

*The*  
KIPLING  
JOURNAL

*The*  
Organ  
of the  
KIPLING  
SOCIETY

No. 41

MARCH 1937

Price 2s.

# *The* Spectator

THE PREDOMINANT WEEKLY

EVERY thoughtful person to-day realises the importance of keeping adequately informed on public questions, both domestic and foreign. But it is by no means easy. Life is crowded and public affairs are increasingly complex. Some clarification and explanation is needed. *The Spectator* exists to provide that. Independent in its outlook, standing for ordered progress but associated with no political party, it discusses the chief issues of the day, political, industrial, economic, scientific, religious, social and literary, both in editorial articles and notes and in signed contributions by writers of recognised authority.

To busy people who have little time to read the daily press, *The Spectator* is especially useful. Its aim is to insure readers against missing the true bearing of any event

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

EVERY **6<sup>D.</sup>** FRIDAY



BODH GAYA

Spot visited by the Lama in Kipling's "Kim."

*Snap sent by B. Ten Broeke, a "Kipling Society" member in India*

# The Kipling Journal

The Organ of the Kipling Society

QUARTERLY

No. 41

MARCH, 1937

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## News and Notes

ONE of our Members in India, Mr. B. St. L. Ten-Broeke, has very kindly sent the photograph which we reproduce in this issue.

This is the shrine visited by the Lama in "Kim." Bodh (or Buddha) Gaya is about sixty miles from Patna, in the Province of Bihar and Nagpur.

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The second Meeting of the 1936-37 Session was held at the Hotel Washington, Curzon Street, W., on Wednesday, 9th December, at 4.30 p.m. The subject of the Paper was "Kipling the Artist," very ably presented by "Arthur Hood" (Mrs. Mends-Gibson), a poet of 'no mean powers.' The Chairman was the Rev. A. G. B. West, Master Parson of St. Dunstan-in-the-East, who, without preamble, introduced the Lecturer, reserving his remarks until later. During the Lecture Miss Nancy Bayne recited, with great charm of manner and admirable quality of diction, "Ford o' Kabul River," "The Gypsy Trail," and "Recessional." The Discussion which followed was full of interest—a tribute to the Lecturer's ability to rouse a debate. A cordial Vote of Thanks to Mrs. Mends-Gibson for her splendid Paper and to Miss Bayne was carried with acclamation.

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The Third Meeting of the 1936-37 Session was held at the Hotel Washington, Curzon Street, W., on Wednesday, 13th January, at

8.30 p.m. Mr. R. E. Harbord, Member of Council, was in the Chair and introduced the Lecturer, Dr. Vaughan Bateson, who gave the Members and their guests an interesting Paper on " Kipling and Yorkshire," which was full of information and proved an answer to those who assert that Kipling knew only Sussex among the English Counties. Mr. Maitland, Hon. Librarian, moved the Vote of Thanks to Dr. Vaughan Bateson; this was unanimously and enthusiastically carried by all present.

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The fourth Meeting of the 1936-37 Session was held at the Hotel Washington, Curzon Street, W., on Wednesday, 17th February, at 4.30 p.m. On this occasion a change was made in the usual type of programme : Mr. B. M. Bazley, Hon. Editor, gave, instead of a Paper, a Reading of some of Kipling's Parodies, with comments and comparisons with the originals, with special mention of those collected under the heading of " The Muse among the Motors." The innovation proved quite successful, as, for some reason, the motor parodies have generally escaped attention ; an animated, if informal, discussion followed the Lecturer's readings, this facet of Kipling's genius being found very amusing. Miss Phyllis Brooks gave some exceedingly beautiful renderings of Kipling Songs : " Of all the Tribe of Tegumai " and " The First Friend," both from the " Just So Song Book " by Edward German ; she was heartily encored and sang " Old Mother Laidinwool " by Martin Shaw ; her clear pronunciation and lovely vocal quality were very greatly admired. She was ably accompanied by Miss Dora Bright. As Miss Brooks had to leave early, Mr. W. G. B. Maitland, Hon. Librarian, who proved an excellent Chairman, asked Major E. Dawson to move a cordial Vote of Thanks to the singer, which was carried with enthusiasm. After the Discussion, Mr. R. E. Harbord, Member of Council, moved the Vote of Thanks to the Lecturer :—" It is a very great pleasure indeed to me to do this. I have had to do this more than once, but never have I done it so readily and with so much real pleasure. Mr. Bazley's Paper was delightful, his choice of the parodies marvellous, and his beautiful reading has made some of them certainly mean more to me than they did. I cannot read them myself at all, and it has been a great joy to have them read so beautifully. I think we appreciated it thoroughly, and I ask you to join with me in thanking Mr. Bazley most heartily for his wonderful reading ; it is no easy task

to read poetry aloud, and Kipling's Parodies are more difficult than most. On your behalf I thank Mr. Bazley for his extremely interesting afternoon."

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A few more sources, to use a rather hard-driven word, of Kipling's quotations have come to light. F. E. Sawyer's Lecture on Sussex Songs and Music (1885) contains the following six lines :—

I've bin to Plymouth and I've bin to Doöver,  
I've bin ramblin, boys, all de wurld oöver,  
Over, and over, and over, and oöver,  
Drink up your liquor and turn yur cup over.  
Over and over, and over, and oöver.  
De liquor's drink't up, and de cup is turned oöver.

Two lines of this, with a slight variation, are sung by Tom Shoemsmith in " Dymchurch Flit."

As a heading to " Soldiers Three " there are two lines :—

We be Soldiers Three—  
*Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie.*

This appears to be taken from " With Never a Penny of Money " by Thomas Ravenscroft (1592-1635), the full first verse being :—

We be souldiers three,  
*(Pardona moy ie vous an pree)*  
Lately come forth of the Low Country,  
With never a penny of money.  
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Both the above are to be found in " A Tankard of Ale " compiled by Theodore Maynard, published by Erskine Macdonald, Ltd.

. . The heading to " On Greenhow Hill," commencing " To Love's low voice she lent a careless ear," Kipling quotes from a poem called " Rivals," which appears, with two more lines, in a little book named " Hand in Hand : Verses by a Mother and Daughter." The two authors are, of course, Kipling's mother and sister.

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In 1919 the Rev. Frederic W. Macdonald wrote a book of recollections, in which there is much information about Kipling's family. The author was the brother of Mrs. J. L. Kipling, and the title of his book is, " As a Tale that is Told." This title has a peculiar

significance, as the full quotation, " We spend our years as a tale that is told," taken from Psalm 90, verse 9, was the text from which the Rev. Joseph Kipling, Rudyard Kipling's paternal grandfather, preached his final sermon.

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At the Church of St. Dunstan-in-the-East the Master Parson, the Rev. A. G. B. West, arranged a Memorial Service to Kipling on the First Anniversary of our Master's passing away—a " First Commemoration Thanksgiving for Rudyard Kipling." The great church was filled with a congregation who were much impressed with the beauty of the Service and the magnificent sermon by the Master Parson. Among the hymns sung were three by Kipling : " Recessional," " Let us now praise famous men," and " My New-Cut Ashlar." The Precentor offered up a prayer, by Dr. Donne, for the Fairbridge Farm Schools. The First Lesson, taken from Ecclesiasticus XLIV, verse 1-15, was read by Mr. B. M. Bazley, Hon. Editor ; the Second Lesson, taken from St. Luke X. 38-42, was read by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, Founder. Members of the Society formed a large part of the congregation.

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Since the publication of "Something of Myself" in the *Morning Post* and in book form there has been much correspondence both in the above journal and in the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. G. C. Beresford (M'Turk) started the ball rolling, and the President (Stalky) has answered *in* the negative. Various others have joined in the fray, " not without dust and heat," as Kipling says in " Stalky and Co." The accuracy of certain statements in the Autobiography has been questioned : we print *one* answer (from Captain Rayner), which goes to show that Kipling's memory was generally more reliable than that of the correspondents who correct him.

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From our President, who, we are glad to hear is now getting over a severe bout of rheumatism, we have received a poem by Donald Mackintosh entitled " Kipling Passes." It is a fine tribute to the genius of our Master, and we hope to print it in a future number.

x   x   x   x   x

The well-known lecturer, Miss Ellen Bowick, is giving a lecture-

recital on " Kipling : The Man and his Work " at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Thursday afternoon, April 30th. Tickets can be obtained from the A. & N. Stores and the usual agencies.

### *Branch Reports*

**Victoria B.C., Canada.** In spite of the holiday season, which prevented some members of the Society from attending, the Members and Kipling admirers turned out well for the annual dinner of the Branch on the Author's birthday, December 30th. The Guest of the evening was Mr. R. L. Reid, K.C., of Vancouver, who, as a contemporary of Kipling, gave some interesting reminiscences of the past generation. Speaking of the vividness of Kipling's art Mr. Reid said :—" I do not know of any other writer who can take an absolutely improbable subject—one you know could never happen—and make it so absolutely clear and distinct that you think you are looking at it." In proposing the toast in memory of our Master Mr. Reid said :—" To the Poet Laureate of the British Empire—no matter who holds the English title." Among the songs and recitations given were : "Morrow Down," "The Gipsy Trail," "Mandalay," "Back to the Army Again," and "Eddi's Service," rendered by Miss Dorothy H. White, Mr. K. W. Seymour, Mr. Arthur Jackman, Mr. James McGrath and Mrs. W. J. Neal. During the past year this Society has done its share of entertaining. A Kipling Night was given by the President and some members to the Cathedral Men's Guild, and a talk on Kipling was given by the President to the Young People's Society of the United Churches, Oak Bay, Victoria.

M. NEAL, *Publicity Secretary.*

**Auckland, N.Z. Branch.** This Branch celebrated its First Birthday at a Special Meeting of Members on December 9th, 1936, at the Society of Arts Rooms which had been very beautifully decorated by one of its members. There was a competition on titles of Kipling poems, followed by the cutting of the Birthday Cake, which was adorned with one candle and an elephant. A musical programme followed : the Cyril Scott Suite, " The Jungle," for the piano, played by Miss Parker ; " Mandalay," sung by Mr. Norman Boyes ; and leadings of : " The King's Pilgrimage " by Miss Boulton, " The Secret of the Machines " by Miss Mackenzie, and " A Song of French Roads "



by Mr. Townley Little. On September 29th, 1936, Mr. Norman Boyes gave an exhaustive and clever Paper on "The Poetry of Kipling," which brought out Kipling's idea of the British Empire as a great family.

EDITH M. BUCHANAN, *Hon. Secretary.*

**Manitoba, Canada.** On the First Anniversary of the passing of Rudyard Kipling a Meeting was held at St. Michael's Parish Hall ; this was attended by many besides the members of the Branch. The Hon. Secretary gave a very fine rendering of Kipling's "Justice," followed by the appropriate "L'Envoi." Owing to the opening of the Manitoba Parliament, our President, General Ketchen, will be fully occupied, so the Branch activities will be somewhat curtailed for a time. A Vote of Thanks was expressed to the Headquarters of the Society for a kind gift of Christmas Cards to Branch Members.

In reply to inquiries from Members abroad we mention that there are three editions of Kipling's Poems (selections only), published by Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd., Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. These are : "Twenty Poems" (1s.) ; "Selected Verse" (1s.) ; "A Choice of Songs" (2s.).

### *Reviews and New Books*

**Something of Myself.** Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. and pocket editions). This posthumous book has been eagerly awaited by all Kipling's readers, nor will it disappoint them. It is of Kiplingesque brevity, it is interesting, it sheds light on many obscure matters, and it is very readable ; the format matches the Uniform Edition of the author's other works. There is much self-revelation by one who was neither talkative nor egoistic. It comes as a shock when we learn that the tale of "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" is a personal reminiscence ; the dark years were broken only by a month's annual holiday at the home of Lady Burne-Jones, who had no idea of the state of things with her nephew :—"Often and often afterwards, the beloved Aunt would ask me why I never told any one how I was being treated. Children tell little more than animals, for what comes to them they accept as eternally established. Also, badly-treated children have a clear notion of what they are likely to get if they betray the

secrets of a prison-house before they are clear of it." The final remark on this subject is typical :—" In the long run these things, and many more of the like, drained me of any capacity for real, personal hate for the rest of my days." " Stalky and Co.," which we have always held to be a ' human document,' seems singularly true in its characterisation ; even some of the more bizarre incidents do not appear strange when we sense the Westward Ho ! atmosphere. Cool judgment sways the reviews of his schooldays :—" Naturally, Westward Ho ! was brutal enough, but, setting aside the foul speech that a boy ought to learn early and put behind him by his seventeenth year, it was clear, with a cleanliness that I never heard of in any other school." And how true is his summary of bullying :—" The most persistent bullying comes not less from the bigger boys, who merely kick and pass on, than from young devils of fourteen acting in concert against one butt." We shall value the Stalky tales even more now that we have the author's *imprimatur* on their verity.

When at Lahore he tells us how he acquired that accuracy of detail, for which he became famous ; he met at the Club only picked men from every branch of Government service and remembered carefully their sayings when they talked shop :—" It follows then that that ' show of technical knowledge ' for which I was blamed later came to me from the horse's mouth, even to boredom." Literary craftsmanship came to him in those days ; and we get a glimpse of the dishonesty of governments when trying to gain their ends, and of those servants who do what is asked of them against their convictions, with their excuses ; these last are summed up as " all the Devil-provided camouflage for the sinner-who-faces-both-ways." This hatred of dishonesty and insincerity always made Kipling rigidly honest and frank with himself. He gives us the source of his plot for " The Story of the Gadsbys "—how many of his contemporaries would be great enough to acknowledge indebtedness to the work of others ? The celebrated line in " The English Flag " he attributes to his mother, who said to him :—" You're *trying* to say : " What do they know of England who only England know.' " And how many could—or would—have kept to this rule :—" I have never directly or indirectly criticised any fellow-craftsman's output, or encouraged any man or woman to do so." The young author is duly warned against the drug of fulsome praise, oral or written. Of amusement there is plenty ; it ripples all the way through, but breaks out triumphantly in the

chapter on South Africa. Here it comes in waves over "The Absent-Minded Beggar," a few Service scenes, and the 'atrocities' discovered by the Little Englanders.

So we come to the record of life at Bateman's and the coming of the motor-car; this part is full of pleasant details and sayings. On being asked what there was to do in the country, his reply is:—"Everything except time to do it." Never a lioniser, Kipling does not weary his reader with lists of eminent folk known or met. References drop in casually, when they have a bearing on the text: Mr. Baldwin in the private capacity of a cousin; Lord Dufferin talking to him, 'deep calling to deep'; Professor Saintsbury, "a solid rock of learning and geniality whom I revered all my days." There is more about Rhodes, of whom he saw much as a neighbour.

Very instructive is the ending, called "Working Tools." Our Author tells how he dreamed of writing a really big novel; he was dissuaded by the Father who "thought that the setting of my life and work would be against it." He says, later, that "*The Light that Failed*" (much liked in France) "was only a *conte*—not a built book. *Kim*, of course, was nakedly picaresque and plotless—a thing imposed from without." By implication we get an idea of his care in writing, and of the need for rigorous revision:—"Mercifully, the mere fact of writing was, and always has been, a physical pleasure to me. This made it easier to throw away anything that did not turn out well: and to practise, as it were, scales." He does not like the 'Higher Critics' of our times, and says so, with reasons. His standard for his own work was high:—"Never play down to your public—not because some of them do not deserve it, but because it is bad for your hand." After perusing this remarkable swan song most readers will probably regret that they never knew the author, one of the most compelling and attractive personalities of our epoch.

**Rudyard Kipling in New England.** Howard C. Rice. (Stephen Day Press, Brattleboro, Vermont.). This is a charming little essay about Kipling's life at "Naulakha" from 1892 to 1896, with the events that lead Mr. and Mrs. Kipling to reside in Vermont. Kipling in his Autobiography has covered some of the ground, but there are many additional details in Mr. Rice's booklet:—"Here at Naulakha, in sight of Monadnock, Kipling lived and worked until August, 1896. Although he disliked any unnecessary invasion of his private

life, he was the most genial and hospitable of hosts to those whom he accepted as his friends." We get a glimpse of our Author's dramatic aspirations :—" A small model theatre provided another diversion. In this Kipling would manipulate the entrances and exits of paper figures while discussing his ambition to write a play."

### *The Cinema*

"TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS" BY RUDYARD KIPLING

The screen version of " Toomai of the Elephants " is Kipling's Toomai plus a great deal of extra matter which, taken as a whole, make up an entirely different story. What that story is, I must not divulge, but it is cleverly conceived and executed, quite in harmony with the Kipling tradition.

As a film, it is unquestionably a remarkable production for which I see a great popular success. The little Indian boy who plays the part of Toomai is a real discovery upon which Mr. Korda deserves every congratulation. Kala Nag has to be seen to be believed and the bond of sympathy and affection between the great elephant and this little boy is most effectively shown. I cannot altogether approve of Kala Nag running amok as that, I have always been led to believe, is a habit confined to the opposite sex in elephants and at certain times only, but as a spectacle it is magnificent and its dramatic termination by Toomai will bring a lump into the throat of the most hardened. We also see the legendary " Dance of the Elephants " and how Mr. Korda produced that passes my comprehension.

With the exception of Petersen Sahib who has not been happily cast, the film is quite outstanding. Whether it will inspire a taste for Kipling amongst those in the vast audiences who have not read him, I would not like to venture an opinion. But as *grand spectacle* and as furnishing an example of some truly magnificent acting, it is an entertainment which I cordially recommend to our most hardened film-cynic and one which every member of the Kipling Society must make a special point of seeing.

C. H. ROBINSON.

### *Obituary*

We greatly regret to announce the death of Dr. George H. Locke, a Vice-President of the Society. Dr. Locke was Chief Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, a post he had held with distinction since 1908;

he passed away on January 18th. He was always a keen reader of Kipling and an authority on the works of our Master ; he was the founder of the famous ' Kipling Room ' at the Toronto Library.

### *Kipling The Artist*

BY ARTHUR HOOD (MRS. MENDS-GIBSON)

IN addressing the members of the Kipling Society who know, of course, so much of his work, I must ask your forbearance if I touch on certain points that you are well acquainted with. But perhaps you are not so aware that the modern youth disregards altogether our great poet—will not allow that he is great at all. I have been brought much in contact with modern verse writers—I do not always allow them the title of poet. What spleen and anger they display in discussing Kipling and his work ! But, personally, I do not envy the intelligence that prefers the whistling from the sewer-haunted pipes that many of the modern writers blow. My desire this evening is to point out the art—the sensitive art—and the craftsmanship of Rudyard Kipling. Now let us remember famous men. There are certain writers in whose presence we feel that it is good for us to be here—and this is as true of their memory as when they are alive. We feel in the presence of Rudyard Kipling that it is good for us to be here.

Rudyard Kipling was a man of great vitality and healthy enthusiasm, which he expresses in virile language. He made himself one with the ordinary people ; he wrote of them with the keen understanding of an all-embracing humour. He spoke truly when he said :—

"It is enough that through Thy Grace  
I saw naught common on Thy earth."

" The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me." His marvellous sympathy embraced all. Also he loved the animals : are there any other lines concerning a dog so tender as these ?—

" I have mostly done what most men do,  
And pushed it out of my mind;  
But I can't forget, if I wanted to,  
Four-feet trotting behind.

The simplicity of all things true is not disturbed by being described by a man's brain without his heart :—" Little foot, light as the mari-gold flowers, that might lie in the palm of a man's one hand."

D. H. Lawrence has had great praise for writing almost exactly the same lines, but, as he wrote many years after Kipling, we must allow that Kipling takes the palm.

You will recollect how, recently, young Mr. Baldwin spoke very slightly of Kipling's works. *Mary Postgate*, far from being a bitter and horrible story, is, I think, the hall-mark of the author's genius, and his far-reaching comprehension and sympathy with the heart of even a quite plain, poorly paid companion. But Mr. Baldwin did not in the least see what our author visioned so understandingly, the tragedy of an ageing, unlovely old maid who unconsciously had given her whole heart to a young airman.

And even while rejoicing in his poems one is continually recalling the lovely rhythm of his prose. It has been said that his greatest poetic art is to be found in his prose. In this he has been likened to Thomas Hardy. Thomas Hardy's finest concepts are embodied in his prose, certainly ; his poems mostly appear hard and declamatory. But there the resemblance ends. Hardy had none of Kipling's faith in humanity, or the love of his country that is so evident in Kipling.

As to Kipling's *craftsmanship* : his ear was acutely sensitive and he could play on alliteration as a man plays on the harp. Listen to his "Winds of the World, give answer !" And he makes of what has been called the serpent letter " S " a musical echo, as when he makes the North wind speak. It was his ear that caught the sounds. His use of the letter " O " has been criticised, but, write the sounds as you will, you will discover that Kipling's is the only way of using that letter. And it is remarkable how he always chose plain, simple, English words—almost Saxon words ; he very seldom introduced into his poems words of different extraction ; or, as one suffers from so much in the modern poets, extraordinary words that have about fourteen syllables. It is a very arresting point to be remembered : you may not perhaps care for the subject he has chosen, and may think sometimes that he has a little of the banjo lilt in his verses ; yet you will find it extremely difficult to alter any phrasing he uses without destroying the intense sincerity and virility of the whole line. I can imagine the humorous look he would have given anyone who suggested that his consonants were a little hard, or that another word might be more beautiful. " Yes," he would have said, " it would certainly be more ladylike."

As a specimen of his work that is most haunting and pathetic, in which he portrays the friendship of David and Jonathan in two troopers, I will ask Miss Nancy Bayne to recite to you his "*Ford o' Kabul River.*"

Kipling could also write a mystical poem, such as "Cold Iron." He gives us, as it were, a ballad, yet you find yourself in the presence of Christ. There are many mystical references in Kipling's poems, yet he is so often remembered only as the author of the Barrack-Room Ballads. But his Christ was no weak man, falling beneath the weight of the cross, but a great Master that demands of His servants strength, valour and endurance.

His "*Sons of Martha*." There is much that is true in this poem, though Kipling for once seems to have wilfully shut his eyes to the insight and power of the Visionary. St. John did more for Christ's Church than St. Paul : without vision the people perish. But it was the quality of endurance that Kipling rejoiced to discover, and sang of—the endurance of the toiler, the pioneer, the man who has a job to do and does it though he die in the doing of it. That is why his death is so great a calamity in these days of wild diversion. To Kipling the worth of a man lay in his work : he says in his homely manner :—

"The wisest thing, we suppose, that a man can do for his land,  
Is the work that lies under his nose, with the tools that lie under his hand."

Kipling seldom touched on love. He wrote very little about women in his poems, but we remember his mention of the nurses in the Boer War :—

"And the faces of the Sisters and the glory in their eyes,  
and when they died—

". . . little wasted bodies, ah, so light to lower down."

He understood, too, the heart of a mother when he wrote :—

"If I were hanged on the highest hill." etc.

Undoubtedly there was something of the stern Puritan about Kipling, which may account for the dislike that many express for his work. Kipling stood for duty and loyalty—weakness and vanity were his abominations. Love of his motherland and her children flamed ever in his heart. In his later years he sang more of the whippers in England's lanes and woods, and delighted in her folk lore. We remember him chiefly as the singer of rough men, using their language—or lack of language—but we also recollect how exquisitely he introduced to us the beauties of the English countryside, as in his poem "The Gipsy Trail," which I have asked Miss Bayne to recite to you. After singing that delicious song, he reveals his extraordinary wisdom in the poem called "Natural Theology."

The finest stanza of the poem called *The Rabbi's Song* is typical of his attitude towards broken and despairing souls. His manly warning lest we allow our sorrows to affect others :—

" The arrows of our anguish  
Fly farther than we guess."

His theory all through is that a man's heart is only destroyed when he fears to face either his work or his duty. And consider how with trumpets and shawms he wrote of the sea. " White Horses " is too long to give you, and, in any case, too well known to you. If any man deny that Rudyard Kipling had poetic craft, let him study these poems and see how in these lines consonant after consonant, vowel and vowel, fall easily into place.

But in the end we come back to our remembrance of the prophetic force of this man of vision. Rudyard Kipling ever called on his countrymen to remember the great heritage won for them by their forefathers—not an inheritance of ease not the tearing about for amusement, but the stern, austere work that built up our Empire ; for this is the ' Faith that the White Men held ' when they built their homes afar—freedom for ourselves and freedom for our sons and, failing freedom, War." We heartily need a Kipling to-day to speak in his clarion tones to those fools who prate glibly of their enlightened souls and who declare that it makes no difference whether our country—" this dear land, this precious storm set in a silver sea"—be under the Russ., or the Hun. or the Dago ; those who would sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. Kipling strove to instil the nobleness of toil, and of bearing the White Man's Burden. " For all we have and are " expresses his deep conviction, and his message to his fellow-countrymen. It was the overwhelming surge in his heart that caused him to dwell upon it so insistently. In future years, when all classes will talk like trim school-marms, our descendants, if they are still British, will rejoice in Kipling's strong, rude language as we rejoice in Chaucer. It was not only his command of simple words, but he saw so differently. One becomes a little fatigued by the many descriptions of woods and flowers, but his " belt upon belt, the wooded, dim blue goodness " is so rich and perfect. And he had so many qualities—his tenderness for little things, and—that which must ever endear him to the English—his love of laughter and mirth.

Honours were offered to him, but were refused. And when he died, Bernard Shaw could find nothing more to say than that Rudyard



Kipling never grew up. And John Masefield, that he was a " writer of short stories." This grudging half-praise of a great man, a great author, a veritable poet, comes with very little grace from two such men. We will try to be charitable and conclude that what the great Irish scholar meant to convey was that those whom the gods love die young, that Kipling could never be old. To quote Kipling's own words, it could never be said of him " the lamp of our youth will be utterly out." He kept the sovereignty of his mind until he gave it back to his Lord, and stood to the very last a gentleman unafraid. In the words of a friend of his :—" So he passed, a great man and a splendid friend. The Empire will mourn him, for he understood our fellow citizens across the sea, and they understood him. It is our grievous loss that we shall not hear that trumpet blast blow out across our fields to refresh and encourage us." Kipling, by reason of his art, his mighty great-heartedness, his wisdom and his humour, his brave character, and his poetic craft, endears himself to our memories the better we know, even by heart, his very words.

I will conclude by asking Miss Bayne to give you his " Recessional."

#### DISCUSSION

Mr. Fox, Bristol. We shall all forgive the lecturer for speaking rather slightly of " The Sons of Martha " for the whole of the rest of her delightful paper, but I cannot resist the temptation to point out what I have had to point out many times—that there is nothing in the poem in the slightest degree against the spirituality of Mary. And I would also point out to the ladies present that the distinction is not between Mary and Martha, but between the *sons* of Mary and the *sons* of Martha. And may I just quote the last verse but one :—

" Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make  
     a path more fair or flat ;  
 Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of  
     Martha spilled for that !  
 Not as a ladder from earth to heaven, not as a  
     witness to any creed,  
 But simple service simply given to his own kind  
     in their common need."

Now the next time our lecturer delights an audience with her beautiful words, and her appreciation of our poet, I hope she will read the poem again and perhaps look at it in a somewhat different light. In my view, it is one of the most stirring poems that Kipling ever wrote.

**Mr. Bazley, Hon. Editor.** I think we have had to-night what we very seldom get : a reasoned appreciation. Mrs. Mends-Gibson's knowledge of Kipling's work is very thorough but very true. Her paper has been thoroughly delightful. Having had the privilege of seeing a little of it before, I knew what we should get, and I have not been disappointed. It is always pleasant to have one's t's crossed and one's i's dotted in this very delightful way. Kipling has been very much misquoted, and at times he had a great contempt for people who wilfully misunderstood him. But I think perhaps he sometimes forgot that other people were not so well educated as himself. He had the best of educations ; he was extraordinarily well read ; and when he read, he took in what he was reading, and remembered it. I recall one little thing in the matter of misquotations : Mr. Robert Graves—one of the men who were very young when the war started, wrote a little essay on Kipling—D. H. Lawrence wrote one on Galsworthy, equally bad. Grave's work on Kipling is not distinguished for any kind of merit whatever, but I remember that he assigns the " Land of Hope and Glory " to him. There is another interesting thing brought out by Mr. E. V. Lucas, who compiled a little book of letters from various eminent people—among them one from Kipling. He had written to Kipling asking the meaning of a certain line in " *The Islanders* "—" Idle, except for your boasting—and what is your boasting worth. If ye grudge a year of service to the lordliest life on earth !" Mr. Lucas wrote, " I do not think this means exactly what the critics have said ; they appeal to think it means conscription straight away—I think you must have some other explanation." Kipling wrote in answer, that if the critics would read two lines further on, they would see his meaning was that all this wealth and comfort in England was worth a struggle to preserve—he did not mean that everyone should rush forward and shout ' Hoch.'

**Mr. Beresford.** About this abuse of Kipling, and hostility in his critics.

All modern poets are downing Kipling because he gets in their light—they always do it : and they will praise some obscure, hopeless person, because there is no chance of his getting in front of them. It is very wise, it helps them in their little bit of work. As to misquotations : you will always find that if there is anything at all gushing, the average ignorant person will put it down to Kipling. As to Bern-

ard Shaw saying that he never grew up—of course we know he only said this to keep the accusation off himself ; he is always saying it of somebody—because he has never grown up himself. Kipling's simplicity came from his being mentally and always practical. He avoided long, extraordinary words, or pretty words ; he had worked through them all, a forest of them, and come out at the other end. When the *Barrack-Room Ballads* were published, they put him down as a chap who wrote about the Lahore Bazaar !

**Mr. Brooking. (Founder).** Mrs. Mends-Gibson's paper has so many sides to it that it is very difficult to think of any one that is worth more than another. But one point I would emphasize as worth considering is, that Kipling sometimes wrote very poor stuff. I do not think I am quite alone in that opinion, and I would like to quote from a letter from my most esteemed friend, Mr. Fox, who wrote me in 1934. " Kipling has published some 1,500 or 1,600 poems. It must be admitted that many are second-rate, some possibly third or fourth rate ; but this very same might be said of all great poets, from Shakespeare downwards." This may be controversial, but it is anticipated that there will be published shortly an entire complete edition of Kipling. With that in view (one might see the publishers and ascertain whether it is likely to come out this year, or next year), I have a suggestion to make to the publishers for their consideration when it *is* likely to come out. That suggestion is, that there should be one complete book of everything that Kipling has written, and another in which there is only the best of what he has written ; and, in my humble opinion, only about 20 per cent. of what he has written would be eligible to go into the latter book. It has been suggested, if the publishers agreed, that the proof be submitted to a Quality Committee of this Society, and that they should go through it and put down those items which they suggest might be included in this final summary of his best poems, and cut out those not worthy of it. I have had that in mind, and have been going through my books, scratching some things out, querying others. I think this might be the subject of a paper, and possibly a subject for general discussion by at least those of our members who have gone into Kipling perhaps more deeply than others.

**Mrs. Mends-Gibson,** replying : I did not mean to disparage the ' Sons of Martha,' and I was very glad to have it pointed out that

it was the *sons*, not the women—they generally get the blame. But I do admire the poem. Perhaps Mr. Beresford remembers that one of the poets said that it was a very good thing that he had finally disposed of Milton as a poet ! Miss Sitwell has said of her brother's poem that it was the finest poem in the English language that had been written for over a century ! I rather disagree with Mr. Brooking when he says that only about 20 per cent. of Kipling's verse would be eligible to be included in a book of the best things he has written. Every poet, as he said, has some poor lines—even Shakespeare wrote :—

Never was a tale of greater woe  
Than that of Juliet and Romeo.

I do not feel that Kipling has erred quite so greatly. We may not be able to consider that some of his Barrack-Room Ballads are actually poetry, but they show an extraordinary insight into life. Let us allow at least 70 per cent.—I should go into great mourning if only 20 per cent. were included.

**Mr. Fox.** May I speak again ? Mr. Brooking is the founder of this Society, and if there is one man in the room who would not depreciate Kipling, it is Mr. Brooking. What he means, I think, and what I meant, was that there would be 20 per cent. of Kipling's verse that would stand by the side of anything that has ever been written in this world, whereas the other 70 or 80 per cent. is far above anything that has been written in the last forty years by anyone else, but perhaps is not so great as his greatest. I am quite sure neither Mr. Brooking nor I would depreciate anything that came from our master.

**Mr. Beresford (again).** I entirely agree. All these epics—these plays, I simply cannot read them. Browning's *The Ring and the Book*, or whatever it is called ; these *Hyperions*, *Queen Mab*, etc., I get lost in about three pages—they are no use to me at all.

**The Chairman.** I believe I am voicing the opinion of everybody here when I say we have been extraordinarily delighted with what we have listened to from our speaker—all she has said, her pregnant suggestions, and the way in which she has led us on to think upon and to remember the really more important parts of the work of the man with whom we are dealing, and whom I, I suspect as long as anyone, have revered as a master. I feel I ought to make an apology for being in this position : I tried to keep out of it, for I am the youngest member of the Society.

I have been not a little interested in hearing the comparative discursiveness of our subject. I set out thinking to myself that we were going to have something that would carry me right out of my depth, and, in one way, we have done so. For this lady has got Kipling's music. I have wondered wherein lay his extraordinary power. One would hardly say it was in his style. I suppose Bacon is the man who has laid down the question of *style* once and for all. My feeling about style is that quite a number of books live by their style rather than by their contents. It is a sad thing to reflect upon, but I suspect that the poetry of Isaiah, the language of the Bible, has had quite as much to do with its popularity as some of its stern doctrines.

I was glad the lecturer laid stress on the enormously deep religious teaching of our man. Kipling has taught us better than any other man the nobility of tackling your own job and making a success of it. And I am so glad that now we have a society which is going to encourage people to look at, to study and learn—not to over-value and not to spill over in unnecessary laudation—but to esteem and to thank God for such a life.

I would like to thank the lecturer again for her paper. And I must add, what I think we all feel, that we should not have enjoyed it quite so much if she had not had such a charming lady to recite to us.

**Another Speaker.** I think you have still missed one point—we should say, such an efficient reciter as well as charming lady. Her reciting was exquisitely beautiful. We have had recitations in the past, but no reciter who has given us such a beautiful rendering of Kipling's works.

### *Kipling and Yorkshire*

BY DR. VAUGHAN BATESON

*"Two things greater than all things are.*

*The first is Love, and the second War"*

and *Rudyard Kipling* has also said, " Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares about." This, is the only apology I have to offer for claiming your attention to-night.

Even in the early Twenties Kipling was in the forefront of world writers ; he conquered the reading public by his youthful tales. He brought India to England with a series of pictures unsurpassed even to-day by the cinema. Decade after decade he has continued to

portray all kinds of men, country and animals.

Let us, then, try to investigate the origins of this great master of words, this 'Teacher of the Alphabet,' as he called himself. Each man is the product, firstly of his inheritance, secondly of his environment, and thirdly, of the experiences that have influenced his character. But genius is elusive and not to be treated as something ordinary or common—it pertains to the fourth dimension of space. At a very early age Kipling proved himself the master of the heart of man and the soul of things—he wrote always as though he saw his characters from within rather than from without. He never wrote without absolute sincerity about anything; he was always so transparent and sincere; we find in his works the self-revelation which is the best key to the artist and can be verified by his subjects. How a young man could express the experiences of an old Indian official—to the alarm and amazement of the Government—as he did in "*One Viceroy Resigns*," or depict the poignant atmosphere of "*The Galley Slave*," is a miracle. And all Anglo-Indians were thrilled to tears by "*Christ-mas in India*."

Kipling never wrote anything in a careless manner, he was always conscientious and painstaking, and found nothing too difficult or tedious to ensure accuracy, perfection and truth—"By the wisdom of the centuries I speak to the tune of yester morn I set the truth." And re-reading gives us more and more the knowledge, delight and charm which is the magic of his works. Such a world-wide appeal and varied sympathy with the heart of humanity cannot belong to any one time or place—he was "a man akin to all the universe." Let us consider the influences which produced this magician of words.

Born, as you know, in Bombay, between the Palms and the Sea, where the world-end steamers wait, he imbibed the world spirit, and was free from any petty mentality, which was always abhorrent to him. Varied were his early experiences, and his great originality was doubtless due to the fact that he had to think for himself at a very early age, among strangers and foreign races. You have in the Memorial number a fair epitome of Rudyard Kipling's family, and I think you will agree that while such a genius belongs to the Empire, to the world of great minds, yet no part owns so great a share in his origin as the County of Broad Acres.

Kipling is an old Yorkshire name—I know many who are related to him,—and Rudyard Kipling did not forget "the rock out of which

he was hewn." The Records of Yorkshire go back to very early days. Kipling in the parish of Catterick, was the home of the Baltimore family who left in 1633 to found Baltimore, U.S.A., and not very far from Richmond, where Kipling's ancestors chiefly lived. Kipling Cotes is the oldest, longest, and most gruelling of horse races in England, it has been run for more than four centuries—it originated in 1519—and is still run on the Yorkshire Wolds. Kipling's great great grandfather came from Bedale, Richmond. There were also members of the family near Barnard Castle.

While most of the Kiplings stuck to their farms and their estates, we hear of one Thomas who was Dean of Peterborough in 1798. And a son of William Kipling, a cattle salesman, was educated at Scruton, went to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1764 and became a Fellow in 1770, and D.D. in 1784. In 1800, we find at Lythe, a little North of Whitby, a Wesleyan Methodist Church presided over by John Kipling. In this village lived Kipling's great grandfather, spoken of as a "good, upright man, but sadly too fond of a joke." He had two sons, the eldest of which, Joseph, was born at Lythe in 1805. Joseph was of a serious, studious disposition, and, influenced by his mother, soon became a local preacher. He entered the Methodist Ministry in 1831. A few years later he married Frances, daughter of William Lockwood, of Cleveland, North Yorkshire, a grand-daughter of Peter Murray. It was through this Peter Murray that the name Lockwood came to John Lockwood Kipling. This was a very happy union, because the shrewd common sense and practicability of Frances as a housewife many times helped to overcome difficulties in those rough days. She is spoken of as an old-fashioned Puritan saint, with a face like a chaste cameo and a mystic light in her eye, who kept her clear intellect, charm and humour up to the date of her death. Joseph Kipling possessed a voice of rare sweetness, and music was his delight. He was also keenly interested in nature and his garden was his hobby. He was never of robust health. He died at Skipton in 1862, and is buried in Old Raikes Churchyard. He and his wife had spent all their ministerial life in Yorkshire.

These, then, were Rudyard Kipling's grandparents, and I have no hesitation in submitting that his sense of proportion, his sane, healthy outlook on life, his love of truth, associated with a strong Puritan strain, came to him from these Yorkshire worthies. He deals with senti-

ment but is never sentimental ; his humour never degenerates into farce ; and his clean, sane dealing with sexual matters is a refreshing change from modern ways. His tragedy keeps free from morbid romance, and his constant acceptance of toil—toil under all conditions—is exactly that of a Yorkshire farmer with his ever urgent duties.

Kipling was christened Joseph Rudyard Kipling, his first name after his grandfather. Under the name of "Yussuf " he wrote in Macmillan's Magazine in 1890 *The Ballad of the King's Jest* and *The Ballad of East and West*.

Much water has flowed under London Bridge since young Rudyard Kipling spent his holidays at Skipton ; the last visit I can trace was in August, 1883. He would then be 17 years old. Yet through all his wanderings his impressions remained so clear that many years afterwards he could write, in "On Greenhow Hill," "Rumbolds Moor stands over Skipton Town." Amongst the relations with whom he spent his holidays was his uncle Burne Jones, who was very encouraging to him, and of whom it was written that he had a great interest in the family :—" he gave us eyes to see that beauty is truth, truth beauty."

But he who wrote with such fluid, wistful, catchy cadency—words that haunt the hearer with their music and magic, also wrote :—" Remember that in all the millions permitted there are no more than five—five little lines—of which one may say ' These are the pure magic. These are the clear Vision. The rest is only poetry.' " It was his constant consciousness of the vision that made his works inspired as those of Shakespeare and sacred Script. Such vision comes only to the elect who worship in the Temple. Many are the Wandbearers but few are the chosen.

It was in 1868 that Kipling's father and mother came to England, where his sister Alice was born. They returned to India again in 1872, coming back to England in 1877, when Rudyard was about eleven years of age. Kipling had been very unhappy and I think undoubtedly *Baa Baa Blacksheep* is a portrayal of circumstances which he had endured. If any confirmation of this idea is needed, in 1907, when addressing young graduates at Montreal, he tells the same tale as a personal experience :—" Some of you here know and I remember, that youth can be a season of great depression, despondencies, doubts, waverings, which are all the worse because they seem to be peculiar to ourselves. There is a certain darkness into which the soul of a young man sometimes descends, a horror of desolation, abandonment,



and realised worthlessness, which is one of the most real of the hells in which we are compelled to walk—I know of what I speak—due to a variety of causes, the chief of which is egotism. At least believe you are not of sufficient importance to be taken too seriously by the Powers above or beneath us. In other words, take anything or everything seriously except yourselves."

Another piece of pure autobiography is when he describes a hot night in the printing office in India.

A tale of Yorkshire interest is found in *Plain Tales from the Hills*. "A Bank Fraud." You will remember the 'Natural Curiosity from England in the Accountant line.'—the rawboned Yorkshireman, Mr. Silas Riley. Kipling was interested in the Yorkshire dialect, but never felt he really mastered it. He also understood and was interested in the Yorkshire mentality. Years ago, in the uncollected matter on the Kipling Calendar that came out in 1900, I found this :—

" Will a North countryman give you anything  
but warm hospitality for nothing ? . . .  
. . . . Anything but brass is his motto."

Bradford was the place in " On Greenhow Hill " where the famous Yorkshire soldier, Learoyd, enlisted. Close to the city boundary is the Woodhouse Grove School, and there it was that his father, Lockwood Kipling, and his grandfather on the Macdonald side received their education.

I cannot possibly do justice in a few words to the diamond of genius, with its many facets and multicoloured rays that shone through the eyes and brain of Rudyard Kipling. The common round, the daily drudgery of life is lit with sparkles which none had noticed until his brilliance shone upon it. He showed the knowledge of duty well done as a thing sublime. A virile writer, every phrase pregnant with suggestion. When one considers his early tales, one realises how high he stands among men of genius, and *will* stand as long as man needs such writing on the mystery of his own race.

A good deal of his work went into the waste paper basket. It is said that he destroyed a whole book after it had been actually printed. He had asked a friend, Mr. Robert Barr, what he thought of it. " As good as *Plain Tales*" replied the friend. " Not better ?" asked Kipling. " No." " Then it won't be published." The book has been called " The book of one hundred mornings " This seems rather incredible to me, as I think Kipling was too sensible to do such a thing on impulse.

Kipling had a great many Yorkshire characteristics. A few that strike one are—his great humility and abhorrence of self-advertisement—very obvious in his Yorkshire relatives to-day. His superhuman industry, devotion to duty, and capacity for infinite painstaking to produce a true picture. Real Yorkshire traits. His courage is another outstanding characteristic. It required great courage to face the frantic attacks of political opponents, none did more than he to sustain the morale of the beleaguered town in the South African War. His intimate knowledge of horses and dogs—typically Yorkshire. No dog lover has ever approached the expression given in the poem "The power of the dog" of what so many thousands have felt. His intimate knowledge of all the books of the Bible ; of the works of John Bunyan, and of Defoe (who created the famous mariner of York City, Robinson Crusoe.) His *Holy War* was a trumpet blast in 1917—pure *Pilgrim's Progress*.

His hatred of idleness, frivolity, and waste of words—very typical of the county of broad acres. His belief in a personal Deity. His old-fashioned respect of parents and home life. He dedicated his first real book to his mother, and to his father he pays a very high tribute in the preface to *Life's Handicap*.

The first book he published, when quite a young man—*Departmental Ditties*—was at first brought out merely done up in a brown paper cover, stitched to look like a Government envelope, printed on one side only, and tied round with red tape. Although there were other editions, Kipling said that " he loved it best in that form, like a little brown baby with a pink string round its stomach, a child's child, afflicted with all its infantile ailments."

I think Kipling's bad eyesight had a very important influence upon him. It prevented him from playing games (without spectacles he was very nearly blind), and therefore he was thrown into an introspective frame of mind. At an early age he had to quickly unravel the partial pictures which he got of his environment. He was a good swimmer, and did some fishing. I do not think he was ever a horseman, in spite of *The Maltese Cat*, that wonderful description of the polo pony. Nor was he a cricketer ; and he did not drive his own motor car. In *The Light that Failed* we get repeated his experience of going blind. But right down to the bottom of his mind Kipling was an optimist ; he always looked on the bright side of things. To his friends he was a fascinating figure. Many great men are dis-

appointing to those admirers who meet them in the flesh, but it was not so with Kipling, he struck you at once as a man of character ; one's first impression was that he should be building bridges and battleships—a typical man of action rather than of thought. It has been said that he was austere, but this is not at all true. He has been maligned when described as difficult and brusque ; he was one of the most sympathetic men that ever lived, and of very acute intuitive power. When those blue eyes pierced the shade of the shaggy brows and he blamed with his magnetic look of kindly personality, all feeling of severity vanished. But he was not interested in keeping a proper crease in his trousers ; and he was a man with a message for the world, and had to be free from constant interruptions.

Unless a man is frittering away his soul, or steeped in bestiality, Kipling must surely send his thoughts far afield from this material hurly-burly of things. He sang of our heritage of King and Empire, as well as of that young generation who in our time died for country and freedom. Kipling was above all the interpreter of the English ideas to the English themselves, just as his cousin Stanley Baldwin is the type of true Englishman at the present time. In these times much that is good gets swept away, but Kipling's fame will endure because, above all others, he made real to his fellows the romantic traditions of their race. He sang a new pride and a wider view, a nobler manhood, into the Victorian times, and brought the romance of the Elizabethan age into modern times. We may justly say, " Living he was the land, and dead, his soul shall be her soul."

#### DISCUSSION

**Chairman.** I am sure we are most deeply grateful to Dr. Vaughan Bateson for his wonderful paper. I shall not take up time because I want everybody to speak, but just take my own share. The Doctor has welcomed me into the Clan of Yorkshiremen because he knows a family of the same name as mine. I feel it a great honour. Dr. Bateson mentioned the tale *A Bank Fraud* : being a Bank man, I am very glad it was the accountant who was the Yorkshireman—the Manager was probably a Northerner.

**Mr. Bazley.** I should like to mention one little point on the ancestry of Kipling that was dug out by a Mr. Percy Kipling of Liverpool—no relation—in tracing the family line. Some Kiplings he found in the far West Riding, almost on the Lancashire border. He traces

them back again into Westmorland, then into Cumberland, and I believe there is a trace of them in South West Northumberland. The only point of interest I have to tell is that there are several Kiplings, so he says, still living near Kirkby Stephen, Westmorland, just over the county boundary.

**Mr. Griffin.** I think we will all agree that Dr. Vaughan Bateson has given us a very delightful revelation of a Yorkshireman. Perhaps the title of his paper was a little misleading. Not being a Yorkshireman, although I know Catterick very well, I thought perhaps this evening would not be anything like as interesting as it has been. I think others must have felt the same or there would have been a larger attendance. One small point I would like to raise in reference to what the lecturer has said about *Baa Baa Blacksheep*. Is there any ground for thinking that in his youth Kipling went through the kind of thing portrayed? It is new to me. It cannot have gone on very long. When he went to Westward Ho! he had a very different atmosphere, and one with a very different mentality to what is conjured up in the *Baa Baa Blacksheep* story.

**Mr. Brooking.** I would like to join with Mr. Griffin in what he has said. None of us anticipated such an excellent lecture—such a lot of information about Mr. Kipling's early days and ancestors. Perhaps we thought we should hear more of Learoyd and the items in Kipling's writings that deal with Yorkshire: we have been very agreeably disappointed.

The paper must have been particularly interesting to everybody whether from Yorkshire or, like us, the 'lesser breeds without the law.' I feel very pleased that I have been able to see the home of the minister in Lythe. I am sorry to say it has been altered, or reconstructed, so much that there is practically nothing left of the old place. There were two neighbouring houses, Kipling's grandfather's house and another. The man next door has got both now, and has altered them in a very pleasant, up-to-date way and has let the other. Their present state is nothing at all like when Kipling's grandfather lived there.

The fact that Kipling's birthday book has a lot of uncollected matter in it is of great interest. I have one with Kipling's signature on his birthday that I got nearly thirty years ago—it makes it even more valuable to know that it contains a lot that is uncollected.

**Mr. Maitland**, proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, said : I do not think I have ever listened to a more interesting lecture on Kipling than I have to-night. The title was certainly, if not frightening—perhaps that is the wrong word to use—intriguing. I did not know what it meant, because I did not think Kipling spent many of his days in Yorkshire, although he wrote a great deal about it. His ancestry, we know, came from Yorkshire. But, as the lecture went on, I began to see how very interesting it was going to be.

**Dr. Vaughan Bateson**, replying : I appreciate very greatly the kind words said. I feel very apologetic because, unfortunately, I have been very rushed and have been unable to concentrate on putting my ideas together. Not having Kipling's genius of concentration, I have had to miss out a great deal. I always felt it a great piece of good luck to have met Rudyard Kipling—whenever I did, we always seemed to be absolutely in harmony. And we, this Society, are here together because we realise what a great genius, what a great light, came to us. I hope the Society will be able to keep that light burning more and more brilliantly as the years go by.

Miss Florence Macdonald has kindly produced her photographs (rare) of R.K.'s Mother, and Sister at my request, and I believe for the first time.

[The following unsigned article appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*, about the same time as "The Battle of Rupert Square," which is known to be a Kipling story. The two together have lain in Sir George MacMunn's scrapbook for forty years. It is in the same style and episode as "The Jacket," when "the Captain waved a corkscrew in 'is 'and," the said captain being one Dalbiac of the R.H.A., famous on the *Pink 'Un's* staff as the Treasure. Poor Treasure ! killed with the Yeomanry at Senekal, in the Orange Free State in 1900.]

### *X<sup>2</sup> R.H.A.*

**H**ER Majesty's Horse Artillery are supposed to go everywhere cavalry can, and do everything cavalry can't. This is contradicted by the cavalry, but the Horse Artillery believe it twice as much to make up for the deficiency. And in this manner do the various arms and services adapt themselves brotherly. Further a battery of Horse Artillery is divided into three 'divisions' of two guns

each, and each division is commanded by a subaltern. A major and a captain do their best to control the subalterns, and become prematurely grey-haired in the process, because Artillery subalterns, when not on garrison duty, are singularly lively young gentlemen. Lieutenant Julian Osprey had never been on garrison duty in his life ;<sup>1</sup> he commanded the third division of X<sup>2</sup> R.H.A., and looked down on the world including the cavalry from the saddle of a 16.2 charger of imperfect manners. The reaction of much severe study at Woolwich had affected him singularly. He preserved externally the gravity of a pious young Lieutenant of Engineers, he was filled with the ambitions that attack a subaltern of irregular horse. He should never have entered the Artillery.

Fate brought him his opportunity at an inconvenient moment. His battery was refitting after a campaign, in an Eastern town that was flowing with efficient substitutes for milk and honey ; and the men were enjoying themselves very much indeed, when the order came for Lieutenant Julian Osprey to take his division very far afield, and after the manner of the English to attack the Children of the Lost Footsteps, with two nine-pounder guns and all the audacity that he was possessed of. The Children had been too active of late, and were to be chastised. And since it was probable that the Children would take their chastisement standing up, Lieutenant Osprey was to be particularly careful that he was well supplied with case-shot, which is a highly specialised form of projectile, very useful up to four hundred yards and something like a bee-hive with the dome cut off. When it is necessary to use case-shot against a civilized enemy, the gunner usually shakes hands with his neighbour and says " goodbye Bill."

The Children of the Lost Footsteps were not civilised and had a veneration for ' case ' which is shared by many savage people.

So the Lieutenant trotted forth, with thirty-six rounds of ammunition, eight common and twenty-eight shrapnel shell in the limbers of his guns, and four rounds of case on the axletree boxes of each gun, according to the regulations. The division, by reason of past casualties lacked men more than material. Exclusive of horse holders, there were about five men per gun, but there was a mounted escort to be picked up somewhere in the desert. The Lieutenant would

<sup>1</sup> The writer means service in the Garrison or Fortress Branch of the Artillery.

have hammered Metz on these terms, and so would his men. The Children of the Desert, received him with acclamations, for two H.A. guns, look very much of no account on a field of yellow sand. The escort had managed to misunderstand their orders, and were hunting for the Lieutenant in remote parts. Being of a methodical turn of mind, Osprey opened fire with great deliberation at a medium range of 2,200 yards, slow time, common shell, to get the elevation. This disgusted the Children and they retired, antwise, behind an embankment that they had scraped together.

After a decent interval, the big blind eye of a forty pounder Krupp peered over that slope, and began to roll its socket. The Children were provided with all the accessories of an advanced civilization ; but when their warning shell pitched a hundred yards to his rear, Lieutenant Julian Osprey only murmured, " Be-ewtiful ! Be-ewtiful ! give her another three degrees elevation, No. 1," and a nine pound *billet doux*, curled gracefully over the embankment, and did its business out of sight.

But as the long hot morning wore on, and there was no sign of the support, and the sun began to flay them under their temples and in the napes of their necks, the gunners looked at the drivers and the drivers looked at the swarming Children of the Desert, and they all looked at the Lieutenant sitting upon his mare, who was pricking her ears at the puffs of sand that almost blew in her face.

" Beg pardon, Sir !" said a much privileged bombardier, " but we can't 'old 'em, Sir. Hadn't we better. . . . "

" Try case," said the Lieutenant ; and the men stared, for the nearest of the enemy were still 800 yards away. But they swung the lids of the axle-tree boxes back, and when they saw what was beneath they were contented. For it was Heidsieck Dry, and a little Perriet Jouet, and Kinahan's LLL, and Christopher and Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy. It has been explained that that Eastern town was flowing with milk and honey.

The enemy fired ; but there was no reply from the battery for ten minutes, though the limber was speckled with grey bullet splashes, and a No. Three lay white and gasping across the guard irons of his seat. Then the last two rounds of shrapnel went off together.

" And now " said the Lieutenant, " There are no more projectile for the guns. We had better use the guns as projectiles. Prepare to mount ! This is a German manoeuvre."

But it was English, quite English. The drivers had each a bottle and a half of Heidsieck under their belts, the limber gunners were ablaze with LLL. and the horse holders rocked in their saddles under the combined influence of a blazing sun, and nips of cherry brandy. It struck them all as the most natural thing in the world that they should move on, first at a walk, then at a trot, and then at a gallop. The Children were about 400 yards away waiting, chiefly behind a low wall. They observed first, the advance of the guns, and later, just when they were preparing to laugh, a cloud of dust most like to the spray that a steamer makes when she drives into a heavy sea. There was a scuffle, the cracking of whips, the struggle of a fallen horse, and the two guns came through the wall in two separate places, and the revolvers of the drivers began to work merrily. That was enough for the Children. The broad gunwheels were ploughing into their backs, as they ran towards their cherished Krupp, just in time to run afresh as the gun swung on its platform and, with more skilled rangefinders, fired into its late owners, while a nine-pounder gun and limber was dancing a driving competition figure of eight, among the fugitives, to a funereal crackling of whips.

Then the delayed cavalry escort came up, the Commandant saw the track of the gun wheels, and the holes in the wall.

"Do you mean to tell me you came that way?" said he.

"Go everywhere that cavalry can" began Lieutenant Julian Osprey "and . . . but we're glad you came. We'd run out of case."

When the cavalry and guns went back together, they passed in the desert one dead gunner, and a pile of scattered champagne and whiskey bottles lying on the desolate sand.

"Ah!" said the commandant of cavalry, "Now I begin to see, it strikes me that you ought to get the V.C., and a court martial."

"Shan't get either," said the Lieutenant, and he never did.

### *Letter Bag*

You will doubtless remember that in the last paragraph of my paper on "Epitaphs" in the September issue of the Journal, I asked that if any other members knew of other Epitaphs than those which I had mentioned, I would like to hear of them. In response to this appeal, I received a very kind letter from Lady Crewe, of East London, C.P., South Africa, of which this is the important extract:—

"I wondered if you knew that he (R.K.) wrote the epitaph on



the Memorial to the Alan Wilson Patrol whose bodies were taken to the Matopos, and are buried near Cecil Rhodes' grave, and Dr Jameson's. The words are as follows :—

'TO BRAVE MEN.'

(and below)

' *There was no survivor.*'

You can see the stern economy of the wording, and realise even that " There were no survivors " would mean and sound quite differently. Each word falls like a relentless blow, or the stroke of a great bell, and makes one shiver. Long ago, not knowing the authorship, but after visiting the Memorial, I spoke to Mrs. Kipling of the Epitaph, and she told me then, that Mr. Kipling had written it, and that he would be pleased to know that it had thus moved one reader, as that was just the effect an Epitaph should have."

C. H. MILBURN, *Colonel.*

" *Plain Tales from the Hills* "—*Presentation Copy to the Lady of the Dedication.*

In Miss Macdonald's article on Kipling's father and mother, which appeared in *The Journal*, No. 39, September, 1936, she mentions that Mrs. Fleming told her that in the copy which he gave his mother he wrote " To the Lady of the Dedication from her unworthy son." As I happened to have possessed the copy that Kipling presented to the Lady of the Dedication, may I say that the inscription thereon was as follows :—

" To the Lady of the Dedication, in sign of service the writer sends this little book, praying that she will forgive a hundred faults. January, 88." The facsimile of this inscription can be seen in the large paper issue of my Bibliography, as also can the inscription in the copy which Kipling gave to his parents, which also was in my possession. The latter inscription is as follows :—

" Jan. 88. To Father and Mother from Ruddy who wrote it all by himself :—

" But we brought forth and reared in hours  
Of change, alarm, surprise,  
What shelter to grow ripe is ours,  
What leisure to grow wise ?"

The Presentation copy to the Lady of the Dedication was sold by auction in New York on 16th January, 1928 for 5,000 dollars—over £1,000. E. W. MARTINDELL.

With reference to the recent correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*, I have known York, Pickering, and Malton and the Wolds Country all my life.—over 60 years anyhow. There are Kiplings who can give proof of Holy Writ of their relationship to our one and only R.K. still in the neighbourhood. The incident of York Station is as true as the needle to the Pole. When I was a youngster the outside of the Station as a parking place was one of the sights of York on Saturday market day. *Eheu fugaces*. " To him (Mulvaney) turned for help and comfort six and a half feet of slow-moving, heavy-footed Yorkshireman, born on the wolds, bred in the dales, and educated chiefly among the carriers' carts at the back of York railway-station. His name was Learoyd. . . . This is remarkable certainly, to me as a Yorkshireman who knew York over 60 years ago, and knows also the Wolds where Learoyd was born. Up to the coming of the tramway past York Station, and the consequent congestion of space in the roadway, carriers' and farm wagons, and country people's dog-carts and similar conveyances used the space outside the covered carriage-way to the Station as a ' parking ' place, thus saving baiting expenses. Doubtless Learoyd came in with some cart from the country ; he would pick up here much lore and education of a sort that would be useful in later life. Kipling came to the York district as a young man. It *is* remarkable that he recollected the carriers' wagons behind York Station as I do, and very many York people who possibly never heard of R.K. These debunking 'Sceptics' really should be sure of their instances before they commence their chorus of attempted belittlement.

G. H. RAYNER.

**Note.**—Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. will shortly publish the new "Sussex" Edition of Kipling in 37 Vols, at 50s. per vol., and the last 3 vols. of the Edition de Luxe.

*Secretary's Corner*

The Annual Luncheon will take place this year at the Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus on Wednesday, 16th June, 1937 at 1 p.m. Our Guests of Honour, this year, will be Lord Macmillan and Sir Edward Grigg. As we are expecting a large number of members from Overseas on account of the Coronation, we hope that as many home members as possible will attend the Luncheon to extend a hearty welcome to our visiting members. We hope to arrange a special reception for these members, particulars of which will be announced as soon as we know what numbers we are likely to be able to expect from overseas. In the meanwhile, we should be very glad of as early notice as possible from those overseas members who will be in London for the Coronation.

It is, I suppose, inevitable, that in every Society such as ours members must resign from time to time. The necessity for cutting down one's expenses, for instance, is a thing which most of us are up against more than once in our lives. But when members wish to resign, I do wish they would be so kind as to drop me a post card and say so. In the vast majority of cases, members simply refrain from sending in their subscriptions when due, and take no notice of any "reminders" or letters. This, of course, gives your Secretary a great amount of extra work and costs the Society unnecessary expenditure in postage and stationery. A Society numbering nearly 900 members involves an amount of routine work which would surprise many people, and when that work is done single-handed by only one man, any little extra saving of labour counts a great deal. It is for that reason that our Council has just inaugurated a slightly lower subscription rate for those members who pay by Bankers' Order.

C. H. R.

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