The KIPLING JOURNAL

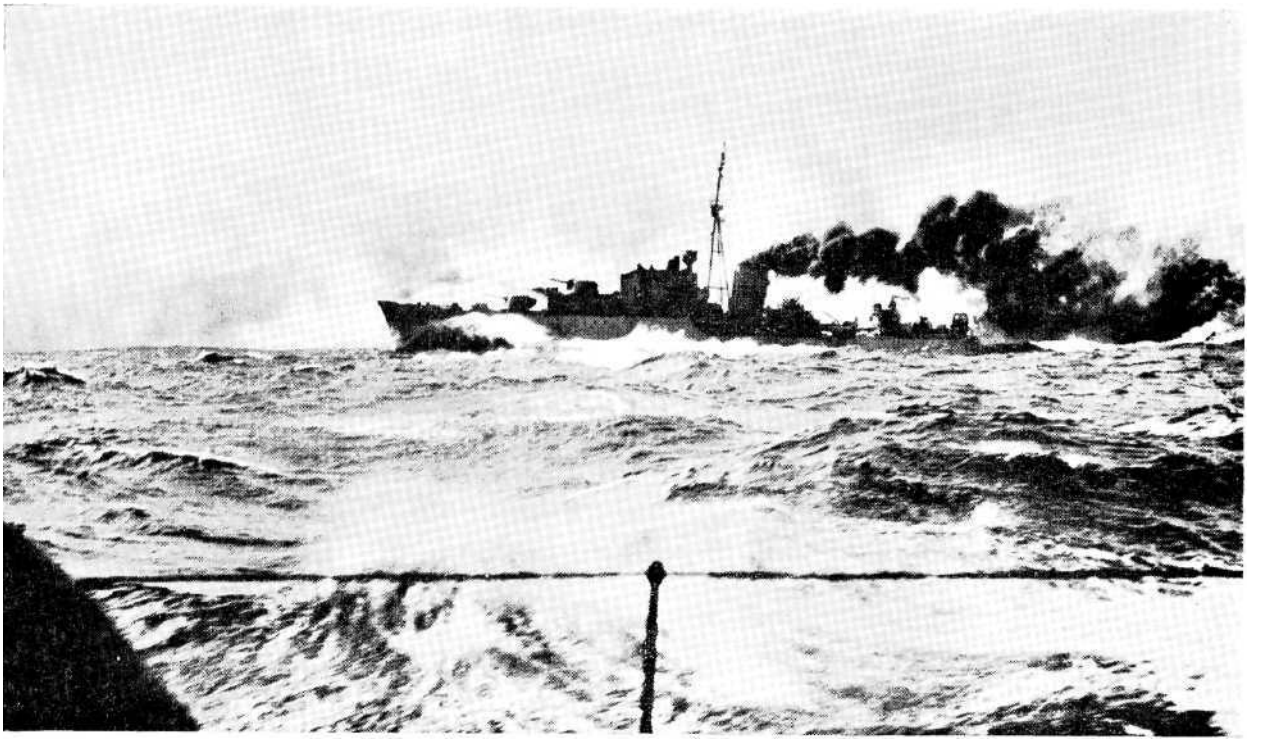
Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY

APRIL 1941

VOL. VIII No. 57 PRICE 2/-

CONTENTS



H.M.S. KIPLING

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

VOL. VIII. No. 57. APRIL, 1941

Notes

STINGS BENEATH WORDS.

THE leading article quoted from *The Times* elsewhere is a handsome tribute to Kipling's multifarious interest, and a no less handsome addition to that material which it is our task to sift and harvest in a presentable form. The masterly prowess and rapidity with which General Wavell has wrested Libya and so much else from an apostate Italy is only equalled by the ease and point with which he handles the facts in Kiplingesque terms. Slap-dash critics to whom we lately referred have been too much in the habit of associating Kipling merely with the barrack-room and its " bat,"—meaning the choice vernacular thereof. Nobody diminishes the genius which took the discredited lingo of the drill-ground or the " pub," and turned it to satires and songs that the world will not willingly let die. But here we find him honoured by conquerors, no less.

As a boy, Kipling had a gift for the double-edged wit of school days, just as he had for the wild-flowers of speech and folk-lore all his life among the conquerors. This faculty came to a rich fruition when he conjured up old Indian memories in order to weave jungle fables for his own youngsters, and everyone knows how children of many nations have hailed them as a godsend ever since. But this fresh endorsement of the merit of those splendid stories shows how they enjoy a close and permanent place in the heart of a first-class leader of men who has written his name with such dash and brilliance on the annals of this war of world-liberation. The cold touch of fact has long ago dispelled that picturesque legend of Napier's cable about his conquest of Scinde—" Peccavi,"—(Latin for "I have sinned "), much to the distress of word-play connoisseurs. But this neat exchange of cables branding a pair of vainglorious impostors with the jungle labels they deserve, is an unalterable fact, as well as an abiding classic in the lighter records of Empire and of war.

ACROSS 3000 YEARS.

Talking of the *Jungle-Book,* an admirer of the Greeks and the magnificent fight they are putting up against the foul Italian invasion, sends *The Times* a suggestion which shows both appreciation and discernment. He descries in the qualities the victorious Greeks have shown hitherto, many of those that mark *Rikki-tikki-tavi* in the fifth chapter of the *Jungle-Book,* and everyone who knows that indomitable warrior-

in-miniature will endorse the compliment. "Greece," the letter adds, " that has flown at the venomous aggressor, is as skilful as she is gallant in fight," and so on. The writer might have added that some two or three thousand years ago Greece led the way in celebrating those qualities of patriotic valour and sacrifice which have been the foundation of pagan and Christian chivalry since. This, perhaps, is why Greek classic writers have figured so repeatedly amongst the day-by-day quotations which *The Times* has given as a source of welcome encouragement since the war began.

That being so, we may look forward to seeing a superb citation from the *Odyssey*, namely the three brief speeches of father, son and grandsire with which Homer concludes his noble epic, or nearly so :—Thus Odysseus :

" Telemachus, soon shalt thou learn this when thou thyself art got to the place of the battle where the best men try the issue—namely, not to bring shame on thy father's house, on us who in time past have been eminent for might and hardihood over all the world."

Then wise Telemachus answered him, saying, " Thou shalt see me if thou wilt, dear father, in this my mood no whit disgracing thy line, according to thy word."

So spake he, and Laertes was glad and spake, saying : " What a day has dawned for me, kind gods ; yea, a glad man am I. My son and my son's son are vying with one another in valour."

This is the version given in the Oxford prose rendering of Butcher and Lang, and fitly blends the past, the present, and the future with the symbolic laurels of three generations of Greeks.

A GREAT PIONEER.

The Westminster Abbey service in memory of Lord Baden-Powell brought together a congregation that was also worthy of remembering. For it included representatives of the King and the Prime Minister, of the Dominions and allied and neutral countries, of the Red Cross and many international societies, and of five million scouts and guides in all parts of the world. It is also worth noting that whereas such memorial services are usually the closing of a chapter, this one links the past and the present with an assured future. For no man in modern times has left a constructive piece of organisation behind him that possesses a wider appeal or a surer promise of survival and extension for the good of mankind.

"B.-P." AND " R. K."

From a privileged source we get an interesting comment on " B.-P." which has an interest for all our members. One evening at Bateman's a few years ago the name or the great Scout Founder cropped up, apropos of a suggestion in an Indian paper that he richly deserved the Nobel Prize. One regretful comment was that the only available channels to that distinction were science and literature, and accordingly it was urged that in this connection there was something to be said for " Aids to Scouting." This early effort of his pen contained the germ of Baden-Powell's whole idea, and had more dynamic and widespread results perhaps, than

any handbook of its size ever written.

This suggestion was received with a word and a nod of assent, and so was the further remark that if the Nobel bequest was founded to honour the promoters of world-peace, then " B.-P " undoubtedly stood amongst the first in the way of merit. Nor can it be denied that the Scout and Guide movement embodies more of Kipling's ideals than any organisation of our time—especially in habits of self-reliance, open-air life and ideas, and a disposition to befriend every grade and every race, without bating a single British ideal in any way.

INK & THE 'EIGHTIES.

Captain Martindell's survey of the treatment Kipling received at the hands of his contemporaries and critics is a reminder that his début as a writer was not a course of " roses all the way," still less an orgy of the proverbial " beer and skittles." We have had it borne in upon us in a hundred ways, what an infinitude of toil and application went to the perfecting of his style and range, and what pains he took to keep ahead of all demands in respect of freshness and vigour and that essential touch of self where he was unapproachable.

Mr. Wells and others have pointed out how the 'eighties brought a happy convergence of magazine enterprise and first-class illustrators, as well as an eagerly appreciative public, to smoothe the path of the short-story expert ; and here Kipling had no equal. But if it was a period which had checked the enfeebling hobby of " log-rolling," or mutual admiration for business purposes, the trade of criticism began to go ahead more than ever—with what tendency to doctrinairism and jargon and logic-chopping we have seen too often since.

ANTIPODEAN LAURELS.

Kipling's connection with New Zealand, referred to on another page, gives us occasion to regret how hardly the sister-islands of meadow and mountain and sunshine have fared of late in respect of sunken mails ; but how nobly her sons have been doing in nearly every phase of the war. In this connection how many readers, we wonder, have noted a rather unusual centenary. Just a hundred years ago the reading world was all agog with the name of New Zealand, because the Imperial Government had consented at last to annex the islands after a century ana a half of indecision and delay. The famous Canterbury settlement was in the offing, with all that has happened since, from pastoral development to " *Erewhon"* ; and Macaulay's mythical New Zealander had just made his appearance in the " *Edinburgh Review."* What he had to say of the " ruins of St. Paul's " was neither new nor destined to be realised, thank goodness ; but it comes home to us curiously now, all the same.

Readers will render service to the Kipling Society by enrolling their friends as members.

Shere Khan's Skin

Sir Archibald Wavell's Jungle-Book Message

THOSE members of our Society in various parts of the world who heard the recent B.B.C. News Bulletin reference to the exchange of telegrams between the Society and one of its most distinguished members, General Wavell, Commander in Chief in the Middle East, doubtless listened, as one correspondent well says, with '' surprised pleasure or pleasurable surprise."

Following the triumph of Sidi Barrani, and before the fall of Bardia the Kipling Society sent to General Wavell, on his victory over the Italians in Egypt, the following telegram :—" Kipling Society sends congratulations on *Tabaqui's* discomfiture and all good wishes."

To this Sir Archibald Wavell replied:—" Many thanks Hope *Shere Khan's* skin will soon be on Council Rock."

The references contained in this exchange of telegrams emanate of course, from Kipling's *Jungle Books. Tabaqui* is the dish licker, one of the jackal tribe, a jungle gossip, talebearer, and mischief maker, who truckles to *Shere Khan,* the lame man-eating tiger that brought shame on the Free People and boasted that he "killed man for choice and not for food," though " to kill man is always shamefu1—the Law says so." Sir Archibald Wavell's reference to *Shere Khan* is intended for Hitler and his German man-killers, who wish to destroy *Mowgli,* the man-child. At the last jungle council meeting that *Mowgli* attended before he left the jungle, he told *Shere Khan* that next time he came to the Council Rock it would be with *Shere Khan's* hide on his head, and his farewell remark to those present at the council was :—" I will surely come, and when I come it will be to lay out *Shere Khan's* hide upon the Council Rock."

General Sir Archibald Wavell, C.i.C. in the Middle East.

SHERE KHAN AND TABAQUI

On the day following the publication of these telegrams, *The Times,* in a leading article, wrote :—

" The telegram from the Kipling Society to Sir Archibald Wavell and his answer have put Rudyard Kipling firmly among the myth-makers. Everybody had called Mussolini a jackal—the parallel is too obvious to miss. When the Kipling Society calls him *Tabaqui,* he becomes both a particular jackal and the typical jackal. Instead of a rather vague implication of unpleasant qualities we have a very definite portrait of a creature exercising its unpleasant qualities, to the scorn and detestation of all who are not afraid of its power to hurt themselves. And when General Wavell replies in terms of *The Jungle-Book,* the prompt-

ness and the striking aptness of his reply prove how deeply the veracity of Kipling's types has impressed itself upon Kipling's countrymen. The jackal, the rogue tiger, and the victorious law-abiding man fill the frame completely ; and once more a myth-maker is seen to be a master of broad and simple truth to which, for all their complexity, human affairs will conform. To do this is to do something more than tell a good story (and to think of Kipling at this moment is to think what a glorious yarn he would have made out of the nine English prisoners who made prisoners of their captors in the Singarella) ; it is to lay down a pattern for truth.

A KIND OF SHORTHAND,

"It looks as if *The Jungle-Books* (and others among Kipling's books, no doubt) were to be classics in terms of which people can talk to each other in a kind of shorthand. Neither General Wavell nor the Kipling Society could have said so much in so few words without the common ground of Kipling. An omniscient or nearly omniscient reader, such as a George Saintsbury, might find it an amusing task to take any book of the kind that Charles Lamb would allow to be a book, and follow out all the things in it which (whether the writer knew it or not) were derived from or referred to some other book.

R. K's BIBLE KNOWLEDGE.

"It is a common-place that the English Bible leaves its traces in every page of English books and in every article in English newspapers ; and indeed Kipling himself revealed again and again his first-hand knowledge of it. Here, as everywhere, there is no getting away from Shakespeare ; but other famous books there are—*Gulliver's Travels, Don Quixote,* and *Pickwick* are among them, and perhaps a plea might be put in for *Tom Jones*—which are to be found in the stuff of nearly all our literature.

APT REFERENCE.

" The indebtedness has its lighter side. In his book of reminiscences Mr. Graham Robertson records (we tell the story from memory) how Ellen Terry once remarked to him " By the living Jingo ! " Mr. Robertson's reply was to open a window. They both knew their *Vicar of Wakefield,* and no more words were needed to show that Dame Ellen was suffering as Miss Skeggs had suffered. There are writers and talkers who pride themselves on their unsparing reliance upon say, the two *Alice* books, or the *Bab Ballads* or *The Young Visitors* ; while more serious minds find in Ruskin or in the letters of Horace Walpole an apt quotation or reference for the enrichment at any and every turn of their own thought.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE

" But behind this conscious use of authors there lies the unconscious use which is truly the highest possible tribute to their work—the proof that it has sunk so deep into the general mind that its origin has been forgotten. A hundred years hence minds deeply indebted to Kipling may quote Kipling without knowing it."

Kipling s Hindustani

by LIEUT GENERAL SIR GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

THE earlier books and stories of Rudyard Kipling contain many Hindustani words, naturally enough. In these stories, written in India for Europeans in or of India, that is but natural. Even then the Indian words are not in excess, and the text is not ' larded ' with them. But the words and phrases are of two different categories, one : the terms, often in themselves inaccurate, in everyday use among educated Europeans in India, the words of the house, the stable, and the hunting field—these latter more dignified in their accuracy—and secondly, the words used more colloquially, more accurately, and often beautifully, in the pure stories of Indian drama and tragedy. There is perhaps one more category, the amazing mangled phraseology with which Thomas Atkins used to, and still does, make himself understood by the Indian, by what has something of telepathy inherent. These categories are worthy of a glance for their own sakes, but before we do so, a few words of the language or rather languages of India are worth saying, for they have much of beauty and history inherent in them.

Hindustani, or more properly *Urdu,* is the language of the educated people of all Central and Upper India, and it is *lingua franca* left by all the conquering Moslem invaders from Central Asia and Afghanistan and Persia, the one language in which the mercenary conquerors of many races could communicate and be managed. It grew up on the basic language of Aryan India with a vocabulary that is largely Persian and Arabic, but with a grammar that is Hindi. It is normally written in the Persianised form of the Arabic character, which leads from right to left. Hindi is normally written in the Devanagri character which reads from left to right like our own. *Urdu* is the Turkish word for an army, and is used to this day in the Turkish Arm), for an ' army corps.' It is the same as the Anglicised word ' horde.'

It is a beautiful language, having great power of expression, owing largely to its Persian vocabulary, and it is found in its purest and most graceful form, near the capital cities of the Moslem dynasties, *viz* : Delhi and Lucknow, and far in the south at the conquerors' colony of Vellore, but here rather more Persianised than in the north.

Persian itself was the official language of India since the days of William the Conqueror, the Moslem conquests having begun about the year one thousand.

But the peoples of India speak many sweet *prakrits* or vernaculars, all derived, save where in the south there may be tongues of Turkish origin, from the old Aryan language of the white invaders, which has come down to us, from the old polished language, the *Sanskrit,* as Hindi. In the distant provinces, it has melted down and moulded itself into

Punjabi, Bengali, Guzerati, and sweetest of them all, Mahrathi, and several others, moulded to suit the peoples' requirements just as England wore down the stiff and awkward old Saxon into the expressive English of today, free of all the German-like inflections.

Plain Tales from the Hills, Departmental Ditties, and the like were stories of the English in India, and therefore contained many words of the first category aforesaid, and the sixpenny edition of the latter collection published in 1899, actually produced a glossary at the end for the benefit of the English reader who was unfamiliar with the East. It even explained the allusions to the names of houses in Simla, and to prominent European firms referred to in the text thus—' Benmore, The Old Simla Assembly Rooms,' ' Hamilton, a well known firm of jewellers ' etc., alongside such Indian words as *Duftar, Bheesti,* and *Khidmutgar,* this latter a Persian word really meaning " a renderer of service," and hence a table servant. This vocabulary is not always accurately rendered, but it will suffice and is interesting in its variety.

I notice sometimes in our notes and queries, that some one asks the meanings of this or that Hindustani phrase, and I have not always been edified by the answers that readers have sent. The sense of what is meant is given truly enough, but not the how and the why. The British in India speak often a language that is very much ' English-French ' and not ' French-French.' An instance of that is the phrase *kala juggah,* of which some one asked the meaning. It is literally a " black place," and we use it for the dim little sitting-out places that we make for our dances where couples, between the dances, may chat in quiet and hold each others' hands, if they so wish. But *kala* is black in colour, and I don't think any Indian would use the phrase for ' black ' in the sense of ' dark.' But it is a time-honoured phrase in the best ' English-Hindustani,' and of course Kipling uses it as a household word. He had a very good knowledge of the language and its idiom, as every child has, to which, if he return to India, he often comes back.

There is one Indian habit that I have always loved, and that is the euphony of many of the domestic words which we run across in the Kipling stories of cantonment life. The lesser domestics come from the old outcast aboriginal tribes brought down by the Dravidian and Aryan conquests. There is an instinctive sympathy with their status, in the names that their callings are given. The sweeper, the night-soil removalist, the lowest of them all—there lies one in an English churchyard, buried close by a crusader, by an English Vicar during the late war—is known as *Mehtar* which is Persian for Prince. The sweeper is summoned by the cry " O Mehtar " " O Prince ! " You will remember that the ruler of the state of Chitral bears the title Mehtar. Then again the humble useful tailor, the *dirzee* who makes up ball dresses for *missy sahib* on the verandah, is always called, at any rate in the North, the ' *Khalifah'.* Now Khalipha or

Caliph is the title of and means the " Successor "to the Prophet, one of the great religious problems of the world of Islam. A *dirzee's* feelings would not be hurt by the imperious summons from the head servant " O *Khalif,* come quickly !

But the most interesting of all euphemisms in domestic use, is the name of the water-carrier, the most useful and faithful of all your establishment ; humble, and outcast, yet many degrees higher than the knight cf the broom whom some English wag, without euphemistical intent, often calls " Plantagenet." Gunga Din was the *bhisti,* or *bheestee,* which is the term by which the water-carrier is addressed and known, and it is both beautiful and symbolic. *Bihisht* is ' heaven ' and the *bhisti* is 'the man of Heaven or Paradise,' though the latter itself is drawn from *fardous,* a hunting park, which realm would he the ' paradise ' of an Eastern Prince.

If you put your head oui of the train window at some Indian railway station in the hot season, you will hear the cry down the long sun-stricken platform, " Oh ! *Bhisti,* Oh ! Man of Paradise ! bring water !" as Dives called to Lazarus. One can believe anything of a country that calls its water-carrier thus, and so Kipling wrote us *Gunga Din.* But when you get down to *Kim* and *The Naulakha,* (the nine-lakh necklace) you will find the real Indian words that the people use,—*chela* which is disciple, *farash,* the carpet-layer, *zoolum,* oppression, *jumali,* which is well affected (of spirits) or *jullali* which is terrible, and so forth. *The Naulakha* takes you to the heart of an old fashioned Prince's State. *Muniras,* which are charm-prayers, and *dawut* which is invocation, *Shabash* ! well done ! which really means " Be a king ! " and is pure Persian. Incidentally if you are young enough, read how the Gypsy Queen made love to Tarvin, and make up your mind when the war is over to go seek another such. One more remark. The word *pukka,* carelessly so written in the Kipling text, means ' cooked,' and so ' thorough.' It is used wrongly by the journalist of today with the inferiority complex, in the phrase ' *pukka sahib.'* That is an Indian phrase, which they use of a gentleman in the highest sense of the word, the word described and defined in the fifteenth Psalm,—courteous, considerate, straight as a die. To use it for the somewhat overbearing Englishman of fable, sometimes still to be met, is merely wrong and mischievous. The term for such is *bahadur,* literally ' brave,' but used by the Indians themselves for a swashbuckler, hectoring and overbearing, and we English have made a half-English adjective for such gentry, white or brown, *viz* ; ' bahaduring.'

Apart from the actual Indian words that Kipling uses, there is a special charm and accurate interpretation in the English that he uses when he makes an Indian speak. The turn of sentence, the idiom and the colour is Indian, even when the words are English. It is of course very evident in *Kim,* and astoundingly so in those letters purporting to be from Indian soldiers in France or their relatives to them, given in *The Eyes of Asia.* Such colour reaches its brightest, perhaps, in the un-

collected, most powerful poem *The Seven Nights of Creation (Calcutta Review,* April, 1886) and to an equal height in *The Vision of Hamid Ali* (ibid, Oct., '85). which begins :

" Azizun of the Dauri Bagh :
the Pearl and Hamid Ali
of the Delhi Gate
Were present when the Muezzin
called to Prayer at midnight
from the Mosque of Wazir
Khan.

—a poem which it is greatly to be hoped may some day see the light of day again in a volume of verse.

Kipling Among the Early Critics

by CAPTAIN E. W. MARTINDELL

LOOKING AHEAD

IN 1898 Dr. Kellner, author of the *History of English Literature in the Victorian Era,* described in the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* a visit he paid to Kipling at Rottingdean. He summed up his impressions in the phrase : " Today I have seen happiness face to face." This is what he said about his visit :—" The workroom is of surprising simplicity, the north wall is covered with books half its height, over the door hangs a portrait of Burne-Jones, to the right, near the window, stands a plain table on which lie a couple of pages containing verses. No works of art, no conveniences, no knick-knacks, the unadorned room simple and earnest like a Puritan chapel. "I do my daily task conscientiously, but not all that I write is printed : most of it goes there." The waste paper basket here received a vigorous kick and a mass of torn-up papers rolled on the ground. The Puritanic strain in his nature came out the more strongly at the moment when others—like Burns, for example—have lost their hold on themselves in the hour of triumph. Kipling is never so distrustful and self-critical as when he has around him the cries of praise. " I am very distrustful against praise," said he, " very distrustful against fame. You know the fate of eighteenth-century English literature, how many ' immortal poets' that prolific time brought forth, and yet how much of this ' immortal ' poetry still lives in our time ? To name only one, who reads Pope nowadays ? I often run over these volumes here " (here he pointed to the *Edition de Luxe* of his works, published by Macmillan) " and think to myself how much of that which is printed on such beautiful paper ought never to have seen the light. How much was written for the love of gain, how often has the knee been bowed ' in the House of Rimmon ? ' (a favourite expression of Kipling). All that fate—Kipling would call it " the good God "—has to bestow of real worth has been granted to this wonderful child of fortune ; love, domesticity, independence, fame, and power in the vigour of his youth (he is only thirty-two) and sound health, and above all, the capacity **for** enjoying his

good fortune. Nor is that all ; Kipling has the happiest fortune which can happen to a man when he has attained his highest aims, his father and mother are still alive, and he can and does say with proudest modesty, " All that I am I owe to them." " The annexation of one white nation by another," he said, " I regard as the greatest crime that a politician can commit. Don't annex white men." " How about the blacks ? " " I am against slavery," was the answer, " if only for this reason, that the white man becomes demoralised by slavery." He is an ardent admirer of Cecil Rhodes, whom he knows personally and whose work he is able to judge from his recent visit to Matabeleland. " How did you get on with Rhodes ? What sort of a man does he appear ? " was the question to which the answer came : " Rhodes is greater than his work . . . ." He interests himself in all the literary work of the day, and is at home in all the chief movements and side currents in the spiritual life of England. When discussing the *Literary History of England* (which Dr. Kellner has in hand) Mr. Kipling said, "If I had your book to write I would attempt in a final chapter to discover the path which may lead from the present chaotic conditions of our literature and that of the twentieth century. 1 would call the chapter ' Between Two Epochs.' I feel that we are between ebb and flood. It is now just what sailors call ' slack tide' ; we are waiting for the great personality which will unite all the minor tendencies of the time and collect all the partial and petty forces into one power that will give a new and adequate expression to the new time." Dr. Kellner concludes his remarks with the question, "Is that man still still to come, or is he already here?"

AS TRAVEL GLIDE

An American writer, Mr. Joseph M. Rogers, writes of Kipling in 1889 as follows :—" In the fall of 1889, as I remember, there came to my office—that of Managing Editor of *The Inquirer* (Philadelphia)—a short, well-built young man, who introduced himself as an Anglo-Indian travelling home-ward *via* the States. He said he was a newspaper man. At this I receded a trifle, for I expected an application for a position, and there were no vacancies. It appeared, however, that he was only after information, though my recollection is that he offered about ten short stories at a modest price. These were not accepted, much to my later regret. He spent the whole night in the office, and regaled me with many stories of India and Japan. He had just spent some time in the latter country, in which I was particularly interested, as I had some hope of making a journey thither myself. Upon my explaining this he became enthusiastic, and sitting down, drew a map of Japan, indicating the places I ought to see . . . . Later on I expressed a desire to know of places in India I should visit when I got the chance. Most agreeably he drew another map, and jotted down the names of some particularly notable places which I should by no means miss. He was exceedingly modest, and never in the least intrusive. He displayed the same interest

in the mechanical as in the editorial departments of the paper, and paid special attention to the process of zinc etching, just then coming into vogue, and to him entirely unfamiliar. That night I folded up the manuscript he had left, and placed it in my desk at home, among a lot of papers. If I caught the name of my visitor it made no impression on me . . . . A few years later I was moving my household goods, and looking through my desk to sort out papers, I found the maps and memoranda which until then I had completely forgotten. I was amazed to see at the bottom the now familiar signature " Rudyard Kipling."

DOOLEY'S TRIBUTE

Here is Mr. Dooley's approval of " Roodyard " Kipling. " He's prisident iv th' Pome Supply Company—fr-resh pothry delivered ivry day at ye'er dure. Is there an accident in a grain illyvator ? Ye pick up ye'er mornin' pa-aper an' they'se a poem about it be Roodyard Kipling. Do ye hear iv a manhole cover bein' blown up ? Roodyard is there with his ready pen." " 'Tis written in Cashum-Cadi an th' book iv th' gr-reat Gazelle that a manhole cover in anger is tin degrees worse thin hell ! " He writes in all dialects an' anny language, plain and fancy pothry, pothry f'r young an' old, pothry be weight or linyar measuremint, pothry f'r small parties iv eight or tin a speciality. Most potes I dispise. But Roodyard Kipling's pothry is aisy. Ye can skip through it while ye're atin' breakfuss an' get a correct idee iv the current news iv' th' day."

REAL EMPIRE

In *The Spectator* of October 3, 1903, the reviewer of *The Five Nations* wrote thus :—" Those who are uneasy as to the future of our race because they see in the spirit of Imperialism which has taken hold of the nation certain crude, hard, selfish, materialistic and domineering qualities are apt to look askance at Mr. Kipling, and to imagine that he has had a hand in inspiring and encouraging these dangerous developments. They imagine him to be a sort of lyric Jingo whose desire is to create a new-fangled, centralised Empire which shall be filled with the spirit of arbitrary rule and of militarism—an Empire which will look upon those who want free action and independence in the Colonies, and who boast of the nationhood of Canada and Australia, as hardly loyal to the Imperial idea. Yet in reality there is no saner, or freer, or less domineering Imperialist in existence than Mr. Kipling. If the people who object, and rightly object, to inflated, insane, insensate Imperialism, the Imperialism of the Jingo, would only take the trouble to understand Mr. Kipling's message they would realise that instead he is the upholder and the interpreter of the true Imperialism, the supporter of nationhood and freedom within the Empire, and the advocate of those sacred bonds of brotherhood and common feeling which link without strain and bind without friction. However, in Mr. Kipling's own phrase " they do not understand," and we fear it is useless to try to clear their eyes. At any rate,

those who are sane Imperialists and do understand will delight in the tone and temper of the poems in *The Five Nations.* The name is in itself an act of Imperial interpretation, and signifies that within our Empire stand the five free nations of Canada, Australia New Zealand, South Africa and " the islands of the sea . . . ." All we know is that his inspiration rings true, and that when his lyre is in his hand he gives us the authentic airs of freedom, and of that true Imperialism which is the very negation of sordid and sorry commercialism."

Shortly after the appearance of *The Five Nations,* T. W. H. Crosland wrote his parody of it in *The Five Notions,* a copy of which he presented to Douglas Ainslie who wrote to the author as follows :—" Many thanks for *The Five Notions.* I have read it through with huge amusement. You have done yeoman service to literature in pounding and crushing that ludicrous creature, Kipling, as in a mortar of his own making."

But the editor of the *Church Times* of July 2nd, 1920, has aptly remarked when reviewing *Letters of Travel—"* No other English writer of today has a public as staunch, so resolute in reading his every word. Of course, there are people who mislike his work ; among them you find many ladies, most Anglo-Indians, and all the clever young neo-Georgians who prattle each other's praises and suppose the art of English fiction to have begun with themselves. On the other hand, the multitudes, who do like Mr. Kipling, like him exceedingly."

Did not Kipling himself refer in December, 1889 to the clever young things of his day in scathing terms, when he said :—

But I consort with long-haired things
In velvet collar-rolls
Who talk about the Aims of Art,
And " theories " and " goals,"
And moo and coo with women-folk
About their blessed souls.

But that they call " psychology "
Is lack of liver pill,
And all that blights their tender souls
Is eating till they're ill,
And their chief way of winning goals
Consists in sitting still.—E. W. M

H.M.S. *Kipling*

OUR frontispiece in this issue of the Journal is a reproduction of a photograph of H.M.S. *Kipling* at sea. Our happy association with H.M.S. *Kipling* continues and the liveliest appreciation was expressed by the ship's company of the donation of £30 towards the men's Christmas dinner, which was made possible by the generosity of the members of the Kipling Society, who had contributed to our H.M.S. *Kipling* Fund. The ship's company are also very appreciative of the gifts of knitted garments and binoculars received from members during the year.

It is obviously impossible to give any details with regard to the activities of H.M.S. *Kipling* at this time but members of the Society know well that she is performing splendid work fully worthy of the name she bears.

When Rudyard Kipling was in New Zealand

A story told by Tom L. Mills, a New Zealand Journalist.

BEFORE the outbreak of the present war, distinguished visitors from the ends of the earth passed through New Zealand so frequently and rapidly that our city papers were hard put to it to keep pace with them and tell their readers about them. It was not always so. Up to thirty years ago they came unheralded, for the means of communication were not organised as they art today, nor were the news agencies so closely in touch with the movements of interesting tourists who meant " good copy" to the papers, and interviews with whom meant great " scoops " to the. live reporter. Special reporters in New Zealand's daily papers are just as keen for " scoops " as the world's best and, like the Canadian mounted men, they generally get their man. But Rudyard Kipling always remained the most difficult literary Hon to capture. Yet he walked right into the hands of a reporter in Wellington—and walked out again some hours later without that reporter getting a line in his newspaper. The story is interesting.

The already famous Anglo-Indian, then a young man, came across without any publicity from Sydney to Wellington. That was in the early 90's. A shipping reporter was on board and promptly put the usual question : " Anybody worth while on board—any distinguished visitors ?" " Oh, my word, yes !" was the reply of the purser. " We have Rudyard Kipling on board." Now that reporter could have given offhand the pedigree of every leading horse on the race cards and could have named every ship of the M.S.S. Co's fleet ; but he was not up in the writers of his day. ' Who is this Kipling ? " he asked the purser, who gazed at him in astonishment, failed to find the right and fitting biography, and then shot out: " Why he's Rudyard Kipling !" Just then the purser was asked by another visitor : " Have you Mr. Rudyard Kipling on board ? " " Yes, indeed," quickly replied the relieved officer. " He is in his cabin getting ready for shore. I'll take you to him. Come this way." The reporter knew this visitor, so here was something tangible to get his teeth of curiosity into. This was Herbert Baillie, of Baillie Bros., the Cuba Street booksellers. He bought his sporting papers from that shop. So the shipping reporter followed along the deck and asked as he walked : " Say, Baillie, who is this chap Rudyard something or other ?" In amazement—was it possible that in this year of grace there was a newspaperman who had not read " Departmental Ditties " and " Plain Tales from the Hills " ?—the bookseller and ardent Kiplingite replied ; " Why, he's

Rudyard Kipling, of course."

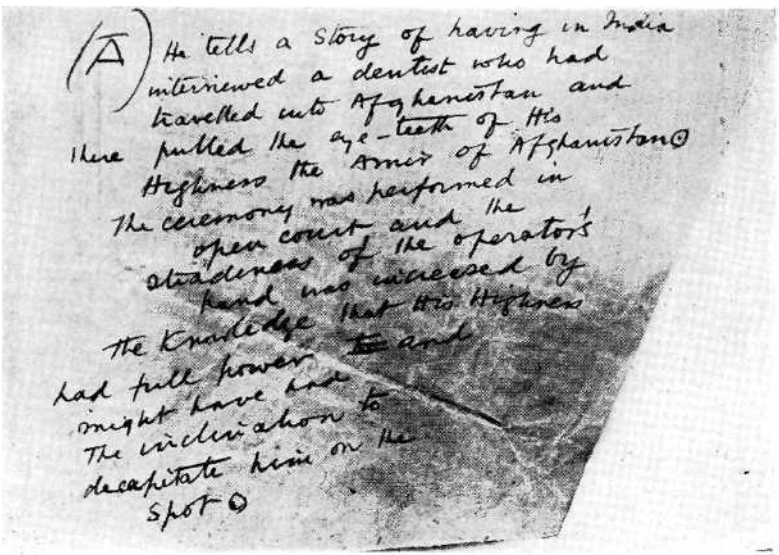
Herbert and I had arranged to go down to the Sydney boat to give the writer a welcome to the colony. We had both read all his writings to date and had copies of his rupee editions published in Calcutta—those little books that are invaluable today. I was then on the *New Zealand Times,* employed as a proof-reader. It was a long and heavy night, and as I got home with the milkman I slept in. When I got down to the boat Kipling was away and I found no trace of Baillie. In the meantime, Herbert had taken the author in tow to act as host and show him the city. The shipping reporter tagged along. As they walked north along Lambton Quay the guide, remembering that the visitor's father was a noted curator, suggested : " I suppose you would not care to have a look at our national museum?" "Wouldn't I! Take me to it !" That is where I can see this wonderful country's early history." Along the quay Kipling was shooting off verbal fireworks in observations that would have made thrilling copy had the quips and acute criticisms only been reported. But the limit of the shipping reporter's capacity and curiosity was : " Who the dickens is this Rudyard Kipling ? " Entering the old museum building, Kipling exclaimed : " Ah, here I am at home again amongst the dead bones and the ancient stones !" As for that reporter, despite the fact that he was in the company of a man of genius for over two hours and had the opportunity of the scoop of a lifetime he did not get a line into his paper, not even a personal paragraph to the effect that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was in town.

But the next morning's *Times* scored a scoop of first and historic importance—historic, in that in the later days of his life when he was one of the world's foremost writers and had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, Kipling declared with emphasis he had never knowingly granted an interview to any newspaper and that all the alleged interviews published in the United States wert fakes. The story behind the *New Zealand Times* scoop provides another interesting bit of Kiplingiana. On the night of the only day the visitor spent in Wellington the editor of the *Times,* the late Mr. R. A. Loughnan, met him at the Club on the Terrace. Along about midnight the editor came into my room in great glee. " Mills !" he cried, " I've got the scoop of a lifetime—I got a column interview with Rudyard Kipling !" " Where did you run him to earth ?" I asked. "Up in the Club." We both chortled. " And did he talk for the paper?" I asked. 'I'll say rather—a whole column of it," he repeated. "And more th?n that, he is up at the Club now waiting to see the proof of the article." " Wise man," said I. " Why wise, Mills ?" " Why, to insist on seeing a proof," was my reply, " for then he is responsible for what goes into print, and not you." In less than an hour—type was set by hand in those days, long before the linotype speeded things up on daily papers—the editor came back, got the proof-slip and took it to the

Club, where the visitor was being entertained. As an experienced reporter, Kipling read the proof rapidly. Then he threw it from him, with a gesture of disgust. " What's the matter ?" he was asked. " Rotten !" he flung back. " The damn thing has neither beginning nor ending. I've a good mind to dump it." " Oh, you can't do that, my dear fellow ! " cried the editor. "It is in type and they are waiting to go to press. You know very well we can't dump a column at this hour of the morning." " Oh, very well. We shall have to let the opening go by default, but I'll round it off as a good interview should be rounded off." And when the proof came back to me after his revision there was written on the blank paper below the type the following anecdote in Kipling's neat and small calligraphy :—

" He (that is R. K. talking to the editor) tells a story of having in India interviewed a dentist who had travelled <n Afghanistan and there pulled the eye-tooth of His Highness the Amir of Afghanistan. The ceremony was performed in open court and the steadiness of the operator's hand was increased by the knowledge that His Highness had full power and might have the inclination to decapitate him on the spot.'

I cut that bit of precious MS. off the tail of the proof-slip and have had it in my scrap book to date. When, many years later, Kipling made the statement to Sir Robertson Nicoll, editor of *The Bookman* and *The British Weekly*, London, that he had never granted an interview to any newspaper as he abominated interviews for publication, I had the bit of MS. photographed and sent it to *The Bookman* with the story behind the scoop. When



THE "BIT OF PRECIOUS MS." referred to in the accompanying article.

it was shown to him in due course, all Rudyard K. remarked was : " New Zealand, eh ? Ah, I had forgotten that ! " The great little man was not unmindful of the courtesies shown to him in Wellington, for he more or less irregularly corresponded with Mr. Baillie down through the years until shortly before his death.

Pierre Mille

by HENRY D. DAVRAY, C.B.E.

IN time of war, unless you be a successful war chief, a temporarily illustrious despot or a worshipful statesman, you must expect to die more or less anonymously. Nowadays, among the bulk of spurious or illusive news that reaches us from enemv-occupied countries, an intimation slips into the newspapers, a few terse lines in small type at the bottom of a column, that some person of repute his gone to a more peaceful world. Thus could be found lately in a few British dailies, the report that Pierre Mille had died in Paris, after seventy-seven years of a very active life. He spent his early career in the colonial administration, being a secretary to the Governor General of the great island of Madagascar, and from there to West Africa and Tunisia. Then he returned to Paris where he speedily became a front-rank journalist, devoting a large part of his interest to colonial questions. It was the time when the French Republic was building her colonial Empire, second only to the British Empire. Not only few people seemed to care, but a great many, among them Clemenceau, started a stubborn opposition against the " colonialists." Among these, Pierre Mille was one of the young men who realised how important it was for France to expand into other continents and build a powerful Empire. He was certainly one of the writers who contrived to make the French " Empire conscious," not only by innumerable articles in dailies and periodicals but by his stories and novels of colonial life. He created a character : Private Barnavaux, who is the true type of the French colonial soldier.

And one day, while he was in London as correspondent of the famous evening paper *Le Temps,* it happened that, on account of a hold-up in the District Railway, he found plenty of time to spend scanning the bookstall al the Mansion House Station. There he picked up a newly published book by an author whose name he had never come across. It was *Soldiers Three* by Rudyard Kipling. He turned over a few pages, bought the volume and read it off the reel. He made it the subject of his next article and translated two of the stories which appeared as serials in *Le Temps.*

And this is how Kipling was discovered by a writer who was later on called " le Kipling français," and how tue English Kipling was introduced to the French public who adopted him as one of their favourites.

Please Remember the Kipling Society in Your Will

The following Form of Bequest should be used

LEGACIES from Members who wish to support the work of the Kipling Society are accepted by the Council with gratitude. The following Form of Bequest should be used :

" I bequeath to the Kipling Society, 45, Gower Street, London, W.C.I., a sum of (£) free of duty, to be applicable for the general purposes of the Society. And I declare that the receipt of the Hon. Treasurer or other proper official for the time being of the Society shall be a good and sufficient discharge to my Executors."

Kipling and the School

The second part of an address given to the Cape Town Branch of the Kipling Society by Miss E. B. Hawkins

IT is possible that Kipling wrote all his school stories while he was at school and polished them up later. We cannot be sure, as the date of publication does not necessarily coincide with the date of writing. But at least his first *publication, Stalky & Co.,* came just when we might have expected it—in 1896 when he was a man with a family. He says in his autobiography, " There came to me the idea of beginning some tracts or parables on the education of the young " and adds that " these, for reasons quite frankly beyond my control, turned themselves into a series of tales called *Stalky & Co."* He also adds that " Writing in 1935 I maintain it is a truly valuable collection of tracts." In passing it is odd to set that remark beside another concerning a discarded story about Dr. Samuel Johnson—" Evidently my Daemon would not function in brickyards or schoolrooms."

Though even the most ardent Kiplingite would scarcely agree that *Stalky & Co. is* a tract or a parable, yet it and Regulus in *A Diversity of Creatures, The United Idolaters* and *The Propagation of Knowledge* in *Debits & Credits,* together with many poems and odd allusions scattered up and down his writings, do give us a very clear idea of Kipling's views on education.

He had got what he wanted out of the College, though one would not have expected that a school founded by Army and Navy officers to give their sons the opportunity of passing into Sandhurst or Cooper's Hill or Woolwich would have met his needs. His position in the world of letters was secure in 1896. His family was growing. So he had no ground of complaint against the school and consequently we find little destructive criticism of it, and its somewhat circumscribed aims anywhere in his writings.

He describes what is probably his ideal school career in *The Brushwood Boy (Day's Work,* p. 365-368.)

We may now consider his views on educational topics that appear to be of perennial interest to students of the daily press.

School food is one. Writing in 1935 he says, " Our food would now raise a mutiny in Dartmoor. I remember no time after home tips were spent when we would not eat dry bread if we could steal it from the trays in the basement before tea." Stalky on the other hand (in *Stalky's Adventures)* says, " We were well fed on plain wholesome food " ; but he adds a sentence that should be printed in every school prospectus, for after describing his methods of stealing food, and of earning money to buy it, he says, " I am sure that no parent who reads the above will want to write again to the Headmaster to enquire whether Cuthbert gets enough to eat. Once and for all it is quite certain that he does not,

As far as my experience goes no healthy boy has ever had enough to eat. I have sometimes as a boy had too much, but never once enough."

I think we may accept this as a law of nature. Strangely enough, a very different type of man, T. E. Lawrence in *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, says that the young should on occasion gorge themselves to repletion, though he adds they should also accustom themselves to going without regular meals on occasion.

Kipling says he reviled his Head in 1896 for the badness and scantiness of their food. But he seems quite satisfied with Price's explanation that it was partly due to their being as poor as church mice, and partly it was his belief that a boy who was always hungry would be likely to be more interested in his tummy than anything else. Scanty food, hard exercise and hard work sent boys to bed worn out and this was a prophylactic against ills both of body and of mind. Their poverty also explained the bleak bareness of the school buildings and excused the blindless, curtainless windows in the big dormitories through which masters passed at all hours of the night on inconspicuous but effective police duty.

Punishment is another topic of great interest to the general public. Here Kipling's attitude is, I think, quite definite—and rather inconsistent. Readers of *Stalky & Co.* receive the impression that the Head and the prefects certainly, and perhaps the masters, were constantly using the cane. Bates, you remember " did not let desire outrun performance on occasion, and the wales were very red and very level (he was accused by old boys of chalking the cane) and there was not a penny to choose between them for thoroughness and efficiency and a certain clarity of outline that stamps the work of the artist."

And again in the poem that introduces *Stalky & Co.*, he says—

> ' There we met with famous men
> Set in office o'er us,
> And they beat on us with rods
> Faithfully with many rods
> Daily beat on us with rods
> For the love they bore us."

In *The Light That Failed* Dick says he was caned three times a month. Of course this apparent harshness may have been a concession to the general practice of the public schools and to the theories of the ruling classes. You remember that in *Stalky & Co.*, Bates says, " Among the lower classes this would lay me open to a charge of assault," and the Padre echoes the sentiment, " If I had used a half of the moral suasion you may or may not have employed, I suppose I should now be languishing in Bideford jail." And certainly a school story appears more convincing and effective if there are in it accounts of canings and bullying and starvation, etc. They are expected to have a place in every school story worthy the name. Yet Beresford says Price very seldom used the cane, and that Kipling was never caned at school, as he was always very careful to avoid the necessity for it.

But I think the evidence goes to prove that Kipling, in spite

of this, was not in favour of the abolition of corporal punishment. He takes it as a matter of course that prefects should cane boys pretty much their own age and even defends the system in the autobiography :—" One of the most difficult things to explain to some people is that a boy of 17 or 18 can thus beat a boy barely a year his junior, and on the heels of the punishment go for a walk with him ; neither party bearing malice or pride. So too in the war of '14 to '18 young gentlemen found it hard to understand that the Adjutant who poured vitriol on their heads at Parade, but was polite and friendly at Mess, was not sucking up to them to make amends for previous rudeness."

A second type of punishment—the imposition or writing out of 1000 or 500 or a smaller number of lines of Latin or English verse also figures very largely in all these stories. Nowhere does Kipling suggest that the punishment might spoil the boys' handwriting or that boys should not be kept indoors writing lines when they were due to be playing games and would be caned by the Head of games for not appearing, even though it were the Headmaster or a member of the Staff who had made this impossible. Indeed, *Stalky & Co.* shows that the more provident boys like Beetle laid in a store of lines in anticipation of such emergencies, and these lines served for Kipling at least, the additional end of fixing in his mind any verse he particularly wanted to remember.

The third of the schoolmaster's weapons of offence and defence, sarcasm, often amounting to invecti\e, met with his unqualified approval. Speaking of King (Crofts) in the autobiography, he says, " My main interest as I grew older was Crofts." (No one would think this from a perusal of *Stalky & Co)* " He had a violent temper —no disadvantage in handling boys used to direct speech, and a gift of schoolmaster's sarcasm which must have been a relief to him and was certainly treasure-trove to me. Under him I came to feel that words could be used as weapons, for he did me the honour to talk at me plentifully, and our year-in and year-out form room bickerings gave us both something to play with. One learns more from a good scholar in a rage than from a score of lucid and laborious drudges ; and to be made the butt of one's companions in full form is no bad preparation for later experience. I think this approach is now discouraged for fear of hurting the soul of youth—but in essence it is no more than rattling tins or firing squibs under a colt's nose. I remember nothing save satisfaction and envy when Crofts broke his precious ointments over my head." Or again, " Hartopp told me off before my delighted companions in his best style which was acid and contumelious. He wound up by a few general remarks about dying as a scurrilous journalist. The tone and matter and setting of his discourse were as brutal as they were meant to be—brutal as the necessary wrench on the curb that fetches up a too-flippant colt."

The deterrent to wrong-doing most favoured today—being talked

to—Kipling says he seldom suffered from ; and he entirely approves of the omission. Being preached at or moralized over or reminded of the honour of the house, etc., he strongly condemned. "It is not expedient to excite a growing youth's emotions by a pi-jaw." Yet the boys had the root of the matter. They exercised " moral suasion " to stop bullying ; they applauded the Head's action in sucking up diphtheritic poison from Stettson Major even if with the schoolboy's genius for under-statement as " pretty average heroic " ; they recognised Toffee Crandall's valour in trying to save an old boy in Afghanistan ; they even went to considerable trouble to rebut the accusation made by other houses that their house was unclean.

And the " sins " for which these punishments were awarded are the same yesterday, today and forever. Vice did not and could not exist if everyone was kept hard at work or at play and due supervision exercised.

Foul language a boy learns early and puts behind him by his seventeenth year and no harm done. In passing we may note that *Stalky & Co.* is like *Treasure Island* in one respect. One unconsciously gathers the impression that both contain a lot of bad language. As a matter of fact there is not one word that the primmest spinster could object to in either.

(*To be concluded)*

In Memory of Kipling

A WREATH was laid on Rudyard Kipling's grave in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, by the Kipling Society on January 18th, the fifth Anniversary of his death, by the Chairman of the Council, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, and Mr. R. E. Harbord. The base was of laurel, with roses, thistles, and daffodils, and the card attached bore the following lettering :—

" We remember today, and mourn for Rudyard Kipling, Britain's Patriot-Poet and Prophet, who warned us to be prepared.

Kipling Society, Gower Street, London, Jan. 18, 1941.

' Once there was The People—
Terror gave it birth ;
Once there was the People—and
it made a Hell on Earth ;
Earth arose and crushed it— listen
O ye slain !
Once there was The People—it
shall never be again ! ' "

A certain number of copies of Rudyard Kipling's will (and also Mrs. Kipling's) are available at the Society's offices and are obtainable by members upon application to the Hon. Secretary, The Kipling Society, 45, *Gower Street, London, W.C.*1., *at* 1s. *each.*

The Homes of Rudyard Kipling

by COLONEL C. H. MILBURN, O.B.E.

[*This is the second of the short series of articles by Colonel Milburn on the houses in which Rudyard Kipling lived. The first article appeared in the December,* 1940 *issue of the "Kipling Journal." The letter "S" in these notes refers to ''Something of Myself'' and "K. J." to the "Kipling Journal." The first figure following gives the number of the K. J.— the second figure gives the page on which the reference will be found.*]

ABOUT the year 1888, Rudyard Kipling felt he "was ripe for change," and he "left India for England by way of the Far East and the United States, after six and a half years of hard work." (S. 75). "I took ship and fled from Calcutta by that which they call the Mutton Mail .... To Rangoon, then aboard the *Madura."* (213).

The above is the beginning of his journey by Japan, China and the U.S.A. in which he visited the following places ; but there is very little information as to where he stayed in most of the places visited. (The figures in brackets refer to the pages in ***From Sea to Sea*** **on which** the place is mentioned) :—RANGOON "My own sojourn in Rangoon was countable by hours." (224). MOULMEIN (230) .... By *S.S.Africa,* to Penang .... (239).

SINGAPORE. "Providence conducted me to a place called Raffles Hotel, where the food is as excellent as the rooms are bad. Let the traveller take note. Feed at Raffles and sleep at the Hotel de l'Europe" .... (251). Then by the S.S. *Nawab* to HONG-KONG, where "I swell with patriotism as I watch the fleets of Hong-Kong from the balcony of the Victoria Hotel." (268). CANTON is visited next, by the S.S. *Ho-nam* which is "composed almost entirely of white paint, sheet lead, a cow-horn, and a walking-beam and holds about as much cargo as a P. & O." (302). He travels next by S.S. *Ancona* to NAGASAKA (312). And then, on April 19, he is at "Kobe, the European portion of which is a raw American town " .... (330). "Let me sing the praises of the excellent M. Begeux, proprietor of the Oriental Hotel. His is a house where you can dine." .... (331). After singing the praise of the food at this hotel in detail, he states he is "going from Kobe to Yokohama by various roads—an affair of some twenty days." (332). Thence, he proceeds to OSAKA, where "there is but one hotel for the Englishman, and they call it Juter's .... The building is altogether Japanese ; wood and tile and sliding screen from top to bottom ; but the fitments are mixed." (352). Apparently, he stays at Yami's Hotel at KIOTO, his next stopping place (383) from whence he goes on to YOKOHAMA, where he arrived at eight in the evening and went to the Grand Hotel.

" They are too fine and large at the Grand and they don't always live up to their grandeur ; unlimited electric bells, but no one in particular to answer 'em ; printed menu, but the first comers eat all the nice things, and so forth." (397). After various side visits he went to NIKKO, where " the hotel stood at the foot of the hill " . . . . (420). TOKIO was the next stopping place, and " the parade ground was within a stone's throw of the Tokio Hotel ; the Imperial troops were going on parade" . . . . (428). He leaves Japan by " the *City of Pekin*, and she belongs to the Pacific Mail Company, but for all practical purposes she is the United States " ———(457).

SAN FRANCISCO. '"You want to go to the Palace Hotel ? " said an affable youth on a dray . . . . Go six blocks north to corner of Geary and Market ; then walk around till you strike corner of Gutter and Sixteenth, and that brings you there.' " (472).

The following references on the continuation of this journey are taken from Volume II of *From Sea to Sea.* PORTLAND, OREGON . . (24). TACOMA . .(46). VICTORIA, VANCOUVER . . (53). LIVINGSTONF, on the Yellowstone River . . (66). SALT LAKE . . (117). UTAH . .(135). OMAHA . . (147.) CHICAGO. " They told me to go to the Palmer House, which is a gilded and mirrored rabbit-warren, and there I found a huge hall of tessellated marble crammed with people talking about money, and spitting about everywhere," . . (151). MUSQUASH on the Monongahela . . (172). " The town was BEAVER, Penna., where Kipling spent several weeks, in the summer of 1889, not long after the Johnstown flood." (K. J. 55. 10). And then, he makes a special pilgrimage to see Mark Twain at ELMIRA, in the State of New York, where " they dumped me down at the door of a frowzy hotel in Elmira " . . (183). 1889. It was probably in the continuation of this journey that he visited BOSTON, for he says, when describing the effect of reading R. L. Stevenson's *The Wrong Box* (in S. 101), " I read it first in a small hotel in Boston, in '89, when the negro waiter nearly turned me out of the dining-room, for spluttering over my meal."

I do not find any definite references as to when he arrived in London ; but it was probably in the autumn of 1889, as it was then when he got into touch with various publishers, and he describes (K. J. 52. 11) how he " found me quarters in a flat in Embankment Chambers, Villiers Street, Strand, now re-christened Kipling House, which forty-six years ago was primitive and passionate in its habits and population. My rooms were small, not over-clean or well-kept, but from my desk I could look out of my window through the fanlight of Gatti's Music Hall entrance, across the street, almost on to its stage. The Charing Cross trains rumbled through my dreams on the one side, the boom of the Strand on the other, while before my windows, Father Thames walked up and down with his traffic . . . . My rooms were above an establishment of

Harris the Sausage King . . . . (S. 79, 90). In the *Bookman* of January, 1921, (Vol : LIX, No. 532), there is a most interesting five-and-a-half page illustrated article by Arthur Bartlett Maurice, called " The London of Rudyard Kipling," which describes 19, Villiers Street, (Kipling's home in 1889-1890) ; and the work he did there. Supplementing this, an article " Kipling and Charing Cross " by Mr. J. P. Collins, in the Kipling Journal, No 52—pages 8 to 12, gives even more interesting and intimate information in detail. About this time (1889-1890) he says, " I found myself again in PARIS, at the Exhibition of 1889-90 . . . . I used to establish myself at a small hotel in the Batignolles, dominated by a fat elderly landlady, who brought unequalled *café au lait*, in big bowls." *(Souvenirs of France*, 12). This was the time when he broke down in health " after a bout of real influenza " ; and so he " took ship for Italy, where he chanced to meet Lord Dufferin . . . .who had been Viceroy of India, and had known my people. He was kindness itself and made me his guest at his villa near Naples." (S. 94) . . . . Italy, however, was not enough. My need was to get clean away, and re-sort myself " (S. 94) ; so he "sailed first to CAPE TOWN in a gigantic three-thousand-ton liner called *The Moor*. From Cape Town he sailed in *The Doric*. " She was almost empty, and she spent twenty-four consecutive days and nights, trying, all but successfully, to fill her boats at one roll and empty them down the saloon skylight, the next." (S. 97).

1891 was the year in which he arrived in Australia at MELBOURNE, but I have not been able to find any record of where he stayed there, nor at SIDNEY, HOBART in Tasmania, WELLINGTON, AUCKLAND in New Zealand ; until he went on to ADELAIDE and thence to INDIA, where at LAHORE he "was snatching a few days visit with my people." (S. 104). In 1892 he was in LONDON again. (Married in January). (S. 105). Thence he returned to VANCOUVER, and on to YOKOHAMA, " where we were treated with all the kindliness in the world by a man and his wife on whom we had no shadow of a claim. They made us more than welcome in their house, and saw to it that we should see Japan in wisteria and peony time." (S. 107).

(To be concluded)

To New Readers

THE Kipling Society exists to honour and extend the influence of Rudyard Kipling in upholding the ideals of the English Speaking World. We invite all readers of Kipling who are not yet members to join our Society. Membership is open to men and women of every nationality, wherever resident, who are genuinely interested in the works of Rudyard Kipling. The ordinary membership Subscription is 10/6 per annum Readers to whom these lines bring news of the activities of our Society for the first time, are especially invited to correspond with us at 45, Gower Street, London, W.C.1. (Telephone : Museum 1406).

Book Reviews

RUDYARD KIPLING'S VERSE THE DEFINITIVE EDITION Hodder and Stoughton, London (l940) Price 25s net

What is stated to be the " Definitive Edition " of Rudyard Kipling' s Verse has just been published by Messrs Hodder and Stoughton, eight years after the ' fourth inclusive edition " was brought out The new poems are as follows *The Appeal, Ave Imperatrix, The Bonfires, Cain and Abel, Doctors, The Flight, H\mn of Breaking Strain, The King and the Sea, Lollius, Non Nobis Domine* !, *Ode Melbourne Shrine of Remem brance, Our Lady of the Sackcloth* 4 *Pageant of Elizabeth, Private Orth-eris's Song, A Rector's Memory, Rhodes Memorial Table Mountain, The Runes on Weland's Sword, Samuel Pepys, Song of the Galley Slaves, Tin Fish, To James Whitcomb Riley, The Waster, How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin,* four additional *Epitaphs of the War* and several additional Chapter Head-ings, eight from *Plain Tales From the Hills,* three from *The Naulakha,* two each from *Life's Handicap,* and *The Light That Failed,* and one from *The Day's Work* This edition, however, does not by any manner of means include *all* Kipling's collected verse, as can be seen by reference to the volumes of verse in the " Sussex Edition," where, apart from *School-boy Lyrics* and *Echoes,* there appeared besides such early verse as *Tuo Lives, The Vision of Hamid Ali, Diana of Ephesus, In Partibus, The Man and the Shadow,* as well as nine other poems from *Departmental Ditties* and four dealing with the South African War Of the poems included for the first time m Messrs Hodder and Stoughton's fine and remarkably well printed edition *Ave Imperatrix* had appeared originally as long ago as 1882 and that charming tribute *To James Whitcomb Riley* in 1890 *Cain and Abel* is quite an original and modern idea of the feud between these two brothers The best of the newer poems are *The Hymn of Breaking Strain, Ode Melbourne Shrine of Remembrance, Non Nobis Domine* !, *A Rector's Memory, A Pageant of Elizabeth,* and *The King and the Sea* The poem that might be most easily omitted is *The Waster* It has been a very helpful step stating where the poems originally appeared , this had already been commenced in the last inclusive Edition," but it has been considerably amplified in this new edition The Publishers are to be congratulated on this new volume with its numerous prefatory and other notes, which are so helpful A correction in the Chapter Heading to *In the House of Suddhoo* churel ' for churl ' shows how thoroughly the poems have been revised, even the title of *A Ballad of Burial* has reverted to the original spelling of ' *Ballade* '

E W M

A KIPLING TREASURY (Mac-millan & Co , Ltd ,) 3s 6d

A further selection of prose and verse in an inexpensive form is now to be had in *A Kipling Treasury* recently published by *Macmillan and Co , Ltd ,* at the low price of 3s 6d

This little volume is an excellent companion to others similarly priced which have been making their appear-ance from time to time in response to the demand for cheaper editions It should appeal to those people of moderate means whose book-space is limited

The eight stories and ten poems which make up the book, range in the former, from *An Habitation En-forced* and *Brother Square-Toes* with their pen-portraits of an English countryside and old-time Philadelphia to three tales with an Indian setting of which the best is perhaps, *The Man Who Was*

Both Pyecroft and McPhee have been remembered by the inclusion of *Their Lawful Occasions* and *Bread Upon The Waters* As a further example of the versatility of genius and by way of contrast *They* and *Toomai of the Elephants* are also included.

The verse selection is good with such delightful little poems as *The Way Through The Woods* and *Puck's Song* down to the grander, more solemn vein of *The Glory of the Garden , The Heritage* and *For All We Have and Are.*

It is not easy to avoid a personal opinion in these notes but *Natural Theology* could, perhaps, ha\e been omitted to advantage—it seems a little out of place in company with *Our Fathers of Old*

However, as the Publishers themselves admit, no two readers would be likely to draw up the same list of " best " poems or stories

In general A *Kipling Treasury* is to be commended

W G. P. M

Letter Bag

Correspondents are asked to keep letters for publication as short as possible

FLENSE, FLENCH OR FLINCH

I FEEL that your note on my query about the verse in *The Last Chantey* raises an interesting question but does not answer it. Is the word " flinching " to go down as one of R K 's mistakes ? Did he ever correct it to flenching " as you give it ? If so, where ? If not, is the authority of the gentleman to whom you referred my querv (I am away from my files, and cannot remember his name) sufficient to set aside Kipling's deliberate and uncorrected spelling ? If it is, then we have an interesting "mistake," or probably ' mishearing " on our author's part, and it should be added to your *Interesting Slips* on P 2 of the October number of the *Journal*

While on that subject, I would suggest that " N P & Y " for " N Y & P " is more an undetected misprint than a slip, and I should like to add two to the number of slips, both of greater interest than those from *The Naulakha* The first was pointed out some years ago in *a Times* correspondence on *Novelists' Blunders,* and occurs in *In the Same Boat,* where the two, leaving Waterloo by the night train going west, find themselves running close by the sea shore in the morning The only bit of line that can be meant is the G W R stretch from Dawlish to Teignmouth, which of course can only be reached from Paddington The other slip comes from *An Habitation Enforced,* where it will be remembered that *Sophie* sees her mother's maiden name on a tombstone in the church At the end of the tale *Lady Conant* explains that her people had bought the land from *Sophie's* " great-grandmother's brother " when he emigrated to America But in that case *Lashmar* could not have been her mother's maiden name, unless we are to imagine a subsequent marriage of cousins, and then *Gregory Lashmar* would have been her great-grandfather

Another subject I think that it was to your predecessor and not to you that I reported that Sir Charles Oman had had a long correspondence finishing with a poem from Kipling The subject of the correspondence was the number of the Roman Legion manning the Wall in *Puck* Sir Charles maintained that that legion was never in Britain, but Kipling would not correct the number It would be very interesting if you could get Sir Charles to write an account of this in the *Journal* I don't know if the correspondence files would show whether he was ever asked to

do so. I know him well, and am ready to approach him if you should wish me to do so.

I have just remembered another thing. Sir George MacMunn hopes to see *The Naulakha* filmed. But it was quite well done as a silent film at the close of the last war, and I remember seeing it in January, 1919, in a small provincial cinema. Can any other members bear me out ? —B. S. BROWNE, Pilot Officer, R.A.F., Inverness.

(" *Flense," "flench" "flinch." The most usual spelling of the word is "flense " from the Dutch " vlensen," German " flensen," Danish "flense," Swedish " flansa," "flense," and Norwegian " flinsa" flensa. In Scott's Pirate you find the following statement. " You . . . suppose you may cheat a stranger as you would "flinch " a whale." All these spellings are used. Kipling used "flinching " in the first edition of " The Seven Seas," but later on altered "flinching " to "flenching " ; this latter spelling will be found in the editions of his " Inclusive Verse," as well as in the recently published " Definitive Edition." We imagine he made the alteration prior to* 1914.—*Ed.)*

KIPLING'S MOTOR CAR.

May I hurry to correct the description of Kipling's early Lanchester Motor Car ? This car never was described as a steam car. In " Steam Tactics " the car in which the adventures began was an earlier car than the Lanchester. It was an American " Locomobile " to seat four, and the motive power was a high pressure petrol-fired boiler wound with piano wire. When they consented to run they ran very sweetly with a feather of steam showing behind. But Kysh's car in which the adventures were completed was one of the original air-cooled Lanchesters, for Kysh said, " We don't use water and she is good for 200 on one tank of petrol."

The car you illustrate was either a later pattern or had been converted to water cooling, for it has a radiator which can be seen through the off front wheel, and the streamline mud wings were not fitted to the early models.

I know a little about these cars as I got one in February 1903 and a very good car it was for those early days.—G. B. HEYWOOD, Caradoc Court, Ross, Herefordshire.

FROM AUCKLAND.

We agreed unanimously that our usual birthday cake should be sent to H.M.S. *Kipling* to add to their festivities. It was posted on September 30th in a calico cover.—EDITH M. BUCHANAN, Auckland, New Zealand Branch.

R. K's AGE.

In the interesting article by Colonel Milburn on *The Homes of Rudyard Kipling* in the December, 1940, issue of the *Journal*, the author, referring to Rudyard Kipling, writes :—" I have not come across any statement as to what his age was when he was sent to England." Members who refer to the *Kipling Journal* No. 48 of December, 1938, page 106, will find that the date of his arrival in England was 1871, which would make his age at the time six.—COUNTRY MEMBER.

THE WORD WANION.

On page 16 of the October, 1940, issue of the *Journal,* in a note entitled *Selections from the Freer Verse,* by Rudyard Kipling, it is asked if " anyone can explain what a wanion is ?" I hope the following will answer this question.

Wanion, also wannion, wenion (probably a later form of the Anglo-Saxon ' waniand') used in imprecations with a vague implication of ill luck or misfortune, as it means ' waning,' (specifically, the waning of the moon, regarded as implying ill luck—' unlucky hour.") ' Wanion ' is a word found only in the phrases ' with a wanion,' ' in the wanion ' and ' wanions on you,' generally interpreted to denote some kind of imprecation. ' With a wanion ' (a) Bad luck to you ; the mischief take you, or the like. " Bide down, with a mischief to you—bide down with a wanion " cried the King. (Scott *Fortunes of Nigel.)*

" Marry, hang you ! Westward with a wanion t'ye " (Marston, Jonson and Chapman, *Eastward Ho* ! iii 2).

(b) ' With a vengeance," energetically ; vehemently; emphatically; hence, in short order ; summarily.

" Come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion " (Shakespeare, *Pericles,*

Prince of Tyre, ii, 1, 17.)

" I'll tell Ralph a tale in 's ear shall fetch him again with a wanion." (Beaumont and Fletcher, *Knight of Burning Pestle,* ii, 2).

I sent him out of my company with a wanion—I would rather have a rifler on my perch than a false knave at my elbow." (Scott, *The Abbot.)* —M.

Kipling and the Boy Scout Movement

IT is not inapposite to recall today, now that Lord Baden-Powell has passed on, what Kipling had to say of the Boy Scout Movement in 1911 in a letter to a friend, which appeared in the *Daily Express* of 4th November, 1911 :—

" B.P.'s " notion appeals to a class of boys who go through youth unpunished and almost entirely without any notion of loyalty and discipline. The public schoolboy still retains the inestimable privilege of being licked for wrong-doing and of being taught the sacred gospel of jolly well must *(e.g.* my son, for whom I pay much gold, writes me he has " just got fifty lines for chucking stones ; if I hadn't been a new boy I should have got six cuts with a cane.") Observe he was not lured from the path of stone-chucking by argument, persuasion, or bribes, but—well, we needn't pursue the allegory ! You want a different bait for the governing class ; their psychology is different, or else they wouldn't be leaders in time of stress, short rations, exposure and pain. Something must be thought out for them on their own lines. What it is I don't quite see. All I am sure of is that the present trend of legislation is making milksops of the democracy, and for them " B.P.'s " plan is about the only way of salvation that I've seen. Forgive this sermon."—E. W. M.

Donations Acknowledged

WE acknowledge with appreciation, the following donations received to March 7th 1941 in response to the recent memorandum to members, signed by the President and the Chairman of the Council, relating to the effect of the war upon the activities of our Society, and inviting suggestions. These donations were sent by the donors in lieu of service. Further Gifts received will be acknowledged in the next issue of the *Journal.*

	£	s	d
Capt George Bambridge, M.C.	10	10	0
J. H. C. Brooking	10	0	0
Miss M. F. Bridie (Schools)	5	5	0
James Insch	5	5	0
John Sanderson	5	0	0
James Downs	5	0	0
H. R. Huggins	2	12	6
Lt.-Col. B. S. Browne . .	1	1	0
Howard Foulds (Schools)	1	1	0
C. O. Gridley	1	1	0
James Grierson	2	0	0
G. H. Sinclair		10	0
*Capt. G. H. Rayner ..	1	1	0
Col. Kennedy-Shaw	1	0	0
Mrs. F. R. Briant		10	6
A. K. Chalk		10	6
*A. B. Stokes		10	6
Mark Packer		10	6
W. O. Steuart		10	0
Lady Moore		10	0
Major Dawson		10	6
Col. A. Wolff . .	5	5	0
Edward Ross	6	2	4
Mr. & Mrs. Cecil Richardson	2	2	0
	£68	8	4

**Col. Sir Arthur Holbrook, Captain Rayner and Mr. A. B. Stokes have increased their annual Membership Subscription by* 10s. 6d. *each. The following members have introduced new members : Miss Helen Hewart, Major Dawson, Mr. Brooking, Colonel Milburn, Mr. Frank S. Stone and Lady Cunynghame.*

**We have also received with gratitude a donation to the Society's Funds of Ten Guineas from Sir Alexander Gibb, G.B.E. C.B., one of our Vice-Presidents.*

Kiplingiana

Press and other comment on Kipling and his work

PUNCH AND R.K.

" IN March, 1937," writes a member " I had some correspondence with *Punch* relating to an illustration which appeared in that paper. *Mr. Punch*, who is our permanent literary as well as social historian, has, of course, always had his eye on Kipling. One of the last of the admirable series of extracts from *Something of Myself* which appeared in the *Morning Post*—a series which has probably done as much to further the aims of our Society as anything could, short of the coming of a half-crown edition of the Works—contained a burlesque Kipling coat-of-arms, by the inimitable E. T. Reed. A note under it said that it had appeared in *Punch* on the 19th December, 1899. I wanted to read the mock-heraldic description which I knew must have been attached to the illustration in *Punch.* I turned up, at my club, the *Punch* volume for 1899. I found, (a) that no issue of *Punch* had borne the date 19th December, 1899, and (b) that the *Ready-made Coats-of-Arms* in the 1899 volume did not include a Kipling one.

At the time, I wrote to the Editor of the *Morning Post*, not, as I remarked, merely for the purpose of pointing out the error, but to ask when and where the illustration in question *was* published. The Editor replied, briefly and drily, " I have before me a copy of *Punch* for December 19th, 1899," which contains E. T. Reed's *Ready-made Coats-of-Arms* on page 299." I felt rebuked, but not satisfied. I sought the home of *Mr. Punch* in Bouverie Street, and asked for, and was courteously handed, the volume for 1899. There was no such picture on page 299, or anywhere in the volume. " Curiouser and curiouser," I thought, and continued my investigation. Finally, I found the illustration on page 299 *of the volume for* 1896. and discovered that by a very unusual error and a very remarkable coincidence, *that particular page had been mis-dated* " 1899."

The amusing thing about my controversy with the Editor was that, to adapt the words of *Pish-Tush* in *The Mikado*—

I was right
And he was right

And everything was quite correct—except the printer's small blunder, such a blunder as probably has never happened before since *Punch* began its career.

The heraldic Legend below the *Ready-made Coats-of-Arms* is—" Lord K-pl-ng of Mandalay.

Arms. Quarterly ; 1 st. A review laudatory richly deserved quite proper ; 2nd. An heraldic jungle-bok rampant under several deodars or mem-sahibs or words to that effect ; 3rd. A lordly elephint a-pilin' teak ; 4th an Argot-nautical vessel (in verse) in full sale, classed A.1 at Lloyds, charged with a cargo of technicalities all warranted genuine.

Crest. On a charger argent the head of a publisher urgent.

Supporters. Dexter, a tommy-atkins in all his glory, arrayed proper by a plain tailor from the hills ; Sinister, a first-class fighting man or fuzzy-wuzzy of the Soudan, regardant sable on a British square charged with an elan affrontee.

Motto. The idea of A-st-n being—but that's another story."

The drawing shows the " publisher urgent " as wearing spectacles and a bushy white beard. Surviving writers of that period, who had dealings with London publishers, will, no doubt, recognise him.

I should add that on the 2nd March, 1937, the proprietors of *Punch* informed me that they had no objection to reference to this matter being made in the *Journal.* They added, " The printer's error was a most unusual one, and we are glad to feel that the matter is now put straight."

(*We regret that space limitations prevent our including the illustration referred to—Ed.)*

KIPLING OR SIMS.

The following letter appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* :" Many people will assume that when Lord Croft, in his recent speech, quoted the lines

" The little British Army goes a damned long way " the author he had in mind was Kipling.

Was it really Kipling who immortalised them ? I know my Kipling fairly well, and I cannot recall them. But right back in my memory of 50 years ago there is a strong recollection of a musical comedy called " The Dandy Fifth," in which there was a song with this chorus :

" So come you foreign soldiers, and we don't care who you are—
The Uhlans of the Kaiser or the Cossacks of the Czar—
Our Army may be little, but you've learned before to-day
That a little British Army goes a damned long way."

If so, the " Great Seer " Lord Croft referred to was not Kipling but George R. Sims, the beloved " Dagonet" and the writer of many fine melodramas and musical plays of that period.—HARRY P. TOWERS, Morden."

DEMOCRATIC POET.

" I have listed, " says a writer in *The Sunday Times, "* among the new books likely to attract readers Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's " definitive edition " of Rudyard Kipling's verse. Kipling " dates," but not in a way that implies that the interest he excites is over. He is not a minor poet, whatever he is, though it is only very occasionally that he soars out of the middle realm of verse. He is probably the greatest *democratic* English poet that has recently appeared, in spite of his political opinions ; that is to say, he versifies emotions which the average man instantly recognises—and with the energy and vividness of a man of genius."

"KIPLING SAID IT"

" I knew I had heard siren pronounced " syreen " somewhere before this age of banshees, but I could not remember where until I glanced through Kipling's verse yesterday.

And here is the authentic justification for the horrible mass-mispronunciation, in " Mine-sweepers " :

Dusk off the Foreland—the last light going
And the traffic crowding through,
And five damned trawlers with their *syreens* blowing
Heading the whole review !

I am now prepared to believe that Kipling called concrete " concrate."

Turning on a few pages I came across what may have been the inspiration of the most popular fatuous lyric of this century. " Yes, we have no bananas." Kipling's " Song of Bananas," in the Brazilian verse series, starts :

" Have you no bananas, simple townsmen all ?
" Nay, but we have them certainly . . . .

I am now prepared to believe that Kipling wrote something about the music going round and round."—From *The Star*, London.

AMERICAN OPINION OF KIPLING IN 1900.

A member writes, " The late Mr. W. D. Howells' article on *The New Poetry,* which appeared in the May, 1900 number of the *North American Review,* gives us an idea of American opinion of Kipling at that date. Mr. Howells wrote as follows :—" What is the poetry first in the mind and heart of 1899 ? I believe I have said what in naming Mr. Kipling, who is at this moment, possibly the most favoured man in the world, and whose work, in some measure, is known almost as widely as his name. All must own this, whatever any may think of his work ; ' and it seems to me that the fact ought to dispose of the doubt whether this is a poetry-reading age . . . . It is a mighty and lusty note, full of faith and hope ; and it is the note which makes Mr. Kipling famous wherever an Anglo-Saxon word is spoken or an Anglo-Saxon shot is fired ; it stirs the blood both of Briton and American ; and it is not the poet's reproach if they forget the deeper meanings of his song. He says what he came to say ; he happened in the time which would hear his voice ; he does not so much teach as tell ; but no doubt the time will come when the warning in his message will be plain to senses now hidden. It may not be plain to our American senses, till we have trampled into the red mire of tropic morasses the faith in men which made us the hope of men ; but that is not the blame of a poet who has read us and said us more keenly than any alien before."

Printed by H. F. Lucas & Co., 151, North Road, Southend-on-Sea.

The Kipling Society.

FOUNDED IN 1927 BY J. H. C. BROOKING.

President:

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

Vice-Presidents:

LT. COL. R. V. K. APPLIN, D.S.O.
Earl BATHURST, C.M.G.
Countess BATHURST.
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., D.S.O.
RUSSELL J. COLMAN, H.M.L.
S. A. COURTAULD, D.L.
Lady CUNYNGHAME.
The Dowager Viscountess DOWNE.
Wm. B. OSGOOD FIELD, U.S.A.
MRS. J. M. FLEMING. (*Rudyard Kipling's Sister*)
Gen. Sir. A. J. GODLEY, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C.
VISCOUNT GOSCHEN, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
Sir ALEXANDER GIBB, G.B.E., C.B., Lord HIRST.
Col. Sir ARTHUR R. HOLBROOK, BART., K.B.E., D.L., V.D.
Sir RODERICK JONES, K.B.E.
Admiral of the Fleet Sir ROGER KEYES, BT., G.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C.
Mrs. FLORA V. LIVINGSTON, U.S.A.
Commdr. 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, K.B.E., M.C., France
Col. C. H. MILBURN, O.B.E., D.L., M.B.
THE Earl of MORAY, M.C.
Carl T. NAUMBURG, U.S.A.
ALFRED NOYES, C.B.E.
Lord RENNELL, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.
WM. A. YOUNG.

Council:

J. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E.
E. D. W. CHAPLIN.
S. A. COURTAULD, D.L.
Lady CUNYNGHAME.
R. E. HARBORD.
W. G. B. MAITLAND
Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.
LT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.
ARTHUR POLLARD
J. R. TURNBULL, M.C.

Hon. Treasurer:
Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE F. MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

Hon. Solicitor:
CLEMENT A. CUSSE, 6, New Court, W.C.2.

Hon. Editor:
E. D. W. CHAPLIN.

Hon. Librarian:
W. G. B. MAITLAND.

Hon. Auditors:
MESSRS. MILNE, GREGG AND TURNBULL.

Hon. Secretary:
SIR CHRISTOPHER ROBINSON, BART. 45, Gower Street, W.C.1. *Museum* 1406

Auckland (N.Z.) Branch:
President: Col. SIR STEPHEN ALLEN, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.
Hon. Secretary: Mrs. BUCHANAN. 79, Victoria Avenue, Remuera, Auckland, N.Z.

Cape Town Branch:
President: GEO. H. WILSON. 134, Boston House, Cape Town, S.A.
Hon. Secretary: MISS M. S. CHAMBERLAIN. "Woodside," Timour Hall Rd., Plumstead, C.P.

Melbourne Branch:
President: Gen. SIR JULIUS BRUCHE, K.C.B., C.M.G., 267, Domain Road, South Yarra, Melbourne, Australia.
Hon. Secretary: MRS. GRACE BROUGHTON. c/o Union Trustees Company, 333, Collins Street, Melbourne.

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada):
President: A. E. G. CORNWELL.
Hon. Secretary: MRS. W. J. NEAL 354, Linden Avenue, Victoria, B.C.

Hon. Secretary, U.S.A.:
Professor W. ELMER EKBLAW, Clark University, Worcester, Mass.