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*The Kipling Society.**President, 1927.*

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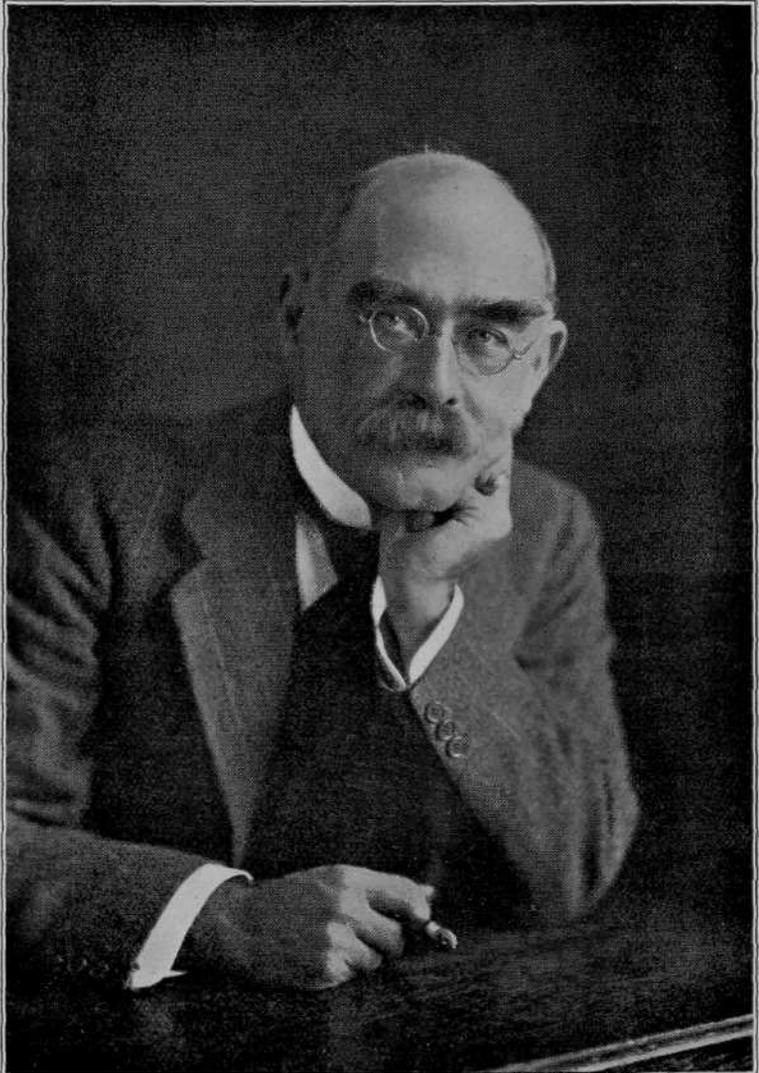
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RUDYARD KIPLING.

Elliot & Fry.

Rudyard Kipling and his Works.("Who's *Who*.")

KIPLING, RUDYARD, author; awarded Nobel Prize for Literature, 1907; Hon. LL.D. McGill University 1899; Hon. D.Litt. Durham and Oxford, 1907; Cambridge, 1908; Edinburgh University, 1920; Paris and Strasbourg, 1921; Rector, University of St. Andrews, 1922; Doctor of Philosophy, Athens, 1924; *b.* Bombay, 30 Dec. 1865; *s.* of J. Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E. (*d.* 1911), and Alice Macdonald (*d.* 1910); *m.* 1892, Caroline Starr Balestier; one *d.* *Educ.*: United Services Coll., Westward Ho!, N. Devon. Assist.-editor in India on Civil and Military Gazette and Pioneer, 1882-89; travelled China, Japan, America, Africa, and Australasia. Publications: Departmental Ditties, 1886; Plain Tales from the Hills, 1887; Soldiers Three, In Black and White, The Story of the Gadsbys, Under the Deodars, Phantom 'Rickshaw, Wee Willie Winkie, 1888-89; Life's Handicap, 1890; The Light that Failed, 1891; Barrack-Room Ballads, 1892; Many Inventions, 1893; The Jungle Book, 1894; Second Jungle Book, 1895; The Seven Seas, 1896; Captains Courageous, 1897; The Day's Work, 1898; Stalky and Co., 1899; From Sea to Sea (reprint of newspaper articles), 1899; Kim, 1901; Just so Stories for Little Children, 1902; The Five Nations, 1903; Traffics and Discoveries, 1904; Puck of Pook's Hill, 1906; Actions and Reactions, 1909; Rewards and Fairies, 1910; A History of England (with C. R. L. Fletcher), 1911; Songs from Books, 1913; The Harbour Watch (play), 1913; The New Armies in Training, 1914; France at War, 1915; Fringes of the Fleet, 1915; Sea Warfare, 1916; A Diversity of Creatures, 1917; The Years Between, 1918; Inclusive Verse, 1919; Letters of Travel, 1920; (editor) The Irish Guards in the Great War, 2 vols. 1923; Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides, 1923. Debits and Credits 1926. *Address*: Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex. *Clubs*: Athenaeum, Carlton.

Introduction.

THESE few lines are meant to answer the question that is often put—"What is the use of a Kipling Society?."

We will answer it by giving the Aims and Objects of the Society with our notes upon them :—

- (1) "To read Papers and hold Discussions upon Kipling's writings."

The main value of this is in the greater knowledge of Kipling's works that should thereby be obtained. There are many cryptic matters that few can say they know all about. How many for instance, know that there is a poem in honour of Marie Lloyd, of all women ; or that Kipling severely chastised an important public man in another verse.

- (2) "To circulate, promptly, information among Members of any fugitive verses, etc., written by Kipling, which otherwise might escape their notice."

Frankly, this is the main reason why some of us have taken a lot of trouble to start this Society. It is not easy to learn when and where these occasional verses or tales appear, and it is exasperating to learn, six months after, of a tale, verse, or article that had appeared in some paper, or journal, not taken in by the writer. We are making arrangements so that when anything fresh appears from the Master's pen, it is advised to all our members immediately.

- (3) "To form a complete Kipling Library (including early out-of-date works and the many books that have been published dealing with Kipling and his writings) for the convenience of Members."

This will doubtless be useful to Kipling lovers, especially those who cannot afford to buy his rarer books. If only some of Kipling's schoolboy articles (as mentioned by Mr. Beresford hereafter) can be traced, what a joy it would be !

- (4) "To issue a periodical dealing with the Proceedings of the Society, and containing other matters of interest."

And here it is ! If the first Number is not so good as it might be, there is the excuse that the Acting-Editor is a mere business man and only operated because no one else

connected with the society had time to spare, and he, presumably, had plenty.

- (5) " To do belated honour to, and to extend the influence of, the most patriotic, virile and imaginative of writers, who upholds the ideals of the English-speaking world."

This Patriotism Appeal is the most admirable part of that wonderful person—Rudyard Kipling. Compare him with any poet or author, bar Shakespeare, and the best of them are writers for amusement, for fame, for cash. They do not often write for the honour and benefit of England, praising us when we deserve it, and rating us when we need it. They write of things that poets and novelists have written about for all time, Kipling has done that, but he further deals with the technicalities of trades and industries, in a way that cannot be criticised by technicians, and at the bottom of everything now-a-days we depend upon the technician.

FORMATION NOTE.

BY SIR GEORGE MACMUNN.

THE formation of a Society which aims at studying a Master and glorifying his work, cannot be expected to meet with his approval or even acquiescence. Mr. Kipling, when approached by those who have long aimed at the formation of a Kipling Society, has given it as his opinion that such a society is better formed, if formed at all, after a man's death. But many of those who have the matter at heart, are contemporaries, and they have said, if we wait till the Master leaves us, we too shall have crossed the Bourne and cannot meet together for our purpose in this world. So they have written to Mr. Kipling to say that he must bear with them, and that though it is true that the famous John Nicholson beat handsomely whenever he saw them, men of the sect of Nikal Seyns formed to worship him, yet it is not meet that they, too, should have such a hard treatment.

So the Society has been duly formed in the lifetime of the Master, even as the Browning Society took form while the poet yet lived. And it is very meet and right that it should be so, for where three or four Britons are gathered together, especially Britons of the Four Seas, there is the Kipling story and saga eagerly discussed.

And so we stand before him, " Gentlemen unafraid ".

*The Inaugural Meeting.**February 4th, 1927.*

THE Committee Room of the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall was chosen for this function, and the following of the Founder Members attended :

Sir George MacMunn (who was elected to the chair), Lady Cunynghame, Mr. G. C. Beresford (M'Turk), Capt. Guy Nickalls, Mr. A. Corbett-Smith and Mr. J. H. C. Brooking.

Mr. Brooking tabled letters from most of the other Founder Members, regretting their absences through various causes, mostly illnesses and Continental holidays, and wishing success in the floating of the Society.

Sir George MacMunn explained how the need for such a Society had been felt by many people, that it would have been formed long before but for the aversion that the man, in whose honour the Society was now being formed, had to its formation, at least during his lifetime.

Now, however, the public had been sounded through the Press and as there seemed to be an enthusiastic desire for such a Society, he felt that they were but doing their duty in coming together to formally inaugurate it in the name of one whose writings combined the best of literature with the noblest patriotism.

It was then moved and unanimously agreed :

That the Kipling Society be formed.

That Maj. Gen. L. C. Dunsterville be elected President.

That all Founder Members be elected Vice Presidents.

That the Executive Committee be composed of the following :

LORD BURNHAM (*Chairman*)

Mrs. G. H. Bell, O.B.E., G. C. Beresford, Esq., Lord Colwyn, P.C., Maj. A. Corbett-Smith, Lady Cunynghame, Cap. Guy Nickalls, B.A.,

That Sir George MacMunn be elected Hon. Treasurer.

That Mr. J. H. C. Brooking be elected Hon. Secretary.

It was also agreed to send the following Marconigram to Rudyard Kipling, on R.M.S.P. Andes, en route to Rio :

"Honoured to advise that Kipling Society formed at founders' meeting' to-day, officers elected, rules drawn, papers offered, and hundreds applications membership tabled. We send respectful greetings to yourself and Mrs Kipling."

which was signed by the Founders, and was due to reach Mr. Kipling on the following morning.

Various matters of procedure were also discussed and the draft Rules, founded on the Rules on the Dickens Fellowship were left for discussion by the Executive Council.

To Rudyard Kipling.

BY REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

*There is no lute within the human heart
Which stayeth mute to thine inspired art.
There is no rose within the questing brain
Which bloweth not in thine enchanted fane.*

Old Kings and heroes, beasts and bards :
As Serendib his coloured shards
Bore through charmed Arabian Nights,
So dost thou shine on us with lights
Plucked from thy vivid altar-fire,
Till purple glories of far Tyre,
Th' Orient East, forgotten lords,
The clash of hosts and jungle-hordes
Bluff sailors faring down the Seas,
Keen warriors and armouries,
Green Sussex downs, rich spice of Hind,
All these, thy Himalayan mind
In its superb creative throes
Yields as some soma of the snows
They tell that Orpheus is gone
And how the pipes of Pan are done.
That no exquisite music thrills
The vernal woods and silver hills.
That the Olympians rest deep
In lotus dream ; blank ages sleep
Unbroken to Eternities :
O, these false, lying prophecies
Whilst England boasts thy bardic flame
And thine untrammelled magic name
Is with us as a living sign !
All human and yet half divine
Thy wit, thy song, thy fantasy
Light beacons which will never die.
So long as men commune with men
Their lips will shrine thy lyric pen.
So long as we have eyes to see,
Thy temple of Humanity
Will rear from Britain's royal sod
To draw us nearer to our God.

The Westward Ho ! Contemporary Circle.

This consists of members who were at school with Rudyard Kipling, during his six years, from 1878 to 1882, at the United Services College, Westward Ho !

Notifications of this should be sent to the Hon. Sec. with full details, for consideration by the members of the Circle:—

Major General L. C. Dunsterville.	(Stalky).
G. C. Beresford.	(M'Turk). Cyril Harrison.
C. W. C. Murphy.	A. L. Bellamy
F. Williams.	Gen. Sir Alex J. Godley.
C. W. Kelsal.	J. H. Heastey.
E. G. Sinclair-MacLagan.	

The following is a full list of characters mentioned in " Stalky & Co." in case any more than those shown can be identified :—

p. 1	Stalky. (Major General	70	Orrin.
	L. C. Dunsterville.)	82	Foster.
1	M'Turk. (G. C. Beres	82	Carton.
	ford.)	82	Finch,
1	Beetle. (Rudyard	82	Longbridge.
	Kipling.)	82	Marlin.
1	Prout. (Pugh.)	82	Brett.
1	Foxy. (Sgt. Schofield.)	85	Thornton tertius.
2	Hartopp. (— Evans.)	85	Harland.
4	Braybrooke.	88	Burton Minor.
4	Clay Minor.	88	Alexander.
5	G. M. Dabney, J. P.	94	White of Kings.
11	Carter.	94	Perowne.
18	King. (W. C. Croft.)	94	Malpas.
29	Gumbly.	97	Lena (laundry).
38	Dickson Quartus.	99	Rev. John Gillett.—
42	Manders minor.		(Rev. George Willes.)
44	Rabbit's Eggs.	111	Harrison. Cyril Harrison
47	Mason.	111	Craye.
66	Macrea.	118	Flint.
66	Oke.	128	Head—the Prooshian
	Richards.		Bates.—Cormell Price, M.A.
69	Nixon.	135	Fairburn.
69	Rattray.		" Gobby " Maunsell.
69	White.	136	Clewer.
69	Burton Minor.	139	Sefton.

139	Campbell.	196	Hogan (killed Burma.)
158	Stettson major.	179	Morrell.
160	" Fatsow " Duncan (killed).		Wake.
	Grey tertius.	198	White.
167	Dawson.	202	Perowne (killed).
	Venner.	207	Raymond Martin, M.P.
168	Crandall minor.	224	Carson.
172	Purvis.		Mother Yeo.
176	Worthington.		Mary.
190	Swayne.	237	Naughten.
	Gen. Collinson.	242	Randall.
195	Keyte.—Postmaster and Confectioner.	243	MacLagan.
196	Ansell of Macrea's.	246	The Infant.—Gibbons.
		247	Captain Dickson.
			Tertius.

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Recollections of Schoolboy Life

at the

United Services College, Westward Ho !

North Devon.

BY STALKY.

THE School was founded about 1870 by a group of retired Naval and Military Officers, who wanted a good and inexpensive school for their sons who were mostly destined for the Navy or the Army.

My father was one of the original shareholders. Cornell Price from Haileybury, was the first Headmaster, a very remarkable and gifted man who made the school a great success.

I left in 1883, and I do not know exactly the later history of the school. There were rows, and Mr. Cornell Price severed his connection with the school I suppose about 1890 or perhaps later. Things went from bad to worse, the school was removed to Harpenden, where it remained only for a year or two, then was finally incorporated with St. Mark's, Windsor, as the Imperial Service College.

I must have joined the school about October 1875, just before my 10th birthday, and I left when I entered Sandhurst in the summer of 1883, having spent seven and a half years of my life there.

In 1875 there was no preparatory school so I found very few companions of my own age, the majority of the boys being 14 and over. This rather naturally led to the little ones having a bad time.

The history of the actual school building was a quaint one.

A scheme had been set on foot, somewhere in the sixties I suppose, to boom Westward Ho ! as a seaside resort. The main attraction was the golf links, which in those days had few rivals. A great deal of money was spent on the place, a pier was built, two swimming baths, several hotels and terraces of houses.

When all was ready the visitors failed to come and the investors lost most of their money. About this time, the trustees of the new college were looking about for suitable and inexpensive buildings and they found exactly what they needed in the shape of the principal terrace of the new but empty watering place.

The terrace was taken over, presumably on a long lease and adapted to the needs of the school. There were probably twenty houses or more in the row. The houses were large and the rooms spacious. Beginning from the bottom, there were the basements and kitchens, lavatories etc. The ground floor with dining-rooms and one or two form rooms. First floor, form rooms and studies and master's accommodation. Second floor, lower dormitories third floor, upper dormitories. The terrace was built on the side of a hill facing west, a chapel was added at the North end, and five courts at the South end. The main road ran at the foot of the slope about fifty feet below the buildings and on the other side of this road lay the Football field, then a field belonging to one of the farms, and between this and the sea the cricket field.

When completed, there was certainly nothing very beautiful about the buildings, but they answered their purpose very well.

Kipling described the school as :—

" That long white barrack by the sea."

The town of Westward Ho ! was entirely composed of residential houses, many of them empty. The famous old town of Bideford lay a few miles inland, out of bounds, but frequently visited. Other

smaller towns and villages within reach were Instow, Appledore and Northam. The school buildings faced the West looking over Bideford Bay to Lundy Island, 18 miles away, the northern arm of the bay consisting of Baggy point, and the southern of Hartland. The main portion of the property was at sea level and only protected from the inroads of the Atlantic breakers by the famous Pebble Ridge. The protection was not adequate and most of the low-lying portion that I remember is now beneath waves.

To the North, the shore extended along the golf links to the mouth of the Tor and Torridge rivers, to the South the lower ground soon gave place to splendid cliffs of red sandstone, leading past Peppercombe to Clovelly. These cliffs, the home of jackdaws and choughs, were strictly out of bounds, but this merely added to their attraction. From the edge of the cliffs a slope of rough ground covered with gorse and bracken extended upwards for some distance. From the hillside at the back of the College right out to the sloping ground above the cliffs was an almost unbroken expanse of gorse and bracken, mostly out of bounds, and it was in this tangled mass of prickly undergrowth that we made our huts, constructing narrow tunnels through the gorse that we were careful not to make large enough to admit a full grown person without inflicting severe punishment.

The joy of these huts consisted (?) chiefly in the pleasure of feeling oneself entirely separated from prying schoolmasters and from the trammels of civilized life in general. It was a delight to feel that we shared these retreats with only the rabbits and other wild things. The secondary pleasure lay in the construction of the hut and the weaving together of the branches, and the final pleasure in smoking shag tobacco out of clay pipes with ghastly results.

As none of us were freak children, we never stopped to analyse our feelings. Had we done so, we would have realised that our real delight lay in the feeling of escape from the tyranny of all grown-ups of whatever description. In one of our huts I remember we tried a little market-gardening, growing radishes and lettuces in a small space cleared for the purpose.

At the time I joined the school in 1875 there were about 12 masters and something under 200 boys.

It is peculiar what trifling things stick in one's memory. Fifty

years later I can recall the top of the school roll—Widdicombe, Empson, Kish, D'Oyley, Packenham, Mardell, Carleton. And I remember that Widdicombe's number was 1, the first boy to join the school.

The masters I can remember were Cornell Price, Campbell, Jacquet, Marnier, Thomas, Green, Haslam, Crofts (King) Pugh (Prout), Evans (Hartopp), Willes (The Padre), Stevens, Ryder, Watson, Bode and Carr.

The most notable of the servants were John Short whose chief duty was that of bell-ringer, Hutchins the carpenter, Otway, Richards and Gumbley, the house servants, Oke the common-room butler, and Lena one of the maids.

Sergeant Schofield (Foxy) succeeded Sergeant Kearney about 1877 I think.

Owing to my joining the school at an age so much below the average, I had rather a rough time of it at the start, and endured a good deal of bullying, which fortunately did no harm to a boy of my robust temperament.

Kipling and Beresford joined a year or two later, and we formed an alliance that remained unbroken till we were dispersed to seek our fortunes in the world.

We eventually shared a study together but the combination was not entirely permanent, any two of us may have been at one time or another with any third. But details of that nature have entirely receded from my memory after fifty years.

If you ask any man of my age the details of his early life, you will probably find he has a wonderfully precise recollection of all that happened in those years of boyhood. But if you have any means of checking his record, you will probably find that the old gentleman is—quite unconsciously—a liar. He has a vivid recollection of things that never happened, and has quite forgotten remarkable events that his contemporaries have remembered. Still, although he unconsciously errs in detail, it is quite likely that he is giving a truthful picture of his early life in the same way as an artist paints a portrait or a landscape.

Having thus expressed my conviction of the unreliability of old gentlemen's memories, it would be absurd of me to offer any further details regarding school life at Westward Ho ! in those happy years, 1875-1883.

L. C. DUNSTERVILLE.

Some Kipling Origins.

BY LT. GEN. SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

1. *The Irish Soldier.*

IHAPPENED to go out to India as a lad when the first Kipling books in their green paper covers were taking the world of India by storm, before the nations outside had awoken to the rise of a new star. They inspired me once and for all with that romance of the East, which for me increases every year, and for long I have made it my practice to search for the origins of the stories and the characters. It is one of Mr. Kipling's gifts that finding a type, he can develop it on the lines that only explain it and illustrate it the more, or finding an incident with the germ of a story, the structure built thereon, is eminently that which follows the inwardness of the original suggestion.

Beating out the frontiers and interiors of India in the ranks from 2nd Lieutenant upwards, I have found the origins of many, sometimes in simple places, sometimes by tortuous ways, and I have always marvelled at the faithfulness with which the source has been enlarged and exploited. The old long service soldier in my early days, had not quite disappeared, and a few were still to be seen — not many but sufficient of the type of Terence Mulvaney to show how true the study was to nature. The European troops of the Honourable East India Company were almost entirely drawn from the Emerald Isle, as witness the names on the battle memorials at Ferozeshuhr, Chillianwallah and Delhi, and hence the delightful story of Namgay Doolah, the offspring of an Irish soldier married to a hill girl of the Himalaya, the shrine with the old shakoe and the wreath of sacred marigolds, and the perverted folk song that was once 'The wearing of the green'.

The Hibernicity of the Company's troops was recognized when the crown took them over in 1859 and the battalions became Irish regiments. Alas, that beautiful soft Irish accent is almost dead in the Army, dying when the Dublin pillarboxes became green.

The wealth of his Irish colour so accurate in its portrayal was probably first suggested by the memoirs of a certain Quartermaster-sergeant Bancroft late of the first Troop, Second Brigade, Bengal Horse Artillery, who had settled in the hills near Simla, and from whom Mr. Kipling heard by word of mouth no doubt, the wisdom

of one Gunner Terence O'Shaughnassy, and the thrilling adventures of ' Snarleyow,' The latter was actually a horse in Bancroft's Battery, who saw the actual incident of the driver's brother with ' his head between his heels ' at the hard fought battle of Feroze-shuhr in the First Sikh War. I shall hope to tell more of this origin, and what actually happened, practically as told in the poem and also of the wisdom of Terence O'Shaughnassy, from whom Terence Mulvaney evidently drew his knowledge of women, for his prototype says, ' Thim grass widdy's isn't partiklar, and thim anshint ould maids is av the same opinion wid thim '.

The faithfulness of the work of art to the model whence it was drawn is the charm of the study of the origins, whether it be in Fort Amara, or in the Mother Lodge of which I too was a member, or of Adamzad, the bear that walked like a man whose victim I too saw coming away from Sipi fair ' flesh like slag in the furnace, knobbed and withered and grey,' and it whimpered at me too, like the faces of two Belgian soldiers I once saw . . the Master has touched them all so that they live.

The Plea That Failed.

BY M'TURK.

THERE can be no doubt that " Belly " was a bully. He also was a man of God.

The final syllable of his surname was used as his nickname. He was Padre at the United Services College, Westward Ho! during the early part of the time that Rudyard Kipling was there. He taught, between whiles of preaching and punishing, mathematics, a subject that found little favour with Kipling.

I would like to make it clear that " Belly " was not the model for the heavenly-wise Padre in " Stalky & Co." That gentleman, whose name was the Rev. J. Willes, succeeded " Belly " and brought a kindlier spirit into his sacred and secular ministration.

" Belly " was a most impatient man, subject to fits of ungovernable fury, during which he would strike wildly at the boy-world in general with his cane, slashing without aim, or regard of persons, and satiating his spiritual disturbances by wholesale condemnation.

Kipling, amongst others, was by no means a " persona grata " with " Belly." His apparent obtuseness to the mathematical niceties moved " Belly " on sundry occasions, to demonstrations,

which were offensive, and unacceptable to the poet.

The fact that "Belly" was one of the chief housemasters gave him ample authority, and scope to indulge his hostility to the limit.

He invariably thought the worst of boys of every kind : and of those with whom he came in contact, or rather of those who came in contact with him, or any of his appurtenances : he was full of accusations of falsehood, his attitude towards boys was based on the unshakeable belief that the truth was not in them.

His most frequent expression being "Do not prevaricate". Another favourite expression of "Belly's," but in "Stalky & Co." frequently attributed to King, was "Don't attempt to deny it."

"Belly" was a stoutly built man, of middle height, blond in colour with a large fresh expanse of clean-shaven face, and rather goggled eyes, hidden behind big spectacles. His favourite pastime, out of school hours, was not the royal and ancient game of golf, to which Westward Hoians should be so devoted, but the still more active and exciting pastime of catching boys out of bounds. At this sport "Belly" was a master.

He appeared on such expeditions to be omnipresent, but unfortunately for him his spectacles nullified many of his noblest coups, and deeply laid schemes, for the bright light of the seaside or the rays of the sun, glinting on the lenses, heliographed his presence to the delinquents, who then had ample time to make their escape.

Bolder spirits, of high tactical ability, such as Stalky, when apprised of "Belly's" proximity, and finding themselves in a favourable and well concealed position, recklessly proceeded to "rock" the divine.

This sacrilegious performance did not improve "Belly's" ever-testy temper, but whenever an enquiry was set afoot with the object of unmasking the culprits, the fault was invariably laid to the account of the bucolic insolence of the villagers.

The time came when the welcome news, that "Belly" was leaving the college, crept through the form-rooms, and blazed up into demonstrations of unconcealed joy.

The curtain rang up on the final scene in the Church, when "Belly" preached his farewell sermon. It was a most lachrymose affair, "Belly" in the pulpit, made great play with his pocket-handkerchief and amid a cascade of tears and a tornado of broken tones, he asked pardon for any seeming injustices, or apparent harsh dealings which might be laid to his charge.

He went on to say that he hoped nobody would bear enmity for what had happened in the past, and again asked forgiveness for his hastiness at times.

I was sitting as usual beside Kipling in the Church and noticed that he did not appear to respond to these pleadings " ex cathedra " in fact the affecting scene was lost upon the poet. He stared grimly before him and each succeeding paroxysm of repentance simply brought his powerful chin into greater prominence : while many others fell under the tearful spell of ecclesiastical eloquence, almost to the point of audibly responding to the lamentations from the pulpit.

The curtain finally rang down on the touching farewell, and we filed out of the Church, into clear summer evening. Discussions immediately sprang up, and it was put forward that we should bear no malice towards the ordained and departing pedagogue.

Kipling, being known to have cherished a special and poetic anti-pathology towards the cleric, was asked whether now, after such abasement, he did not acquit the penitent, and grant him full absolution. The poet shouldered his way through the crowd of softer natures, and growled out with emphasis : " Two years bullying is not paid for with half an hour's blubbing in a pulpit."

(May not this attitude be equally applicable in connection with the aftermath of the Great War, and if so, be equally justified ?)

G. C. B.

Kipling Crypticisms.

THIS section will deal with the numerous items in Kipling's writings which *puzzle* people.

Should anyone, therefore, be in doubt about such matters, he should extract it, or give the name of the Volume, the page and the point in question, and send to the Hon. Sec., The Milestone, Slough. Such queries will be dealt with by experts on Kipling's writings, who will reply to the best of their ability in these columns.

Kiplings Schooldays (Extract)

G. C. BERESFORD in " *The Referee* " January 30th, 1927

Kipling revived the defunct school magazine, "The United Services College Chronicle," which had ceased publication owing to lack of literary talent in the College. He edited and wrote five-sixths of the matter, except the games reports. Some of his early poems appeared in its columns. Whenever Imperialistic sentiments appeared in his verse, he was rather apologetic. One poem, in particular, caused much derision. It was occasioned by the attempt on the life of Queen Victoria by a madman named Maclean, on March 2, 1882, and composed in the study amid much chaff and laughter at the poet's heroics.

Although I have not seen the verses since that time odd lines come into my head disjointed and mutilated by the process of years.

It was addressed to " Victoria, by Grace of God, our Queen...." and went on something like this :—

"Such greeting as should come from those
Whose fathers faced the Sepoy hordes
Or served you in the Russian snows
And dying left their sons their swords."

" And all are bred to do your will
By land and sea—wherever flies
The flag to fight and follow still
And frame your Empire's destinies."

" This be our greeting late and coming slow
Trust us, if need arise,
We shall not tarry with the blow."

This last picture of the defiant Giglamps with a penholder brought quite a scrimmage, and howls of derision : though we both acknowledged he had shown true laureate quality, and should be sure of the leafy crown : as the event proved, we had yet to fathom the the imbecility of grown-ups. The masters all liked it immensely, some said it was the only thing they read in the Chronicle.

I understand it was shown to Her Majesty who expressed her appreciation.

Westward Ho ! and Golf.

By J. H. TAYLOR.

I MAGINE I am in somewhat of a unique position to be able to write about an aspect of some of the characters in " *Stalky & Co.* " that Mr. Kipling does not touch.

As a golfer, it is something of a disappointment that " *Beetle* " does not narrate any golfing incidents in the book, but had he done so, it would have made rich reading. True he does mention in the opening chapter, that *Stalky*, *McTurk* and he, when on an exploration expedition came upon *Col. Dabney, J.P.*, putting with a cleek on his lawn, when they received a great surprise and a warm welcome from the irascible gentleman. He also writes of minor escapades on the burrows and casually implies that *Golf* was played thereon, but of real games of golf he is strangely silent. I can only regret that by this omission he failed to explore a mine chock-full of humorous incidents that would have been well worth digging.

A Golfer is usually a morose and disgruntled individual. He is so absorbed by the difficulties and perplexities of the game that he is always attempting to master, that the very nature of his calling precludes him from seeing, what to an outsider, is a most mirth-provoking episode. His attempts to hit the ball in the required direction, the attitudes and antics that he performs, may appear to the ribald mind as something in the nature of a joke, but to the golfer himself it is sacrosanct and a pious duty. But I will not deal too harshly with Mr. Kipling. As a caddie on the *Westward Ho ! Links* for the whole of the period when the immortal trio was at school, I think I can divine the reason. The Collegers were not allowed to play the game with any regularity, and I am inclined to the opinion that this stern decree was promulgated by the school authorities. Current gossip was to the effect that if the game had been allowed, the Masters authority would be irretrievably undermined. There may have been wisdom behind this policy. I will not venture an opinion. *Stalky*, *Beetle* and *McTurk* could en-



Westward Ho ! and Cricket field in the 90's.

lighten the world if they so wished. But I will say this. Had they been allowed many a Golf Champion would have been forthcoming. It was left to the Masters, or a few of them, to uphold the honour of the U.S.C. on the links a task they pursued with great assiduity if not with a deal of success. Truth and candour compels me to state that none of them were "crack" players. *Mr. Carr* was the best of a mediocre lot. He attained this dubious distinction, in the caddies estimation, because he was a slasher and a hitter of great ferocity and determination of attack. Finesse was not his forte, slap-dash methods appealed to him. Vigour made up for his lack of skill. *The Padre, Rev. George Willes*, I would place as the next best. He was the antithesis to *Mr. Carr*. Careful and methodical to an almost painful degree, great deliberation in his address to the ball, patting his clubhead behind it until the psychological moment arrived when he felt he could hit it with greatest effect, his procedure was careful and painstaking. This was in strange contrast to his usual temperament and personality which was bustling, and if I may say so, rather impatient, but at all times kindly, generous, and forbearing. As if to make up for the loss of time over the stroke, the Padre, would hasten with great speed between them covering the ground with short quick strides, anxious once again to begin his devotional rites. I am sure he enjoyed every minute of the game, his conversation and comments sparkling with quip and jest, the whole punctuated with hearty laughter.

In contrast the Padre, *Mr. Bode* took his pleasures sadly as if overawed by the solemnity of the occasion. There was little manifested joy in *Mr. Bode's* playing. He appeared depressed by the difficulties, and obsessed by its vagaries, and in my youthful mind looked upon the whole thing as a necessitous business for keep-himself fit. *Mr. Bode's* style was angular. He swung the club in sections without rhythm, and, as is usual in such cases, he developed a chronic "slice" giving way at the shoulders and knees as the clubhead descended toward the ball.

The Padre and he invariably played together, *Mr. Carr* went for higher game, and my memory is tickled when I remember that *Mr. Willes* used to "chivvy" his opponents most unmercifully at any want of success. The Padre was out for the fun whereas *Mr. Bode* was acutely distressed if he failed to play well. I do not

remember that " *The Head* " *Mr. Cormel Price*, used to play with any of the other Masters. They were not good, but Mr. Price was distinctly inferior, and it may have been that his reserved manner prevented his intrusion. " *The Head* " never went in for a competition. He was far too modest, and painfully aware of his limitations to aspire to the hope of winning one. Besides he never got the amount of practice that the others enjoyed. A weekly round, on Saturday afternoons, was his portion. He would saunter down to the Clubhouse, the old Tin Hut, alongside the Pebble Ridge, quietly engage a caddie, and set forth upon his round a detached and isolated figure knocking the ball along aimlessly as a means of exercise, not troubling his head with such mundane matter as the number of strokes that he might take to the hole. The job of being his caddie was a sinecure, " *The Head* " was easy to please, and eager to thank in a most courteous manner any extra attention that was paid him which he rewarded.

I have no recollection that " *King*," *Mr. W. C. Crofts*, ever played golf, nor " *Prout*," *Mr. M. H. Pugh*. They may have considered the game too futile for recognition. I came to know and heard a great deal of the latter in an entirely different way. My father was engaged in dismantling the old Pier at Westward Ho ! one of its whitest of white elephants, and used to tell us that Mr. Pugh would come down towards Rocks Nose of an afternoon and help him turn the windlass and generally work like a nigger for the love of the thing. My father was a big, muscular, bearded man, as strong as a horse, Mr. Pugh was also bearded like a pard, and also strong, and my father used to recount with a chuckle how the both of them were wont to test their strength against each other. My dad did not always win the trial. Mr. Pugh used to give my father his cast-off clothes, they were great friends, so I have no doubt I used to wear Mr. Pugh's trousers cut down and made up to suit my spindle shanks.

Of course I knew well, Richards, Gumbley, Lena whom he afterwards married, John Short who rang the school bell, and Oke the Common Room Butler. Oke married my cousin Eliza Taylor, also a servant at The College, who used to nurse the sick and ailing boys

at the College Hospital, " The Woodbines " situated on the lower road towards Northam. She used to tell my mother of her many difficulties.

Old Boys will remember " Old Puntabout," Sergt. Cowell of the dapper movement and enlarged waist. He was an old friend and when I achieved some little distinction at the game, he used to claim that he always predicted it. He died about two years ago at Bideford at the age of 84, and lies buried in Northam Churchyard, alongside the wind-swept tower looking over the sea, and that part of Devon which he loved in life.

These are a few of the fragmentary recollections that remain with me of some of the characters of " Stalky " and I set them down here in the hope that it will interest those that were even more intimate with them than I was myself.

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Kiplings Schooldays (continued).

I was in the small boys' house at the time, and Kipling was put there, too. He was, at that time, about twelve years old, and, judged by the generality, an extraordinary boy. He differed from the ordinary boy, not in degree, but in kind ; and his authentic literary genius was already strongly in evidence. Although born in India there was no Indian atmosphere about him ; rather the contrary, indeed. He was the nephew of Lady Burne-Jones, the wife of the celebrated painter, and if he bore any impress at all it might be said to be the intellectualism of the Burne-Jones—William Morris circle. English schoolboys are notoriously contemptuous of anything that savours of the intellectual or the " high brow," but it must be said that Kipling, in spite of his differing qualities, was very popular ; his light-hearted, joking spirit won the goodwill and friendship of the whole school.

Rudyard Kipling—State Prophet.

BY J. H. C. BROOKING.

KIPLING foretold the Great War many years before it happened, and gave details of it that tallied with events and he has also been very close in poetic prophecy to Men and Things during The General Strike.

He, as our leading Empire poet, has praised our virtues, has in due season pointed out our weaknesses and scourged our faults ; sometimes in such plain and bitter language as to cause him to be disliked. He is master of the apt phrase, framed in the jingle of rhyme, that floods the eyes or bites to the bone. He has written much about the manual worker ; mostly in the engineering trades, of which " MacAndrew's Hymn" is perhaps the best known example, and there are many other of his verses which show how carefully he has studied the working classes.

The following extracts from his verses shew striking insight and prevision as to the disastrous policy of those misguided people who have impoverished their dupes and their country during recent years, and these extracts deal in anticipation with the leading features of the General Strike.

The state of some industries in which ca' canny is rife, is shewn in " The Wage Slaves " (1902).

' Yet (they) the bondslaves of our day, whom dirt and danger press

Cohairs of insolence, delay and leagued unfaithfulness."

" Creation's cry goes up on high, from age to cheated age

Send us the men who do the work for which they draw the wage."

The present state of Russia is foretold in " Macdonough's Song" and the future of that country, as referred to, may yet be fact :—

" Once there was The People, terror gave it birth.

Once there was The People, and it made a Hell on Earth.

Earth arose and crushed it. Listen O ye slain !

Once there was The People—It shall never be again."

Here is an echo of the General Strike in the same poem :—

" Whatsoever for any cause seeketh to take or give
Power above or beyond the Laws, suffer it not to live."

The following is an unique summing up of the qualities of some of the Strike leaders, and what happened during the General Strike. Kipling shews the breaking of Service Agreements, the lack of reasoning power, and the last phase of rival leaders blaming each other for the failure of their plot, in " A Servant When He Reigneth " :—

" These Four Tremendous Curses with which mankind is cursed
But a Servant when He Reigneth, Old Agur counted first."

" His feet are swift to tumult, his hands are slow in toil.
His ears are deaf to reason, his lips are loud to broil.
He knows no use for power, except to show his might.
He gives no head to judgment, unless it shows him right."

" So when his Folly opens the unnecessary hells
A Servant, when He Reigneth, throws the blame on someone else."

"His vows are lightly spoken, his faith is hard to bind.
His trust is easy broken, he fears his fellowkind.
The nearest mob will move him to break the pledge he gave.
Oh a Servant when He Reigneth is more than ever slave ! "

It is in " The City of Brass " written in 1909, where Kipling dealt with the Socialist idea in greatest detail, and in it he shews some of the doctrines that led to our early impotence in the Great War, and which has since caused such trouble in Great Britain itself :—

(A multitude rose—)

" To decree a new earth at a birth without labour or sorrow.
To declare we prepare it to-day and inherit to-morrow."

(They said—)

" We ascribe all dominion to Man in his factions conferring
And have given to Numbers the Name of the Wisdom unerring."

" They said ' Who is eaten by sloth, whose unthrift has destroyed
him,

He shall levy a tribute from all because none have employed him.
 They said 'Who hath toiled, who hath striven and gathered
 possession
 Let him be spoiled. He hath given full proof of transgression."

The gist of Communist publicity, in speech and print is hereafter referred to in the same poem :—

" They ran panting in haste to lay waste and embitter for ever
 The well springs of Wisdom and Strength which are Faith and
 Endeavour.
 They nosed out and dugged up and dragged forth and exposed to
 derision
 All doctrine of purpose and worth and restraint and prevision."

The poem ends with a prophecy of what it was odds-on happening during the War, but for the luck of the British Army :—

"The eaters of the other men's bread, the exempted from hard-
 ship,
 The accusers of impotence fled ; abdicating their wardship.
 For the hate they had taught through the State brought the
 State no defender,
 And it passed from the roll of the Nations in headlong surrender."

The cause of our pulling through the Great War, and the Great Strike, was also largely due to the sound patriotism of the average Britisher, which as yet has not been affected by the much-taught "hate," and Kipling pays tribute to this soundness in "The Return " :—

"If England was what England seems and not the England of
 our dreams
 But only putty, brass and paint, 'Ow quick we'd drop her. But
 she ain't "

He also refers to the influence of the Press in keeping men sound as in " The Press ".

" The Pope may launch his Interdict, the Union its Decree ;
 But the bubble is pricked and the bubble is blown, by us and such
 as we."

The Rudyardites.

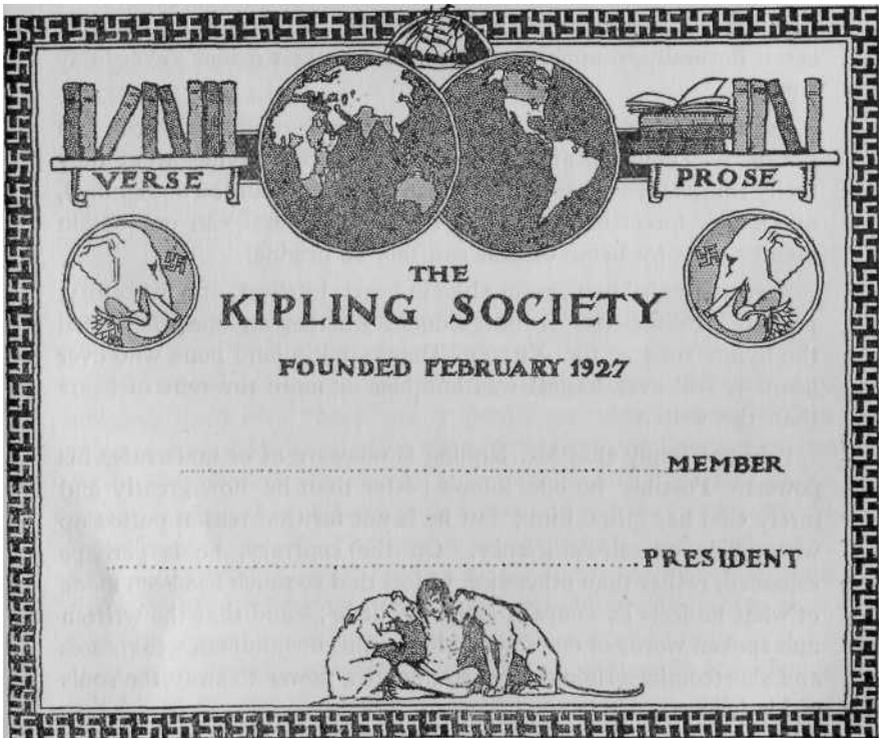
ALAS ! in spite of all its notable Founder Members, the Kipling Society is not the first in the field.

In the pleasant village of Finchamstead, Berkshire, there exists a Society under the above name. As the name implies it is a sort of Kipling Society, though confined to the members of a select village circle, mostly juvenile. Its meetings consist of impersonations of Kipling characters, and suitable recitations and songs are done by these.

The last meeting was held on December 30th, Kipling's birthday and the programme, replete with swastikas, shews that the musical part consisted of " Land of our Birth " and " Recessional," and the recitations dealt with " Eddi's Service," " The Four Legs," " Sons of Martha," " Earth's Last Picture " etc.

We pass our affectionate greetings to the members of " The Rudyardites " especially to Ethel, Rose and little Mary.

J.H.C.B.



MEMBERSHIP CARD. (Coloured red and blue.)

Coulson Kernahan on Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan has given permission for us to extract the following from his book " Six Famous Poets " :—

In his " Song of the English " he says :

" Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,

After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few."

It is because Rudyard Kipling uses English in which the words are straight-flung and few, because he is master of the speech understood of the people, that he is so " universal "—addressing himself as he does to a race which leaves no part of this globe of ours unexplored. Scots, the wide world over, read and love their Burns ; Britons, their Kipling, for the reason that these two poets have dared to be themselves to say what they actually think, and to say it naturally, if nobly, in their own and their reader's every-day words.

Lesser men do not so dare. They strain after fine words and phrases. They aim at a " style," shrink from saying what they really think and as they think it, lest they be accounted undignified, unoriginal, forgetting that only by being natural can one attain dignity only by being oneself can one be original.

A great Englishman, great alike in heart, intellect, and humanity, penned " Recessional " ; but I doubt whether anyone who heard the hymn sung at the Victory Thanksgiving (and none who ever heard it will ever forget) was humbler or more reverent of heart than the writer.

I do not imply that Mr. Kipling is unaware of or underrates his powers. Possibly no one knows better than he how greatly and rarely God has gifted him ; but he is not for that reason puffed up with pride or self-sufficiency. On the contrary, he is perhaps ashamed, rather than otherwise, to feel that so much has been made of what he feels is, comparatively, so little ; and that the written and spoken words of one so conscious of his own human weaknesses and shortcomings should have so potent a power to sway the souls of his fellows.

Some of Kiplings uncollected matter.

THE following items are of recent date, and have been published in English papers. Unfortunately the names of the papers and the dates of same have been mislaid. If anyone can furnish these, and also give details of any other items which have not been published collectively we will send the list to all members at the earliest moment.

VERSE.

SOME WORK IN THE BALTIC " The Trade ".
 STAINED GLASS IN WESTERN FRANCE. Chartres
 Windows.
 THE CHOICE. The American Spirit Speaks.
 GREATHEART. (The late President Roosevelt).
 THE GODS OF THE COPYBOOK HEADINGS.
 THE KING'S PILGRIMAGE.
 THE SUPPORTS.
 THE SCHOLARS.
 A NATIVITY
 A SONG OF FRENCH ROADS

J.H.C.B.

Kipling's Schooldays (continued).

This reference to masters reminds me of one extraordinarily amusing incident. There was a period at school when Kipling affected an inflated and turgescient prose style reminiscent of the *Daily Telegraph* in the old days, or George Augustus Sala at his worst ; and in this style Kipling composed a school essay on the " Abolition of War." The second master, a tall, gaunt, red-haired Scotsman, called Haslam, was so affected and upset by this effusion that, unable to bear the strain, he rushed into the class-room, first asking permission of the presiding master, and flung the essay at Kipling's head, saying, " I have never read such abominable rubbish in my life.' "

"The Limitations of Knowledge."

IN the course of an interview with a representative of "The Idler," in 1894, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker of the City Temple, mentioned that Rudyard Kipling was a relation of Mrs. Parker, although Mr. Kipling did not know it. The day after the interview was published, the following lines appeared in "The Pall Mall Gazette" under the above heading.—

The secrets of the Sea are his, the mysteries of Ind,
 He knows minutely every way in which mankind has sinned,
 He has by heart the lightships t'wixt the Goodwins and the Cape,
 The language of the elephant, the ethics of the ape.
 He knows the slang of Silver Street, the horrors of Lahore,
 And how the man-seal breasts the waves that buffet Labrador.
 He knows Samoan Stevenson, he knows the Yankee Twain,
 The value of Theosophy, of cheek, and Mr. Cain.
 He knows an Ekka pony's points, the leper's drear abode,
 The seamy side of Simla, the flaring Mile End Road.
 He knows the Devil's tones to Souls too pitiful to damn,
 He knows the taste of every Regimental Mess in Cham.
 He knows each fine gradation t'wixt the General and the Sub.,
 The terms employed by Atkins when they fling him from a pub.
 He knows enough to annotate the Bible verse by verse,
 And how to draw the shekels from the British Public's purse.
 But varied though his knowledge is, it has its limitation
 Alas ! he doesn't know he's Dr. Parker's wife's relation.

Note Kipling at this time was in his 29th year.

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EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF
 SIR J. KENNETH D. MACKENZIE, Bart., F.R.G.S.,

" I learned to Kiple as a lad,
 And loved to, as a stripling ;
 As I grew up, I kiplod so,
 That now I can't cease Kipling! "

The Poet as Prophet.

BY GERARD E. FOX.

TO many people a Prophet simply means one who foretells future events, but really this is a secondary and comparatively unimportant part of a Prophet's vocation. The word Prophet means one who speaks for another, that is, an Interpreter or Teacher. Throughout the ages we have to thank God for many such, and I believe that to-day we possess a true Prophet in Mr. Rudyard Kipling. His poem "The Gods of the Copybook Headings" has not yet been published in book form in this country, and, being copyright, cannot be printed in full. But I have received Mr. Kipling's special permission, for which I am deeply grateful, to quote three verses of the poem.

It evidently refers to the struggle which is for ever going on between the eternal verities which Mr. Kipling calls "The Gods of the Copybook Headings," and the ephemeral fallacies which he calls "The Gods of the Market-Place."

The poem consists of ten verses, of which I am permitted to quote the 4th, 7th and 8th.

" With the hopes that our world is built on they
were utterly out of touch,
They denied the moon was Stilton, they denied she
was even Dutch,
They denied that wishes were horses, they denied
that a pig had wings,
So we worshipped the Gods of the Market who
promised these beautiful things.

In the carboniferous epoch we were promised abundance for all
By robbing selected Peter to pay for collective Paul,
But although we had plenty of money, there was
nothing our money would buy,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said,
" *If you don't work you die.*"

Then the Gods of the Market tumbled and their
 smooth tongued wizards withdrew
 And the hearts of the meanest were humbled and
 began to believe it was true
 That all is not gold that glitters and that two and
 two make four,
 And the Gods of the Copybook Headings limped up
 to explain it once more."

When the need arises, there has always appeared a Prophet or Seer able to tell the people the truth, and, as indicated above, I look upon Mr. Kipling as one of these, and the wonder is that he has not yet been stoned for his pains.

Can it be gainsaid that at this moment we have several smooth-tongued wizards endeavouring to delude people that "wishes are horses," that "everything that glitters is gold," and that two and two make five—? The sooner they withdraw, the better it will be for our country and our people.

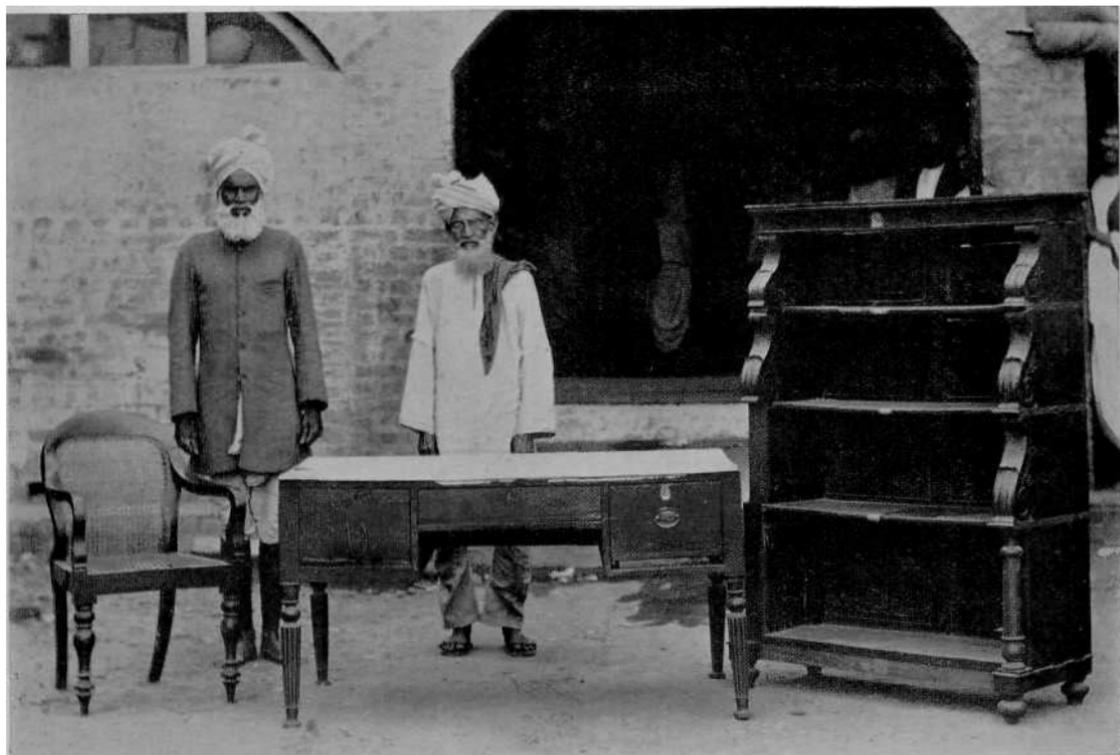
Their brave New World in which "all men are paid for existing and no man need pay for his sins" must burst like every other bubble,—and the "Gods of the Copybook Headings" are bound sooner or later, as Mr. Kipling points out, to return with terror and slaughter.

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THANK YOU !

In connection with an application for details of membership, G. B. H., of Ross, kindly enclosed "stamps to cover eight people who had written without remembering to pay return postage."

Very nice of you, Colonel, and it really covered twenty-one people at the ½d. unsealed rate. My grateful reply to you needed the full 1½d., of course.



Kipling's Office Furniture on the "Pioneer."

Copyright.

*Rudyard Kipling's Early Association
with Journalism.*

(BY CLIVE RATTIGAN, FORMERLY EDITOR OF THE "PIONEER")

ACCIDENT plays a part in the lives of all men, be they small or great ; and it was accident rather than any natural bent for the profession that made Rudyard Kipling start his career as a Journalist. He was only 17 at the time and though he was brimful of confidence in his own powers, with a ready wit in conversation and with a certain aptitude for story telling, there was nothing to indicate that he was possessed of exceptional literary gifts. He owed his introduction to journalism indeed, to the simple facts that a career of some sort had to be found for him and that his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood Kipling, were extremely popular members of Lahore Society and were able, without much difficulty to persuade the then owners of the two Indian papers, the "Civil and Military Gazette" of Lahore and the "Pioneer" of Allahabad—the writer's own father, Sir George Allen, and Sir James Walker—to find him a billet as "Assistant Editor".

It was on the "Civil and Military Gazette" that Rudyard Kipling began his journalistic career and here again happy chance was the chief instrument in developing one side at least of his genius. One of the features of the Lahore paper in those days was the "turnover" or short story occupying the last column of the front page and turning over on to the second page. Kipling soon made this "turnover" his own special preserve. From being merely one of the features of the paper this short story rapidly became the feature that attracted most interest in each day's issue and the initials "R.K." exercised a magic charm over the wide territory in North Western and Northern India whence the "Civil and Military Gazette" claimed and still claims its reading public.

Before Kipling migrated to Allahabad to join the staff of the "Pioneer" he had given evidence of extraordinary felicity in the writing of occasional verse ; but neither at Lahore nor at Allahabad did he display any taste for the ordinary duties of an Assistant Editor. The composing of Leaders or Leaderettes was a task he

preferred to leave to others ; he would reel off with ease stories and little gems of verse whenever the mood seized him, but to write on any serious subject, in the grand editorial manner, was something quite beyond him. And so it came about that, when he was for leaving the " Pioneer," the then Manager solemnly assured him in all good faith that he would never do any good with his pen and had better take to some easier means of earning his livelihood.

Kipling had departed from the " Pioneer " many years before I joined it, but his association with it was something more than a mere memory as three at least of his former colleagues were still with the paper and could speak with personal knowledge of him and his methods of work. I remember being shown with much ceremony the very chair upon which Rudyard Kipling was wont to sit when littering his room with reams of rejected manuscript ; I was regaled with countless tales as to how he would avoid the delights of Club society for a quiet chat with the inhabitants of some out-of-the-way corner in the City Bazaar, and how he would forget to do the work that had been assigned to him and make good the omission by some priceless unasked-for contribution ; and every now and then when I would be going through the old files of the paper I would come across some poem or story that had apparently escaped re-publication.

I believe it is a fact that both the " Pioneer " and " Civil and Military Gazette " have of late years compiled a trustworthy record of all the contributions Rudyard Kipling made to their columns and members of the Kipling Society will hardly need to be assured of the value of such a record for the purpose of tracing the development of Kipling's versatile genius.

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Kiplings Schooldays (continued).

I have never met anyone who revealed future greatness so clearly as did Kipling.

At the age of twelve his literary future was already in flower. Merely to say that he was deeply read would be inadequate. He had already moved off the main road of academic reading into curious and learned bypaths of letters ; and I remember that at that time his favourite poet was Chaucer. History, too, in its obscure forms attracted him, and only a tepid interest in science served to heighten his powerful literary abilities.

First Hundred Members.

1 Mr. F. L. Fitzhugh,	London.
2 „ Dallas Ross,	London
3 „ E. N. Duffield,	Esher.
4 Mrs. Chas. Coburn,	London.
5 Mr. H. R. Huggins,	London.
6 Mrs. C. A. Whitefield,	Beaconsfield.
7 Miss E. Willan,	London.
8 Mr. H. Knowles,	London.
9 Rev. T. H. W. Barker,	Waltham Cross.
10 Mr. H. O. Roberts,	London.
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