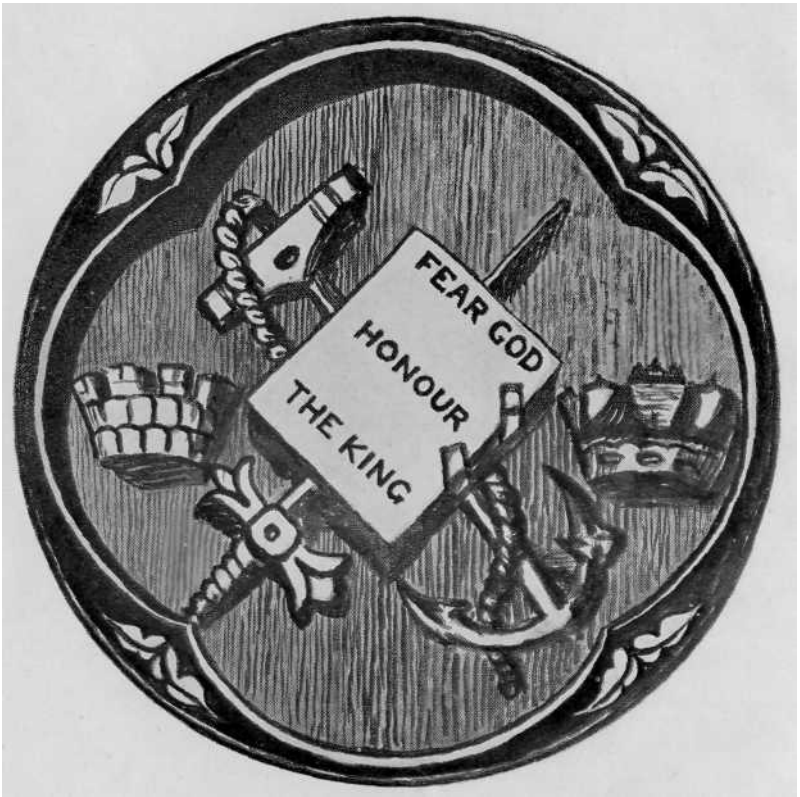


*The*  
KIPLING  
JOURNAL

*The*  
Organ  
of the  
KIPLING  
SOCIETY

No. 17

APRIL, 1931



THE ARMS OF THE UNITED SERVICES COLLEGE, WESTWARD HO! N. DEVON.

From a wash drawing in the possession of Mr. G. C. Beresford.

# The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No. 17

APRIL, 1931

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## News and Notes.

The Society has lost by death one of its Vice-Presidents. Sir Percy Fitz-Patrick., K.C.M.G., the South African Statesman and author, passed away at Cape Town on January 25 after a long illness.

x            x            x            x            x

On December 3 at the Hotel Rembrandt an evening meeting was arranged, and was well attended. Mr. Gilbert Frankau talked on "Rudyard Kipling and the Female of the Species," and passages from the talk will be found in this issue on page 5. The report is not verbatim, and we hope that we have not misrepresented the speakers's views, but only a Parliamentary reporter, of long experience could really "take him down." Lady Cunynghame was in the Chair, and an entertainment was given by Miss M. Clarke-Jervoise and others. At the fourth meeting of the session, held in The Rubens Rooms, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.I., on January 14, Lt.-Gen. Sir George F. MacMunn read and commented on "The Man Who Would be King." Major-Gen. Sir Granville de L. Ryrie, High Commissioner for Australia, was in the Chair. On March 11 the second evening meeting of the session was held at the Hotel Rembrandt, when Lt.-Col. R. V. K. Applin, D.S.O., M.P., spoke on "Kipling and the Empire Union." The report of this meeting is held over for lack of space.

Mr. Kipling has just accepted the silver medal of the Mark Twain Society given in recognition of his great contribution to world literature. The medal has the face of Mark Twain on one side, and on the other—"Mark Twain Society to Rudyard Kipling, Prince of Authors."

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

At a Council Meeting held on January 19, under the Chairmanship of Sir George MacMunn, it was decided among other things to discontinue the Geographical List and to revise and reprint the Alphabetical List (Yellow List).

The following Executive Officers intimated their willingness to continue in their appointments for the present year 1931, namely:—Lt.-Gen. Sir G. F. MacMunn, Hon. Treasurer; J. H. C. Brooking, Esq., Hon. Organizer; W. A. Young, Esq., Hon. Editor; and C. A. Cuss, Esq., Hon. Solicitor, all of whom were re-elected as from April. Colonel C. Bailey, Secretary, was also unanimously reappointed for a further period of one year. These Executive reappointments are subject to confirmation by the General Meeting in June. The Hon. Librarian produced the Library Journals bound in two volumes to end of 1930. The cover was unanimously approved and adopted as a "Standard" cover for Journals for the use of members desiring to avail themselves of it.

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

In an interview with Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins published at the end of January, in *Everyman*, Miss Louise Morgan states that she asked the author of the *Dolly Dialogues*. "Which of the writers of to-day do you think stands a chance of being immortal?" Sir Anthony replied, "Immortal is a very big word! I should say offhand Kipling—of English writers, anyhow. Posterity selects *something* from a lot of people and a lot of work. Fielding wrote about a hundred plays, I believe, and he is remembered for *Tom Jones*. Of all Dickens's works, only four or five will be read in the future, and of Thackeray's three or four. In view of this, if we hint that some of our contemporaries won't have *all* their words read for ever, perhaps they won't be offended!"

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

By the good offices of a number of members, we are able in this issue to print a few notes on some recent musical setting

to Mr. Kipling's verse. First there is a new tune for Recessional composed by Mr. A. A. Paramor, to whom the Society is indebted for permission to print it before it has appeared elsewhere. Captain R. H. Fraser, R.N., writes that in November last, two of Kipling's poems were published on a gramophone record by *His Master's Voice*, both as sung by Peter Dawson. They were "Cells," and "Route Marchin," No. B.3629. The price is 3s. In response to an enquiry from

R E C E S S I O N A L

Arthur A. Paramor

God of our fa-thers known of old Lord of our far flung  
 battle line, Be-neath whose mighty hand we hold Do-  
 min-ion o-ver palm and pine Lord God of hosts be  
 with us, yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get

S L O W E R

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several people about a setting of the Recessional by Blanchard, a member reports that it is in the *Boy Scout Song Boole*, 1920, published at 40 cents. by Bouchards, 221, Columbia Avenue, of Boston. Several other settings of R.K. songs are mentioned in the Song Index of Mimic Earl Sears and Phyllis Crowford. This last is published by E. Hy. Wilson Co., of New York.

A member residing in the Persian Gulf asks whether there is any warrant for ascribing to Mr. Kipling a limerick which runs:—

There was a small boy of Quebec,  
 Who was buried in snow to his neck.  
 When asked: "Are you friz?"  
 He replied: " Yes, I is,  
 But we don't call this cold in Quebec!"

Neither the Hon. Librarian, nor the Hon. Editor can place this, although it sounds familiar.

x            x            x            x            x

It is proposed that members of the Society should make a week-end tour of that part of Southern England to which there are so many references in some of Kipling's works. The month of June is thought suitable, and a Saturday, Sunday, and possibly, Monday may be sufficient for the purpose, but the exact date and details of the pilgrimage would best be settled by those likely to undertake the trip. Members interested are asked to communicate with Mr. J. G. Griffin, Glenthorne, Clarence Road, St. Albans. Members without cars may possibly be accommodated in other members cars. The matter will come up for discussion at the close of the meeting on April 15, announced on page 31.

x            x            x            x            x

Members have remarked upon the change, in No. 16, in the way the Journal was dated. This was done to make the four quarterly issues fall within the calendar year. In future they will bear the dates, March, June, September and December.

*"The Female of the Species."*

PASSAGES FROM A TALK BY ME. GILBERT FRANKAU.

(See note on page 1).

"MY purpose this afternoon is not to give a lecture, but rather to make an impromptu speech. I shall quote from memory, so will probably quote everything wrong, as the better one knows a poet, the more liable one is to misquote him. I come to bury Kipling, not to praise him!—bury him on the woman question.

"The amazing thing about Kipling is that he is almost the last of the authors to give man a chance. He was born in the pre-woman age. He is a relic of Victorian times, and is antediluvian on the subject of women. He suffers from the delusion that he and I and a few others are still the superior sex. He does not think that man proposes and woman disposes—which, however, is entirely true, at least as far as money is concerned. Taking him in his attitude towards the fair sex, there seem to be three distinct Kiplings.

' There is the boy at Westward Ho! Take Beetle's view of women! Take the whole atmosphere of Stalky & Co! Take the mother of the boy who had diphtheria sucked out of his throat by his Head! Beetle did not get on with women, and always had a secret envy of Stalky and M'Turk, the Don Juans. Remember the Devonshire girl. Beetle did not kiss her, he only looked on with the desperate envy of the boy who does not ' get off.' This genius boy, the greatest genius we have got, is raw, rather obviously raw. The least lovely woman would not have looked at Beetle, who did not possess the finesse of the others. As an example, consider this raw boy's use of the word ' paramour ' in the Tulkiss story. No boy with experience would have used the word. Kipling got all his knowledge from books.

" This raw boy proceeds from Westward Ho! to India. He is again suffering from repression on the subject of woman and from an inferiority complex when he compares himself with Stalky and M'Turk. Out of this repression, this inferiority complex, there comes Mrs. Hauksbee. Only a man who knew nothing of women and was totally blind to sex could have devised Mrs. Hauksbee. A schoolboy's dream! An impossible person! The more you regard the Indian stories, the more you recognise the wonder and

splendour of Kipling's men. But the more you consider the; women in those stories, the more you see that he know nothing about them; about the finesse, the artfulness, and the deeper schemings of women. Kipling's genius flared out through this virginal quality: that no woman had laid profane hands on it.

" Take ' William the Conqueror!' Always, when we talk of those Indian stories, we are brought back to William the Conqueror—a woman totally devoid of sex appeal. In her, the virgin, obviously Kipling was drawing us just a man pal in petticoats. Then take that wretched young female in the archery competition, or Mrs. Gadsby! Can any woman here imagine a man calling her ' Little Featherweight.' A good description for a boxer, no doubt, but not for a woman.. Kipling, indeed, during his Indian period drew no single real woman. He drew the ideal woman—the woman we think about—but never meet. Grant the genius, grant the technique—but not the reality of the female.

He sets out to go round the world (including America) and encounters a geisha. He feels the same repression, the same-inferiority complex in the presence of the geisha. He goes on and on round the world, till at last you really see the falseness of his views about women. There is a moment in *From Sea to-Sea*, where he strikes a real American household, and a real,, pure, lovely American girl. There, at last he finds his dream. His literary dream, obviously—a real Harrison Fisher girl—and he bows down and worships.

" However, he gets over that—and we come to the terrible-woman, Maisie, in *The Light that Failed*. The terrible character who rips up the picture. This is presumably symbolic. *The Light that Failed* shows us Kipling's initiation into the essential fierceness of woman. When he gets down to Maisie cutting the picture about, he has got nearer to brass tacks.

" Some poets develop in school. Kipling was not like that, he developed late. Readers will remember that the early Kipling was pure boy, knowing nothing whatever of women. What he did know he knew from books. Kipling invented ' It,' not Elinor Glyn. Mrs. Bathurst had ' It.' Kipling himself uses the phrase " She had ' It ' " long before Elinor Glyn wrote novels. He must have had a nasty knock about the time he wrote *The Light that Failed*. In all



the stories written about that period he is shying away from women. Kipling at that period is off, really off.

" The next important point is Kipling's development where sex is concerned, is Badalia Herodsfoot. When this tale was published first in England, it was thought foully indecent, and was taken off the bookstalls. I regard this story as Kipling's first idea that woman was not an entirely sexless creature. Read, and judge by his work and not his life. Up to that time he thought woman had no red blood in her veins. With Badalia he found that they had, and after Badalia he seems to have gradually woken up.

" Kipling always wants to analyse things and find out all about them. Give him a ship, a gun, a man's job, a subject of history, and he will go back and reconstruct them and then paint their pictures in fewer words than anyone, but he has never studied women, and will therefore probably live to a ripe old age. Take the instance of Miriam in ' The Brushwood Boy.' If you analyse the character you find she is not alive. You cannot meet a girl and say ' this is Miriam.' She does not live.

" In ' They ' he got to the bottom of mother love, but this story is the super-Kipling. He shows us in ' Wireless ' a study of the little clerk in the chemist's shop, and uses the phrase that ' something had thrown up an induced Keats.' Remark Kipling's genius in the use of the word ' induced.' No other man could have done it, and figured out that induced idea. The woman in the story is wrong. She merely leads up to the word ' induced.' He puts over that story by his triumphant technique.

" His poem ' The Female of the Species ' was written during the heat of the Suffrage Movement. At that time my own mother got some amusement by subscribing to both the pro and anti organisations, and there is a story that the husband of one of the ' females of the species ' gave an extra thousand pounds to the funds for every week his wife was in jail. How did Kipling come to that knowledge of the female shown in his poem with the line ending ' The female of the species is more deadly than the male ' unless he had had another nasty knock ? Kipling came to a time of queer women, when all sorts of induced types were thrown up. In ' An Habitation Enforced ' there is an induced Harrison Fisher girl who is very nearly human, and in the beautiful story ' The Dog Hervey ' there.

is a queer girl, who in all Kipling's gallery is the nearest thing to a human being he ever did.

" The later Kipling has occasional flashes of enlightenment and sees the horrible truth about the sex. But only by a flash of his genius. I cannot help wishing that Kipling had devoted a little more of his time to the study of women. How many Kipling women do you remember? You remember all the men, He writes marvellously of men, but woman, she is not there, he has not studied her. Even the ' female of the species ' is not true, as there are some quite nice women.

' What inspires me, as the male of the species, is the thought "that, after all, Kipling may be right in his idea of women. It may be that women are only the potential mothers. Marvellous thought! Perhaps, in his wisdom, Kipling realises that woman is not worth studying, and that women, as another poet tells us, have no character at all. It may be that we, in this age, wrongly criticise Kipling for his lack of sex appeal and of appreciation of the charms and splendours of women. It may be that people will eventually point to Kipling and say that he was the only writer to impress himself upon his age, who definitely and actually refused to pander to the cult of feminism rife in his day. It is a definite possibility.

" Perhaps Kipling is the only man of his generation who has said 'What is woman? A mere foil to us.' If Kipling is really right, and if Kipling's woman characters are unreal of set purposes, and if, in the years to come this great truth shines out, what a great man this poet is! Go home and read your Kiplings and see if it is not right that the Kipling woman is essentially an inferior. Is he right? Is woman an inferior? Is he right in refusing to pander to the woman? Has he really proved himself definitely the first modern author to do this? Has he definitely established himself as the greatest author of the period because he has absolutely refused to recognise the absurd doctrine that woman is man's equal?"

#### *Discussion.*

Mr. G. C. Beresford advised his hearers to take everything "the opposite way from that which the orator had stated. At school Kipling was referred to as a great authority when the question of woman was raised. One cannot judge from his work. His pen is one thing, his personality another. His pen is all action. His dynamic pen cannot deal with a static

person. His pen is controlled by his muse. Kipling is Homer over and over again, cut into three lengths. He is not a man of action, though his pen writes action, and that is the difficulty to people who think they see Kipling through his hooks. When Kipling was 14, it did not occur to him to write about women, so *Schoolboy Lyrics* are action all through, which shows what he really is. His dynamic pen is not his own, and it might be a mystery of re-incarnation. He does not reveal his personality at all in "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." If you take the lecture backwards you might get at the truth about Kipling.

Mr. J. G. Griffin said that Mr. Frankau had been at great pains to prove what is a curious fallacy—that Kipling knows nothing of women. Kipling always goes to the heart of things in every case, in the same way he has got to the heart of woman. In particular, their amazing faithfulness, where they love. Take the story of "The Wish House." Would the average decent man have cared to take on the sufferings for anyone he loved deeply as Mrs. Ashcroft did? Mrs. Ashcroft believed she knew when this man was in pain, and that she could take his sufferings from him. And she did. Mr. Frankau has talked entirely of woman as "The Female of the Species." Take Kipling's animals. In "Thy Servant a Dog," it was Slippers that undertook the duties. Slippers (not Boots). Slippers who said she would stay and mind Smallest when Boots wanted to go off and play. It was Slippers who suggested the hunt to train Smallest; Boots only went for the sake of the play and the fun he could get out of it. Another aspect was to be found in "The Mary Gloster." 'And your mother was saving the money and making a man of me. I was content to be master.' Kipling shows there that the wife had a greater adventurous spirit and more courage than the man.

Miss Pamela Frankau agreed with Mr. Griffin, and called Mr. Frankau's attention to two women particularly. Mary Postgate, the untiring governess who was so devoted to the boy, and when he was killed it was decided to destroy everything. She went into the garden to complete her task, and met with the greatest adventure of her drab life. A German had crashed his airplane; was terribly hurt and asked her help, which she was going to give, when she remembered the child she had just seen killed by this airman's bomb. So she left the injured man and went on with her usual duties. Then there was Miss

Turrell in "The Gardener," who went through her life with her secret until it was taken from her in the cemetery in France. Miss Frankau thought Kipling meant to show in the story that it, was her devotion that was so fine, not the hiding of her son from the world.

Mr. B. M. Bazley said he was delighted to listen to a lecturer who so thoroughly knew his subject. He agreed **with** Mr. Beresford that there was a private Kipling who lives at Burwash and is described as a hermit by the press, and the public Kipling who writes books. Kipling has taken a lot of his knowledge from books. *Stalky & Co.* was a late book, and not written until about '96, when he was looking back. One does not expect a boy of that age to have a Freudian knowledge of these things, though he comes out, of course, with some queer ideas. Also, he was living in different times, 1890—40 years ago. Maisie was a vampire; the vampire of the poem. She could not understand. She was not criminally wicked, but lacking in something. The author laboured to make this clear. It was not a rare type either in man or woman. Kipling's stories, or a great many of them, were about places and things where a woman would not be naturally. Jane Austin wrote mainly about women—she and Charlotte Bronte were greater than anybody in recent years. But people said Jane Austin's men were weak; that she did not describe them well. She knew her limitations. Kipling's reticence spoiled one for reading certain other authors. Kipling spoiled one because he did not waste words. That was a virtue of reticence. He wrote of a time when things were different. At one time a woman's name was not mentioned in military messes. He believed it was different now, but Kipling's reticence was the ordinary man's reticence in speaking of a lady. The sixteenth century had reticence. It was unheard of for women to appear on the stage. It was not until much later, when girls were freer, that women went on to the stage at all. Shakespeare's female characters were portrayed by boys. That explained a good deal of Kipling. It was not the custom in those days to get a loud speaker and shout from the roofs. Knowledge was power, and the other thing, a little learning. One did not want even truths shouted from the housetops. There were unlovely things in hospitals, but the doctors did not weary us with details of the diseases. Kipling was still old-fashioned in some ways and was an example of a very rare thing in these days—gentlemanly reticence.

Mr. Frankau replying, did not agree that Kipling had failed to describe women because he was a gentleman. Kipling had several instances of faithful women. Kipling idealised woman, and that was where he failed, as every writer failed somewhere. Kipling's men were human, but his women were 'penny plain and tuppence coloured.' He might be gentlemanly, but women were not 'plaster saints.' Kipling might write about women as they are—but if he did he would probably not sell a copy.

*Those Crypticisms.*

THE Hon. Editor found himself in hot water over some of the July Crypticisms and the answers published in No. 16. He makes no apologies—never having been East of Suez. Every reply that was included in our last issue seemed to have come from those who had been in India or the Far East. The correspondence since received suggests that the experts are not agreed. Here are excerpts from some of the letters received:—

The President writes:—"Kala Juggah is first correctly described as 'dark place,' the literal and only possible meaning. It never could mean 'black people' and has never been used in this sense. It was a humorous expression coined by Anglo-Indians to describe darkened sitting-out places at dances. A further explanation of E.P. tents is that these tents were designed for, and issued to, British regiments only. E.P. means *European Pattern*. The reference to *Baa Baa Black Sheep* is a very bad shot. "Pagal"—generally pronounced by English people as 'poggle"—simply means 'mad,' a very common word in the vocabulary of ladies addressing their domestics.

The Hon. Librarian points out that "Kala Juggah" was translated by him as meaning "Black World," or "Black People," and that at a recent meeting one or two members spoke about this, and argued that his translation was incorrect. "I would very much appreciate it," he goes on, "if you would publish this letter, or the gist of it, in No. 17 K.J. I took pains to enquire from an Indian student acquaintance of mine, the exact meaning of this phrase, and he assured me that my translation was *correct*, since the word "juggah" is spelt various ways. In fact both the translations given in K.J. No. 16 are correct. In parenthesis I might add that I know full well that the Hindustani for "People" is "log" as per my glossary.

My definition of the word " Pagal " also called forth comment. One member said the word is Hindustani and means " Fool." He is correct, but although I know the Hindustani word, I considered " Baa Baa's " mother would not call her son a "fool" nor an " idiot."

Mr. A. B. Stokes contributes the following from Cambridge :— " Kala Juggah means literally Black People." Forbes' Hindustani Dictionary gives (a) Jagà (v. Jagah) a place, name of a division of the bhàt tribe ; (b) Jagah : place, station, quarter, room, vacancy, stead. During over 30 years in India, I never heard of *Jagah* meaning anything else but " place "—though, of course, this proves nothing. *Baa Baa Black Sheep. Pagal* is the Hindustani for " Fool"—and is obviously nothing else.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn points out that:—' Kala Juggah ' is dark place, ' juggah ' simply means place, and all that about " the black people " sheer imagination. E.P., in connection with tents is the abbreviation for European Pattern. " I.P. " would be tents of the Indian Pattern. Shigramitish is not quite full enough. Hired carriages in India are rated ' First ' and ' Second ' class grade. First class are more of the victoria or barouch build, the second class, is the curious box known as a shigram. Therefore as your correspondent says, it was a sarcastic reference of the snobbish kind.

Captain A. J. Cameron thinks the solution of " pagal " (Baa Baa Black Sheep) as *pagan* is off the mark. " A kiddie in India would more likely never have heard the word, while as for pagal meaning fool or silly, he would hear it and probably use it, every day. A *pagal-admi* meaning a silly man—a fool—would come naturally to his lips. Even a pic-nic is frequently alluded to by the servants as a *pagal-Rhare*. I have never heard *kala juggah* translated as anything but a dark-place, a sitting-out place. I remember a topical song in some musical comedy done in Simla :—

" Maisie she's a daisy,  
Maisie she's a dear,  
When her sweetheart wants to hug her,  
She can find a *kala juggah*;  
Maisie gets right there."

" The solution about Indian gentlemen is I think fanciful in the extreme. Kipling is a very direct person, and his language is that in ordinary use, and I think you may be sure

that his *pagal* means pagal and his *kala-juggah* would be the ordinary *kala-juggah* associated with dances. During 25 years in India I never heard it used with any other meaning.

*Comment from Australia.*

WE are indebted to Mr. L. Hughes Preston, of Penrith, New South Wales, for a cutting from *The Sydney Morning Herald*, of Saturday, August 30, 1930, where, under the heading "Hound the Empire," the leader-writer, reminded his readers that when Mr. Rudyard Kipling was still a young man with his spurs to win, he asked the rhetorical and paradoxical question: "What do they know of England who only England know?" We do not propose to follow the argument set forth, but towards the end there occurs a passage about India which may be appropriately reproduced in *The Kipling Journal*. It runs thus:—

"Life in the white dominions does not differ essentially from that in Britain. Their civilisations are in a general way the same. But India has a romantic allure. It has all the glow and colour of the glamorous East. The very name conjures up a picture of shining temples and resplendent palaces with treasure incalculable; of jungles haunted by dangerous animals, and teeming bazaars where natives clad in garments of brilliant hues chaffer over strange wares. The dominions cannot offer a panorama of this nature. Also, although their authors have written capital children's stories, they have not yet produced a "Kim" or a "Jungle Books" series.

"Even the adult is apt to associate India with intense heat, barely endurable by white men, forgetting that in the extensive Hill States the mean temperature is that of Switzerland. And in our concepts of space we instinctively think in terms of our usual surroundings. The Australian in Britain is struck by the occurrence of groups of large cities within a radius of a few miles. Conversely, the British child can be excused if he has difficulty in comprehending that the distance between Quebec and Vancouver is considerably greater than the distance between Liverpool and Quebec, or that the English equivalent of the sea journey from Sydney to Darwin is one from London to New York."

*The Romance of Adventure.*

PASSAGES FROM A B.B.C. TALK.

BY the courtesy of the British Broadcasting Corporation we are able to print a considerable part of a talk on *Stalky & Co.*, and *Kim*, which Mr. J. C. Stobart gave to schools in December last. This particular broadcast to schools was the last of a series on children in books by Mr. Stobart and Miss Mary Somerville which had the general title of "The Making of a Scout."

After some introductory references to Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer*, and to books by Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle, Mr. Stobart took up "two books that belong to that class called The Romance of Adventure." They were *Stalky & Co.* and *Kim*. We will not revise the quotations for which we have room, but it should be added that passages from the books were introduced and were read by Mr. Cyril Nash.

"The author is Mr. Rudyard Kipling who is still living and writing fine English, though his most famous and popular work was produced thirty or forty or more years ago. He began writing as a newspaper man in India. He was especially interested in the deeds of the British Army, and his cleverest short stories are mostly about soldiers and sailors. Manliness was his favourite quality, and he was especially keen on the idea that everybody ought to love his job and do it to the very best of his powers. He was fond of choosing out-of-the-way jobs like the work of the camel corps, or the screw-guns, or the outpost men on the N.W. Frontier of India, or the mounted police in Canada, or the stokers in battleships, or the engineers on liners. In picturing such people for us Kipling seems to have had the art of getting right inside their skins and making them seem alive and real. All great writers have this gift, and Kipling certainly has it, whether we like him or not. I think you ought to know that some people don't like him. They think he is one-sided, and that the manly spirit he praises so highly is a little hard and unfeeling. However, as to that you must judge for yourselves when you are older. I don't want you to be critics at your age. I mean to show you "Stalky & Co." first, and hope you will enjoy it.

"Stalky & Co." are three boys at a boarding school. "Stalky" himself, otherwise Corkran, is the leader of the party;



" Beetle," a studious fellow in spectacles; and M'Turk) a wild Irishman of the Northern or Ulster variety. These three live together in Number Five study. They are a lawless lot. They won't go to be spectators at House Cricket Matches as Mr. Prout, their excellent housemaster, would wish. Instead they prefer to spend half-holidays in a cubby-hole on the hill, and read and smoke, and break every other law they can think of breaking. They are regular outlaws; the masters are their natural enemies, especially the sarcastic Mr. King. No, stop a moment! there is the school chaplain, a most unusual type of clergyman, who comes to chat with them in their study, and the Head Master, who is a great man, great with his cane, feared by masters and boys alike. The three heroes bully the small boys and outwit the sixth form prefects.

" The whole place, school and boys and masters, may strike us as rather peculiar and unusual. But I believe the story is drawn from actual life. Mr. Kipling leaves us in no doubt that he is drawing from his own memories of the old United Services College in the days when it used to stand—" Twelve bleak houses by the shore "—on the hill behind the Westward Ho! golf course near Bideford, North Devon. The General who was once Stalky still lives, and they say that Beetle was Kipling himself.

" The idea of taking three heroes at once—a trinity of heroes, so to speak—was not new. There is a book called " The Four Midshipmen," and a still more famous book called " The Three Musketeers." I'm sure Kipling was thinking of Dumas when he invented *Stalky & Co.* There are nine chapters in the book, and each one tells its own story of some adventure of the three heroes.

" In the first they go out along the downs and discover a delightful new nest on the cliff, but they themselves are discovered by a game keeper who is out shooting foxes. This is a terrible crime to a real sportsman who thinks that foxes were made to be hunted. M'Turk's blood boils at the idea: he marches straight up to the squire, the landowner who had put up all sorts of threatening notices to keep strangers from trespassing on his land. M'Turk, himself the son of a landowner, denounces the fox-shooting rascal, he and this Colonel Dabney make friends, the game keeper is dismissed, and the three boys are encouraged to come again whenever they like.

" And then a day or two after, two of the unpopular school-masters and the foxy sergeant follow them and get caught trespassing themselves, and have a tremendous wiggling from the old Colonel. What fun the boys have at the expense of their spying masters! They overhear every word. But in the end the victory is not with the boys. The Head Master, who is " a beast but a just beast," flogs them all very thoroughly for being too clever.

" There you have the whole book in a nutshell. Stalky & Co. are much too clever. They nourish their young minds on Browning and Ruskin, all except Stalky himself, whose favourite book is that old sporting novel *Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities*. They are amazingly clever, and they always come out on top in all their adventures, except when they come into contact with the Head. If it wasn't for that I don't believe we ought to be broadcasting this book: I am afraid it does not make for a respectful attitude towards those in authority."

Here followed a running comment upon " An Unsavoury Interlude," and " The Flag of their Country," with readings from the story. Mr. Stobart then turned to *Kim*, that other story of Mr. Kipling's about a boy. He said:—

" It is a very different story, and, I think, a very much better one. Kim, at the opening of the story, is an almost wild little boy found sitting on an old cannon in an open square in Lahore, India. He is what they call in India " a poor white." His father had been a disreputable Irish sergeant, and his mother a servant in a Colonel's family. They were both dead when the story opens, and Kim is just a little rogue and vagabond,, sometimes dressed in European rags and sometimes in the dress of a Hindu.

" But he is full of pride in his ancestry, and he won't let the little Mohammedan and Hindu urchins take his place on the ancient cannon. He is known among the natives of the bazaar as " Little Friend of All the World," and he has some very queer friends indeed. In fact, he is used by some of them to carry secret messages from one to the other on behalf of the Indian Survey Department. Secret Service work! How Exciting! The business of his employers is to find out whether any rebellions or raids or invasions are threatened on the North West Frontier. In a leather case hung round Kim's neck there is a paper which gives the story of his birth and origin, something about a red bull on a green field and nine hundred

devils, all very mysterious! The adventures of the story begin when an aged priest from Tibet, a Lama, wanders by, and by his strange appearance attracts the notice of the small boy. The old priest is looking for the Holy Places of his master Buddha,, his birthplace, the place of his death, but above all for a certain river, " The River of the Arrow," where he is to wash and make himself clean. Kim has grown tired of Lahore and wants to see the great world, so he offers himself to the old priest as his *chela* or disciple. He takes his begging bowl round to some of his friends of the bazaar, and gets it filled with curry and vegetables. So he goes along with the old man, helping and guiding him with his quick wits and his extraordinary knowledge of Indian life. In this way we, too, as we follow his journeyings and adventures, get a marvellous picture of the variety of people who move about in the extraordinary great land of India, which, you must remember, is not a country but a continent ! In no other book does Kipling's power to paint portraits and landscapes in a few words produce such an effect. India itself, with its bright and burning sunshine, seems to stand out clearly before our eyes.

" Now you will want to get hold of books of Mr. Kipling won't you? I dare say you know his Jungle-books and some of his Just-So Stories already. Well, you know the Recessional Hymn ' God of our Fathers,' and you know 'If.' *If* you can learn the secret of his writings: you'll be a great writer, my son I I'll whisper part of the secret: you must see things vividly in your mind's eye before you set out to describe it, and you must never be content with the first stupid little commonplace word that comes into your head; you must never waste a word; you must scratch out and tear up, and toil and labour over your writing, and never be content. Then if you do that for a century or so you may—I don't say you will—find good English come to your pen willingly, and you will climb the heights and stand along-side of Kipling and Dickens and George Eliot, and the other of the great writers!"

*American Prices Current.*

Thanks to the kindness of Mr. N. Lawson Lewis, of The Rowfant Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., we are able to give in this issue some of the prices realised at the recent sale in New York at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries, Inc., of a number of Kipling items from the library of Mr. B. George Ulizio, of Pine Valley, N.J. In all there were ninety lots sold, from which the following are selected:—

*Departmental Ditties, and Other Verses.* Lahore, 1886. Narrow 8vo, original wrappers (flap wanting; front wrapper and back repaired). In a half morocco slip case. FIRST EDITION. On the fly-title, beneath the words "Departmental Ditties," Kipling has signed his name. Copies of "Departmental Ditties" signed or autographed by Kipling are of extreme rarity. 190 dollars.

*Departmental Ditties and Other Verses.* Lahore, 1886. Narrow 8vo, in the original cream wrappers representing an official envelope, with the flap. In a half morocco solander case. FIRST EDITION, exceedingly rare in the original wrappers with the flap. This collection was printed at the Civil and Military Gazette Press at Lahore, on one side of the leaf only.

925 dollars.

*The Phantom 'Rickshaw and Other Tales.* Allahabad, [1888] 8vo, original greenish-gray printed wrappers. In a half morocco slip case. FIRST EDITION. With the legend "[Reprinted in chief from the 'Week's News' |]" on the verso of the title-page, the leaf of advertisements at the front and the four leaves of advertisements at the end of the volume. The wrappers have the apostrophe before the word "Rickshaw," periods after the initials A and H in the imprint, and the name Lahore in the marginal legend below. No. 5 of the "Indian Railway Library." An unusually fine copy. 300 dollars.

*In Black & White.* Allahabad [1888]. 8vo, original cream-coloured printed wrappers. In a half morocco slip ease. FIRST EDITION. With the legend "[Reprinted in chief from the 'Week's News']" on the verso of the title-page. Has the leaf of advertisements at the front and the two-page dedication and four pages of advertisements at the end of the volume. No. 3 of the "Indian Railway Library." With the Munson A. Havens and Hetty G. Havens bookplate. 130 dollars.

A Catalogue of a Portion of the Library of Edmund Gosse. *Illustrations and facsimiles.* London: Privately Printed for

Subscribers, 1893. Small 4to, cloth, uncut. One of 65 copies, signed by Mr. Gosse. Contains the first appearance of Kipling's verses, written as a prologue to a collection of magazine articles and poems by him. They appear in print in this catalogue for the first time and occupy pages 92-93. William Loring Andrew's copy. Inserted is an A. L. s. by Mr. Gosse to C. B. Foote in reference to the work. Also inserted is an A. L. s. on card, from Mr. Foote to Mr. Andrews mentioning the catalogue. With the W. Van E. Whitall bookplate. 14 dollars.

*Barrack Room Ballads, Recessional*, etc. San Francisco: William Doxey, At the Sign of the Lark [1897]. 16mo, original wrappers, uncut. In a half morocco slip case. First appearance in book form of "Recessional." At the end are four pp. of advertisements. "Recessional" was first published in "The Times," July 17, 1897. The advertisements at the end of this book announce Vol. III of "The Lark Classics" as ready in September. These particulars, together with the fact that Mr. Ellis Ames Ballard purchased his copy before March, 1898, prove the book to have been issued sometime before July 17th and September, 1897. For this proof that Vols. II and III of "The Lark Classics" contain the first publication in book form of "Recessional" and "The Vampire" we are indebted to Mr. Ballard. 32.50 dollars.

*The Absent Minded Beggar*. Portrait, illustration, and facsimile of MS. Printed on white satin. London: Daily Mail Publishing Co., 1899. Folio triptych of white satin, are issued (silk fringes removed). In a half morocco slip case. Special issue printed for Lily Langtry, and presented by her on the 100th performance of \*'The Degenerates" at the Garrick Theatre. For permission to do this Mrs. Langtry had contributed £100 to the Reservists' Fund. Accompanying this special satin issue, is a copy of the paper edition, sold in the theatres for the same charity. 16 dollars.

*Mandalay*. With drawings by Blanche McManus. New York: M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, 1899. 12mo, grass cloth, linen back, uncut. In a half morocco slip case. FIRST SEPARATE EDITION. Scarce. 8 dollars.

*A Kipling Note Book*. Illustrated. New York, 1899-1900. Twelve parts, 12mo, original wrappers (backs slightly worn). In a half morocco slip case. FIRST EDITION. Very scarce in wrappers. 25 dollars.

*With Number Three, Surgical & Medical, and New Poems.* 12mo, original wrappers. In a half morocco slip case. FIRST EDITION. Very rare, as only 400 copies were printed. An immaculate copy, unopened. 120 dollars,

*On Dry-Cow Fishing as a Fine Art.* Title-vignette and head and tail-pieces in two colours. Cleveland, 1926. 12mo, boards, uncut. In hoard slip case, as issued. FIRST EDITION. One of 176 copies printed by Bruce Rogers for the Rowfant Club, with the author's sanction. 240 dollars.

### *What Chicago Thinks-*

WHAT follows is an abstract from a letter received from a member in the United States, and covering an editorial note from the Chicago Tribune, published on the occasion of Mr. Kipling's sixty-fifth birthday. The letter runs:—

*The Chicago Tribune* advertises itself as 'The World's Greatest Newspaper,' which brings a grimace to the face of anyone who knows a few of them! But Tiffany Blake (Chief Editorial Writer) formerly was a literary critic and a reader, and on occasion he does some thing very well I have no doubt that the enclosed was Blake's work.

My impression is that Blake weakened a good thing by his reference to 'The Widow,' as that story probably is the product of a poor imagination; but the tribute to R.K. indicates that below the surface of racketeering, killing and outrageous politics, Chicago has other thoughts. Blake is the man who wrote a glowing obituary of R.K. the last time he had the pneumonia, and printed it after he had recovered, because he had a good idea, and kind words were never out of place.

The Editorial note is too long to reprint *in extenso*, but the following extracts serve to show the attitude of the writer to England's most famous author:—

"Rudyard Kipling has just celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday: There was, however, no ceremony at Whitehall, and Kipling remains plain Mr. Kipling, not even Sir Rudyard, much less Baron Kipling of Delhi. Perhaps Kipling has refused a title, but there is no evidence known to the world why he has not been officially honoured for his brilliant and potent

service to the Empire and to British racial pride. At this moment there is a government in office which disapproves officially of imperialism and has no liking for that idealisation of war and empire which the poetry and a good deal of the prose of Kipling are held by their critics to present. Alfred Tennyson was made a baron in recognition of his patriotic poems, but Kipling, whose writing was a more realistic and effective glorification of the British raj and of British national character, has been seemingly ignored.

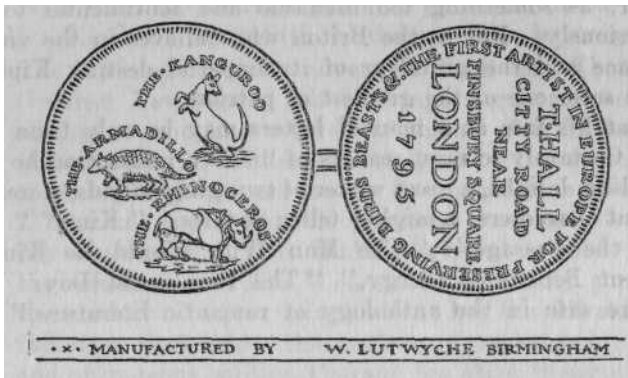
" No poet or writer of his time, or any previous time, we think, did so much as Kipling to strengthen national morale or to interpret to the mass of the people at home the ideal of imperial greatness. The critic of imperialism cannot approve of Kipling because he holds that Kipling covers its evils with a golden wash of romance. The realist considers Kipling's description of the British soldier and civil servant, and inferentially of British character, as something too ineffable and sentimental to be taken seriously. But to the Briton who believes in the virtue of his race and the grandeur of its imperial destiny Kipling ought to seem one of the greatest of patriots.

' What his fate as a man of letters may be only time will reveal. Certainly to most readers of his own generation he was an unfailing delight, a great writer of swinging ballads, a creator a pungent characters, a mighty teller of tales. " Kim," " The End of the Passage," " The Man Who Would Be King," " Without Benefit of Clergy," " The Brushwood Boy," and others are safe in the anthology of romantic literature."

*Tokens and Trade Marks.*

BY THE HON. EDITOR.

**T**HERE is a closer connection than some might think, for the copper token of the eighteenth century was made to serve a double purpose. Primarily it was struck, and issued, to make good the shortage of copper coinage in places where there was a considerable industrial population and a fair trade in food and commodities, sold in quantities so small that amounts of less than one shilling were representative of the value of many daily transactions. The Government of those days was neglectful of the monetary wants of the common people, and, in order to make good the shortage, manufacturers, and others, put into circulation copper tokens about the size and weight of pence and half-pence. These were "good "



within a reasonable radius of the issuing house for the value indicated on their faces. Many of them bore a definite promise of redemption on the basis of a silver shilling on presentation of twelve or twenty-four as the case might be.

The practice of issuing tokens was never authorised by Parliament, and the coins really had no legal value. Their issue was definitely stopped by law in the early years of the nineteenth century, but so long as they circulated they were a convenience, and, in the main, they were honestly utilised. A token which should be of rather special interest to lovers of *Just So Stories* was one minted for a taxidermist in Finsbury by the name of T. Hall. The drawing of the obverse and the



reverse reproduced here shows that, contrary to the usual product of the press, the two devices do not back.

Now a taxidermist's customers do not run into thousands, and the fairly obvious reason for the issue of these particular tokens was a desire to create goodwill for the shop in "Citty Road" where one could have a robin or a rhinoceros stuffed, a kitten or a kangaroo embalmed or an ant or an armadillo asphyxiated painlessly. Mr. Hall was shrewd enough to realise that he was helping his customers to remember his shop., and that he was providing a topic for talk among bird fanciers and the owners of pets whose last home would be a glass case. In short, he was creating goodwill in a trade mark before that term had come into current use.

It was coincidence that at the time this coin passed through our hands, a rumour reached this country that Mr. Kipling had taken out a trade mark in the U.S.A. The *Trade Mark Journal* for December 17 published by the British Patent Office contained his three applications for registration of the Elephant's Head in three styles in Class 39, which covers books



and bookbinding. The devices are here reproduced from the official publication. The numbers are respectively 516, 479; 516, 481 (circle), and 516, 480, and it is stated that they are to be associated with each other. The date of the application was October 1, 1930. The application was from Bateman's Burwash, Sussex, a Mr. Kipling is described as "Author." The conjunction here with Mr. Hall's token is the more notable because the three beasties on the obverse are all the subject of *Just So Stories*, where you will find How the Rhinoceros got his Spots, all about The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo, and The Beginning of the Armadilloes.

*Letter Bag.*

Spending most of my time abroad, I have never, since I joined the Kipling Society, had the opportunity of attending one of its Meetings. Nevertheless, I receive the Journal regularly, and look forward to its arrival with the greatest of pleasure. It is, however, with considerable trepidation that I venture an opinion on R.K. in the presence of so many experts, more especially so as replies to the Crypticisms in No. 15 may have reached you long ago. (They have.—Hon. Editor).... As to the chanting of Sam Hall, I could give you four verses, with chorus, and regret to say that I have helped to sing them many times. The only difficulty is I am afraid that, were the words to be written down, this paper might burst into flame, more especially so in this heat, which is about 110 deg. F. in the shade at the moment. It may be of interest, however, to anyone quite unacquainted with the song, to know that the last line of the chorus, when properly rendered by a full male choir, gives a splendid effect. The words, in this case, are "Damn your eyes." Even in the line quoted in the Crypticism, there is an example of R.K.'s accuracy of detail. "Chanting" exactly describes the way in which the words should be rendered; they should not be "sung."

While on this subject of R.K. and the Royal Navy, I would refer to the "Scholars," commencing "Oh shew me how a rose can shut and be a bud again." This point would, of course, not be obvious to anyone outside the Service, but the details are extraordinary. One would have thought that no one but a person who had served for many years as an Officer could have written of such technical matters. R.K. could though. The lines "They know the price to be paid for a fault, for a gauge—clock wrongly read, or a Picket Boat to the gangway brought bows on and full ahead . . . ." (I am quoting from memory), always brings back "memories." There cannot be an ex-Midshipman now living to whom the words do not recall the livid face of an infuriated Commander as the Picket Boat crashed into that "Holy of Holies," the Ship's gangway.

In conclusion, I would refer to "The Verdicts," R.K.'s poem on The Battle of Jutland. This exactly expresses what 99 per cent. of the R.N. think of the way in which that action has been treated by the public as a whole. We have always felt that there was, at least, one person who understood what the

action meant, and was not led astray by the remarks appearing in certain newspapers at the time. As a distinguished Naval Officer once remarked to me, " You may not see it; I certainly shall not," but one day the public will see what R.K. saw as soon as it happened . . . . read " The Verdicts."—*John Martin, Lieutenant Commander, Royal Navy, Douala, Cameroun, French Equatorial Africa.*

As to that query about " Olputs Patent Concrete Railway Sleepers." I have an idea it may be found in *From Sea to Sea.* Mr. Kipling may have alluded to such sleepers in his writings of Japan or Burma. Concrete is used in the East instead of wood (only extensively on some lines on account of the ravages of white ants. I cannot place this reference, but with this suggestion as a clue some one may recall the reference,—*A London Member.*

I do not know if it has been mentioned before in the Journal but when " The Lost Legion " first appeared in print the first four lines of stanza four ran:—

We've opened the Chinaman's oilwells,  
But the dynamite didn't agree,  
And the people got up and fang-kwaied us,  
And we ran from Ichang to the sea.

This version never got so far as the first edition, and is certainly inferior to the substitution. " Kanaka " also appeared instead of " Seedeboy " in the original. Again in *The Rhyme of the Three Sealers* the line " And some be Scot and the worst of the lot " originally finished, " but the worst, God wot "—Does anyone know when the words were changed?—*Gerald C. Coyle, Johannesburg, S.A.*

Can any member help me to fix definitely the exact date—was it in 1889—when Mr. Kipling was in Japan, and inform me whether there are any references to Japan and the Japanese in his books? If so, where can they be found?—*A New Member.*

Referring to the statement about " A. Lang " on page 98, 99, of K.J. No. 16, a friend of mine, resident in America, writes me that " there is no doubt that he wrote it." He

further tells me that the essay in question has been reprinted in the U.S. many times, and that it originally appeared in "Harper's Weekly," August 30, 1890.—*William G. B. Maitland, London.*

*Ballade.*

BY ONE WHO ENJOYED A BERESFORD LECTURE, BUT COULD NOT  
GET USED TO THE IDEA OF M'TURK AS A MAN.

'Stalky and Co.,' my childhood's chief delight  
When first my father read aloud to me:  
And later, smuggled from the eagle sight  
And swooping arm of stern authority,  
You have enlivened English History,  
And tinged the Verbs Deponent with your gold,  
Spirit of all that's gallant, young and free!  
I could not think that 'Stalky' would grow old.

And was the grey haired man I saw last night  
One of that daring, careless company?  
M'Turk the fiery, famed in schoolboy fight,  
And could this sober lecturer be he?  
He spoke of men who long had ceased to be,—  
Rosetti and his friends; the tale he told  
Of Westward Ho! was but a memory.  
I had not thought that 'Stalky' could grow old.

No more shall skulking master spy the light  
Of three distasteful pipes lit secretly,  
No more shall cows be driven in affright,  
Or Toowey's ponies ridden o'er the lea,  
All this is over, and 'the dusky three'  
Long years ago have left the College fold,  
Grown men ere I was born, who foolishly  
Had thought that 'Stalky' never could grow old.

*Envoi.*

Yet I was right, for when myself shall be  
(As 'Beetle' loved to write) beneath the mould,  
Still will these tales delight posterity.  
I know that 'Stalky' never will grow old.

R. BEVEY

*Sussex Dialect Words.*

COMPILED BY MR. J. DELANCEY FERGUSON, WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY, CLEVELAND, OHIO, U.S.A. A GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES USED IN KIPLING'S STORIES AND POEMS.

WE miss the full flavour of many of Mr. Kipling's Sussex stories unless we understand the dialect words. Many of these are not in the dictionaries, or are to be found only in, such a scarce work as the Rev. W. D. Parish's *A Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect*, published at Lewes in 1875, and long out of print.

In the following glossary I include only unusual words, or common words employed in an unusual sense, omitting dialect forms, such as "liddle" and "dreen," which are merely local pronunciations. That all the words are current Sussex speech is doubtful, but in every case I have given Mr. Kipling—and the reader—the benefit of the doubt. A few of the definitions are uncertain, and I have probably omitted some words which I should have included. I hope that other Kiplingites will furnish additions and corrections to my list.

Where words are to be found, in the exact sense in which Mr. Kipling uses them, in either the *Sussex Dictionary* or the *New English (Oxford) Dictionary*, I have indicated the fact by adding, in parentheses after the definition, the initials of the work cited. Each definition is illustrated by a quotation. Titles of the volumes containing the stories and poems are abbreviated, AR being *Actions and Reactions*; DC, *A Diversity of Creatures*; D & C, *Debits and Credits*; IncV, *Inclusive Verse*; PPH, *Puck of Pook's Hill*; RF, *Rewards and Fairies*; and TD, *Traffics and Discoveries*. All page references are to the authorized American editions published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York.

ALLWHITHER, *adv.*: in every direction.

"Muddy waterways ran allwhither into darkness."  
*Knights of the Joyous Venture*, PPH, 76.

ALONG, *adv.*: about (used vaguely of time).

"Jenny's turn to walk in de wood nex' week along."  
*They*, TD, 297.

ART, *adj.*: any. (SD).

" She won't lie easy on ary wool-wain."  
*Hal o' the Draft*, PPH, 223.

BACK-LOOKIN'S, *n.*: retrospects; memories.

" I reckon you've *your* back-lookin's, too."  
*The Wish House*, D & C, 98.

BACKWENT, *adv.*: backward. (SD).

" She looks him up an' down, front an' backwent."  
*Friendly Brook*, DC, 55.

BAT, *n.*: stick. (SD and NED).

' Take a bat (which we call a stick in Sussex) and kill a rat."

*A Doctor of Medicine*, RF, 275.

BEAZLE, *vb.*: tire out. (SD; NED under *bezzled*).

" He fair beazled him with his papers an' his talk."  
*Friendly Brook*, DC, 55.

BEE-SKEP, *n.*: bee-hive. (SD and NED).

" Here comes my old white-top bee-skep."  
*Ibid.*, 59.

BEHITHER, *conj.*: on this side of. (SD and NED, but with no example in the latter since 1711).

" Behither the small o' me ankle."  
*The Wish House*, D & C, 111.

BEHOVE, *vb.*: to benefit.

" We'd ha' jumped overside to behove him."  
*Simple Simon*, RF, 295.

BELIEFT, *vb.*: to believe.

" They do say hoppin'll draw the very deadeest; an' now I belief 'em."

*Dymchurch Flit*, PPH, 234.

BESOM, *adv.*: utterly (a general intensive).

" On besom black nights."  
*Simple Simon*, RF, 293.

BEWL, *vb.*: to whistle.

" The wind bewling like a kite in our riggin's."  
*Ibid.*, 294.

BINE, *n.*: stalk. (SD and NED).

" Oh hop-bine yaller and woodsmoke blue."  
*A Three-Part Song*, IncV, 558.

BIVVER, *vb.*: to shake, or quiver (applied, in the passage quoted, to the rapid motion of a kestrel's wings when holding itself in one spot in the air). (NED only tunder its Devonshire form, *bever*).

Two kestrels hung bivvering and squealing above them."  
*The Knife and the Naked Chalk*, RF, 124.

BLURT, *vb.*: to appear suddenly.

"The boat we was lookin' for 'ud blurt up out o' the dark."  
*Simple Simon*, RF, 294.

BRISH, *vb.*: to brush.

"I've seen her brish sparks . . . out o' her hair."  
*Dymchurch Flit*, PPH, 224.

BRISHINGS, *n.*: clippings.

"This hay's full of hedge-brishings."  
*A Doctor of Medicine*, RF, 261.

BULT, *vb.*: to bolt?

"Bulting back and forth off they Dutch sands."  
*Simple Simon*, RF, 293.

BUNGER, *n.*: awkward performer; bungler. (SD).

"He's no hunger with a toppin' axe."  
*Friendly Brook*, DC, 58.

BURY, *n.*: burrow. (SD and NED).

"He'd thump . . . like an old buck-rabbit in a bury."  
*Cold Iron*, RF, 13.

CATERING, *vb.*: slanting. (SD and NED).

"The Lashmar farms . . . come caterin' across us."  
*An Habitation Enforced*, AR, 53.

CHAM, *vb.*: to champ.

"Moon be chawed and chammed his piece (of pudding)."  
*Simple Simon*, RF, 295.

CHANCE-BORN, *adj.*: illegitimate.

"Then Mary is chance-born."  
*Friendly Brook*, DC, 51.

CONCERNED IN LIQUOR: somewhat drunk. (SD and NED).

"The man wasn't drunk—only a little concerned in liquor, like."  
*Ibid.*, 54.

CRT DUNGHILL, *vb.*: to give up; to quit.

" I've fair cried dunghill an' run."

*Ibid.*, 59.

DENE, *n.*: " the deep, narrow and wooded vale of a rivulet."  
(NED).

" In a deep dene behind me "

*They*, TD, 299.

DIE, *n.*: ditch. (SD and NED).

" The Marsh is justabout riddled with diks and sluices."

*Dymchurch Flit*, PPH, 239.

DO, *n.*: success.

' I don't uphold smugglin' for the generality o' mankind—  
mostly they can't make a do of it."

*Brother Square-Toes*, RF, 155.

DOLLOP, *n.*: a large quantity. (NED).

" Tipped a dollop o' scaldin' water out o' the copper."

*The Wish House*, D & C, 102.

DORTOIR, *n.* (French) : a dormitory.

" He turned the keep doors out of dortoir."

*The Old Men at Pevensey*, PPH, 115.

DOZEN, *vb.*: to stupify or daze. (NED).

" Baulked and dozened and cozened me at every turn."

*Hal o' the Draft*, PPH, 219.

DRAFT, *n.*: a drawing. (NED, under *draught*).

" Called Hal o' the Draft because . . . he was always draw-  
ing and drafting."

*Ibid.*, 209.

DUNNAMANY: I do not know how many. (SD).

" Justabout tore the gizzards out of I dunnamany  
[churches]."

*Dymchurch Flit*, PPH, 241.

DUNT, *n.* and *vb.*: a dull-sounding blow or thump; to strike  
with a dull sound. (NED).

" Liddle bundles hove down dunt."

*Ibid.*, 247.

EEND-ON, *adv.*: straight ahead.

" You'd think nothin' easier than to walk eend-on acrost."

*Ibid.*, 240.

(To be continued).



*Secretary's Announcements.*

- (1) The fifth Annual Conference and Luncheon will be held on  
WEDNESDAY, 10th June, 1931,  
in the Rembrandt Rooms, South Kensington, S.W.7.

*Chief Guest:*

The Rt. Hon. The Viscount Chelmsford, P.C., G.C.S.I.,  
G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.B.E.  
(Viceroy of India, 1916-21, etc.).

It is hoped that H.E. The American Ambassador will also be present. Admiral Chandler will be informed as soon as this is definitely known (U.S.A. Members please note).

- (2) With this issue goes out to each member a copy of the Alphabetical List of Members revised to 31st March, 1931.

- (3) *Meetings 1930-31.*—Those remaining are :—  
*Wednesday, April 15th, 4.30 p.m.,* Hotel Rubens  
(Library open 3 p.m.).  
*Lecturer:* Mr. B. C. Allen, C.S.I.  
*Subject:* "Kipling and Jungle Life."  
*In the Chair:* Colonel C. H. Milburn, O.B.E.,  
D.L., J.P., M.B.  
*Thursday, May 7th, 8 p.m.,* Hotel Rembrandt.  
*Lecturer:* Not yet arranged.  
*Subject:* Not yet arranged.  
*In the Chair:* The Viscountess Downe.  
A *Special Extra Meeting* will be held on *Tuesday,*  
*June 9th, 1931*—Hotel Rembrandt—*8 p.m.*  
*Lecturer:* Rear-Admiral L. H. Chandler, U.S.N. (Ret.).  
Local Hon. Secretary in U.S.A.  
*Subject:* (1) The Society in U.S.A.  
(2) R.K.'s Writings in General.  
*In the Chair:* The President of the Society.  
Music will be arranged as usual.

It will interest many to know that Admiral Chandler will be in England from (about), May 26th to (about), June 18th.

(4) The following appointments have been made by the Executive Council, subject to confirmation at the General Conference:—

*Vice-President:* Major-Gen. Bruche, C.B., C.M.G., Australia.

*Executive Council:* Sir Francis Goodenough, C.B.E., vice Major-Gen. Bruche resigned.

(5) *Journals.*—The following are the amended prices of back numbers of the Journal for the present:—No. 1 (Reprint), 2s. 6d.; Nos. 3 to 8 (inclusive), 3s. 6d.; Nos. 9 to 11 (inclusive), 2s. 6d.; remainder, 2s. Kindly amend circular letter of July 1930 accordingly. No. 2 is out of print; but names will be registered of those requiring it, and should the demand be sufficient it will be reprinted.

(6) It would help matters considerably if members would kindly endeavour to pay their subscriptions as soon as possible after the due date.

## KIPLING SOCIETY

### ROLL OF NEW MEMBERS TO 31st MARCH, 1931.

Nos. 1026 to 1036.

1026	Lt.-Col. E. A. Pridham	CANADA	1033	Mrs. C. E. Sudden	CALIFORNIA.
1027	Mrs. Eric Dillon	London	1034	Mrs. O. Clifton-Allen	London
1028	Capt. D. B. Dun	S. AFRICA	1035	Mrs. S. Cumberbatch	London
1029	George M. Willmott	London	1036t	Sturges S. Dunham	NEW YORK
1030*	Lady Helen Crewe	S. AFRICA	A 27 (Associate)	Robert J. C. Cameron	Exeter
1031	Alfred E. Rahr	Cheltenham	A 28 (Associate <sup>1</sup> )	Miss Sara McC.	London-
1032	Miss Alice V. Burrage	Boston		Harbord	

\* Donor Member.

t Life Member.

# The Kipling Society.

*President, 1927-28-29-30-31.*

Maj.-Gen. L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B., C.S.I.

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