



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY



NEW SERIES 32-PAGE ISSUE

MARCH, 1961

VOL. XXVIII

No. 137

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NEWS AND NOTES.	2
THE LAMENTABLE COMEDY OF WILLOW WOOD — Rudyard Kipling	8
THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING — Lord Birkett	19
' HIS NAME IS NEVER HEARD '— A. E. Bagwell Purefoy	22
SOME ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY—W. G. B. Maitland	24
GUIDE TO ' BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP'—I	26
LETTER BAG.	29
HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES.	32
OBITUARY.	33

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. 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, 25/- ; Overseas Members, 15/- ; Junior Members (under 18, anywhere), 10/- ; U.S.A. Branch, \$3.50 per annum. These include receipt of *The Kipling Journal* quarterly.

Until further notice the Society's Office at 323 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, 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 SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

Wednesday, May 17th, 1961, at 323 High Holborn, W.C.1,
at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

Wednesday, March 22nd, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House,
Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.1. 5.30 p.m. for 6 p.m.
A discussion on "With the Night Mail" and "As Easy as ABC".

Wednesday, May 17th, same place and time.

" Surprise Discussion ", introduced by Mr. Scott-Giles.

VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Lees have kindly asked us for a visit on Tuesday, May 2nd, 1961. They will be the guests of the Society at lunch, at 1 p.m. at " The Bear ", Burwash. They have again very kindly asked us to tea at Bateman's.

A coach will leave Charing Cross Underground Station at 10.15 a.m. on May 2nd, arriving back in London about 7 p.m. **At least 12 seats in this coach must be taken** to make the hiring worth while.

The charge, including lunch, will be 25s. for those going by the coach, and 15s. for those going by private car (including guests).

If you wish to come, be sure to notify the Hon. Sec., Beckett Lodge, Beckett Avenue, Kenley, Surrey, enclosing the appropriate fee, **not later than first post Monday, April 24th**. This will be the **ONLY** notice.

Take note of the New Address.

N.B. Numbers are strictly limited. You **MUST** book early, or We may not be able to fit you in.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON. The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will take place on Thursday, October 19th, 1961, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.1.

The Guest of Honour will be Professor Charles Carrington, M.C., author of " Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work ".

Application forms will go out in September.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by
THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Vol. XXVIII. No. 137

MARCH. 1961

NEWS AND NOTES

THE LAMENTABLE COMEDY OF WILLOW WOOD

The present number of the *Journal* contains the last of the ten uncollected stories and two other uncollected items in prose which Mrs. Bambridge has allowed us to reprint — all (except "Ham and the Porcupine") from *The Sussex Edition*. The present story was first published in *The Fortnightly Review*, Vol. XLVII, May 1890; it was included in *The One Volume Kipling*, New York, 1928, and published as a separate book of forty pages by the Windsor Press, San Francisco, in 1929 — only 100 copies printed. It appears in Vol. XXIX of *The Sussex Edition* (1938) and Vol. XXIII of its American counterpart, *The Burwash Edition* (1941).

May I take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Bambridge on behalf of us all for this twelve-fold treat and privilege which she has granted to us over the last three years.

THE EYE OF ALLAH

Apart from some of the *Puck* stories on Children's Television ten years ago, the B.B.C. production of "The Eye of Allah" at 8.30 p.m. on December 21 represents the first attempt to televise Kipling: according to an article in *The Daily Mail* on December 17 it had Mrs. Bambridge's full sanction and is likely to be the precursor of other stories.

The choice of a late story was interesting and enlightened (it was written in 1924 and published two years later), and the result was good — and far better than could have been expected — though the actual visual representation served to underline Kipling's supreme artistry in suggesting by his evocative word-pictures so very much that the screen did not show — and so very much more that it could not. What came over most vividly was the tension in the final scene leading up to the destruction of the microscope, made notable by the playing of Joseph O'Connor as the Abbot, John Westbrook as John of Burgos, and William Mervyn as Brother Thomas. It was also made even more vivid by the sense of relevance to our own predicament in the atomic age: scientific knowledge acquired before man is ready to receive it.

Nevertheless this does not seem to have come across as powerfully as from the printed page, for even Peter Black in *The Daily Mail*, who seems to be an unusually appreciative reader of Kipling, felt that the accent was on the thirteenth century beleaguerment of the Church by the Moors, which was not put over on the screen with sufficient urgency. His criticism of Kipling's dialogue is interesting: "Kipling's mixture

of *Stalky & Co.* beefiness and sensitive, double distilled thought ". However he wrote earlier that, in spite of dialogue difficulties of this kind, Television's " greatest trouble will come simply from Kipling's complete technical mastery of the craft of words. How can it convey the atmosphere and images that Kipling could hit off in a couple of sentences? "

Per contra Maurice Richardson in *The Observer* (December 25)— did he read the story? — had not even the faintest praise for it : " This is one of his weaker, least characteristic stories. It was written late when he was getting fuzzy, regressing towards some strange pubescent never-never land that he had never quite outgrown. The idea, the Moorish doctor's thirteenth-century anticipation of the microscope and bacteria, is the kind of idea that an exceedingly bright boy might have ; but it doesn't begin to stand up in spite of the conflict and the English Abbot's insistent obscurantism ".

The Times (December 22) was interested — but non-committal: " Kipling well handled . . . an interesting, uncharacteristic story ".

KIPLING FILMS

" The Eye of Allah " was adapted for Television by Colonel A. R. Rawlinson, who wrote interestingly about his meetings with Kipling : " In 1935 I was commissioned by one of the leading British film companies to write a screen play based on the *Soldiers Three* stories by Rudyard Kipling. Having known Kipling since 1914, when I was friendly with his son John, I went down to Bateman's, his house in the little village of Burwash, to seek his advice. He professed no experience of films or screen technique, but he became so interested that he volunteered to work with me on the screen play. So, two or three times a week for the next two months I went to Bateman's, where, in the shadow of Pook's Hill, we completed our screen play — the first, and the only one, I believe, on which he ever worked ".

What became of this film? I can find notes in *The Kipling Journal* of June and September 1935 about it being made — " Parts of *Soldiers Three*, 60,000 feet of film have already reached England, so the *Film Weekly* informs us, and adds : " Kipling himself has helped to prepare the film story . . . " And a letter from Major B. J. Bewdley, R.A., noting that: " The battle scenes have just been taken near Landikotal at the summit of the Khyber Pass ".

After this I can discover no further reference. Perhaps a Member who saw the film (if it materialised) can tell us about it. A film of the same name was certainly shown — but reports said that the name only was by Kipling.

However, he certainly worked on the original script, as Colonel Rawlinson says. For Professor Carrington tells me that Mrs. Kipling noted in her diary : " Mr. Rawlinson to do the scenario for *Soldiers Three* " on November 17, 1934, and that Kipling was " working on a scenario of *Soldiers Three* " the following January.

Of course we know that Kipling was associated with the writing of other film scripts besides this one — even if the films were not always made. Among early ones were *The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows* and *Without Benefit of Clergy* about which an interesting article by E. P.

Kinsella, who worked on the technical side of these films, was published in *The Strand Magazine* in March 1923 ; while in 1935 Kipling was himself working on a scenario based on "Aunt Ellen".

There is good scope for an article on Kipling films, with an authoritative list of those actually made and released. Then perhaps the Kipling Society can follow the lead of the Sherlock Holmes Society and have some private film shows for its members ?

WHAT KIPLING IS READ ?

In his *Daily Mail* article on the televising of " The Eye of Allah ", Peter Black asks : " Who reads Kipling nowadays ? The addicts have him on their shelves. Since 1946 Macmillan's have sold 1,390,000 copies of his prose works. He stands in rows in the public libraries, and is taken out about once a month. Children do *Kim* as school reading, and sometimes go on to the *Just So Stories* and the *Jungle Books*. But they do not develop an appetite for more. Only the lucky, more perceptive few go on to the marvellous *Puck of Pook's Hill* and its companion piece, *Rewards and Fairies*, and thence to selective reading of all his tales ".

The answer seems to be that Kipling as a whole is read only by the few, and those mainly of middle age or older. On the other hand his books and stories for young people are read — usually at school — very widely, and find a place in all school and juvenile libraries. But then the gulf comes, and there seems to be no easy means of bridging it. The adolescent feels (however erroneously) that he has done with " kid's stuff " like the *Jungle* and *Puck* stories : but what is he to do next ? Wanting guidance, the natural answer is an anthology : but here he has only Somerset Maugham's selection which (like that issued recently in America) represents the early Kipling only. And it is not easily realised how alien the early Kipling is to most young people of today — particularly if they come to him with the critical echoes of "Jingoism", "Imperialism" and "Brutality" ringing in their ears. " You can't really expect the Welfare State to admire Kipling ", says Peter Black, thinking probably of what is still generally described as " the typical Kipling " — the Anglo-Indian world, whether Mrs. Hawksbee or Mulvaney moves in the foreground, " William the Conqueror " or the *Brushwood Boy*.

The other way in is to pick up an odd volume " on spec " and dip into it. Here again the young reader has heard, however vaguely, of *Plain Tales* or *Soldiers Three* and is more likely to take down one of these than venture on an unknown later volume with a peculiar name that gives nothing away. And if he does plunge for the unknown, " The Captive " or " Sea Constables " are not perhaps the best incentive to further reading if he chances on them rather than " They " or " The Eye of Allah ", " An Habitation Enforced " or " The Church that was at Antioch ".

KIPLING IN LIVERPOOL

The question of who reads Kipling was brought vividly to the fore at Professor Carrington's excellent lecture, " Kipling and the Imperial-

ists", which he delivered on November 16 as part of the fortnight's "Celebration of the Arts 1890-1914" put on by the Bluecoat Society of Arts in Liverpool. The smallish audience consisted almost entirely of middle-aged and elderly people: but a small group of undergraduates from the University made their presence felt in the discussion which followed. To them Kipling was on the one hand the author of several books they had read as children or at school, and on the other hand the author of books which nobody read and were not worth reading. Professor Carrington opened a new and exciting vista for them — "Those who came to scoff remained to pray" — and they went home proposing to get Kipling out of the library next day . . . But from a large University with a flourishing English Department (which filled the same hall last year for a lecture on Dickens) only a bare half-dozen had troubled to step outside the syllabus and come to hear about Kipling.

With a period so recent, there was no exhibition of books in this year's Celebration, but an extensive one of the Theatre of the period. Kipling found an honoured place in this, but the exhibits, to offer a link with the general theme, were mainly of stories such as *The Light that Failed* and "The Man Who Was" which have been dramatised. Early copies, programmes and photographs of these and *The Harbour Watch* (some lent by the Kipling Society) gave the excuse for the inclusion of a few rare editions, and also of two manuscript poems and a little-known photograph lent by Mrs. Bambridge.

Kipling was also represented in the Dramatic Entertainment on the last night which consisted of burlesques in one act and recitations of parodies — all written both in and concerning the period. A selection from Owen Seaman's *The Battle of the Bays* scored its best hit with "The Rhyme of the Kipperling" — still one of the best parodies of his early verse.

KIPLING'S BEST STORIES

In 1928 and again in 1948 attempts were made by members of the Kipling Society to decide which were Kipling's best stories, and the results were published in the *Journal*. Has the time come for a fresh assessment?

Having been thinking much about the question of presenting Kipling to the new generation, I have prepared a list of stories that might make up an anthology for some popular edition of Classics when the time comes for Kipling to take his place amongst his peers. My list omits full-length books and the stories written mainly for children — though I have taken one from *The Second Jungle Book* and one from *Rewards and Fairies*.

As I felt that the list must be practical, I have added the number of pages in each story, and from the twenty-four selected — which would make rather a large volume — have chosen twelve (those with titles printed in italics) to make a single 400 page volume suitable for some such series as Everyman's Library.

The Man who would be King (50)

The Drums of the Fore and Aft (45)

- The Courting of Dinah Shadd (32)
 The Head of the District (30)
The Man Who Was (20)
 Without Benefit of Clergy (30)
The Finest Story in the World (40)
The Miracle of Puran Bhagat (20)
 My Sunday at Home (20)
 The Maltese Cat (25)
The Brushwood Boy (45)
 The Tomb of His Ancestors (45)
 The Bonds of Discipline (34)
They (30)
An Habitation Enforced (46)
 Marklake Witches (22)
In the Same Boat (30)
The Vortex (20)
 My Son's Wife (43)
The Propagation of Knowledge (25)
The Gardener (15)
The Eye of Allah (30)
 Dayspring Mishandled (30)
The Church that was at Antioch (25)

The difficulty in preparing such a list is to strike a mean between those generally held to be the best and one's own favourites — and to represent as many sides of Kipling's genius as possible. Of those given above three stories — "The Man Who would be King", "The Maltese Cat" and "The Bonds of Discipline" — not being favourites of my own, are included only from a sense of duty (the first is undoubtedly a very great story); and three of my own favourites — "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney", "Wireless" and "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat" — are omitted: the first and third are disliked by many critics whose opinion I value, and "Wireless" is far too like, and a little less good than "The Finest Story in the World".

But argument and justification are endless, and I expect a storm of disagreement and correction from Members — either in the form of counter-lists, or of reasoned criticisms of my list with suggestions for emendation. I not only expect but look forward to such contributions and (if they are not too numerous!) will do my best to include them in future issues of the *Journal*.

DEATH OF A PAPER

In the *Daily Telegraph* of December 29 "B.U.P." reports from Karachi under the heading "Kipling Paper to Close" that "The Karachi newspaper *Dawn* said today that the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette* would close on February 1. The *Gazette* was established in 1870, and was the oldest English-language newspaper in Pakistan. On one of the newspaper's office walls is a plaque inscribed: "Rudyard Kipling worked here". Editorial and printing staffs are said to have petitioned

the Government to try to persuade the publishers not to close the newspaper ".

THE READERS' GUIDE

The first volume of this guide to Kipling's works is now in the press, and any members anxious to obtain a copy should write for information to our Hon. Treasurer, Mr. R. E. Harbord ("Spring Grange", Wood End, Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts). It has been prepared by Mr. Harbord and several other members of the Kipling Society, but is being printed privately for Mr. Harbord and his friends in a strictly limited edition, which is his own personal work. It is not and will not be for sale, but the list of subscribers is not yet full.

The first volume (of a proposed six) contains Guides to *Plain Tales*, *Kim*, *Soldiers Three*, *Wee Willie Winkie*, *The Complete Stalky & Co.* and early uncollected stories, and will be a rare and valuable item in any Kipling collection.

As only a small number of Members of the Kipling Society are likely ever to possess Mr. Harbord's volumes, Guides to select stories will continue to appear in the *Journal* from time to time — particularly now that the size has been increased to thirty-two pages, but the flow of contributions shows little sign of rising to meet it.

In the present number a Guide to "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" is included in reply to a Member in South Africa who has written asking for information about the old volume of *Sharpe's Magazine* which "Punch" found in the House of Desolation.

At a later date I hope to write further about Captain Holloway and the Battle of Navarino, but I am still searching for the origin of the song. A letter to *Notes and Queries* has so far brought no reply: can any Member help? I have traced five different poems on "The Battle of Navarino", but still not the one which Kipling quotes in the story.

R.L.G.

MUSICAL EVENING AT THE LANSDOWNE CLUB

Instead of a Discussion Meeting on November 23rd, 1960, we had a musical evening, and how we enjoyed it! The programme was composed of gramophone records of songs by Kipling set to music by various composers and sung by great singers of the past. Mr. Bazley brought the records along from his collection, and they included several settings of Mandalay besides such other great favourites as "*Follow Me 'ome*", "*Mother o' Mine*", "*Cells*", "*Route Marchin'*" (in which the chorus was augmented *sotto voce* but with gusto), "*Boots*" and "*The Smuggler's Song*". To everyone's joy Mr. Buck had also brought two private recordings, made by himself, of "*Merrow Down*" and "*Of All the Tribe of Tegumai*".

A wonderful surprise was provided by Mr. R. Lancelyn Green who brought us the records made especially for the Kipling Society and presented by the B.B.C. of the last two public speeches made by Kipling. To those of us who had heard the original broadcasts these evoked memories, delightful and also tragic; while for those who had never heard R.K.'s voice they proved a moving experience.

I.S.G.

THE LAMENTABLE COMEDY OF WILLOW WOOD

by Rudyard Kipling

" O ye, all ye that walk in Willow Wood,
 That walk with hollow faces burning white ;
 What fathom-depth of soul-struck widowhood,
 What long, what longer hours, one life-long night,
 Ere ye again, who so in vain have wooed
 Your last hope lost, who so in vain invite
 Your lips to that their unforgotten food,
 Ere ye, ere ye again shall see the light ! "
[D. G. Rossetti]

PERSONS CHIEFLY CONCERNED

HE (a man).

SHE (a woman).

SCENE — *Grey Downs, late in the afternoon ; a sea-fog coming over the cliffs.*

HE. (*Roan horse, second-best saddlery, double-mouthed snaffle, nose-band, no spurs, crop.*) It feels as though it were going to rain. Suppose we . . .

SHE. (*Bay horse, third-best habit, cloth cap, double bridle, martingale, and worn gauntlets.*) I've nothing on that can spoil, and there's nothing to go back for before dinner. I *must* say the Deeleys are the dearest hosts in the world. Fancy them letting me take out Mickey. I always thought he was specially reserved for Mrs. Deeley.

HE (*aside*). Exactly! ' Gets the pick of the stable — hauls a man out of the smoking-room, and *he* gets — hold up, you brute ! — a yorcking hog of a hack with the mouth of a turnstile and the manners of a steam-engine, and so must wait her pleasure. (*Aloud.*) Yes, it's one of the nicest country houses I know, but look at this beast. The head-groom doesn't love me.

SHE (*aside*). Hands of a butcher, if you only knew it. (*Aloud.*) I'm afraid you have been unlucky. But misfortunes never come singly. It was your fault for loafing so aggressively in the smoking-room.

HE. AS how?

SHE. I saw you from the garden, and it seemed that you might just as well take me out as loll on a sofa. So I suggested to Mrs. Deeley — and there really was no one else available. (*Aside.*) ' Mustn't sulk for half an hour and not expect to be paid out.

HE. Thank you. I had supposed there wasn't. They all went out after lunch. Er — er ! have you noticed the deep interest that the young take in Norman ruins when two can look at them at the same time ? It's natural, I suppose. (*Aside.*) I know she saw young Oulthorp go out with Miss Massing.

SHE (*aside*.) To my address, but clumsy. (*Aside*.) Yes, I suggested their going.

HE (*aside*.) What an atrocious fib. I believe she sleeps regularly after lunch, and I know she never lets Oulthorp look at Miss Massing.

(*Aloud*.) Well, shall we canter on and pick up our archaeologists?

SHE (*sweetly*.) Can't you hold him in then? He is dancing a little bit; but perhaps you are irritating his poor dear mouth?

HE. Poor dear mouth! He never had such a thing in his life.

SHE. But he must have some feelings, and it is hardly worth while harrowing them because your own are upset

HE. YOU are saddling me with all sorts of sins that never came into my head. Of course I'm delighted to be your escort.

SHE. Of course. What else could you say?

HE. This only. If it has seemed good to you to drag out an almost entire stranger for a ride in this particularly sloppy country, I don't see that it is worth squabbling with him. (*Aside*.) It's a strong face and I like it, but I hate having my riding scoffed at.

SHE. YOU are a remarkably plain-spoken person.

HE. I'm afraid I was led into it. Also I'll confess I did sulk.

SHE. I know you did, and I don't wonder. After all, it must be a bore to entertain a woman who — how was it? — "goes to sleep over her soup and looks as though she fed on bolsters". Eh?

HE (*aside*.) Oh, damn!

SHE. YOU should never become confidential in the smoking-room with Mr. Dollin. He tells his wife everything, and she, not being too wise, tells me.

HE (*aside*.) I wonder if this is her method of being engaging. It is monotonous. (*Aloud*.) I deny every word of it. Dollin misunderstood. — Did Mrs. Dollin tell you everything that was said in the smoking-room?

SHE (*aside*.) 'Curiously alike men are when you make them uncomfortable. (*Aloud*.) Thank you. I know what you mean. Yes, she did; and I must say that you men might find some better amusement than making fun of poor Mr. Oulthorp.

HE (*aside*.) I thought so. (*Aloud, stiffly*.) Pardon me, but was it for this that I was brought out?

SHE. NO. But since you are here I may as well speak. Is it fair?

HE. There's a certain amount of frivolity in a smoking-room, and I suppose Oulthorp gets his share like everyone else.

SHE. But he doesn't like it.

HE. I'm afraid that makes no difference. (*Aside*.) This is a revelation I object to being called to account like a schoolboy. (*Aloud*.) And you know Oulthorp is not very wise.

SHE. In that he is specially devoted to me?

HE. I never said that.

SHE. But what do you think?

HE. Nothing. Why should I? Am I his keeper — or yours? Indeed I was no worse than the others.

SHE. NO worse than the others! There speaks the man. Will you listen to me for a minute?

- HE. It seems that I was invited to that end. (*Aside.*) If I sent my heel into the beast I know he'd bolt. ' Question is, could I pull him up this side of sunset. (*Aloud.*) Frankly, you know, I never understood what you saw in young Oulthorp — I mean what your object was in taking him up. As I said just now, he is not over wise, nor, for matter of that, very amusing.
- SHE (*after a pause.*) Have you ever been put on a pedestal and worshipped?
- HE. NO.
- SHE. Have you ever known what it was to feel everything you said or did of more importance to one person than anything else in the world — to find yourself treated as absolutely perfect? —
- HE. Poor beggar! So bad as that, was he? (*Aside.*) I wonder if the beast would bolt. I don't like this talk.
- SHE. But have you?
- HE. N-no. Why should I?
- SHE. HOW can I tell? And have you ever found all that trust, all that belief, and all that adoration bore you beyond words?
- HE (*as his heel goes home.*) Come round, you brute ! come round !
- SHE. And yet have you felt that you wouldn't give it up for anybody — that it was, somehow, a refuge from yourself, when you were afraid to think or remember? Can't you see? He believes in me absolutely.
- HE (*looking between his horse's ears.*) Um !
- SHE (*quickly.*) Has he said anything . . . in the smoking-room?
- HE. Certainly not. (*Aside.*) Dollin is a fool, but he has evidently sense enough not to tell everything.
- SHE. Then what do you mean ?
- HE. Let us look this thing in the face since you will insist on scolding me. Will you do young Oulthorp any good?
- SHE. I shall make a man of him at least.
- HE. I fancied Miss Massing was more than equal to that little business.
- SHE. She is at perfect liberty — when I have finished.
- HE. Which will be — ?
- SHE. When he goes of his own accord.
- HE. Have you the courage to wait for the end, then?
- SHE. I don't think you quite understand. He bores me — horribly.
- HE. SO I am willing to believe.
- SHE. TOO good of you, I'm sure, to take the trouble . . . It is only because he thinks me sweet and perfect. It is not (*in a loud twice and slowly*) it is not — that — I care ; I don't. But I shall do him no harm — indeed I shan't.
- HE. I have nothing to do with the affair.
- SHE. Yes ; you have. They'll listen to you for ever in the smoking-room. You have influence over them. Why can't you keep them amused, instead of helping to make fun of him? You tell them things — I know you do — for I hear of them from Mrs. Dollin.
- HE. (*aside.*) ' Seems to me that Dollin is making a burial-service to be said over his own grave. (*aloud.*) I never understood it was my

mission to amuse a country-house for the sake of young Oulthorp. And, really, do you think that a—a—regard that cannot stand a little chaff now and then— ?

SHE. Oh, it will go fast enough under any circumstances. Only— only I don't want to lose it before I must.

HE (*softly, looking at her*). Forgive me. I'm *so* sorry.

SHE. DO I look like a woman who needs pity? Why should you give it me?— I don't want it.

HE. Because of what must have gone before.

SHE. I don't know what you mean.

HE. Don't you? Would you like me to explain?

SHE. NO. But what do you mean?

HE. Nothing. I ask no questions. Only, as a general rule, I imagine a woman does not take a deep interest in the blind adoration that a boy like Oulthorp gives— a boy for whom she does not care either— unless she has lost something much— much— more important . . . But perhaps you are the exception?

SHE. (*bowing her head*). That's enough. I am the rule . . . And now do you understand me?

HE. Less than ever, to tell you the truth.

SHE. Shall I tell you the truth for a change?

HE. At your own risk. Remember I can guess at the outlines, and you may hate me because you have told me. (*aside*). I wonder if she tells everybody. ' Couldn't be, 'r else I should have heard something about her in the smoking-room. What a chin it is !

SHE. Would you care if I hated you?

HE. Not a bit. It might worry you a little. Well, tell me.

SHE. (*after a pause*). It's— it's difficult. There was— and I couldn't help it— and I had my warnings— lots of women told me about him, and I knew that he wasn't to be trusted, and I knew that I was the only one who knew that. So I was sure of myself— and I was, you know. But I did care— everything, in every way. That was why, perhaps, it ended as it did. After seven years. My God, after seven years !

HE. And what did you do?

SHE. (*simply*). Said " Fank' oo ", and went away smiling.

HE. YOU!

SHE. Yes, me ! Why shouldn't I? It was everything in the world to me. And when it finished I hadn't the heart to complain.

HE. YOU don't look like a person who would be grateful for being treated in that way. And after?

SHE. I continued to exist beautifully— with variations.

HE. Of what kind?

SHE. Oh, pictures and the poor. 'Specially the poor. You can think sometimes if you sit alone painting. If you slumgullion you can't think. Many others have found out that trick, and the poor owe much to it. Then the boy— young Oulthorp came in, he was some sort of a rest. But I have found that I have a double brain that does its own thinking whatever I do. Did you ever find that?

HE. (*incautiously*). Yes, worse luck.

- SHE. (*aside*). I knew the fire had gone over his face. (*aloud and very slowly*) 'Pleasant, isn't it—to find all the sorrow, and all the sacrifice —
- HE. (*hoarsely, looking into the fog*). There's no sacrifice. I'll swear there isn't.
- SHE. —*all* the sacrifice, the care and the tenderness, the forethought, the comprehension, and—and all the rest of it go for nothing just because one person has grown tired.
- HE. (*with a shiver*). For goodness' sake let's talk of something else.
- SHE. (*bitterly*). What shall we talk about? Nice things—pretty things? Books and pictures and plays? I'm quite ready. You begin.
- HE (*after a pause*). 'Don't think the conversation led up to nice things exactly.
- SHE. HOW strange! Well?
- HE. Er—does the—does the pain last for ever?
- SHE. I don't know. I've only had four years of it—every day and all day long.
- HE (*feebly*). Not really?
- SHE. If—if the other thing was real, this is. It begins when I wake and it ends when I sleep—and it begins again when I wake again.
- HE. HOW you must hate the man!
- SHE. Worse than that. I only hated a little in the beginning. Now I am beginning not to care. It's all over—all except the pain, and so, you see it's doubly worthless. Believe me, if he were to cross the road now under my feet, I shouldn't even turn my head to—Good God, what's that!
- A shepherd jumps into the road from a bank. Mickey Shies.*
- HE. Drop your hands; he's going to bolt! Gone, by Jove! Do I follow.
- SHE (*over her shoulder*). Yes. I can just hold him. Come along! Where does this road end?
- HE. 'London, if you go far enough. Can you take a pull at your brute?
- SHE. I'll try. (*leans over.*) No! Wait till a hill tires him. I'm not afraid. Who'd have thought it in a quiet steady . . . I believe I shall be afraid in a minute. Ow! There goes my hair.
- HE. Shall I lean over and take a pull at him?
- SHE. (*gasping and pulling*). No! 'Bring him down if you did. He's coming in—a—little—bit. Ouch! That's better. Steady, Mickey darling. There's nothing to be afraid of. Softly, old man. (*pulls horse into a canter.*) I didn't like that.
- HE. Which? The man that appeared?
- SHE. NO. Trying to ride away from myself. We might have ended in a quarry.
- HE. It was the other beast behind him that drove Mickey mad. The best of horses get excited sometimes. By the way, have I to go back and pick up hairpins?
- SHE. Poor thing—no. I'll bundle it up under my cap somehow with the few that remain to me. (*aside.*) This man is a man. (*aloud.*) I wish people wouldn't pop up so suddenly.
- HE. He came just in time to show how little you cared.
- SHE. NO, that was Mickey's fault.

HE. Even if you caught Mickey short by the head and drove your spur into him.

SHE. I deny the spur. The other thing may be. (*Watching his face.*) It seems to please you, somehow.

HE. NO — I don't think so. But you *do* care for that man even now?

SHE. Yes.

HE. In spite of everything?

SHE. In spite of everything — yes.

HE. Good Lord !

SHE. I don't think He has anything to do with it. He doesn't even help to forget. He leaves that to the Bambino.

HE. That reminds me. Since we have gone so far, I shouldn't build too much on young Oulthorp's absolute devotion.

SHE. What do you mean? Julia Massing?

HE. Yes, I think so.

SHE (*absently*). Little Har! He's like you, though.

HE. Why? I never adored you.

SHE. NO, but you have Hed to someone else. I am certain of it.

HE. And if I did, what have you gained by keeping faith?

SHE. Seven years of life at least. I am only paying for them now.

HE. IS the price too high — are you sorry?

SHE. Yes, I am sorry — bitterly sorry — that I ever knew him. There's no dignity of tragedy to console me. I am sorry, and I laugh at myself for being sorry.

HE. But if you had the chance over again what would you do?

SHE. Why do you ask — why do you want to find out? So that you may measure another woman's pain by mine ; because you have treated some woman as —. Is that it?

HE. I—I don't know.

SHE. But I do. (*Edging in towards him.*) Look at me. Even I — even I am Beatrice ! That line at the corner of the eyes comes from crying — doctors will tell you so — crying till there are no more tears to cry. That little horseshoe in the forehead — now considered fascinating — comes from lying staring wide awake without shutting your eyes, night after night, thinking, thinking, thinking everything over again from the beginning. You can get that mark for life after three nights' pain. I have it. Those are the outward and visible signs — some of them. The mouth, too — (*leaning to the off side*).

HE (*dully*). Yes, I see.

SHE. YOU don't. All you are thinking of is —

HE. God forbid !

SHE (*leaning further*). My dear sir, it would be quite enough if I (*softening*) gave permission.

HE. NO, thank you. Not this dance.

SHE (*resetting herself in her saddle*). Then I believe you do care for her.

HE (*aside*). A chance missed. (*Aloud.*) Pooh ! that's no proof. But you needn't continue your explanation.

SHE. I could say such a lot if I chose.

- HE (*leading towards the cliff's edge*). Go on, then. You were talking about mental symptoms.
- SHE. I was, but I won't go on. (*Aside, to herself.*) It seems to me that the fog or something is seriously affecting your brain, dear. Never mind. Dinner at eight, two gongs, and a fat man to take me in. Let us be thankful, O Civilisation, for all thy mercies.
- HE. I want you to, though.
- SHE. Then I will. (*Aside.*) You will have it, and I would have let you off because you understood — a little. (*Aloud.*) There are one thousand different ways of going to perdition. She will probably choose the nine hundred and ninety-nine that I have not taken. And it will be your fault. She may even bless you later for setting her on one of those roads. Does that hurt sufficiently?
- HE. I have known pleasanter things. Well?
- SHE. There's no more to say. You can hurt yourself better than I can hurt you. How long was your affair for?
- HE. Five years.
- SHE. Who ended it?
- HE. It ended itself.
- SHE. Sweet child of nature! That wrought *my* only woe. In other words, it was your vanity — as it was his.
- HE (*aside.*) My turn now. (*Aloud.*) Perhaps your friend got tired.
- SHE. It is very possible. I was everything and more than everything. Now I am nothing, and less than nothing. But *I* never cheated in word or deed.
- HE. Did he, then?
- SHE. I was thinking of *her*.
- HE (*wincing*). I can do my own thinking there, thank you.
- SHE. I fancied from your invitation you wanted an assistant.
- HE. Good heavens! What is the use of two rats in a burning bucket biting at each other? Let's swear eternal peace.
- SHE. Because you are getting hurt — eh? I am hurt day after day, hour after hour, minute after minute — but you only while you are talking to me — because you're a man, and therefore a coward.
- HE. And therefore a coward. It's a consoling knowledge. (*He edges horse towards cliff's edge.*)
- SHE. Doesn't it make you want to swear at me?
- HE (*reining up and looking at the beach below*). No. Anything but that just now. Can you see down there, through the fog?
- SHE. Yes! It's a remarkably pretty view. (*Sees Oulthorp and Miss Massing, side by side.*) Aah!
- HE. SO much for Norman ruins.
- SHE. Thank you. So one of them thinks. But what a finished liar Oulthorp must be. If he had only spoken the truth. (*To herself.*) Why, only today . . .
- HE. I daresay he had a natural hesitation about approaching you on the subject.
- SHE. He didn't understand. (*Critically and peering down.*) He is kissing Julia Massing.
- HE. Why not?

SHE. Why not, indeed? At this very moment, by the light of the knowledge you taught her, *she* may be— (*his horse plunges away from the cliff*).

HE (*administering correction with the crop*). That engagement will be given out tonight, in their faces, and announced at breakfast tomorrow. You'll have to congratulate him.

SHE. If you had only kept the smoking-room amused, I might have had three days more of Oulthorp's "eternal devotion". That's all.

HE. Remember, I only came into your councils this afternoon—late.

SHE. And we have done each other an immense amount of good since?

HE. We have sympathised at least.

SHE (*throat-note in voice*). There's nothing like sympathy—holy sympathy, is there?

HE. Nothing. Especially when one is in real trouble.

SHE. 'SO sweet, when a man lays his hand on yours—quite by accident—and says that he is prepared to sympathise with you to any extent—

HE. Ho! ho! They do that, too.

SHE. YOU know. And the next minute you find that the hand has become an arm, and you are standing with your back to the mantelpiece spitting "Sir-r!" like an angry pussy-cat, and asking what in the world he means. For comprehension and disinterestedness, give me the sympathy of a man.

HE (*tenderly*). All the same I am sorry for you—dear.

SHE. I didn't catch the last word. I'll believe the others.

HE. That's enough, then. I *am* sorry.

SHE. Because you see in me the best possible result of what you may have done to *her*; and you don't like it? Sorrow? What use is sorrow to me? If all the hosts of Heaven came down and said they were sorry for me, I could only give them tea, and tell them that they bored me. They should have set things right in the beginning.

HE. Blame the poor little cherubs, of course! I thought you were more honest than that!

SHE. I am only talking nonsense—you know what I mean. We have no right to complain. But we do.

HE. It takes a great deal to make people understand that if they break the Tables of Stone the pieces cut their feet.

SHE. And then they find out that they mustn't show the pain. It isn't pretty, and it doesn't amuse drawing-rooms. If it did, I should be happy to scream for hours like a steam-engine.

HE. Which reminds me—by way of stoking—I wonder what there'll be for dinner tonight.

SHE. The first and the last dish is Mr. Warbstow, who explains to us that we attach too much importance to the Deity. I yawn.

HE. Mrs. Deeley has a gift for collecting queer people at her troughs.

SHE. And none queerer than our two sweet selves. Fancy her face if she could listen now!

HE. She would be truly grieved. Don't you think we might try to change the conversation?

SHE. I forgot. I have my punishment here now and yours comes later.

Very well. What shall we talk about? The fog?

HE (*after a pause*). I don't see why you should be so certain of your luck. I am punished too.

SHE. Only a little— for just as long as you are talking to me. Wait the hereafter.

HE (*wiping his forehead*). But surely I am punished now. If I had killed anyone it couldn't be worse.

SHE. Killing's nothing. You may have done exactly the opposite. In which case, your torment will be heavier. Think of it for a minute, I was killed : and I am not grateful to the man who killed me. *She* may thank you yet for waking her to life. Does that hurt enough?

HE. Enough to pay for all.

SHE. Not unless you keep on thinking. One spasm of agony does not pay. You must think.

HE. I—I dare not.

SHE. Exactly. I dare because I must. You don't because you have other things to da. Therefore you will be dealt with later. As my murderer will be.

HE. HOW do you know?

SHE. I don't—and to tell the truth I don't care—as far as you're concerned.

HE. I know you don't, but you needn't have said so.

SHE. What mercy do you deserve? If you suffer as you say you do so much the better for you. Oh, dear God ! if I could believe that *he* felt for one little minute only a tithe of what I feel every hour I'd die contented.

HE. Have you never tried to go through the door then?

SHE. Once. A year ago.

HE. HOW?

SHE. The silver cigarette-case and the graduated tubes, of course. Is there any other way? And—and when I had sat down—I was in that old black frock you spilt some coffee over the other night—I—I thought, when it would be all over, of a hand keeping me down in the chair, and saying—"Think. Go on thinking, dear. There's all eternity to think in". So it seemed to me I should gain nothing.

HE. An eternity of sitting still in a comfortable chair and thinking.

SHE. That was only my notion. We're told that God's mercies are infinite. There may be more horrible tortures.

HE. Which be they?

SHE. For you? Oh, watching her—perhaps. I don't think anything could make me do more than giggle. My punishment is now—now—now ! Here, at the Deeleys' and anywhere else, and the only pauses allowed are like the vinegar to give me fresh strength to feel. It's cruel.

HE (*laughing*). Wages o' sin, mum, wages o' sin.

SHE. It's not fair. If the wages were death I'd have claimed them long ago—long ago.

HE. On the strict understanding that you went to sleep immediately afterwards. Isn't that a little cowardly?

SHE. O help me ! Am I to endure for ever?

HE. AS long as the Law endures. You have given me the same comfort, and — it's very cold. (*A long pause, during which he watches her face.*)

SHE (*dropping right hand on the pommel-head*). Let's protest. Let's rebel!

HE. Against what, and which, and how?

SHE. Everything that makes us what we are. Lost faith — lost hope — lost belief — and — and all the rest.

HE. Then isn't there anything to pick out of the wreck?

SHE. If you give everything nothing remains.

HE. Are you so sure?

SHE. AS sure as you are.

HE. Every moment tells me that — I am not sure.

SHE (*aside*). How like a man. (*Aloud*) That is the last five moments — only a little feeling born of pique and longing for the impossible.

HE. It is more. I am certain of it. All things have their first five minutes though they go on for centuries—

SHE (*aside*). It grows amusing. He is almost interesting.

HE. — We both stand at the same starting-point; we have gone through the same fire. Doesn't it draw us together?

SHE (*with a little laugh*). How; in what? In that we have both come out on the other side with the life burnt out. The sympathy of cinders? Too late, it is all too late.

HE. I don't believe it's possible to suffer for — (*Mickey shies violently and disappears into the fog*). What's that — where have you gone to?

SHE (*from the fog*). A gipsy fire, I think. Burned out. What a stupid horse; he must have seen that a dozen times.

HE. The fog made it look large. Come back (*voice rising*), Oh, come back to me, little woman!

SHE. I never came. How can I come back?

HE. Then come now.

SHE. Mickey's 'fraid.

HE. Cut his soul out!

SHE. And make him happier than myself. No (*To horse.*) Come along, Mickey. There's nothing to be scared at. Only ashes, little white ashes. (*Cantering through the fog; leaning off side and holding out her hand.*) I am so tired, so tired — and I am here.

HE (*taking her hand and dropping it*). 'No use. It doesn't bite.

SHE. I thought it wouldn't, and now I know. All things are finished, there is no more fire, no more life, only the pretending, and the pain, that is all. This is part of the punishment. God help us both.

HE. He can't. But I hoped somehow that we might pick up some pieces sometime.

SHE. We could, if you could tell me one oath that I have not heard from *his* lips, or I could give you one promise that you had not heard from hers. And yet you were prepared to risk it?

HE. I am still — because you understand.

SHE. I think I understand too well. But you shall enlighten me. Suppose, for a minute, that you really love me.

HE. I have supposed that for some minutes already.

SHE. Then say it in a loud and cheerful voice. Can you?

HE. Yes. I love you.

SHE (*quietly*). Do you know anything of the state of Mickey's hocks?
(*Aside.*) I know if you put your hand behind the cantle he rears on end.

HE. Damn Mickey's hocks !

SHE. NO, something quite different. (*Puts hand behind cantle — Mickey rears.*) Now recant quickly. Swear by the holiest thing you know — swear by *her* life — up, Mickey ! — that you'd let me and this dear beast — doesn't he stand up beautifully and snort ? — drown or die, if you could get her back for half a minute. Quick ! recant, or I'll pull Mickey over backwards.

HE (*wearily*). Let him down. You needn't have thrown in the circus. It's true.

SHE. By Her life, is it true?

HE. By Her life.

SHE (*as Mickey drops on his forelegs*). Then you are —

HE. I am what I am. For pity's sake, let me be. Let's go back. (*Oulthorp and Miss Massing trot past in the fog.*)

SHE. Very good. Keep behind these two and contemplate the rewards of virtue. We'll go slowly in order that we may appreciate the things we have lost.

HE. Indeed we won't. We're going to ride as fast as we can.

SHE. YOU have no spur?

HE. He'll answer to the whip, and you can rowel enough for both. Take him up and we'll go.

(*They go.*)

SHE. We mustn't turn into the Deeleys' grounds at this rate. Pull up, and I promise not to say another word till we get in.

HE. On your honour?

SHE. YOU swear by strange gods — yes, if it will please you.

(*She keeps the promise till they are coming up the carriage-drive.*)

SHE. Oh, the girls have been singing all the afternoon. I wish I'd stayed in to assist. Listen !

(*They rein up by the shrubbery.*)

(*Contralto Voice from the music-room; piano and violin accompaniment.*)

" I am lost to faith, I am lost to hope,
I am lost to all that should make me fain —
I have lost my way in the light of day,
God send that I find it soon again !"

HE (*taking her hand*). Then there is one chance after all?

SHE. NO ; (*aside.*) you threw it away by the fire. (*aloud.*) Listen for the next verse. I know the song. It's a new setting.

VOICE. " The sun went down an hour ago,

I wonder if I face toward home.

How shall I find it now night is come —

Now night is come !"

SHE (*Dropping from her horse*). Think! And — go on thinking.

"THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING"

by Lord Birkett, P.C.

The Kipling Society Luncheon: Speech by Lord Birkett of Ulverston, October 18th, 1960.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
My first duty must be to acknowledge the honour of being invited to this Luncheon of the Kipling Society, and of being entrusted with this toast which commemorates the great name of Rudyard Kipling and his imperishable contribution to English Literature.

You may remember that when that great scholar and poet A. E. Housman delivered the Leslie Stephen Memorial Lecture at the University of Cambridge, he expressly disavowed any claim to the title of literary critic, and added that of all the gifts in Heaven's Treasury the gift of literary criticism was the one that was most rarely bestowed. I would respectfully adopt his language with much more reason for my modesty.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we are met for the single purpose of doing such honour as lies in our power to the name and memory of Rudyard Kipling, who was described by the Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges, in 1916 as "the greatest living genius that we have"; and I am glad to think that in 1960 I can pay my humble tribute in my own way. I am sure that no critical estimate of the life and work of Kipling is expected at a function of this kind, and the tribute I wish to pay in the short time that I shall address you, is a personal one, though I expect that I shall speak for many that are present here today.

Much of the very best work of Kipling was done when I was young and impressionable. I was fourteen for example when I first read "Recessional", and in that North Country town where I was born, I well remember walking the Furnace fells declaiming with a kind of ecstasy —

God of our Fathers known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget, Lest we forget.

It happened to be the time when I was forming that love of words that became one of the chief pleasures of my life. It was also the time when I was becoming acquainted with that great well of English undefiled—the Authorised Version of the Bible. Rudyard Kipling in "Recessional" was clearly a great lover of words and a great lover of the Authorised Version. He himself has said "A word should fall into its place like a bell in a full chime", and his complete mastery of phrase and cadence was derived in some measure from the cadences of **the Authorised** Version. Kipling knew as a writer that all words have a life of their own, even a magic of their own, and he became like Shake-

speare and Chaucer before him, a master of words and by his inspired use of words he added to the vigour and the life of our English tongue. "The right choice of words" said Caesar "is the fountain head of eloquence"; but Kipling had a further gift to add to his superb choice of words. He knew the magical effects that could be produced by putting the choice words in the right order, and we are told that he would declaim a paragraph or chant a poem until he was satisfied that the sentences had the rhythm and the cadences he wanted. This is really the great secret of every line and verse in "Recessional" which Kipling ranked so high among his verses. Some verses are almost a paraphrase of passages from the Bible, as for example —

"The tumult and the shouting dies
 The Captains and the Kings depart ;
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice
 An humble and a contrite heart
 Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, Lest we forget.

Let me add one further word on the personal note. When I was sixteen "Stalky & Co." appeared, and for me, even then, the most memorable part of the book was the poetical dedication by way of Preface. It has been in my heart and mind for over fifty years as the most beautiful tribute ever paid by an Old Boy to **the** masters of **his** school. It is also a wonderful commemoration of Benefactors which can be used in praise of all those who have contributed to the life of the world and its advancement. Just as the Bible was the inspiration for "Recessional" so the "Apocrypha", and particularly the Book of Ecclesiasticus was the inspiration for the Preface to Stalky & Co. **The** wonderful choice of words and their arrangement can be found in every line of every verse.

"Let us now praise famous men,
 Men of little showing,
 For their work continueth
 And their work continueth
 Broad and deep continueth
 Greater than their knowing.

There are as you know many stanzas but I will quote only two of them to illustrate the power of words and the ideals of Kipling.

Out of Egypt unto Troy
 Over Himalaya
 Far and sure the bands have gone
 Hy-Brazil and Babylon,
 Islands of the Southern Run
 And cities of Cathaia.

Each degree of latitude
 Strung about creation
 Seeth one or more of us
 Of one muster all of us,
 Diligent in that he does
 Keen in his vocation.

I must not spend more time on this personal note because I want to say a word or two about Kipling's lasting contribution to our literature. The wording of this toast speaks of " the Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling " and in the deepest sense that is undoubtedly true ; but literary reputations are made by public opinion in succeeding generations. There comes a moment when the reputation is fixed for ever. The work has stood the test of time and the sentence of the world has been delivered. Boswell and his *Life of Johnson*, Laurence Sterne and *Tristram Shandy*, Milton and *Paradise Lost*, Bacon and the *Essays*, Gibbon and the *Decline and Fall*, Bunyan and *The Pilgrim's Progress* — they are all illustrations of men and books that have gained a kind of immortality. It is really too early to make a final pronouncement of that kind on the work of Rudyard Kipling. After all it is scarcely a quarter of a century since he died and where final judgments are passed on literary reputations, twenty-five years is a very short time indeed. It may be that " *Kim* " or the " *Just So Stories* " will receive what I have called the sentence of the world, but the controversies that his work raised in his day are still remembered and time must pass for the clear unbiased final judgment. Kipling took the world by storm when he was 22 years old with his " *Plain Tales from the Hills* ". Dickens had done the same thing at about the same age with the publication of the " *Pickwick Papers* " ; and Kipling and Dickens had this in common that at twenty-two they wrote as well as ever they did throughout their subsequent careers. They were born writers, but Kipling's tales of Simla, the Anglo-Indian tales and the tales of native India brought him such fame that they have tended to colour the whole of his subsequent career and not always to his advantage. What is so often overlooked is that Kipling was at all times a man of letters.

He was not a professional soldier or a great engineer or a Master of Science writing from first-hand experience, but he was an imaginative writer of the very highest class and thus enabled to create the illusion that he was a specialist in all the matters about which he wrote. It is as a writer that he will be ultimately judged. In much of his work and particularly in the early Anglo-Indian tales dealing with the activities within the Indian Empire and with the work of the soldiers and civilians who were concerned with them, Kipling was regarded as a strong Imperialist who somewhat contemptuously derided the Progressive parties. The truth is that he was not a politician in any party sense and he kept rigorously aloof from all political parties ; but by the time he was thirty he had become for multitudes of people the eloquent expositor of a philosophy in which the men who did the world's work at home or abroad were to be held in the highest honour. Throughout all his work this note is struck again and again and if sometimes it sounded a provocative note it was difficult for Kipling to avoid it. His reference to " *flannelled fools at the wicket and muddied oafs at the goal* " caused great offence in sporting circles, and his strong comments on wider themes brought him enemies as well as friends. But the quality of Kipling is to be seen in the fact that he was quite unspoiled by praise and equally undisturbed by criticism. He felt that he must be free to express himself and to be his own master, and when, on the urgent representa-

tion of Mr. Balfour, Lord Salisbury offered him the office of Poet Laureate, he refused the honour as he thrice refused the offer of the Order of Merit, saying that his work for the Empire would be more serviceably done if it were without acknowledgement in the public eye. He was a believer in discipline and particularly in self-discipline and expressed himself always in downright terms.

It is safe to say that he will always be remembered as one of the world's great story tellers, as one of the world's great ballad-makers, and in much of his work, notably in "Kim", as one of the world's great imaginative writers. If he had managed to preserve his health and to write the great story of the Anglo-Saxons there is no telling what he might not have become; but after the age of forty-five he suffered greatly and the last twenty years of his life were a time of great pain and suffering in which inevitably his creative work suffered; **but** happily he had written much of his best work before illness overtook him and it is by his best work that the generations will assess his permanent place in English Literature. The members of the Kipling Society will hold him in grateful remembrance as a great lover of his country, a great lover also of the English countryside, a great patriot, a great idealist, and above all as a writer of genius who has enriched our literature with much that will abide and bring pleasure to all the succeeding generations.

I end as I began, by thanking the Society for the great honour of being allowed to pay this tribute here today.

'HIS NAME IS NEVER HEARD'

(*Raymond Mortimer, 1952*)

by the Hon. Secretary

IT'S the last day of October, 1960, and I've just pasted into our Kipling Scrap-Book the two-hundredth cutting since starting it in the middle of 1958. The Library, of course, contains several such books, of hippo size, choked with Kipling cuttings, but they are all years out of date, and I wanted to find out the extent to which, 22 years and more after his death, he is still mentioned or quoted in the contemporary Press. In two and a quarter years we have reached the double century — from very few sources of supply — and Members would find them fascinating to browse over. This being impossible, owing to lack of opportunity and the size of the book, I thought you might be interested to hear about a small selection of the best items.

Starting with pictures, first prize goes to a mural by Beerbohm over the entrance to his Rapallo villa. This shows twelve notabilities at the turn of the century (needless to say, R.K. resembles an offensive bulldog), and it was reproduced in a daily paper in December, 1958. Then we've a large cartoon showing an extinguished arc lamp bearing de Gaulle's face, just after its base has been struck by a car labelled European Free Trade. Title: "The Light that Failed" (November, 1958). Another, from a German paper, shows our Prime Minister staggering through the Bush, on his head a vast bundle labelled African Nationalism (Title: "White Man's Burden"), while from a Brighton

paper we have a very fine photo of the Church of the Recessional, Los Angeles, with an inscribed stone which shows it to be an exact copy of St. Margaret's, Rottingdean.

Longish articles comprise several parodies (see below), and an outstanding piece called "The Glory of the Garden", containing nine Kipling quotations from five different works. Great fun, and designed to show that, thanks to modern gadgetry, it's perfectly easy to sit in the shade *and* win flower-show prizes.

Parodies range from "Next of Kim" — long and rather pointless — to the rather delicious "Winesweepers", printed on an advertisement page (with apologies) by an enterprising wine firm . . .

Dawn off the Foreland, the Night Ferry pitching,

A Rocking and Rolling night.

Meetings ahead in the London office —

Ghastly day in sight.

Cabled Dominic from Dover — from the G.P.O. Marine ;

"Send up El Cid, Meursault, Chambertin, Bisquit and

Highland Queen".

Then we have a melancholy Just-So Story, finishing up : "And that, Best Beloved, is how your grandparents got the new pound note", and a couple of "L.C.C. Shanties". One of these opens with :

Oh, where are you going to, all you Green Liners . . . ?

and the last lines of the other one are :

We'll all embark on the high road, the by-road, the Bow road,

From dawn till dark on the high road, the road which is
always new.

Journalists seem often to raid R.K. for titles to their articles, and we have, among others, "Brandy for the Parson", "How far is St. Helena?", and (to a treatise on Leather) "Smells are surer than sounds or sights". Quotations, of course, are Legion, and I will finish with one none of us have yet been able to identify. It appeared in *Woman's Illustrated*, September 1959, enclosed in a little space all on its own :

A woman's guess is much more accurate than a man's certainty.

Rudyard Kipling.

Can anybody place this, please?

So far, in our Scrap-Book, sixty-four separate works of Kipling have been mentioned or quoted — eighteen stories and forty-six poems — and fresh arrivals will be specially welcome. The cuttings are drawn from about thirty magazines and newspapers ; the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Punch* and their ilk are easily the best providers, but *John o' London* is useful, also some local papers. We have had one from the *British Medical Journal*, quoting "Our Fathers of Old". From abroad, we have had contributions from the *Indian Express* and the *Madras Hindu*, and from at least thirteen United States publications, including *Congress Record* and the *Saturday Review*.

As I said at the beginning, all these have come in from very few sources. I hope more of you will keep a look-out and send me anything interesting you come across, especially pictures, parodies and advertisements (we've got one for a Kipling Rolls : "Will no one rid me of this regal relic?").

N.B. Snippets about the *racehorse* Kipling do *not* qualify. A.E.B.P

SOME ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY

Examined by W. B. G. Maitland

AN opportunity has now come to report more fully on the three additions to the Library referred to in the June number of the *Journal*.

The name of Edward Bok may not be widely known to any except the very keen student of Kipling, but Bok and Kipling were closely associated by Bok's Editorship of the *Ladies Home Journal* which carried much of Kipling's work between 1895 and 1911.

In his *Americanization of Edward Bok*, published in 1925, which is mainly autobiographical and written rather engagingly in the third person, Bok refers frequently to Kipling. But first a brief introduction to Edward Bok seems apposite.

He was in many ways an unusual man with two distinct and separate personalities. There was the Edward Bok, Editor and publicist, whom he describes in minute detail, and the other more personal, private self ; the two are quite detached from each other. The resulting descriptions in the book make interesting reading.

Bok was Dutch by birth and at the age of six was taken from his native land of Holland to the United States, where he was to spend the rest of his life.

His early years were hard since he had first to learn to speak English. With schooldays finally over he held various positions commencing in a baker's store in Brooklyn in 1873, and eventually as a stenographer with Charles Scribner in 1884. From that date he became permanently associated with publishing until 1889 when he became Editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*. It was then as Editor of this select magazine, which catered exclusively for women, that, after a visit to England, when he called on Kipling, he secured for the magazine the author's new story, *William the Conqueror*, which he began to serialize in 1895.

A whole chapter is devoted in describing how, in 1899, just after Kipling's serious illness with pneumonia, Bok, Lockwood Kipling, Mr. and Mrs. Kipling with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Doubleday sailed from New York for England in the s.s. *Teutonic*. A vivid and intimate account is given of the conversations between the four men and how impressed Bok was by R.K.'s reverence for his father, and also how careful an appraisal Lockwood gave of his son's capabilities as a writer. An amusing account is given of Kipling's attempt to teach Bok how to play Poker, but Bok's enthusiasm for the game became too expensive for the others, and play was brought to a sudden halt.

Included in this same chapter is a copy of the poem *If* which Kipling sent to Bok on the latter's 50th birthday and which Kipling had copied out " from memory ". It is significant, Bok remarks, that a comparison of this copy with the printed form fails to disclose the difference of a single word. A truly remarkable feat.

In a later book, *Twice-Thirty*, published in 1925, Bok again refers to his association with Kipling. So impressed was Bok with Kipling's work that despite protests from the readers of the *Ladies Home Journal* which followed the publication of *William the Conqueror*, he was determined they should get a taste of Kipling's stories and followed up with the *Just So Stories*, and in 1906 printed some of the "Puck" series. It was his intention to continue with more of Kipling, but unexpectedly he struck trouble.

The subscribers definitely did not like Kipling and wrote persistently to complain. They asked what Kipling meant and why did the Editor continue to publish such material. They threatened to discontinue their subscriptions, and many carried out their threats. It was a clash of wills "between Bok's real self who, believing in Kipling, was determined his readers should learn to appreciate his work and "Bok the Editor". So persistent were the complaints that the Editor's personality won and the further series of Kipling's work he had planned was not published. Bok explains the decision was not his, but that of the Editor—the other Bok.

On one occasion when visiting Kipling in Sussex, R.K. read to Bok his latest poem, *The Female of the Species*, and remarked, "You could never publish that! The Journal Sisters would break all your windows". The magazine was a woman's periodical and the sentiment in the poem a slander on womanhood. The poem duly appeared and the atmosphere in the Editorial office was tense for a time. Bok had won again.

The third addition to the library referred to in the June number is one which few people are likely to possess: it is *War Graves of the Empire*. This is a reprint from *The Times* of November 10, 1928. It is a most interesting and moving description of the vast cemeteries where those who fell in the 1914-1918 War lie buried. Kipling was closely associated with the Imperial War Graves Commission, for whom he did an immense amount of work.

A close study of the unsigned contributions to this book leads one to the belief that some of these might well have been written by him, and attention is drawn to one in particular, *The Silent World*, but as he never publicly admitted authorship, the individual reader must make his own decision. The style of writing is very Kiplingesque in places and it is known he composed several of the Epitaphs for the Memorials. The book is profusely illustrated.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently enrolled are:—*U.K.*: Misses V. Hodges, E. Schofield; S. W. Alexander; Kenton Court School for Girls *Australia*: C. R. Franklin, C. J. Olliffe. *Fiji*: Capt. S. B. Brown. *Spain*: Sr. don J. Sabat. *U.S.A.*: Mmes. J. B. Baird S. Cabot, H. G. Nichols; Dr. H. C. Rice; Messrs. J. M. Barker, J. F. Bell, G. P. Ely; Purdue University.

We are delighted to welcome you.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

First published in *The Week's News* (Allahabad), 21 December, 1888. Also in *Wee Willie Winkie, And other Child Stories*. By Rudyard-Kipling. Published by A. H. Wheeler & Co., Allahabad, in December 1888.

In *Uniform* and *Pocket* Editions, pp. 271-310.

In *Sussex Edition*, Vol. III, pp. 317-354.

[References in the following notes are to *Uniform* and *Pocket* Editions.]

PREFATORY NOTE

Alone among Kipling's stories, "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" is autobiography, with very little exaggeration or distortion. Therefore the following Notes will treat the story as fact, and give dates and cross references, so far as possible.

For factual reminiscences, see Kipling's *Something of Myself* (1937) pp. 1-18; and Mrs. Fleming (Alice Kipling) "Some Reminiscences of my Brother", *Kipling Journal* No. 44 (Dec. 1937) and "My Brother, Rudyard Kipling", *Kipling Journal* No. 84 (Dec. 1947) Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling* (1955) pp. 13-20, may also be consulted.

PAGE 271. Quotation from *As You Like It*, Act II, Sc. IV. Lines 15-16 : "Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place" — probably misquoted from memory and confused with St. John XIV. 2 : "In my Father's house are many mansions."

PAGE 271. LINES 1 ET SEQ. "Punch" is Rudyard Kipling and "Judy" his sister Alice, commonly known as "Trix". They appear again as "Punch" and "Judy" in *The Potted Princess* [published in *St. Nicholas Magazine*, Jan. 1893, and only reprinted in *Sussex Edition* Vol. XXX, and in *Modern Fairy Stories* (1955) edited by Roger Lancelyn Green in Dent's Children's Illustrated Classics], which is perhaps based on one of the Indian fairy tales which Meeta would tell, as he tells here of "the Ranee that was turned into a tiger".

As for the servants themselves, Mrs. Fleming recollected in 1947 [*Kipling Journal* No. 84] "Dear Ayah, who was never cross; clever Meeta, our bearer, who made toys out of oranges and nuts; Dunnoo, who took care of the fat white pony which Ruddy would call Dapple Gray; and Chokra, the boy who called the other servants and only grinned and didn't mind when I pelted him with my bricks." In *Something of Myself* (pp. 1-2) Kipling makes briefer mention that : "Our ayah was a Portuguese Roman Catholic . . .", and of "Meeta, my Hindu bearer."

PAGE 272. LINE 1. "Hamal" : the "house-servant" or "house-boy" — probably Chokra, mentioned by Mrs. Fleming.

LINE 14. "Put-put" : Hindustani for "smack-smack".

LINE 16. " In another week . . ." this dates the opening of the story as April 8th, 1871.

LINE 20. " Ghauts " — Hindustani for " riversides ".

LINE 21. Nassick was the " Hill station " inland from Bombay to which Kipling was taken as a small child. See " A Biographical Sketch " by Charles Eliot Norton in the American Authorised Edition of *Plain Tales* (1899) p. xiii.

LINE 27. " Belait ", Hindustani for " England ".

PAGE 273, LINE 13. Brougham : a one-horse close carriage, either two or four wheeled, named after Lord Brougham (1778-1868).

LINE 17. Rocklington — it was actually Southsea.

LINE 25. " We are only one case among hundreds ". See Carrington, pp. 14-15, both for the sending home of Anglo-Indian children, and why the Kipling children went to strangers rather than to relatives.

PAGE 274. LINE 17. Apollo Bunder — the dock at Bombay. They sailed on April 15th, 1871, [Carrington, p. 14] in " the old paddle-wheel P. & O. Ripon " (*Something of Myself*, p. 4).

PAGE 275. LINE 4. " Broom-gharri " — Punch's confusion between " brougham ", and the Hindustani " gharri ", a carriage.

PAGE 275. LINE 25. " Sonny, my soul " would be Punch's interpretation of Keble's " Evening Hymn ", the second in *The Christian Year* (1827). This is best known in the selection printed in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* (No. 24) which begins with third stanza :

" Sun of my soul, thou saviour dear,

It is not night if thou be near : " etc.

PAGE 277. LINE 9. " Downe Lodge ". It was actually " Lorne Lodge ", 5 Campbell Road, Havelock Park, Southsea. [Mrs. Fleming in *Kipling Journal*, No. 64, Dec. 1942]. For a picture of the house as it is today, see *Kipling Journal* No. 115, October 1955. " A new, small house smelling of aridity and emptiness ", wrote Kipling in *Something of Myself* (pp. 4-5) : " I lived in that house for close on six years. It belonged to a woman who took in children whose parents were in India. She was married to an Old Navy Captain, who had been a midshipman at Navarino, and had afterwards been entangled in a harpoon-line while whale-fishing, and dragged down till he miraculously freed himself. But the line had scarred his ankle for life." His name was Captain P. A. Holloway.

PAGE 278. LINES 27-32. For " *Brisk* " and " *Navarino* " see below, (notes on page 294).

PAGE 279. LINES 1-2. " February morning " etc. " A parting in the dawn with Father and Mother, who said that I must learn quickly to read and write so that they might send me letters and books ", says Kipling in *Something of Myself*.

Carrington (p. 14), says " In December the parents deposited their children in lodgings at Southsea before returning to India;" but a few lines before he says that the Kiplings left Bombay in mid April " for a six-month furlough ". The month does not seem possible to fix, though the reference in the story suggests February 1872 :— but Mrs. Fleming says Kipling was " not quite six ". She

herself was three and a half.

LINE 24. "The Snows" — possibly Simla. Any suggestions gratefully received.

LINE 26. Marine Lines, in Bombay. Mrs. Inverarity, the doctor's wife. The Kiplings' doctor in Bombay has not so far been identified. Can any Member oblige?

LINE 31. "For ever". Mrs. Fleming says [*Kipling Journal* No. 44] that Auntie would "wake me at midnight (I always had to share her room) with warnings that if I left her care my life would be one of neglect and misery, and that I had much better make up my mind to beg my mother as soon as I saw her to "leave me with dear Auntie for always . . ." And again [*Kipling Journal* No. 84] : "Auntie — as we called the woman we were left with, because she was no relation — used to tell us we had been left because we were so tiresome and she had taken us in out of pity ; but in a desperate moment Ruddy questioned her husband, and he said that it was only Auntie's fun . . ."

PAGE 281. LINES 19-23 Compare *Something of Myself*, (p. 5) "The house itself stood in the extreme suburbs of Southsea, next to a Portsmouth unchanged in most particulars since Trafalgar — the Portsmouth of Sir Walter Besant's *By Celia's Arab*."

PAGE 282. LINES 3-8. Compare the sea-shore by "Fort Keeling" in the first chapter of *The Light that Failed* (cf. p. 5).

LINES 15-19. (Quotation at head of second part of the story). These lines were, in the early editions, attributed to James Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*. In later editions (but not the *Sussex Edition*) the title is corrected ("Easter Day. Naples, 1849"), but no author is given. (The mistake was pointed out by Andrew Lang in *At the Sign of the Ship* in *Longman's Magazine*, January 1892). They are by Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-1861), from his *Poems* (1862) — and are incorrectly quoted. They should run :—

"Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved :

Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope

We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,

And most beliefless, that had most believed."

PAGE 284. LINES 1 ET SEQ. Compare *Something of Myself* (p.6) : "It was an establishment run with the full vigour of the Evangelical as revealed to the Woman. I had never heard of Hell, so I was introduced to it in all its terrors . . ."

LINES 5 ET SEQ. Mrs. Fleming writes [*Kipling Journal* No. 84] : "It was strange, but Ruddy only learned to read with the greatest difficulty ; I think because he was too clever . . . [He said] 'I want to know why 't' with 'hat' after it should be 'that'."

LINES 20-23. Compare *Something of Myself* (p.5) : "The timber for a Navy that was only experimenting with iron-clads such as the *Inflexible* lay in great booms in the Harbour".

LINES 27-33. See below : note on page 294 "The Battle of Navarino".

R.L.G.

[To be concluded in the June *Journal*]

LETTER BAG

' KIPLING AND THE CRITICS '

I really must protest about the peevish and tiresome remarks levelled at the critics by certain members of the Kipling Society on the B.B.C. television interview, after that lamentable programme about my father on January 17th.

Such outbursts are quite unworthy of both the Society and my father, who was never in the least interested in what the critics thought.

I am told that the speakers were only giving their personal views, and were not speaking for the Kipling Society. But as the proceedings were opened by Colonel Bagwell Purefoy saying ' I am the Secretary of the Kipling Society ' and as four of the speakers were members, it is not to be wondered at that both public and press assumed that these were the Society's views.

One distinguished member even told me that he regards the affair as a ' good advertisement for the Kipling Society '.

In any case, the whole thing was a great mistake and very much to be regretted.

ELSIE BAMBRIDGE

"MRS. BATHURST"

Mr. Harbord is to be congratulated on the excellent glossary of Mrs. Bathurst published in the September issue. To it I would feel privileged to add the following remarks, not with any critical intent, but as complementary to Mr. Harbord's admirable dissertation :—

Warrant Officers : The Engineer and the Paymaster were not W.O.s either then or later, but were fully commissioned officers. Warrant Officers were dressed as commissioned officers, *except* that in those days they did not wear a ring, or stripe, on the sleeves, but instead wore three gilt buttons in a horizontal line on each.

" The Pusser " is the affectionate soubriquet bestowed on officers of the Supply and Accountant Branch, in those days the Fleet Paymaster, Staff Paymaster, Paymaster and Assistant Paymaster, later called Paymaster Commander, Paymaster Lieut. Commander, Paymaster Lieutenant and Paymaster Sub-Lieutenant, and yet later Commander (S), Lieut. Commander (S), Lieutenant (S) and Sub-Lieutenant (S), (" S " = Supply). Now the suffix is abandoned and officers of this Branch bear the same titles as their brethren in the Seaman Branch. There has been no Purser in the Navy for many years — say a century or more.

Spit-kid Jones (p. 343 — not mentioned by Mr. Harbord) : A spit-kid is a shallow open topped barrel filled with sand. These were (and are) placed about the upper deck at times of " stand easy " in order that there should be no excuse for sullyng the spotless

deck by tobacco chewers. Today they serve for cigarette ends, which must *not* be cast overboard. How Jones earned his cognomen is not stated, but perhaps he had all too frequently to carry a spit-kid slung round his neck as a punishment. Cf. Pycroft in *The Bonds of Discipline*, " 'E 'ad no more play to his intellects than a spit-kid." (p. 57).

status quo: When Pycroft used a latin tag it was invariably *mal à propos*, which of course was part of the joke. In this instance the indignant Pritchard, having half-risen, was invited by Pycroft, as I see it, " to bring his stern to an anchor ", a not uncommon phrase of that period, meaning " Be seated ".

sugared up : In my young days I have heard this expression used (by a Warrant Officer and a Devonport Dockyard Subordinate Officer) as a euphemism for a less printable expression beginning with " b " and meaning " put out of action " or " completely unserviceable ". Cf. Pycroft in *Their Lawful Occasions*, "*Pedantics* be sugared ! Buy an 'am an' see life !"

The gyroscope was incorporated in the torpedo, its function being to keep the torpedo on its set course after discharge from the torpedo tube. This was the sole use for the gyroscope in the Navy until the advent of the gyro-compass in 1911.

It was sad to read in the same issue the notice of the death of Commander Merriman, and his masterly criticism of *Their Lawful Occasions* (my favourite yarn), which prompts the reflection that Kipling seems never to have appreciated the relationship between miles and knots. Surely *someone* must have told him that a knot is a speed of one sea mile per hour. Yet he makes the error three times in *The Day's Work* and twice in *A Fleet in Being*, which was written on board one of H.M. Ships, where he had immediate access to the best authority

P. W. INWOOD.

" THE COMPREHENSION OF PRIVATE COPPER ":

'the beggar that kep' the cordite down', (p. 173). See Rear Admiral Brock's question in No. 136, page 24.

This was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (1836-1908), who was secretary of state for war in the Gladstone and Rosebery governments, 1892-1895. In June 1895 he was defeated in committee of supply in the Commons on the ground that he had failed to secure an adequate stock of cordite for the army, and the government resigned. An account of the debate will be found in J. A. Spender, *Campbell-Bannerman* (1923), vol. I, pp. 154-157. The late Sir Robert Ensor, author of *England, 1870-1914*, the last volume of the Oxford History of England, thought that 'C-B' had been censured 'quite unjustly' in this debate. (Ensor, p. 221).

The references to 'C-B' as 'Old Barbarity' (p. 171) and 'wildly barbarious' (p. 173) are explained by his speech on 14th June, 1901 to the National Reform Union when he characterized military employment of concentration camps as 'methods of barbarism' (Spender I, p. 336).

The terrible mortality in these camps was exposed by Miss Emily Hobhouse, and the government eventually appointed a Ladies Committee to report on the camps, (see Spender II, p. 3, note : Ensor, p. 346 : *Something of Myself*, p. 132). This is the origin of the references on p. 171 to 'Old Barbarity on the ramp again with some of 'is lady friends, 'oo don't like concentration camps ', and to 'Old Barbarity an' 'is 'arem '.

Campbell-Bannerman was Liberal Prime Minister from December 1905 until April 1908.

M. G. BROCK.

CORDITE, ETC.

There can be little doubt of the answer to Rear Admiral Brock's question concerning the person referred to in the song struck up by the returning picket, in "The Comprehension of Private Copper".

"E sent us 'is blessing from London town,
(The beggar that kep' the cordite down)".

Of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (1836-1908) the Encyclopedia Britannica says :—

"On the very day on which the Duke's (of Cambridge) retirement was announced the Rosebery government was defeated on a snap vote on a motion to reduce the salary of the secretary for war on account of inadequate reserves of cordite." . . .

"On June 14th, 1901, he (Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman) said at a banquet of the National Reform Union, 'When was a war not a war? When it was carried on by methods of barbarism in South Africa '."

Sir Henry was secretary for war in the Gladstone administration of 1888, and held the same office from 1892-1895. He was Prime Minister from 1906 to 1908.

As for Pycroft's little joke (quoted on p. 24 of the December Journal) surely this was "Man an' *arm* watertight doors !"

May I ask a question of my own : Who was the "Marine Captain, whose other name is Gubbins" ?

T. C. ANGUS.

NEW BOOKS. The Editor regrets that reviews of Colonel Tapp's *United Services College Supplement*, and Rosemary Sutcliffe's Bodley Head Monograph *Rudyard Kipling* must be held over until the next number of the *Journal*.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Farewell to our President. It is with great regret that the Council has accepted the resignation of Lt.-General Sir Frederick Browning as President of the Society. He came to us in mid-1950, on the death of Lord Wavell, and despite continuous and exacting duties with the Royal Family he managed year after year to be present at our Annual Luncheon. He has now retired to his home in Cornwall, where he finds local affairs a full time job. It is for this reason that he asked to resign, since he felt he was too far away to remain of service to the Society. He will, of course, continue as a valued Honorary Member, and we wish him a long and happy retirement.

A new Vice-President. We are most honoured to report that Mr. T. S. Eliot has accepted a Vice-Presidency of the Society. Members will not soon forget the 1958 Luncheon, when he was Guest of Honour and delivered the fine address which is printed in Journal No. 129. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that, as Vice-President and Honorary Member, he might drop in at an occasional Discussion-Meeting. If this should happen, we can already hear people who decided "to give it a miss this time," hard at work kicking themselves.

Death of "Mrs. Stalky." Mrs. L. C. Dunsterville, widow of our first President, died early in December, 1960, very peacefully, at the age of 86. She had been an Honorary Member for many years, and we are glad to report that the celebrated name will not disappear from our Members' List, since her son, Mr. G. C. K. Dunsterville, joined us in August, 1959.

Our new Meeting Place. PLEASE BE SURE TO REMEMBER that until further notice our Discussion-Meetings will be held in The Ulster Room, Overseas House, Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m. We shall still have to charge you five bob, and can only give you a cup of tea in place of Mr. Harbord's lavish hospitality, but do please keep on coming — it'll be good fun even without the "alk".

Another welcome School Member. You will all be interested to learn that R.K.'s old house, The Elms, Rottingdean, has been leased as a school, under the title of Kenton Court School for Girls. Better still, it has joined the Society. We welcome it heartily and wish it all luck.

And talking of schools, we have had a friendly letter from the Proprietors of the Kipling Holiday Flats, Westward Ho!, situated in some of the old School buildings. They evidently get a lot of enquiries about R.K., and members of the Society would be especially welcome down there.

A.E.B.P.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the Kipling Society, held at 12 Newgate Street on Wednesday, August 17th, 1960.

Present : Messrs. Bazley (Chair), Winmill, Chaplin, Maitland, Brigadier Foster, Colonel Bagwell Purefoy (Hon. Secretary), Mrs. Shepherd, Miss Toomey.

1. The Annual Report and Accounts for 1959 were adopted.
2. The President, Hon. Officers and Hon. Auditors were re-elected. Vice-Presidents were re-elected, with the addition of Mr. W. G. B. Maitland, on his retirement from the office of Hon. Librarian after 33 years.
3. The other Hon. Officers were re-elected; Miss P. M. Toomey was elected Hon. Librarian in place of Mr. Maitland.
4. Colonel I. S. Munro retires from the Council, his three-year term having expired. Mrs. A. B. J. Shepherd was elected to the Council.

(Signed) B. M. BAZLEY,
Chairman.

OBITUARY - Mrs. W. M. Carpenter

(From Hon. Secretary, U.S.A. Branch)

I deeply regret to report the death of Mrs. W. M. Carpenter; she was a very fine lady, and a devoted Kipling enthusiast.

Her husband, the late W. M. Carpenter, was a great and a dedicated Kipling authority. His Kipling collection was one of the very finest that was ever put together. It was a 'labour of love' for many years and his knowledge of Kipling's writings was vast and informed. Upon his death, Mrs. Carpenter gave her husband's collection to the Library of Congress, after she and the late Mrs. Flora V. Livingston had gone over it. It was a magnificent gift — to say the very least.

Mr. Carpenter wrote a delightful little book, 'Kipling's College', and Mrs. Carpenter wrote 'Rudyard Kipling — a Friendly Profile', which merits the same characterisation.

Mrs. Carpenter's death is a real blow to many Kipling students and enthusiasts to whom she was ever a warm and helpful friend.

C.T.N.

The Kipling Society

Founded in 1927 by J. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E.

President:

Vice-Presidents:

C. L. Ames, U.S.A.	T. S. Eliot, O.M.
Mrs. George Bambridge.	Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E.
Countess Bathurst.	W. G. B. Maitland.
E. D. W. Chaplin.	Sir Archie Michaelis, Australia.
Maj. Sir Brunel Cohen, K.B.E.	Carl T. Naumburg, U.S.A.
Professor Bonamy Dobrée, O.D.E.	The Rt. Hon. Lord Woolton

COUNCIL:

Chairman: Mrs. C. W. Scott-Giles

Deputy-Chairman: R. E. Harbord.

Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy.	Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.
B. M. Bazley.	Philip Randall.
J. H. C. Brooking, M.I.E.E.	Mrs. A. B. J. Shepherd.
E. D. W. Chaplin.	Miss P. M. Toomey.
Brig. T. F. V. Foster, C.B.E., M.C.	J. R. Turnbull, M.C.
	F. E. Winmill.

Hon. Treasurer: R. E. Harbord.

Hon. Librarian: Miss P. M. Toomey.

Hon. Editor:

Hon. Secretary:

Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.

Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy.

Hon. Auditors:

Asst. Hon. Secretary:

Milne, Gregg and Turnbull.

Miss A. M. Punch.

Hon. Solicitor: Philip Randall.

Offices:

Greenwich House, 12 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 Corilla Road, Takapuna, Auckland, New Zealand.

Melbourne Branch :

President:

Hon. Secretary:

E. J. Batten,

J. V. Carlson,

16 Albert Street, East Malvern,
S.E.5, Victoria.

33 Mathers Avenue, North Kew,
Victoria, Australia.

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada) :

President: Arthur A. Fryer.

Vice-President: Mrs. D. Dunbar.

Hon. Sec.: Mrs. D. B. Dunbar, 6 Sylvan Lane, Victoria, B.C.

Hon. Secretary, U.S.A. :

Carl T. Naumburg, 210 West 90th Street, New York 24, N.Y.