we have it on the authority of E. K. Robinson that " everyone in the Punjaub knew who she was," although Kipling disguised her appearance and she was not at all like the person described in *Three and an Extra.* We know that she was the wife of a cavalry general, that she was at Simla in 1885 and 1886, and that she finally left Bombay for England on 27 April, 1888. The shipping lists would reveal the name to anyone who knew the Indian Army of that date. Is it not odd that no elderly gossip revealed **this** secret, thirty years ago when there must have been many members of the Kipling Society who could recall her ?

But now I'm arguing in a circle and had better bring this rambling letter to a close. — C. E. CARRINGTON, 63 Holland Park Road, London, W.14.

From Sir Archie Michaelis

I am just enjoying your December issue.

The reference to a caricature by Max Beerbohm is interesting as in Low's biography, being serialised at present in the Sydney *Bulletin* (which contained all of Low's Australian work), he refers to the fact that during his early years in England, he decided to do portraits of leading Englishmen. He was able to interview all of them except two, one of the two being Kipling, who was still hurt over a caricature by Max Beerbohm. This must be the same one referred to in your notes.

Regarding the *Spectator* review, I wrote a reply which was submitted to the Editor, but refused on the ground that it was too long after the original review had appeared. In it I made the point that it was probably Kipling's reference to " a red shirt " (in " Point 007 ") which struck home at the author of the review. I think if read with this in mind, the attack becomes clear.—ARCHIE MICHAELIS, 441 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, C.1, Australia.

P.S.—The other night I was listening to a broadcast of a recording made in the B.B.C. Studios on the English Bible. In dealing with the Authorised Version the point was made that the Bishops must have called in poets to help them in their labours, and my thoughts of course turned to "Proofs of Holy Writ." Strangely enough, the record then went on to give a reading from the very chapter of Isaiah dealt with in the story, and no doubt whoever produced the script had this in mind.

Kipling's Cheap Editions

There is one sentence, in Mr. Carrington's excellent book, which seems to need amending in later editions. It is on p. 467, and refers to the sale of his books having increased year by year " even though they were never issued in cheap editions."

While this correctly refers to books in their entirety, it omits to mention that extracts from the verses in his books were issued by Methuen's in paper form—

Twenty Poems by Rudyard Kipling, 1918, 1/-.

A Choice of Songs from the verse of R.K., 1925, 2/-.

Selected Poems by R.K., 1931, 1/-.

Methuen's tell me that the two latter books are now out of print, but that the " Twenty Poems " is still obtainable at 1/6, and that this is now in its 12th edition with sales of over half a million copies.

I am happy to recall my correspondence with Mr. Kipling, starting in December, 1917, when I suggested such cheap reprints of selected verses at 6d. each as bait to the much dearer complete books of his verse ; and a chat with him and Mrs. Kipling on the subject at Brown's Hotel, when he referred to himself as the Works, and to his wife as the Works Manager, when business decisions were required. —J. H. C. BROOKING, Rudyard Cottage, Burwash, Sussex.

" In K's Best Early Manner

Students have been asking for a long time which story was referred to by (Sir) Sidney Low (1857-1932), the editor of the *St. James's Gazette* from 1888 to 1897, when he said that in the autumn of 1889 Kipling sent him a contribution which he published in his paper. It was described as " a miniature story in K's best early manner, full of drama and atmosphere, some 1500 words; never been republished."

Six stories are usually listed as possibles : then in *Journal* No. 94 of July, 1950, Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green suggested No. 7 in the following list and I should now like to add No. 8 as the story.

No.		Title	on	
No.	1.	The Comet of a Season,	on Nov.	21
„	2.	Gallihauk's Pup	„ „	30
„	3.	The Limitations of Pambé Serang	„ Dec.	7
„	4.	The Pit that They Digged	„ „	14
„	5.	The Battle of Rupert Square	„ „	28
„	6.	India for the Indians	„ „	31
„	7.	Charming Cinderella	„ Nov.	16
„	8.	X^2, R.H.A.	„ „	?

None of these quite fits the description except " X^2, R.H.A." and that one only if it appeared in the *St, James's Gazette* before 16th November, 1889.

This story has already been printed in *Kipling Journal* No. 41 of March, 1937, although no-one has *said* it was by Kipling. May I ask you, Mr. Editor, to give members another chance to read the story. In 1937 it had a heading stating that it had appeared in the *Gazette* at about the same time as " The Battle of Rupert Square."

It is on much the same subject as the poem " The Jacket."

I will enclose a copy of the story and hope you will be able to print it, for only a minority of our present members now have copies of *Journal* No. 41.

R. E. HARBORD, Spring Grange, Wood End, Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts.

"Bosco Absoluto"

With reference to Lt.-Col. Barwick Browne's query in the "Letter Bag" in the December issue, No. 120, of the *Journal* : ' Bosco absoluto ' in " The Janeites."

I remember the expression ' a bit bosky ' being in use in my Regiment many years before 1918.

My dictionary gives ' bosky-eyed ' as a colloquialism for ' somewhat tipsy.'

I suggest that ' bosky ' got corrupted into ' bosco ' in the same way that ' blotted-out ' became ' absolutely blotto ' and ' blind ' (drunk) became ' blinde '—both expressions meaning ' very drunk ' and in general use in the Army.

'Bosco absoluto' is just a bit of rhyming slang and has nothing to do with the Italian language. — E. C. KALSHOVEN, P.O. Box 1401, Bulawayo, S.R.

"The Potted Princess"

With respect to the note about Kipling's " The Potted Princess " which appeared on page 16 of the October, 1956, issue of *The Kipling Journal,* you may be interested to learn that this was published at an earlier date. It was privately printed here in New York in 1925 under the auspices of Mr. Travers Brown, now deceased, in an edition of sixty-six copies. It is recorded in Mrs. Livingston's bibliography as Item 501.

Mr. Brown was a book dealer here in New York who specialized in Kipling and he produced several small editions of some of Kipling's theretofore unpublished works. — WILLIAM BRITTON STITT. 70 Pine Street, New York 5, N.Y.

" Plough and Pioneering "

The arrival of No. 120 of the *Journal* prompts me to write. First I should like to say how much I enjoyed Mr. Mulgan's comments on the " Life " and how heartily I agree with the portion headed " Plough and Pioneering." This aspect of R.K.'s writing may account for his early popularity in the U.S.A.

Secondly. May we hope for an annotation of M'Andrew's Hymn? It needs to be done soon as technical terms change and the reciprocating marine steam engine is obsolescent. There are middle-aged marine engineers today who have never served in a steamship.

Thirdly. In the annotation of " Brugglesmith " in the *Journal* some time ago the meaning of the word " round-house " was asked. It has various meanings, but in this case the context requires the meaning to be " watch-house." — R. M. HARVEY, 34 Murphy Street, Melbourne, S.4, Victoria.

Proposed Kipling Plaque in Lythe, Yorkshire

Mr. J. H. C. Brooking writes : " It may be of interest to members to know that a distant cousin of Rudyard Kipling now owns and lives in the house in which Kipling's grandfather, Joseph, was born in 1807 and where John, his great-grandfather, lived in the late 1700's. This relative is the wife of Mr. Nelson H. Rawlings, a retired member of an engineering" firm. The house, called Briar Cottage, is in Lythe, near Whitby, Yorks.

It is proposed to alter the name of the house to Kipling Cottage, and *to* place a plaque upon it with an inscription stating that Rudyard Kipling's grandfather was born there.

The cottage is one of three, adjoining the local Wesleyan Church."

" If " in Norwegian

FROM Mr. J. H. C. Brooking we have received an interesting cutting from *The Diabetic Journal* containing a letter, headed " Notes from Norway," from Mrs. Elsa W. Boe, who concludes :

"As to the thirty diabetic years, I would not have done without a single one of them. Even if some of them were rather hard, 1 have learnt a lot from it all : to resist temptations, to enjoy small pleasures and last, but not least, to understand other ill people.

As a young woman I translated into Norwegian Rudyard Kipling's poem " If," and all through *my* life it has been my greatest help, next to God. Please do read the original, all of you."

For the Uninitiated

" THE Society's thanks are due," writes a correspondent, " to Lt.-Colonel A. E. Bagwell Purefoy, who in the autumn volunteered at short notice for the job of lecturing at the Public Library, Palmers Green, London, on Kipling and his Works. One of our members who was present describes the talk as " an achievement, and certainly one of the best lectures he has heard in the special circumstances." The lecture was designed to arouse the interest of readers who had not yet become acquainted with the works of Kipling, and we hope to reproduce it in an early issue of the *Journal.*

R. K.'s Great Ideals

MEMBERS who wish to support our efforts to keep the memory of Rudyard Kipling green, and to bring his great ideals before the coming generations of young people, may do so 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 lifetime, 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, Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.I, the sum of

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

The Kipling Society

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

President:

Lt.-Gen. Sir FREDERICK A. M. BROWNING, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O.

Vice-Presidents:

C. L. AMES, U.S.A.
Mrs. GEORGE BAMBRIDGE.
Countess BATHURST.
Maj.-Gen. Sir JULIUS H. BRUCHE, K.C.B., C.M.G., Australia.
Mrs. EDITH BUCHANAN, New Zealand.
Mrs. W. M. CARPENTER, U.S.A.
Lt.-Gen. Sir SIDNEY CLIVE, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.
Maj. Sir BRUNEL COHEN,, K.B.E.
Professor BONAMY DOBREE, O.B.E.
Sir ALEXANDER GIBB, G.B.E., C.B.
M. EDOUARD HERRIOT, France.
Sir RODERICK JONES, K.B.E.
Sir ARCHIE MICHAELIS, Australia.
CARL T. NAUMBURG, U.S.A.
THE RT. HON. LORD WEBB-JOHNSON, G.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O.
Sir CHARLES WINGFIELD, K.C.M.G.
THE RT. HON. LORD WOOLTON.

Council:

Chairman: Maj.-Gen. Sir JOHN TAYLOR, C.I.E., D.S.O.

Deputy-Chairman: R. E. HARBORD.

B. M. BAZLEY.
Lt.-Comdr. J. A. BROCK, R.N.
J. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E.
C. E. CARRINGTON.
E. D. W. CHAPLIN.
NORMAN CROOM-JOHNSON.
W. G. B. MAITLAND.
Comdr. R. D. MERRIMAN, R.I.N. (RTD.)
Lt.-Col. ION S. MUNRO, O.B.E.
PHILIP RANDALL.
Dr. A. P. THURSTON.
J. R. TURNBULL, M.C.
Dr. P. F. WILSON.

Hon. Treasurer:
R. E. HARBORD.

Hon. Editor:
E. D. W. CHAPLIN.

Hon. Auditors:
MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL.

Hon. Solicitor:
PHILIP RANDALL.

Hon. Librarian:
W. G. B. MAITLAND.

Hon. Secretaries:
R. E. HARBORD. B. M. BAZLEY.

Offices:

c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund,
Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.
Tel. City 8295.

Auckland (N.Z.) Branch:

President: Col. Sir STEPHEN ALLEN, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.
Hon. Secretary: Miss PHYLLIS JOHNSON,
6 Corella Road, Takapuna, Auckland, New Zealand.

Melbourne Branch:

President:
Sir ARCHIE MICHAELIS,
41 Lonsdale Street,
Melbourne, C.1.

Hon. Secretary:
J. V. CARLSON,
33 Mathers Avenue, North Kew,
Victoria, Australia.

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada):

President: Captain J. D. PRENTICE.
Vice-President: ARTHUR FRYER.
Hon. Secretary: Mrs. MAUD BARCLAY, 1620 Belmont Ave., Victoria, B.C., Canada.

Hon. Secretary, U.S.A.:
CARL T. NAUMBURG, 210 West 90th Street, New York 24, N.Y.

Boscombe Printing Co. (1933) Ltd., Lincoln Avenue, Bournemouth.