

The
KIPLING
JOURNAL

The
O r g a n
of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

In Memoriam
RUDYARD KIPLING
1865—1936

No. 37

MARCH 1936

The Spectator

THE PREDOMINANT WEEKLY

At *The Spectator* Centenary
Dinner, in October, 1928,
the Prime Minister, Mr.
Stanley Baldwin said:

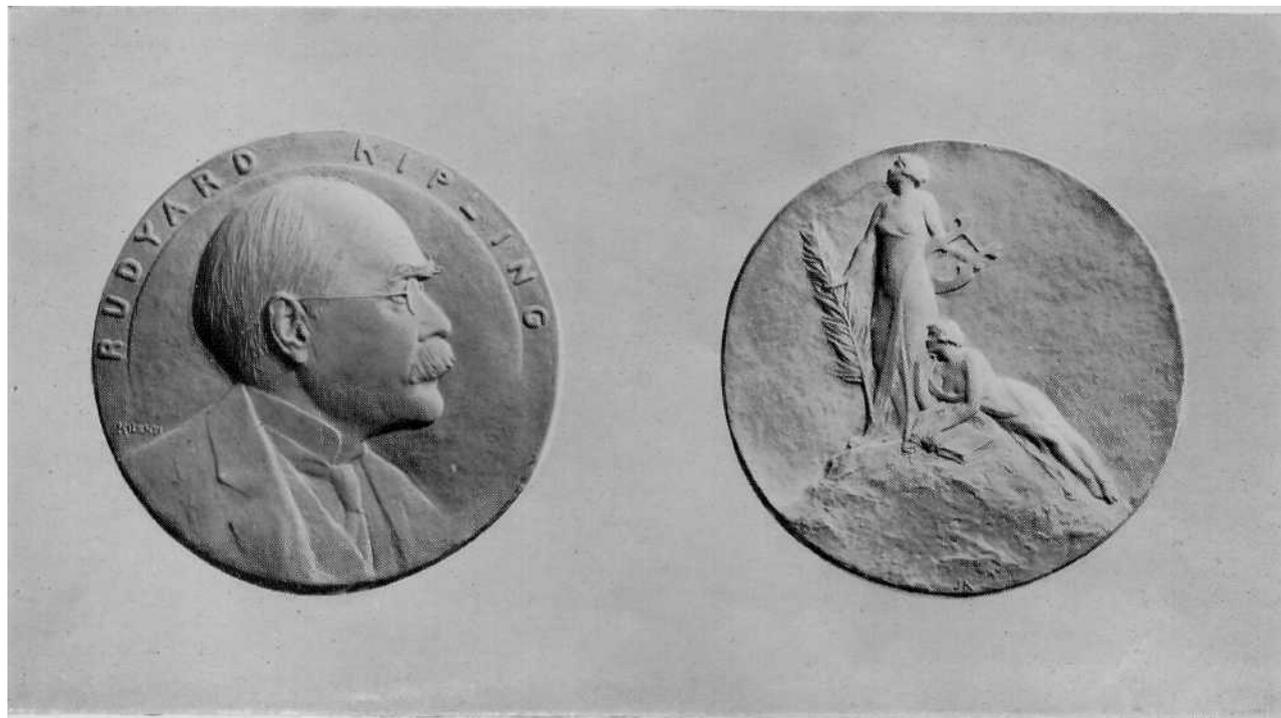
"We admire *The Spectator* because it has always stuck to its principles. We may not like them at times but it has stuck to its principles, regardless of circulation, of profit, or of any other consideration. *The Spectator* has never debased the currency with vulgarity or with triviality. It has never betrayed the interests of its country for sensation or for profit. These are its great traditions."

To busy people who have little time to read the daily press, but who feel that today a knowledge of public affairs is essential, *The Spectator* is especially useful. Its aim is to insure readers against missing the true bearing of any event.

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

6^{D.}

WEEKLY



JULIO KILENYI, Sculptor,

The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No. 37

MARCH, 1936

Contents

Plate: Kipling—Medallion by Julio Kilyeni.

Rudyard Kipling, from the President	1	Reviews and New Books . .	11
King George V.	2	Rudyard Kipling—an Epitome	13
Poets' Corner.	2	The Humour of Kipling.. . .	26
Obituary.	4	A Kipling Miscellany	29
News and Notes.	5	Letter Bag	30
		Secretary's Corner.	31

RUDYARD KIPLING

From The President

HE is withdrawn so suddenly from us—our Prophet and our inspiration. In vain we strive for words to express the sense of our loss—to many of us personal, to all of us irreparable. There are no words; our deepest feelings must ever remain unspoken.

Though he has left us, his inspiration remains for all time with the English-speaking peoples. May the Members of this Society prove themselves worthy of their self-appointed task—to help the world in general to realise the depth of his message for us all.

Sympathy for the unfortunate, admiration for the world's workers, and a just but unboasting pride in our heritage.

" Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle, or who shall rest upon thy holy hill ?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes."

Ps.15

L. C. DUNSTERVILLE.

King George V

ONE woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow." We were mourning Kipling, when news came of the King's serious illness. With the rest of the nation, we hoped for the best, but His Majesty passed away on January 20th ; by none was he more sincerely mourned than the Members of the Kipling Society, as, apart from our respect and admiration for him, King George V. and Rudyard Kipling were old friends. They died within a few days of each other, almost within the same hour of the night, and they were almost the same age. "The King has taken his trumpeter with him"—this appeared in a letter to the *Times*. We may, perhaps, be permitted to comment on another similarity between His late Majesty and our Master ; both were men of very unassuming character. King George's remark about himself :—" I am a very ordinary sort of fellow "—points our analogy and strengthens his memory in our hearts.

Poets' Corner

RUDYARD Kipling died at 12.10 a.m. on January 18th, 1936. With the idea of going to the South of France for his health, he had come up to London on January 9th, and fell ill at Browne's Hotel on the night of January 12th. He was taken to the Woolavington Ward of the Middlesex Hospital at 8 a.m. on January 13th, and an operation for gastric ulcer was performed an hour later by Mr. A. E. Webb-Johnson. After a slight rally, peritonitis set in, and the end came on the following Saturday morning. The body lay in state in the mortuary chapel of the Hospital, with a Union Jack as pall over the coffin, until the cremation at Golder's Green on the evening of January 20th. On the morning of January 23rd the casket containing the ashes, draped with the Union Jack, was buried in Poets' Corner.

A great tribute to Mr. Kipling was shown in the messages received by Mrs. Kipling from the Royal Family in the midst of their own anxiety. The Queen telegraphed :—"The King and I are grieved to hear of the death this morning of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. We shall mourn him not only as a great national poet, but as a personal friend of many years. Please accept our heartfelt sympathy." The Prince of Wales (King Edward VIII) sent a telegram :—" Please accept my sincere sympathy in the sad loss you have sustained by the death of your distinguished

husband." The Duke of Connaught's words were:—"Deepest sympathy in your sad loss."

The service was performed by the Dean of Westminster and the Abbey clergy. The funeral service included J. B. Dykes's setting of the hymn, " God of our fathers " (better known as " Recessional "); the Blessing, specially composed for the occasion, was given by the Dean:—"In thankfulness to Almighty God for the life and work of one who has been allowed to speak as a prophet to many generations of men, his own generation and those which are yet to come—unto God's gracious mercy and protection we deliver him. The Lord bless him and keep him, and the blessing of God Almighty be upon you now and always."

The pall bearers were : The Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin (first cousin) ; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes ; Field-Marshal Sir A. Montgomery-Massingberd ; Professor J. W. Mackail ; Mr. H. A. Gwynne (Editor, *Morning Post*) ; Sir Fabian Ware ; Mr. A. B. Ramsay ; and Mr. A. S. Watt (Mr. Kipling's Literary Agent). Among the family present were : Mrs. Kipling, with her son-in-law and daughter, Captain and Mrs. George Bambridge ; Mrs. Stanley Baldwin ; Miss Betty Baldwin and Mr. Oliver Baldwin ; Mr. A. W. Baldwin ; Miss Florence MacDonald ; and Mrs. Thirkell. Miss Cicely Nicholson (Mr. Kipling's Secretary) was with the family.

The Kipling Society was represented by : Mr. G. C. Beresford (" M'Turk ") ; Mr. J. H. C. Brooking (Founder) ; Mr. S. A. Courtauld ; Lady Cunynghame ; Major-General L. C. Dunsterville (" Stalky "—President) ; Sir Francis Goodenough ; Lt.-General Sir George MacMunn (Hon. Treasurer and Chairman of Council) ; and many others.

The foreign Ambassadors and Ministers present were : the French Ambassador ; the Brazilian Ambassador ; the Belgian Ambassador ; the Italian Ambassador ; the Netherland Minister ; the Danish Minister ; the Finnish Minister.

The High Commissioner for Canada ; Mr. U. C. Duffy, representing the High Commissioner for Australia ; the Agent-General for Victoria.

Among those present were : The Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Hailsham ; the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain ; Mr. A. Duff Cooper, Secretary for War ; Lord Eustace Percy ; Lord Lloyd ; Lord and Lady Rennell ; Lord Beaverbrook ; Sir William Rothenstein ; Sir Frederick Macmillan ; Sir Michael O'Dwyer ; Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Amery ; Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld ; Mr. Laurence

Binyon ; Dr. Archibald Fleming ; Mr. Alfred Noyes ; Mr. Gilbert Frankau ; Mr. R. P. Hodder-Williams ; Mr. Ian Hay ; Mr. E. V. Lucas ; Mr. Francis Toye ; Lady Tree and Miss Neilson-Terry ; and General Sir Ian Hamilton with 14 veterans of the South African War.

The following were represented : The Archbishop of Canterbury ; the Secretary of State for the Colonies ; the Army Council ; the Imperial War Graves Commission ; the Boy Scouts Association ; Messrs. Doubleday Doran & Co. ; the Irish Guards ; the Royal Society of St. George ; Sir Josiah Stamp ; the Imperial Service College ; the British Empire League ; the Society of Authors ; the Dickens Fellowship ; the Globe Mermaid Shakespearian Association ; the Athenaeum ; the Authors' Lodge of Freemasons ; the English Verse Speaking Association ; and the London Library.

This is a very condensed list of those who attended Kipling's funeral ; we have merely tried to give Members an idea of the esteem in which he was held by various people and interests. Neither will our space allow us to publish a list of the many floral tributes that were sent. Mention however, must be made of two : a workman on Mr. Kipling's property at Burwash, knowing that his late master loved three English trees—the oak, the ash and the thorn—made a wreath from the leaves of these three, which was placed upon the grave in the Abbey ; another wreath was from the companions of his schooldays, the Old Boys of the United Services College.

Obituary

COLONEL CHARLES BAILEY

BY the death of Colonel Bailey the Society has lost a keen and energetic officer ; to borrow a phrase from M. Chevrillon, he might have been styled " Professor of Energy to the Kipling Society." We give here, as a tribute to his memory, the words of his old friend, Sir George MacMunn ; this little summary appeared in the *Times* (14th January), and the Editor kindly allows us to reproduce it here :—

" The sudden death of Colonel Charles Bailey in London on January 8th will have come as a shock to many old friends, while as secretary of the Kipling Society he had a wide circle of friends and correspondents. Charles Bailey joined the 21st Scots Fusiliers so far back as 1884, serving with that regiment and the 26th Punjabis in the Burma War of 1885-87, joining the 16th Bengal Cavalry a little later, being adjutant from 1892 to 1896. He then became an Inspecting Officer of Imperial

Service Cavalry, and was a *persona grata* in many of the Indian States. After several years on the staff on the Frontier he succeeded in 1912 to the command of the famous Skinner's Horse, of which the King was Colonel-in-Chief. During the South African War he was with Kitchener's Horse, in the Great War was Base Commandant in East Africa, and later at Basra on the Tigris. Invalided thence to India, he held several staff appointments in the anxious wartime days in India, mostly on the Frontier, until invalided in 1917. Helpfulness as a staff officer was one of his conspicuous traits. He was promoted to Colonel for his War services, was several times mentioned in dispatches, and retired in 1919. As a good soldier and indefatigable staff officer, as *bon camarade*, and fine polo player and athlete, his name will long live among those who knew him. To the Kipling Society his loss is more than serious."

Our Local Hon. Secretary in the U.S.A., Mr. Carl T. Naumburg, writes in a letter to the President :—" While I never had the privilege of knowing Colonel Bailey personally our constant correspondence brought us very close. No one could have been more kind, more genuinely helpful, more co-operative and more friendly in the broadest sense of the word than he."

The Hon. Librarian writes :—" I came into very close contact with Colonel Bailey during his last illness, when I acted as secretary *pro tem*. From this, and from the experience of previous years, I can pay full tribute to his devoted work for the Society."

News and Notes

THIS is a sad time for the Kipling Society ; we are in mourning for H.M. King George V., for Kipling, and for our late Secretary. With Kipling we believe that grief should be expressed as briefly as possible. Elsewhere in this number will be found short narratives on our threefold loss, so no more need be said here. We are led to hope that Members will take the same view of our loss by a verse in " The Comforters," in which Kipling, as usual, has put a world of feeling into small compass :—

E'en from good words thyself refrain,
And tremblingly admit
There is no anodyne for pain
Except the shock of it.

For the excellent portrait of Kipling which forms our illustration to this number, we are indebted to Mr. Solton Engel, one of our Members in New York. The plate gives a reproduction, obverse and reverse of a beautiful medallion by a very distinguished artist. We cannot do better than give Mr. Engel's own words about it :—" My friend Julio Kilyeni, an artist of great distinction here in the United States, prepared a portrait study and design for the two sides of a medallion which he hoped could become a message of appreciation from America and Americans to Rudyard Kipling on the occasion of his seventieth birthday." Mr. Kipling remarked that it was a beautiful bit of work (as we can judge, Mr. Engel having very generously presented one of the medallions to the Library) and said, in jest, " I regret that I can't wear it." A few of these medallions are for sale, to Members only, at 25s. 6d. each, post free ; early application should be made to the Secretary.

x x x x x

As will be seen from the Secretary's Announcements at the end, the Council have selected Sir Christopher Robinson, Bt., as successor to Colonel Bailey. We wish our new Secretary all success ; from the way in which he has dealt with the problems of a difficult time we may rest assured that the affairs of the Society are in good hands. The Office is now at—

9, Arlington Street, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1.

We are very glad to announce that Mr. S. A. Courtauld has joined the Council. As a leader in the commercial world—in the best sense of the phrase he is a ' captain of industry '—and as a Kipling expert, his assistance will be most valuable.

x x x x x

The President allows us to give an extract from the letter which he wrote to Mrs. Kipling on January 18th :— . . . "I write on behalf of the Kipling Society to express to you their deep sympathy with you in your great loss. This expression is by no means ' formal ' and I can assure you that it is very genuine and heartfelt. A great many of our members who never met our great writer will regret his death as a personal loss, while words cannot convey an idea of the deep sorrow that will prevail in all English-speaking lands. I know from private correspondence that he was always averse to the formation of such a Society as ours during his lifetime, but I think he recognised latterly that the enthusiasm of his admirers could not possibly be re-

pressed, and I hope he felt that the Society kept that enthusiasm within bounds."

x x x x x

Owing to pressure on our space, caused by the tragic events of the last quarter, we regret that it has been necessary to curtail the accounts of the December and January Meetings and the Papers delivered on those occasions. We have also been compelled to hold over several excellent articles, notably one from our Member in Vienna, Mr. T. H. Nash ; this is an article by Professor Dr. Alfred Fröhlich, who gives the story of many weeks spent with Kipling at Engelberg, Switzerland. We are also keeping in reserve a delightful study of Kipling's work received from another Member, Mr. F. C. Whitehouse of Vancouver, as well as some shorter, though equally interesting, items,

x x x x x

The Second Meeting of the 1935-36 Session was held at the Rubens Hotel on December 18th, 1935, at 4.30 p.m. The Dowager Viscountess Downe was in the Chair and opened the Meeting :—" We have three new members here to-day : Sir James and Lady Frazer, and Lady Snell. Lady Frazer has given the Society a picture showing Sir James and Rudyard Kipling receiving degrees at the Sorbonne. I do not feel it easy to speak to a room full of Kipling experts ; I live in the country all the year, but I would say that Kipling, who is looked upon as a poet of Empire and engineers, is equally a poet of us country people. There is no one who knows so much about farming, country life and the people in the villages, and no one can describe so beautifully everything we do in our country lives. But what I really have to do is to introduce Sir Francis Goodenough who is going to tell us about " the Humour of Kipling ;" we are proud to have him as a Vice President and very proud to hear him speak."

At the end of the Meeting, Sir Francis Goodenough asked that a hearty vote of thanks should be given to Lady Downe for taking the Chair ; this was carried unanimously. In proposing the vote of thanks to the Lecturer Mr. Tollemache said :—" It is a great privilege to me to propose this vote. I am a very new junior member of the Society, almost a new boy, but I have the honour of presiding over the school which is the lineal descendant of the United Services College of Westward Ho ! It is delightful to be able to sit at the feet of such an excellent lecturer. I am particularly interested in what Sir Francis has said about Kipling and the school; I think that "Stalky and Co."

should be a handbook for all headmasters, and in my experience those schoolmasters who have been most successful are those who have had a sense of humour. I want to thank Sir Francis for his most charming selections of felicitous quotations and the delightful way in which he has gathered them together." Mr. Thatcher seconded the vote:—" I need add very few words. I count it a privilege to second this vote of thanks because I have been associated with Sir Francis Goodenough in another sphere, and I am accustomed to his very thorough and practical methods of dealing with any subject which he takes in hand."

Miss Katherine Stenhouse recited "The Broken Men" very movingly and followed this with "The Way through the Woods," both of which evoked long and loud applause. As an encore Miss Stenhouse gave "A Code of Morals;" this very amusing poem was rendered with great spirit and was much appreciated. Miss Fedora Roselli whose beautiful voice and clear diction gave great pleasure, sang the following songs : Liza Lehman's settings of the two Seal Songs, "The Dawn Wind" (Charles Green) and "A Tree Song" (Florence Aylward). Mr. Bertram Harrison was an able accompanist. Mr. S. A. Courtauld proposed a vote of thanks to the entertainers, which was carried with acclamation.

x x x x x

The third Meeting of the 1935-36 Session was held at the Rembrandt Hotel on January 9th, 1936, at 8.30 p.m. Mr. S. A. Courtauld, in the Chair, referred briefly to our late Secretary:—"We meet under sad circumstances ; Colonel Bailey, whom we all respected and liked passed away yesterday. I need hardly say what a very great loss our Society has sustained in his death. I might say that I spoke to Mrs. Bailey this morning, and she was very anxious that no difference should be made in our Meeting this evening." Mr. Courtauld then called upon Sir George MacMunn for a few words :—" Colonel Bailey has endeared himself to us all through the years he has been our Secretary ; you know what an indefatigable Secretary he was and how he tried to advance the cause of the Society ; but to me and to several of us he was a very old friend. . . . It was almost a physical impossibility for us to put off this Meeting, and Mrs. Bailey said she trusted we would hold it and enjoy the programme as much as ever and not grieve for him. I also had a talk with General Dunsterville. As you know, he has not been at all well, so could not come up to-day. He would like to have come and said what I am trying to say now ; he asked me to say that he

agreed that we should hold this Meeting, and also how he mourned the loss." Mr. Brooking, as Founder, undertook to convey a very sincere message of sympathy from the Society ; and a wreath was sent on behalf of the Members.

The Chairman then continued the programme and introduced the Lecturer, Mr. Collinson Owen :—" About a week ago I heard that Miss Pamela Frankau, unfortunately for us, had to go abroad. I am particularly sorry because I missed hearing her on a previous occasion ; I looked up a Paper she read two or three years ago, and I am disappointed that she cannot be here this evening. However, we have a substitute in Mr. Collinson Owen ; I do not know what he is going to tell us—it says here, ' A Kipling Miscellany.' He has his manuscript in front of him, so I will ask him to give his address."

An interesting programme had been arranged by our late Secretary. Mr. Graham Martin sang, in fine resonant style, four songs : "My Lady's Law," " Tiger, Tiger !" " When the Cabin Portholes," and " There never was a Queen like Balkis." The first two were set by Miss Clarke-Jervoise, who is well known to all who attend the Meetings, the second pair came from Sir Edward German's Just So Story Song Book. Two more songs from this collection were delightfully rendered by Miss May Moore : " Of All the Tribe of Tegumai " and " The First Friend." Miss Moore also sang " The Love Song of Har Dyal " (Grainger) and " Heffle Cuckoo Fair " (Martin Shaw). Two recitations " The Last Chantey " and " The Glory of the Garden "—were given very effectively by Miss Barbara Seymour. Miss Dorothy Browne and Mr. Frederic Bantoft proved skilled accompanists. Sir George MacMunn proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the Lecturer, the Chairman and the entertainers ; this was seconded by the Meeting in general and carried with applause.

Note from the Hon. Librarian.—Since January 1st I have been doing some of the secretary's work ; among the correspondence I found a letter from Kipling after his birthday, in which he expressed his very great gratitude for the birthday greetings. We have always sent him a telegram at this time of the year, but as a rule the reply has been sent by his secretary. This year the letter was signed by Kipling personally.

x x x x x

As showing the world-wide influence of Kipling's works, we give an extract from a letter to our Secretary from the Minister of Iran :—" The Iranian Academy have instructed me to convey, through you,

to the Kipling Society the deep sense of their sorrow at the death of the great writer and poet Rudyard Kipling. In doing so they are voicing the feeling shared by all classes of my fellow countrymen who are lovers of poetry and romance and appreciate a man of genius. Although the lamented bard explained in one of his Ballads : " Oh, East is East and West is West, and Never the Twain shall meet," the Orient does meet the Occident and communes with it in deploring the loss of one who made the world the richer by his powerful literary contributions."

x x x x x

The fourth Meeting of the 1935-36 Session was held at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, on February 20th, 1936. This was an " In Memoriam " Meeting ; very appropriately, our Founder, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, was in the Chair. Mr. B. M. Bazley, Hon. Editor, read a Paper entitled " Rudyard Kipling—an Epitome," which was largely the work of a member in America ; Mr. Percy F. Kipling of Liverpool had added some valuable information about Kipling's ancestry ; the more recent details were compiled by Mr. Bazley, with the help of Captain E. W. Martindell. Two songs, in keeping with the character of the Meeting, were given by Mr. Brown, whose pleasing voice and style gave great pleasure to his hearers : " Follow me 'ome " (Ward Higgs) and " My Boy Jack " (German).

Except for a few questions little was said in the Discussion ; the Chairman, Mr. Gemmer and Mr. Tollemache spoke briefly; Mr. Beresford gave some reminiscent remarks :—" Kipling suppressed the poem, " The Night Before "—he did not like it. It is found in the original ' Schoolboy Lyrics,' but was the only one omitted when these were reprinted later in the Early Verse Volume of the English Edition de Luxe. In regard to his first job, on the Lahore paper, his father and mother got this for him. His father went out to Bombay—Colonel Duckett of the P.W.D. told me—to carve the capitals of the Secretariat (similar to the Doge's Palace in Venice) ; owing to his popularity, he afterwards got the job at the School of Art at Bombay, and, later, that of Curator of the Museum at Lahore."

Brigadier-General R. F. Edwards writes to say that he was not present at the Meeting, though reported as having spoken.

Our new Secretary, Sir Christopher Robinson, said :—" It is a great pleasure and a great honour to be able to do anything to help the Kipling Society ; the death of Rudyard Kipling places a very particular

onus upon it. I feel that we ought to stand for something quite definite in life—not to be a select few admirers of his work. I believe our mission is now to take home his works and those principles for which he stood, to take them into the thousands of homes where he has not yet penetrated, and to see that all Kipling stood for in life does not die."

x x x x x

The Hon. Editor takes this opportunity of thanking those Members who have so kindly written to him with important information or sent him useful press cuttings. Owing to circumstances he has not found it possible even to acknowledge many of these. He would, however like to say that this trouble taken by his correspondents will not be wasted; in the many years before the Society and its *Journal*, all that has been sent will be of value.

Reviews and New Books

THE Library has received a very interesting and beautiful gift from our American Vice-President, Mr. Ellis A. Ballard. This is entitled *Catalogue intimate and descriptive of my KIPLING COLLECTION* by Ellis Ames Ballard. Privately Printed, Philadelphia 1935. The book is sumptuously produced, as befits the subject, for Mr. Ballard has the finest collection in the world of Kipling items; it is superbly bound in vellum, on excellent paper, and liberally illustrated. Many well known works, prose and verse, are here seen in unfamiliar form—there is a wonderful collection of the original copyright issues printed in the U.S.A. And there are several pieces that have not yet seen the light. Mr. Ballard also catalogues his splendid collection of letters from Kipling, none of which are reproduced, for, as the owner says, "they are full of intimacies and comments on public affairs which it would not be fair to either writer or recipient to quote." We must thank Mr. Ballard, not only for his generous gift but also for issuing a book which will be most useful for reference.

Middlesex Hospital Journal, March 1936. "An immortal has passed in our midst and it is fitting that we, as part of the institution on which he conferred honour, should appreciate the reasons for his greatness before they become blurred to the casual vision by Time and the ever swelling torrent of books." These are the opening words of a wonderful study of Kipling's work in the above journal by Mr. Victor Bonney M.S., F.R.C.S., an eminent surgeon and a Member of the Society.

In the space of some 3,000 words Mr. Bonney has written, in our opinion the best short study of our author's work that has appeared anywhere during the last fifteen years. It may be bracketed with the studies of Kipling by M. Chevrillon in his "Three Studies in English Literature," by Mr. Coulson Kernahan in his "Six Famous Living Poets," and by Mr. Holbrook Jackson in his "The Eighteen Nineties." Added to this, Mr. Bonney has the advantage of being right up to date. If a beginner were approaching Kipling and needed a sort of preface to his studies, we could not conceive a better preface than this essay; it is appreciative, but its appreciation is reasoned; it is concise, but its brevity covers a large area; and it sets forth, in sober and unflorid language, the ideals for which Kipling stood. As an example, take this line:—

"Kipling regarded dignified reticence as a great virtue." Space will not permit much quotation, but this short excerpt must be given:—

"The subjects Kipling deals with cover almost every human activity and every emotion, but love between man and woman, the great stock-in-trade of most other imaginative authors, is not often drawn upon. Being the emotion most universally understood, its exploitation in writing is the easiest way to attract attention and interest, and the greatness of his genius is shown by the fact that he was not dependent on a subject, deprived of which, most writers of fiction would have little or nothing left them to say. Though he did not depict women as frequently as men he could draw them delightfully—witness William in 'William the Conqueror.' The intimacies of sex which, stripped of sanctifying secrecy, are to high minds no more worthy of record than the happenings of a latrine, are never touched on." Yet, as Mr. Bonney shows, very few of Kipling's characters stand high in the social scale; he could depict and did respect great men in great positions, but these had to be great in themselves—not merely figureheads—

"He took the things of everyday life and showed that in all of them there is something sublime."

Mr. L. de O. Tollemache, Headmaster of the Imperial Service College, Windsor, tells us that a Kipling Memorial Supplement to the Imperial Service College *Chronicle* will be published about the end of March. The price, including postage, will be 1s. As this college is the direct successor of Kipling's old school at Westward Ho!, this number should be of great interest to all Members of the Society.

We advise members to get *Poets and Prophets* by M. André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles (Cassell, 10s. 6d.), which contains a splendid essay on Kipling. A full account of this admirable book will appear in next issue.

Rudyard Kipling—An Epitome.

THE records of the Kipling family may be followed back into the 18th Century, but the first member of literary interest was Joseph Kipling, who was born at Lythe, Yorkshire, on 17th March, 1805, and died at Skipton in the same county on 19th January, 1862. He was a local minister at the age of nineteen and became a member of the regular Wesleyan Methodist Ministry in 1831 ; he married Francis Lockwood, whereby the name of "Lockwood" came into the family. Among the children of this marriage was John Lockwood Kipling, born at Pickering, Yorkshire, on 6th July, 1837 ; he died at Tisbury, Wilts, on 26th January, 1911, and he and his wife are buried in the churchyard there.

John Lockwood Kipling married Alice, daughter of George Browne Macdonald ; we have a fuller record of this family than we have of the Kiplings, for Frederick W. Macdonald, brother of Alice wrote a book entitled "As a Tale that is Told," which deals with his family. He was a Minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church and " President of the Conference." The father of one James Macdonald, a Scotsman, emigrated with his family, after Culloden in 1745, to Northern Ireland and settled near Enniskillen, where James was born in 1761. In 1784 on the direct invitation of Wesley, James entered the ministry and laboured for eleven years in this neighbourhood ; he went to England in 1795 and died at Gosport on 18th October, 1836. His son, George Browne Macdonald, also a Wesleyan minister, and his wife, Hannah, had eight children : Henry (Harry) ; Georgiana, m. Sir Edward Burne-Jones ; Louisa, m. Alfred Baldwin, whose son, Stanley Baldwin, is now Prime Minister of Great Britain ; Edith ; Frederick, a Wesleyan minister ; Alice, m. J. L. Kipling, whose son was Rudyard Kipling ; Agnes, m. Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., and a daughter, unnamed in the record.

Harry Macdonald attended King Edward's School, Birmingham, while his father presided over a parish in that city. Among his school friends were Edward Burne-Jones, Wilfred Heeley, William Fulford,

R. W. Dixon, and Cornell Price, afterwards Headmaster of the U.S.C. while Rudyard Kipling was a boy there.

Upon his entry into the ministry, Frederick W. Macdonald's first charge was at Burslem, Staffordshire. Here he got to know J. L. Kipling, who was at that time employed as an artist in the pottery works there; here, too, Alice Macdonald met her future husband while on a visit to her brother. Speaking of his sister and J. L. Kipling, Mr. Macdonald says in his book :—" It was after a day that a number of us spent together at Rudyard Lake, a favourite place of resort, that they became engaged." They were married in March 1865, from the home of Mrs., afterwards Lady, Burne-Jones, 41, Kensington Square, London, at St. Mary Abbott's Church.

Soon after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kipling moved to Bombay, where Mr. Kipling took up an appointment on the staff of the Mayo School of Art; in Bombay there was born to them, on 30th December, 1865, a son whom they named Joseph Rudyard, subsequently to become known without the first name wherever the English language is spoken. About this a writer in the *Daily Mail* some years ago said :—" This Joseph, though never used, links him with his preacher grandfather, who was a farmer's son at Waitby, on the borders of Westmorland and Cumberland." From a local Westmorland paper we learn :—" There are no Kiplings at the foot of Ullswater, but there is quite a colony in the original neighbourhood round Kirkby Stephen. There are three families of the name on the Stockber, Gallansay and Denmark Hill Farms at Soulby, Kirkby Stephen, and there is a Mr. C. Kipling at Rampson on Stainmore."

In 1868 Rudyard Kipling and his mother came to England, where his sister Alice ("Beatrice") was born. Mrs. Kipling and the two children later returned to India. In 1871 Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kipling visited England with the children, whom they left behind, boarding with a family at Southsea when they returned to India in 1872. Rudyard Kipling has described the lot of children of the English in India in his story, " Baa, Baa, Black Sheep ;" it is sometimes assumed that this tale relates the life led by his sister and himself, but this is hardly likely—their mother's sisters were living in England at that time and would not have allowed their nephew to suffer like Punch in the story.

Mrs. J. L. Kipling returned to England in 1877, the year in which Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, and her husband followed her the next year. In 1878 Rudyard was sent to the United Services College at Westward Ho ! North Devon, while his parents

and sister returned to India. This school was owned and managed by retired army officers, for the purpose of giving their sons the education necessary to enable them to enter the Services. The Headmaster was Cornell Price, previously referred to as a friend of the Macdonald family. Rudyard Kipling remained here until 1882. Here, for several years, he edited the school paper, the "United Services College Chronicle." Just prior to entering the school, and during his time there, he wrote a few items for a home paper entitled "The Scribbler," written in script, two copies of each issue only; this paper was brought out by the children of William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones, the latter being Kipling's first cousin. There is also evidence to show that in at least one case, towards the end of his time at school, he succeeded in having a verse accepted, paid for, and published by *The World*, 8th November, 1882, entitled "Two Lives." One of the poems written at Westward Ho! was "The Night Before." Of this poem the *Sheffield Telegraph* (18th January, 1936) tells us that "an opening offered itself on the staff of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*. Some specimens of his work were demanded. Among other things were the verses just alluded to; and the present writer was informed that it was they which decidedly turned the scale in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's favour."

In 1882 Kipling left the United Services College and went out to India to rejoin his parents at Lahore, his father having been appointed Curator of the Museum at that city. Rudyard, living in Lahore with his parents and sister, became, at the age of seventeen years, assistant editor of the Anglo-Indian daily paper, published at that place, called *The Civil and Military Gazette*. There were but two Englishmen concerned in the actual publication of this journal: the editor, who edited and generally supervised; and Kipling, who assisted him, hunted out and reported news, and did all the other odd jobs that youngsters on the staff of a paper usually do. In addition to his usual work, however, Kipling had the responsibility of seeing that the columns of every issue were filled. So he wrote stories and poems to fill up; almost every day he had to provide something to fill a given amount of otherwise vacant space, the exact extent of which was not known until almost the last minute. It was here that the "Plain Tales from the Hills," as well as many other stories and many poems, first saw the light. "Plain Tales" was a series of thirty-nine unsigned stories, most of which were written by him. These, and a number of his other stories not belonging to the original series, were collected and

published in book form in 1888 at Calcutta, in the volume entitled " Plain Tales from the Hills."

Kipling continued with the *C. and M. G.*, until 1887, when he was transferred to the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, with its weekly issue, the *Pioneer Mail*. He then left Lahore and went to live in Allahabad. The same press also issued another weekly paper entitled the *Week's News*. As all these papers were under the same ownership, anything written by Kipling for any one of them, if it were deemed of sufficient value or interest, was published not only in the paper for which it was written, but also in one or more of the others as well. Most of such articles or stories were unsigned, except in the *Week's News*, wherein appeared for the first time many of the best known of Kipling's earlier stories, under his signature ; these, as a rule, were published in that paper only. During this period Kipling also wrote for other Anglo-Indian papers or magazines, the most notable being the quarterly *Calcutta Review*, in which appeared three remarkable, but as yet uncollected poems : " The Vision of Hamid Ali," " King Solomon's Horses," and " The Seven Nights of Creation," as well as a fourth poem entitled " The Legend of Love and Death," which was later collected under the title of " The Explanation."

In 1889 Kipling left India and travelled, via Japan and the United States, to England, which he reached in September of that year. During this journey he sent back accounts of his travels in the form of letters to the *Pioneer* and *Pioneer Mail* ; these were later edited with considerable deletion and published in collected form in the volumes entitled " From Sea to Sea." Upon his arrival in England Kipling began writing for newspapers notably the London *St. James's Gazette* and a weekly paper in Edinburgh, W. E. Henley's *Scots Observer*, which later moved to London and changed its name to the *National Observer*. It was in the two Henley papers, and not, as many people assume, in India, that most of the Barrack-Room Ballads were first published. For part of this sojourn in England Kipling occupied rooms in Embankment Chambers, Villiers Street, London ; here he wrote his first long story, " The Light That Failed," which pictures the lives, in the field and in London, of war correspondents and artists, into whose circles he was undoubtedly thrown at that time.

In 1891 Kipling made a journey to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon and India; he visited his parents at Lahore, where he wrote an interesting article entitled " Home," preceded by some verses

under the same title ; this appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette* on Christmas Day, 1891.

On January 18th, 1892, he married Miss Caroline Starr Balestier, a daughter of H. Wolcott Balestier of New York and Vermont ; her brother, Wolcott Balestier, had collaborated with him in " The Naulahka." The marriage took place at All Souls' Church, near Langham Hotel, London, which is often called the ' candle-extinguisher ' church from its odd shape. After his marriage, Kipling established a home, called " The Naulakha " (the letters ' h ' and ' k ' were transposed), near Brattleboro, Vermont, in the United States, where he lived until 1896, in which year he gave up his American home and, with his family, travelled for about two years—mainly to and from, and about, South Africa. Then, in 1898, came the move to " The Elms," Rottingdean, Sussex, where he lived for seven years. Kipling had previously, in 1894, tried life in England ; he took " Arundell House," Tisbury, Wilts for a few months, as his parents were then living at that place ; he liked the country round but said that it was too far from the sea. In 1899 Kipling and his family were again in the United States ; in the Spring of that year he suffered a critical illness at the Grenoble Hotel (now demolished), New York. For many days his life hung in the balance ; the anxiety was world-wide, even the German Emperor cabling to learn the latest news of the invalid ; during this illness, his eldest daughter, Josephine, died at a time when her father was too ill to be told of her death.

In 1899 began the Second Boer War in South Africa, during the early part of which Kipling was in the war zone and occasionally under fire.

In the Spring of 1900 he and other war correspondents with the British forces published for about six weeks a newspaper called *The Friend*, in Bloemfontein, Orange River Colony. Soon after the war was over Great Britain joined with Germany in an attempt to force, by naval power, the payment of certain debts by Venezuela. This brought from Kipling a very bitter poetical attack upon the then British Government for joining hands with a country, which had so recently shown itself so hostile to Great Britain and so friendly to the two South African countries, with which she had been at war. The poem was called " The Rowers."

In 1905 Kipling, finding that fame brought conducted and not always mannerly crowds round his house—Rottingdean was almost a suburb of Brighton—moved to the beautiful old Jacobean manor

house known as " Bateman's," which lies about a mile from the pretty Sussex village of Burwash ; here, he and Mrs. Kipling resided for some thirty years. In 1907 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. From this time the influence of the lovely Sussex countryside becomes even more marked in verse and tale : " Puck of Pook's Hill " and " Rewards and Fairies," with their accompanying poems, are mainly placed in this neighbourhood; St. Bartholomew's, Burwash, is the church of " Panama Corner," taking this name from an old Sussex cast iron memorial plate. In August, 1914, came the outbreak of the World War, which ended in November, 1918. Throughout the conflict Kipling worked incessantly by his writings and his speeches, and in every other way in his power, to help his country and he gave his only son to the cause.

In 1927 Kipling satisfied the longing expressed in " Rolling down to Rio " by making his first visit to South America ; the result was a series of travel letters and verses, as yet uncollected, entitled "Brazilian Sketches." The next winter, 1928-29, he and Mrs. Kipling made a tour of Palestine, and in the winter of 1929-30 they went to the West Indies and Bermuda, but without going to the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling have had three children : the eldest Josephine, who died during her father's illness in New York in 1899 ; another daughter, Elsie, who married Captain George Bambridge, and is now living at Hampstead, London ; and an only son, John, who, during the World War, was a junior officer in the Second Battalion of the Irish Guards. At the Second Battle of Loos, in September 1915, Lieutenant Kipling went into action with his company ; during the fighting he disappeared entirely, no trace of him ever having been found since. It seems probable that he, with some of his men, was not only killed but deeply buried by some bursting shell. It has been stated, but with what authority is not known, that the British officials wished to make some special effort to find his remains, but that Mr. Kipling told them that he did not wish to have anything done for him that could not be done for all others in similar doubt and grief, so no further effort was made.

In the main street of the beautiful village of Burwash stands a monument to the men of that place who gave their lives for their country during the World War ; among them, in strict alphabetical order and not in any way prominent, is the name of Lt. John Kipling. On the south wall of the interior of the old Norman church is a small tablet bearing the following inscription :—

TO THE MEMORY
 OF
 JOHN KIPLING
 LIEUTENANT SECOND BATTALION
 IRISH GUARDS THE ONLY SON OF
 RUDYARD AND CAROLINE KIPLING
 OF BATEMAN'S WHO FELL AT
 THE BATTLE OF LOOS
 THE 27TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1915
 AGED
 EIGHTEEN YEARS AND SIX WEEKS
 QUI ANTE DIEM
 PERIIT

In the immediate hour of this great loss to England and to English Literature, critics and readers are making many and varied choices as to what was Kipling's greatest work. This is an interesting, though not an easy, task, for selection will range from "Recessional" to "Gunga Din," and from "Kim" to "Beauty Spots." Perhaps it may be said that, above all things, he was the spokesman of the English people and the revealer of the English mentality. Throughout his work he has interpreted the English to the rest of the British Isles, to the Dominions and Colonies, to the United States and to France, and to all peoples of all races; most important of all, he has revealed the English to themselves. For this reason, among others—and here we can draw an analogy from the 'immortal memory' of Dickens—his work will last: not by this or that piece of prose or poetry, but by the spirit that permeates all. This work he has done, in a manner best described in his own words, "After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few." There is another equally apposite quotation from the little story, "A Death in the Camp" in "Abaft the Funnel," which seems almost prophetic:—"He died at the end of a completed work—his design finished, his prize awarded."

It is sad, indeed, to recollect that the ink was hardly dry on the numerous articles congratulating Kipling on the celebration of his seventieth birthday when we were told of the short and terrible illness that terminated the life of our greatest literary man. Less than three weeks later, the printers were setting up the countless obituary notices in the Press. While it would be invidious in the space at our disposal to attempt to give a representative selection of the tributes paid by journalists to a man who began his literary life as one of their own fraternity, we feel that mention must be made of a few. *Punch* says:—

" There is no need of excuse for including a tribute to Rudyard Kipling in this Memorial Number. King George and he were the same age, they were united by ties of personal friendship, and in their love for England and the Empire they were one. . . . He never betrayed any jealousy of his contemporaries. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to recognise the talent of young writers . . . with characteristic modesty, he speaks of the tributes which he had received on his seventieth birthday : ' The net result is to leave me scared—just plain scared ' Lord ha' mercy on me. This is none of I.' " Writing of certain political enthusiasms, the *Times* says:—"He may be found to have been mistaken ; he will never be found to have been anything but sincere, courageous, a single-hearted lover of his England." J. B. Firth in the *Daily Telegraph* speaks of the " heartstirring magic of his jewelled words," and concludes thus :—"The answer of the Four Winds firmly established 45 years ago the foundations of Kipling's fame as the Laureate of the Empire. Others may have borne part of the title. His were of right the bays." The *Morning Post* leading article has this :—" His art was not only great in itself, but served a great purpose. We cannot call him dead since he lives in the heart of his country." The *Daily Mail*:—"As the greatest and most beloved figure in contemporary English literature his fame is secure." The *Daily Express*:—"This country could not easily spare Kipling. He taught us to know our own tongue better, giving back to our race the strong and beautiful words that he had gathered out of his knowledge of many a different kind of people." The *News Chronicle* calls him " an interpreter of the wonder of life in the common world." The *Daily Herald* "All he wrote rung true to his tastes and convictions." (Of how many could this be said ?). Even the *Daily Worker* adds its meed of appreciation :—" With Rudyard Kipling has died the last of the great writers who were the glory of the close of the nineteenth century, a century as rich as any in the history of English letters."

The recognition of Kipling's genius and personality in the Sunday Press on the next day (January 19th) was equally full. The *Observer* has a long article by Sir George MacMunn and says, in another place :—" From no bereavement since the death of Queen Victoria has come so wide a sense of common loss as in the passing of Rudyard Kipling. He was one of the makers of the Britain he leaves behind him. By the magic of his tales and verse he held in equal sway all the English-speaking peoples. . . . He belongs as fully to history as to letters and in no career has art been more truly the servant of life. No poet

since Robert Burns poured forth so much that has become the treasure of the humble. His mastery of the native rhythms allowed him to address the general ear with a directness long unknown to literature." From the same paper we cull a few personal comments. Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan):—"Rudyard Kipling seems to me to be by far the greatest figure in English literature of our time." Mr. John Masefield (Poet Laureate) :—" He was a story-teller of genius, who took the world by storm." Mr. Alfred Noyes :—" In recent years it has become the fashion to regard some of his poems as though the world had outgrown them simply because they were familiar. It is only when a great landmark has disappeared that the loss is fully recognised. Rudyard Kipling will be read and remembered by generations as far removed from our own as our own is from that of Chaucer."

From the Provinces the tribute is just as strongly marked : north, east, south and west all pay homage—" the huge lighted cities adoring." Wales sympathises, Scotland mourns ; Belfast speaks with a heart full of gratitude ; Dublin tells of her sorrow. From Australia, Canada, India, Newfoundland, New Zealand, and South Africa comes the same note of the high estimation in which Kipling was held ; the Crown Colonies are no less sincere and warm-hearted in their expression.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of his worth, to judge by what has already come to hand ; it might be said, without exaggeration that Kipling, like his own " Kim," was " Little Friend of all the World." It goes without saying that Kipling is mourned in the United States as he is mourned here in England. We express our gratitude to Admiral Chandler, to Mr. Naumburg, and to other Members of the Society across the Atlantic for telling us, through the Press, how they valued our Master. The *New York Times* says that " he was a master of style. He had an unerring sense of balance of the right word." The *Sun* tells us that " his fame grew steadily greater as the books he had written were spread throughout the world ;" it also quotes the comment of H.E. Mr. R.W. Bingham (U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain and one of our Vice-Presidents) :—" I feel that my rating of Rudyard Kipling is representative all of Americans. He was a great poet, a great prose writer, one of the supreme masters of the English tongue. In the United States he is read and admired throughout the entire country." The *Herald Tribune* has a heading :—" Kipling's rich vein of phrases is embedded in the language." There is a notable comment by the *Saturday Review of Literature* :—" I doubt whether any writer in English since Scott and Dickens has so enthralled his audiences by sheer

virtuosity of sensation transferred—and whatever may be said of the scope of Scott and the human material of Dickens, Kipling was very much their superior in that craftsmanship which weights and points and colours a line until it shoots like a dart to the fancy." The *Chicago Daily Tribune* gives an amusing sketch of the way in which Kipling would have written in the 'modern' style and ends with these words :—

"It's so nice that he wrote his stories long ago. Somehow I like Mr. Kipling's stories better the way they are and not in the modern fashion." The *Washington Herald* gives no uncertain appreciation :—"Of his enduring fame there can be no doubt for anyone who appreciates how far true creative genius overtops the lesser talent of the statesman, the soldier, the administrator, the organiser . . . he will rank forever with the masters of English literature. . . . To all humanity he made rich gifts—and posterity will hold him in immortal gratitude." Space will not permit more, so we will just put in the Boston *Christian Science Monitor's* words :—"The niche he carved in its (America's) affections is hardly less deep than the one he carved in British hearts. . . . None was ever like him. It is safe to say no one ever will be."

[Here the Hon. Editor read a poem by Mr. Alfred A. Furman, of Clifton, New Jersey; this poem was published in the *Passaic Herald News*, New Jersey, and also in the *Birmingham Daily Mail* on February 6th. As this was considered by all present to be the finest verse tribute to Kipling's genius that had yet appeared, it is given in its appropriate place here] :—

England has cause to mourn the loss of him
 Who sang so well her praises to the world.
 In prose and verse he flung her banner wide
 On every breeze. The music of his soul
 Was poured into the rhythm of her step,
 Her sounding step on all the continents.
 No other hand has used his mother tongue
 In words so proud, so vigorous and clear
 As those that through his long and busy life
 Have fallen from his pen. He goes to join
 The caravan of high and spacious souls
 Whose works have clothed with honour and renown
 The kingdom girt around by silver seas.
 We in America have felt the spell
 Thrown round our hearts. In many a weary hour

His genius sparkled like a ruby star
Upon the glancing waters of our lives.
The rod of an enchanter led our feet
In unknown lands of passion and delight.
Even again in Winter of my age
His tales and ballads summoned to my mind
The festival of youth. Once more we know
The magic of those rugged sorceries
He wove around our souls. A sad farewell
We bid to a companion of long years.
His precious energy once all our own
Is gone to wander through the starry night.

Alfred A. Furman.

Only those who know France can tell of the high esteem in which Kipling is held by the French people. *World Radio* gives us the following information :—" The death of Rudyard Kipling has inevitably been somewhat overshadowed by the death of King George, but he was far from being forgotten in France of which he was so fond and where he is extensively read. Radio-Paris included a recitation of his poem, " France," in the special programme on the day of the King's funeral, and *Poste Parisien* devoted two items to his memory : " Kipling, Poet," on February 1st, and " Kipling, Author," on the following day, when the play based on his book, " The Light that Failed," was included in the programme." French admiration for Kipling's work is not of mushroom growth, nor is it due to the great war ; it goes back, M. Davray told us in his paper to the Society, nearly forty years. The Socialist *Populaire* honours his genius and in the *Figaro* M. Morand speaks of him as the greatest short story writer of his time. The *Mercure de France* has several articles, from which we take two excerpts : " C'est une lumière universelle qui s'est éteinte le 18 janvier ; car Kipling n'était pas seulement la voix même de la 'Greater Britain,' il était une des plus hautes consciences du monde. C'est la première fois depuis Shakespeare qu'un auteur de génie spécifiquement anglais, plus anglais que les autres écrivains de son temps, se trouve incarner aussi puissamment l'ame éternelle de l'humanité tout entière." (Note the play on the title of " The Light That Failed."). A long and able essay by M. René Lalou in the same paper concludes ;—" C'est pourtant comme un témoin que Rudyard Kipling demeure parmi nous,

qu'il vivra lorsque nous aurons disparu. Car il aura été, au sens immortel du mot, un grand primitif, le révélateur de tout ce qui, dans la vie moderne, perpétue fièrement la jeunesse du monde." Our distinguished Vice-President, M. André Maurois, whose concise style and clever choice of words makes him very like Kipling, writes thus, in French, in our *Spectator* (February 7th) :—"O Kipling chère à toute ame éprise d'héroïsme et de dure vérité Longtemps encore parce que de jeunes hommes, chez toi comme chez nous, te liront, s'accomplira dans les âmes des hommes le Miracle de Rudyard Kipling." (The reference is to " The Miracle of Purun Bhagat. "). In the *Western Mail of Cardiff* (February 1st), Mme. Raoul Nicole writes, in English :—" His prose writings have for long had an enormous sale in France. He and Dickens are the best English sellers in France. If he is supposed to have made the English ' Empire-minded,' he has had the effect of making the French Empire-minded, too."

Practically every country has spoken in terms of admiration of Kipling's genius ; this is the more wonderful, because much that he wrote is not easily expressed in another tongue. These tributes are all the more sincere, for the writers often admit that he was not exactly a blind worshipper of the policy pursued by their respective governments. Among the chief we may mention Germany, Italy, Denmark and Austria ; we deeply regret that space will not allow us to give extracts of these genuine expressions of regard ; we can only say how greatly we appreciate them.

We are now at the end of our brief summary of the Life and Work of Kipling, which is in no sense an attempt to rival the many and beautiful evaluations of his talent, spirit and genius recently published in the Press. This effort may, however, serve the needs of those who have been unable to see all these great essays in his honour. One small point may be mentioned : it was commonly said that a " Kipling Society " should not have been formed during the author's lifetime. Nevertheless, there are two other societies where a similar procedure has been followed : the Browning Society was in existence long before the death of the poet ; and the Saintsbury Society dates its birth two years previous to the death of Professor George Saintsbury. In regard to Browning, whose poems Kipling greatly admired, it may not be out of place to quote a few lines from " A Grammarian's Funeral," which seem to be peculiarly appropriate to our subject :

" Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop ;
 Seek we sepulture

On a tall mountain, citted to the top,
Crowded with culture !

* * *

Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,
"Ware the beholders !
This is our master, famous calm and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.

* * *

Lofty designs must close in like effects :
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."

* * *

You have heard and read recently various tributes to Kipling ; let us end with one, written over fifteen years ago, by the greatest modern authority on English Literature ; this is a dedication to his " Notes on a Cellar-Book," by the late Professor Saintsbury, especially interesting in view of the fact that this king of critics never wrote any criticism about a living author ; here are his words :—

To R. K.

ONE OF THE BEST OF FELLOWS
THE BEST POET AND TALETELLER OF HIS GENERATION
AND ONE THAN WHOM
NO LIVING ENGLISHMAN
HAS DONE MORE TO FOSTER THE SPIRIT
THAT WON IN 1914-18
I OFFER
THIS MY FIRST AND LAST DEDICATION
IN PLACE OF
THE MANY REVIEWS AND THE MANY BOTTLES
OF WHICH
BY SOME CANTRIP OF FORTUNE
IT HAS NEVER BEEN MY LOT OR LUCK
DURING SOME THIRTY YEARS ACQUAINTANCE
TO OFFER HIM
ONE

G. S. (Bath, *Easter*, 1920).

The Humour of Kipling

BY SIR FRANCIS GOODENOUGH, C.B.E.

KIPLING has done much to add to the gaiety of life and nations, but it is a question whether other nationalities appreciate his form of humour as well as we do ! The principal thing one feels about his humour is that it is such good humour and it is based upon such boisterous good spirits. There I am very much in sympathy with him. When I told some of my friends that I was going to speak on humour to-night they were kind enough to express surprise at my knowing anything at all about humour ! But when I was at school I had a terrible reputation because they always put me on to read those parts of Shakespeare which Bowdler left out. My Classical master used to say, " Goodenough, contain yourself !" Now Kipling cannot contain himself when he is really amused. You remember when the boys got into the parlour of the gamekeeper's wife when they were in ambush and were listening to Colonel Dabney telling King and the other masters what he thinks of them and ordering them off his premises. How they are enjoying themselves ! Stuffing the rug into their mouths to keep from giving the show away. And then in " My Sunday at Home " where he describes where they have gone off to fetch the Parson, and he leaves the victim on the platform and escapes into the countryside. " I waked the holy calm of that evening," etc. That is how I feel when I have read some of Kipling.

We think of Kipling most of all as the Poet Laureate of the Army and the Navy and the Empire, of India and the Jungle and Public School, of Kipling the Imperialist, the Naturalist, the Seer, Mystic, Philosopher, and we are inclined to have too exalted an opinion of him or too much prejudice against him to give him full credit for his value as a humourist. He certainly was no professional humourist like Mark Twain or Jerome K. Jerome. All his humour is native to his characters and the events of which he is writing. The humour is the inevitable outcome of the interplay of his characters. His humour is native to his own experience which began in life with his schoolboy days in North Devon at the Army School there, and then his early experience going as a cub reporter to Allahabad at the age of 18. He saw a great deal of the humours of life and for our benefit he has written about them. But all his humour arises out of his experience and study of human nature just as it does in Shakespeare and Dickens. He enjoys his humorous characters as Dickens enjoyed Sam Weller

and Shakespeare, Falstaff.

All his humour is etched in with the master hand. It is so obvious how much he enjoys it. He holds his own sides with laughter as he makes us hold ours. He is greatly amused about the good humour of his own characters. It is never forced but always comes so naturally. It has behind it the glee of boyish enjoyment. It is interesting to note that one of his favourite books was "Handley Cross." It rather partakes of the slapstick fun of the pantomime ; in "The Slave of the Lamp" he wrote a pantomime which is most amusing.

His characters are always scoring off each other in a most appropriate fashion. What he admires most about the Head is how he can score off the boys. In the adventure in Colonel Dabney's preserves when they think they have scored off everybody, the Head says : "Oh, yes, I know all about you. I know that you are innocent in every way, but just give me the cane. I am going to give you six each !" They love him ever after.

One character who always amused me was Pyecroft in "Their Lawful Occasions" and "Steam Tactics." I always enjoyed that story so much because I am a Devon man. You remember they got mixed up with the Brixham trawler men in Torbay.

"Soldiers Three" obviously Kipling loved. Mulvaney and Orth-eris and Learoyd. I wonder he did not call "Stalky and Co." "School boys Three." Those two books alone would make any man's fortune and repute. Mulvaney in "My Lord the Elephant"—that I think is one of the finest stories Kipling wrote. First of all his ride when he was drunk on the top of the elephant and afterwards when he was in hospital and the elephant sticks in the pass and refuses to move until his friend comes to see him. They laugh at the idea of an elephant having a friend, but when Mulvaney is produced the elephant recognises him and puts him on his back, gets out of the way of the column in the pass and all is well ! Then "The Taking of Lungtungpen"—a story which Bowdler would have objected to—"that most ondasint parade"—when the soldiers had to parade in the town without a rag on them. Kipling was one of the first writers to discover the Tommy as a theme for art. His "Soldiers Three" are so entirely different one from the other. He is rather a different author on the Tommy and on the schoolboy from the author of "Eric or Little by Little !"

What is a sign of him as a great writer is the fact that his comedy is tinged with tragedy and his tragedy with comedy. Kipling is al-

ways writing about complete persons and not about imitation characters drawn up for specific purposes for the time being to be comic or tragic. He writes about real people, the tragedy and comedy, the humour and the pathos of their lives complete. What is more pathetic and yet more humorous than the story of Ortheris and Garm the hostage he loves and leaves as a pledge that he keeps sober. They both nearly died apart until they are brought together again. His comedies, his tales of the Gadsbys and Mrs. Hauksbee are all tinged with tragedy but are all most beautifully and delicately drawn.

You find his humour right back in the early days of " Departmental Ditties." You remember Sleary who got promotion in the Indian Civil Service ? How he makes love to the Judge's daughter and gets out of his engagement by feigning epileptic fits ?

All through " Stalky and Co." there is a marvellous vein of humour ending up on the last day of term in that scene where Mary Yeo is induced to kiss Tulke, and then they call a Prefects' Meeting and score off Tulke. They are always scoring off King or each other but never in a malicious or bitter vein. Even King must have loved the boys in the end !

You cannot touch on the humour of Kipling and leave out " The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat." I ached with laughter when I read that. During the week-end I was talking to one or two friends of mine on this subject and I felt frightfully envious of those who had not read this. To be able to read again for the first time stories which left me aching with laughter ! I notice that all of you have read these and enjoyed them. You remember the story in " Stalky and Co.—" the situation is beyond speech but not laughter." That is very true of Kipling's stories.

Any mention of his humour would be incomplete which did not touch on the " Just-so Stories " which are surely to be ranked with " Alice in Wonderland " and "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts." The thing that struck me in re-reading some of his stories is the way in which his literary gift runs in with his humour. Take his description of the countryside in " My Country Home"—"A man ought to be able to write novels with his left hand in a country like this ;" "it was the very point of perfection in the heart of an English May day." As Lady Downe says, Kipling does know the countryside. Then the way in which he ends up "My Sunday at Home:" the navy with his " Another blooming doctor !" I don't suppose he said " bloom-

ing " for a moment ! There is one story that I think is a very fine sample of Kipling's humour : " The Honours of War," written nearly a quarter of a century ago, so that you might call this a Silver Jubilee of Kipling.

(Here Sir Francis read " The Honours of War "). I feel sure that Kipling wept with joy when he finished that, and I hope you have not been kept too long. It seemed to me a fairly good sample of Kipling's humour at its best.

A Kipling Miscellany

BY COLLINSON OWEN

[Unfortunately pressure on our space prevents the reporting of this Paper in full, but the MSS. will be placed in the Library.—Hon. Editor, K.J.]

KIPLING ought to have an appreciation really worthy of him. Nobody of our time, or close to it, had powers to be compared with his ; when we have thought of Hardy and Meredith—and passed on—we see that, however kind we might wish to be to many other eminent authors, there is no contemporary, or near contemporary who could be placed in the same class with him. The eminence of Kipling towers, for in him a great story teller is fused with a great poet ; we cannot say that of anybody else to-day. Kipling had his ups and downs in public regard, but never enough to worry his budget ; early success is very often dubious, but in his case we find him at seventy stronger in his vast public than he has ever been. The writer once passed a whole afternoon with Kipling in 1922, when the King visited the War Graves. Here is a digression : a group of three—the King, Haig, and Foch—was breaking up ; Haig and Foch were engaged in a long and hearty handshake, when the King, placing his own hand on their clasped hands said in French :—" Always good friends, is it not so ?" To which Foch replied :—" Always, Sire, always—for the same cause and the same motives." At Terlinctum Mr. Kipling and the writer walked together alone, all that day ; one or two of his remarks remain in memory : " There has never been anything like this in all history—the embalming of a race." Kipling's belief in the strength of the friendship that unites Britain and France was strong. " It could not be otherwise with these countless British graves scattered so thickly along the battle line."

In the United States there is the same feeling for Kipling. A certain Club in New York had a Founder's Night. All present were singing

choruses from Gilbert and Sullivan, when the pianist suddenly plunged into Barrack-Room Ballads. The whole company roared out " Danny Deever," " Boots," and others; *the* success of the evening was " Route Marchin' " to the pianist's own setting. Kipling had wiped out of those minds all feeling of America and they were so English that one could not believe it !

In conclusion Mr. Owen commented briefly on the St. George's Day speech :—" Despite the moment of rejoining he did not hesitate to impeach bitterly the unworthy elements which have enfeebled England since the war. His speech cut and sang its way through defeatism like a buzz saw through soft pine."

Letter Bag

I SUPPOSE 'debunk' is an American expression. If it is, I congratulate our cousins on one more splendid addition to our vocabulary. If Shakespeare were alive to-day, he would jump at a word which expresses in two short syllables a meaning that would otherwise take up a couple of lines. But 'debunk' implies 'bunk' which I have never heard used.

To cut the matter short, I want to protest against the present vogue of 'debunking' all the nice people and 'bunking' all the nasty ones. We are told that Nelson was not a hero, and Charles Peace was a kind gentleman who never wanted to murder anybody.

Beresford is by nature a debunker and I see he's been making another attack on " Stalky and Co." He and I generally differ on minor points when we revive our recollections of old schooldays. I attribute it to the naturally woolly and inaccurate memories of two very old gentlemen, while he just thinks that the senility is merely premature on my part alone.

Take this matter of " Stalky and Co." for instance. It has never occupied much of my spare time, whereas M'Turk never loses an opportunity of explaining that that masterpiece must be catalogued under the heading of 'Frenzied Fiction ;' but surely most readers of Kipling have realised that by now.

In your last issue he makes an onslaught on Malcolm's letter that appeared in the *Winnipeg Evening Tribune*, and most of his criticisms are to the point, but not all. For example, he objects to the statement that R.K. was fond of rambling about the cliffs, and considers it improbable because the cliffs were 'out of bounds.' No suggestion could

be further off the mark, as he must surely remember that the greatest attraction of any haunt was just the fact of its being out of bounds and most of my clearest recollections are of rather perilous adventures along the cliffs.

I remember Malcolm very well. He and I were new boys about the same term, and he made rather a bad start on account of his joining the school in a kilt. Fond parents often inflict unnecessary suffering on their helpless children in this way.

I am sorry Beresford knocked out Malcolm's remarks about myself—it was most unkind of him. It certainly was once again a case of defective memory on Malcolm's part, but I was so pleased to be told that I was a finer fellow than R.K., and now Beresford goes and spoils the whole thing. I wish he would not 'debunk' me in this way.

L. C. DUNSTERVILLE.

Crowborough, January, 1936

As a Freemason, I would like to supply the enlightenment called for by Mr. Elwell (227) on p. 131 of the December *Journal*. There is no Masonic significance whatever in the fact that "Hal o' the Draft" kept his body behind the pile of planks. I think the reason for his action is obvious when we recall that Dan had taken seizin from Puck (p. 12, "Puck of Pook's Hill"), but not so the worthy Mr. Springett. If Hal had appeared fully before Mr. Springett, clad in the doublet and hose of his period, the old fellow might have had a shock to his nerves before the tale really got going; that, at least, is the explanation I have always given myself for the incident.

T. H. THATCHER (595).

The Secretary's Corner

I SUPPOSE it is in the nature of things that Rudyard Kipling's death must mean a great increase in the Society's work and influence.

It was Kipling himself who expressed the opinion, shortly after its foundation, that real progress would come after his death. We must see that his prophecy comes true. While collecting on our membership roll those who are already admirers of his work, we must now appeal to a wider public and stand for those principles for which he stood. For there is no man, nation nor race that would not be the better for living up to the ideals of Rudyard Kipling. . . .

As a preliminary to our campaign we have got out a new leaflet.

This is now available, and I hope that members who think they can place them in fruitful soil will write and ask me for some. I might mention that both printing and paper are good—and therefore expensive—so members are requested not to ask for more than they feel they can use profitably.

The Annual Conference and Luncheon will take place this year in the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, on June 10th. Hitherto we have been well catered for by the Hotel Rembrandt to whom we offer our thanks for their past services. But we are now compelled to find larger and more central premises, and it is hoped that the attendance at both Conference and Luncheon in this year of Kipling's death will prove a striking tribute to his memory. Full particulars of these two events and of the Members' Meeting on the evening before (also at the Hotel Victoria), will be posted to members in due course.

Other Members' Meetings, will be held at the Hotel Victoria, on the dates specified in the December *Journal*, 1935.

We are now established in our new offices in No. 9, Arlington Street, Piccadilly, S.W.I. The Council felt that the Society was getting too big and the work too constant and heavy for administration in a private house, and that the Society's books, records and administration should be gathered together systematically in its own office. They accordingly accepted an advantageous offer to rent a room in Arlington Street, which is an eminently central position, especially for country or overseas members visiting London. I hope that any members passing through London with time to spare, will call and give me the pleasure and advantage of making their acquaintance. I much welcome both criticism and advice, for there is nothing more valuable in an association like ours than the "personal touch."

C. H. R.



"KIPLING'S VERSE," inclusive Edition, 3 Vols. (932 pages). Hodder and Stoughton, maroon buckram, beautifully gilt, handmade paper, brand new, leaves uncut. £2 (published at 3 guineas). W. Gemmer, Unthank Road, Norwich. [Advt.

Western 6939

THE QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE . . .

67, QUEEN'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.7.

provides full or intensive secretarial courses for gentlewomen in delightful surroundings.

Six months intensive course - £50

Model Office
Appointments
Bureau

Two modern residential Clubs

MODERATE FEES
AND INDIVIDUAL
INTEREST
A SPECIALITY

Prospectus
on Application

PRINTING OF DISTINCTION

CATALOGUES, NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES,
BROCHURES, PAMPHLETS, POSTERS,
HANDBILLS, ACCOUNT BOOKS, BILL-
HEADS, LETTERHEADS, VISITING CARDS AND
ALL OFFICE STATIONERY AND SUNDRIES

Phone:
Southend
3738



Phone:
Southend
3738

151 North Road, Southend-on-Sea

The Kipling Society.

President:

Maj.-Gen. L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky")

Vice-Presidents:

Lt. Col. R. V. K. APPLIN, D.S.O.

ELLIS A. BALLARD, ESQ., U.S.A.

H. E. M. CAMILLE BARRÈRE

Ambassador of France.

Earl BATHURST, C.M.G.

Countess BATHURST.

G. C. BERESFORD, ESQ. ("M'Turk")

H.E., Mr. R. W. BINGHAM, U.S.A.

Maj.-Gen. SIR JULIUS H. BRUCHE,

K.C.B., C.M.G., Australia

Rear-Admiral LLOYD H. CHANDLER,

U.S.N.(Ret.), U.S.A.

M. ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON, LL.D., France.

Lt.-Gen. SIR SIDNEY CLIVE,

K.C.B., C.M.G.

RUSSELL J. COLMAN, ESQ., J.P.

S. A. COURTAULD, ESQ., J.P.

Viscount CRAIGAVON,

P.C., D.L., HON. LL.D.,

Brig.-Gen. The Hon. Sir C. P. CREWE,

K.C.M.G., C.B., S. Africa.

Lady CUNYNGHAME.

Professor W. MACNEIL DIXON,

D.LITT., Glasgow.

The Dowager Viscountess DOWNE.

Wm. B. OSGOOD FIELD, ESQ., U.S.A.

SIR JAMES FRAZER, O.M., F.R.S.

Gen. Sir A. J. GODLEY,

G.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C.

SIR FRANCIS GOODENOUGH, C.B.E.

Col. Sir ARTHUR R. HOLBROOK,

BART., K.B.E., D.L., V.D.

Lady HOUSTON, D.B.E.

Capt. W. VANSITTART-HOWARD,

D.S.O., R.N.

SIR RODERICK JONES, K.B.E.

Sir WALTER R. LAWRENCE, BART.,

G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B.

Mrs. FLORA V. LIVINGSTON, U.S.A.

Dr. G. H. LOCKE, M.A. LL.D., Canada.

Commr. O. LOCKER-LAMPSON,

C.M.G., D.S.O., R.N.V.R., M.P.

Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE F. MACMUNN,

K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, C.B.E., M.C.,

France.

Maj.-Gen. J. D. McLACHLAN,

C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Col. C. H. MILBURN, O.B.E., D.L., M.B.

Earl of MORAY, M.A., M.C.

Lord MOYNIHAN, K.C.M.G., C.B., LL.D.

Carl T. NAUMBURG, ESQ., U.S.A.

Lord RENNELL, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

Mrs. ALEC-TWEDIE,

Viscount WAKEFIELD, C.B.E., LL.D.

W. A. YOUNG, ESQ.

Council:

G. C. BERESFORD, ESQ.,

J. H. C. BROOKING, ESQ. M.I.E.E.

S. A. COURTAULD, ESQ., J.P.

Lady CUNYNGHAME.

SIR FRANCIS GOODENOUGH, C.B.E.

J. G. GRIFFIN, ESQ. M.I.E.E.

R. E. HARBORD, ESQ.

Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.

Maj.-Gen. J. D. McLACHLAN,

C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

J. R. TURNBULL, ESQ., M.C., C.A.

H. AUSTEN HALL, ESQ. (extra).

Hon. Treasurer:

Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE F. MACMUNN

K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

Hon. Solicitor:

CLEMENT A. CUSSE, ESQ.,

6, New Court, W.C.2.

Hon. Editor:

B. M. BAZLEY, ESQ.

Hon. Auditors:

MESSRS. MILNE, GREGG AND

TURNBULL

Hon. Librarian:

W. G. B. MAITLAND, ESQ.

Secretary:

SIR CHRISTOPHER ROBINSON, BART.

9, Arlington Street, London, S.W.1.

Local Hon. Sec. in U.S.A.:

CARL T. NAUMBURG, ESQ., 333, Central Park West, New York City.

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada):

President: A. E. G. CORNWELL, ESQ.,

1549, Pembroke Street, Victoria, B.C.

Hon. Secretary: T. A. SIMMONS, ESQ.,

New Zealand Branch:

President: Col. SIR STEPHEN ALLEN,

K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.

27 Victoria Avenue, Remuera, Auckland, N.Z.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. BUCHANAN