



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

Published quarterly by the

**KIPLING SOCIETY**



**JULY 1946**

**VOL. XIII No. 78**

**PRICE 2/-**

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES—J. P. COLLINS - - - - -	1
STALKY—LT. GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACMUNN - - - - -	3
THE SOCIETY'S NEW PRESIDENT - - - - -	6
AN APPRECIATION OF KIPLING FROM AN AMERICAN STANDPOINT—FRANK JULIAN PRICE - - - - -	10
LETTER BAG - - - - -	12
KIPLING AND THE ENGINEERS— R. M. HARVEY, M.I.E., (Australia) - - - - -	13
KIPLING AND THE GERMANS—BASIL M. BAZLEY - - - - -	15
T w o REVIEWS - - - - -	18
FASHIONS IN AUTHORS - - - - -	20
BRANCH REPORT—(MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA) - - - - -	21

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105, GOWER STREET  
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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Vol. XIII. No. 78

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## Notes

### THE LAST HONOURS.

THE passing of Major-General Dunsterville is still the most moving of recent events in our Kipling calendar, and the obsequies at St. Martin's, Torquay, were nothing more nor less than the deceased himself could have desired. In one of the last of "Stalky's" letters he wrote me: "At the age of eighty, one is so close to the border that things on this side don't seem to have much importance," yet the sincerity and sympathy in that quiet service at the beautiful church of St. Martin's, Torquay, must have impressed all who were privileged to share in it.

"Here was no room for tears," perhaps, for the length and the nobility of that enviable career called for rosemary and laurel rather than rue. Nor could his invincible courage and the firmness of his faith be anything but the best of anodynes for sadness. With the members of his family, however, the emotions of the occasion, like the memories they awakened, must have been deeper than words can go, and the mourners made a most impressive group—the widow, Mr. Lionel Dunsterville (son), Mrs. S. Lindt (daughter), Colonel Robert G. Keyworth (brother-in-law), Mrs. Baker-White and Mrs. Peache (sisters-in-law) and Brigadier Knightley Dunsterville (cousin). For the last office of mortality, it was all without a fault.

### THE SOCIETY'S WREATH.

From first to last the General's relations with our Society have been perfect and unbroken; and the presence of our Founder, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, was the best representation we could have had. The congregation included

old comrades and brother officers, notably Colonel H. Dunsford, Lt.-Colonel R. Kennedy, Major F. A. Bowering and Captain H. M. Taylor, together with members of the clergy, and several people with illustrious names. The wreaths lent an element of sorrow and beauty, not the least being one from the Kipling Society bearing this eloquent inscription:—

From the Kipling Society  
in proud and grateful memory of  
"Stalky"

its First President (1927-1946)

"And now he has done with living,  
God bless him—

A many shall sigh and one woman  
shall grieve."

### IN THE ABBEY.

There is an art in securing the right quotation for such a message, and those who know Kipling's works will recognise this distich as coming from his poem, *Neighbours*. Here it is fitting to mention that on the tenth anniversary of the poet's death a wreath was placed on his grave in Westminster Abbey with an inscribed eard which read as follows:—

"We remember to-day and mourn for

RUDYARD KIPLING

as Britain's Patriot-Poet and Prophet  
Who warned us to be Prepared.

—Kipling Society.

'Once there was the People—Terror  
gave it birth—

Once there was the People—and  
it made a Hell of Earth.

Earth arose and crushed it—Listen,  
O ye slain!—

Once there was the People—it  
shall never be again!"

### OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

The Society is proud to record that Field Marshal Viscount Wavell

has accepted the Council's invitation to become President of the Society in succession to the late Major-General Dunsterville. A true admirer of Kipling's works, Lord Wavell has long been a member of our Society, of which he was a Vice President. During the arduous years of war, he has, as a great military leader and later as Viceroy of India, found time to keep in touch with the Society and maintain his interest in its work.

#### VALEDICTORY AND VALUATION.

Still in this vein of fine citation, one wonders how many readers listening to the broadcast report noted that at the farewell banquet given to Mr. Winant, on his retirement from the American Embassy in London, and in acknowledgment of his services to the Anglo-American alliance, the guest's speech of reply closed amid ringing cheers with a passage from another of Kipling's lyrics—"Prelude" in *Departmental Ditties* :—

"I have eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine—

The deaths ye died I have watched beside,

And the lives that ye led were mine."

No-one, by the way, has ever excelled Mr. Churchill in this knack of using Kipling's glowing gems to adorn world-stirring speeches during the war and since. But there are other Ministers of State who have been no less attentive readers of his writings, and one of them is Sir John Anderson, who found them an inspiration during the scanty leisure he was able to enjoy as Governor of Bengal in the terrorisation period a decade ago. Addressing the Poetry Society's celebration of the poet's anniversary, Sir John said among many fine things, that Kipling's work reflected his own impetuous nature, but was never either slipshod or careless. For one thing, he used to speak every sentence as he wrote it, thus getting the taste and scent of every word. This is true criticism and intuitive explanation all in one.

#### THE ILLNESS IN AMERICA.

Lord Birkenhead has re-issued his appeal for letters or any other in-

formation to embody in the official biography with which he has been entrusted by the poet's daughter, Mrs. Bambridge. It is believed that the private archives are voluminous as well as valuable, but the Society's mail-box shows what a wealth of incidental material is still available for judgment, and possibly for use in this privileged and exacting task. Only lately Mr. Lawson Lewis, of the Rowfant Club, Cleveland, U.S.A.—who has already enriched the Society's library with handsome gifts of Kipling books and prints—sends the Editor an interesting budget of newspaper memorabilia. They are drawn from the New York papers in the early spring of 1899, when the poet was overtaken by illness there and lay at death's door.

#### HOPE v. GRIEF.

For weeks his hotel, the Grenoble, was alive with cables, and its threshold was crossed at all hours of the day by men and women of note in American life and literature. Here is the delicate vignette the "New York Journal" gave in that week of world-anxiety and gloom before the patient showed any sign of health returning. It speaks of Mrs. Kipling in that fearful period of suspense :—

"The expression of her pale delicate face was brave. Her eyes were brilliant in their circles of grief and weariness. Those who had been watchers in the same corridor every day wished that she would stay out for half an hour, for three-quarters of an hour, for an hour. The longer her absence lasted, the happier they were. Her happiness could be measured by the length of her drive."

#### ENGLAND'S MESSAGES.

In another issue of that momentous week the same paper cabled to a string of celebrities on this side of the Atlantic, and received a sheaf of cordial invocations for the patient's recovery. The other papers flamed out daily with half-threats of world-bereavement, and seeing how they exchanged information and shook hands with real emotion, it can be said that for once the British and the American press were really one.

J. P. COLLINS.

## Stalky

By *LT. GEN. SIR GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.*

THE passing of Major-General Lionel Dunsterville has come to the Kipling Society as a sad blow for many reasons.

First perhaps is the loss of the actual personal bond with Rudyard Kipling that General Dunsterville's very existence, and still more his presence, always gave us—the leader of the magic three of Westward Ho, that *Stalky & Co.* presented to the world. But there are many sides to our mourning. The Kipling Society will greatly miss that cheery humorous face that presided at our luncheon re-unions and annual meetings; the Council will miss the wisdom with which advice on knotty problems was given; last but not least, the Indian Army, those of the veterans who still answer to the muster, will regret him, and the younger men, now old, who served him.

### KNOWLEDGE OF INDIAN SOLDIERY.

Many will attribute their knowledge of the Indian soldiery to what they learnt at his hands. The Indian Army's success for two hundred years has been due to the knowledge and sympathy of the British and the feudal camaraderie of their British officers. These qualities have now been transmitted to the Indian officers, to whom the King's commissions have been granted with considerable results. Stalky possessed the qualities in an unusual degree. Like Abraham Lincoln, he realised that the world certainly the world



STALKY

of good will, could often be got over an awkward stile by jest. I have seen Dunsterville at the head of his regiment, the famous 20th. Punjab Infantry (Brownlow's Punjabis), coming back through the dust of a frontier field-day, and I have heard him from his place at the head reaching the whole battalion with jest and stimulant. "How is Jowala Singh (a fat old Sikh Officer) getting on? . . . (roars of laughter) and the answer back "he's all right." "I suppose Bhaga Khan's patrol only went to Lala Musa" (broad grins and chuckles, for this is an allusion to an indelicate village jest that signifies a foolish errand) and so forth. When a Major, he happened to be at Peshawur with his regiment, the destination of all good Americans who want to see the Khyber Pass. To the bungalow of 'Blobs' (that was his nickname in the northern army) must they

make their pilgrimage, to see Stalky — to Stalky's whimsical annoyance, which his aplomb and chaff concealed.

### FLAIR FOR LANGUAGES.

But what of Stalky's Army career? It was varied and interesting, based of course on the essential in all standing armies, his flair for regimental work and his influence with Indian soldiery. He joined the Royal Sussex Regiment in 1884 the period when all officers of the Indian Army came through a British unit, and in May, 1889, he joined the 20th,

the regiment he loved and which he eventually commanded. Five years later, he was in Waziristan, when the Afghan boundary commission escort was attacked at Wana by hordes of fanatics. Perimeter camps were then novelties, and this camp lay open save for picquets. It was a deadly and costly rough-and-tumble for some time, and a *baptême de feu* of no mean order. Dunsterville had a remarkable flair for languages, and having been in Germany as a lad, went there to qualify as an interpreter, doing the same in Russian later. From there he returned in time to take part in the Bunerwal punitive expedition of 1898 in the frontier hills north of Peshawur. His next adventure was with the China Expeditionary Force, after the Boxer rising of 1900. Here his languages and persuasive ways, made him most useful in handling our varied Allies. By 1908 he had attained the command of his beloved 20th, perhaps the happiest years of his life. The First World War saw him on leave in England, but as India could not spare him for the Continent, he could only put in a few months of his holiday at short-call, in the uninspiring but very useful role of a train-conducting officer, forgetting his rank in his desire to push at the wheel anywhere. Here his jests and manners never failed to get the better of the tiresome though friendly myrmidons of the *Commissaire de la Ligne*. But this was but a hors d'oeuvre, for in the spring of 1915, when his leave was over, he was given the command of the Jhelum Brigade, destined to spend over two years on the N.W. frontier in keeping the Mohmand tribes from raiding too successfully in these, our times of trouble. In June, 1915, he was appointed A.D.C. to the King, and was made a Companion of the Bath the next year.

#### THE "HUSH HUSH PUSH."

His rôle however was now to develop unusually. During 1917, a specially selected body of distinguished young officers and N.C.O.'s were sent out, via the Tigris, to a secret rôle. They were originally to organise the Armenian troops, and prevent Bolshevi-

zation spreading, but it was too late. Dunsterville was sent out to take command of this the "Hush Hush Push."

Leaving Baghdad for Persia in January, 1918 in a convoy of Ford vans, after many vicissitudes, he found he could not get through to Tiflis, and reached Enzeli (now Pahlevi) on the Caspian; but was driven back. Eventually he came again and reached Baku by sea in the hope of saving the oil wells, now in the hands of Armenian troops. But the attack of the Turks and the general intrigue of everyone against everyone else, compelled him to withdraw by sea to Persia. His handling of an impossible situation, very ill-equipped for the purpose, with orders based on suppositions which did not really exist, was masterly if disappointing. There were many stories at the time of his original methods of handling everyone and everything, including a severe famine in North Persia. By September it was all over, and now a major-general, he returned to India to take command of the Agra Brigade, being made a Companion of the Star of India. His verve and abilities were worthy of a better field than the "Hush Hush Push," which had no chance from the beginning by the force of circumstances.

#### ALLIANCE WITH BEETLE.

Stalky had always kept up his alliance with Beetle, with whom he constantly corresponded. He recognised well enough, that a story-writer must write a good story, and must compose a mosaic, though neither he nor McTurk (Beresford) could subscribe to all that appeared in *Stalky & Co.* But when driven into a corner he had often to admit that 'something like that' had happened, and he knew also that a legend once created must be lived up to!

It was a good many years after Dunsterville's soldiering career had rung to evensong, that our Society came into being, and he pleaded with Kipling not to discourage us and the zeal of our founder from feelings of modesty. To Kipling's plea to wait till he was dead, we could but reply, "but we shall be dead too" and with Dunsterville

as our President, it was obvious that we should carry on, on lines not repugnant to him. He soon took a genuine quiet interest in the Society's doings and appreciated their outlook and veneration.

Stalky's gift of anecdote and his many adventures in many parts of the world had enabled him to write well, and *The Adventures of Dunsterforce* (1920) a valuable bit of history, *And Obey* (1925) *Stalky's Reminiscences* (1928) *More Yarns* (1931) and *Stalky Settles Down* (1932) followed each other. But the years stop for no man, and now, at the age of 80, our President has piled his arms, the

Society especially, with the whole British Commonwealth, being the poorer thereby.

But there is one more influence on Stalky's life history. The most important of all. Few men have had more devoted wives than Margaret Emily Keyworth, the soldier's daughter he married. When most women went to the Hills, she, year after year, braved the fierce Frontier and Punjab summers with him, listening always with that quiet smile the Society knows, to all he had to say. To her now, "on the all-alone stone," and her children, must our respectful and affectionate sympathy go forth.



## Messages of Sympathy

AMONG the many messages of condolence received by the Kipling Society on the death of the President, Major-General Dunsterville, were included a cablegram from our Branch at Melbourne, Australia, and a letter from the Victoria, B.C., Canada Branch, whose President, Mr. A. E. G. Cornwell, writes :

"I know that each member of our Branch joins with me in this expression of our sorrow. Our world is the poorer for the loss of this brave and gallant gentleman. And we know that :

'E'en as he trod that day  
to God so walked he from  
his birth,

In simpleness and gentleness.' "

From Auckland, New Zealand, the President and members of our Auckland Branch wrote :—

"We desire to express the sense of loss that we have sustained in the death of our much-loved, ever-esteemed President, Major-General Dunsterville. We revere the memory of one who gave ungrudgingly of his great gifts continuously to his country throughout his life, being so happily associated, at the same time, with Rudyard Kipling and the Kipling Society."

Mr. R. E. Harbord, Deputy Chairman of the Society, writes ;

"I first met Major General Dunsterville in 1916 on the North-West Frontier, when he was commanding the First Brigade in the First (Indian) Division. His Brigade Headquarters were normally in Peshawar but he was at the time building a block house line along the Mohmand Frontier.

I was Brigade Major of the Second Infantry Brigade lying alongside, and well remember the strong, but most amusing words addressed by the then Brigadier General Dunsterville to my Brigadier, on the subject of the Second Brigade Staff horses, which were certainly a very ugly lot.

During the intervening 30 years, I have seen him many times, but need not mention any of the main incidents of his life for his own books disclose his quality as soldier and writer. He was a grand leader all his life.

One of the great recurring interests of my life since the Kipling Society was formed in 1927 has been to attend the Annual Meeting and luncheon of the Society—mainly because of the charm, skill and humour of our President. Now he has gone—the last of the immortal three—all joined together again within eleven years, the great soldier last—covering the withdrawal,"

## The Society's New President

FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT WAVELL,

P.C., G.C.B., G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E., C.M.G., M.C.

MEMBERS of the Kipling Society at home and abroad will be proud and gratified by the news that Lord Wavell has accepted the office of President of the Society, in succession to the late Major General Dunsterville. After Stalky's passing, the Council turned to one of our Vice Presidents who has long taken a keen personal interest in the work of the Kipling Society, for Lord Wavell became a Life Member at its inception in February, 1927, and

has continued as an active supporter ever since that date. (His membership number is 19, and had his name begun with an "A" instead of the initial "W," it might well have been recorded as No. 1).

### ON THE COUNCIL ROCK.

Even during the arduous war years, burdened at first with heavy responsibilities as a great military commander and later as Viceroy of India at a time of crisis in the Empire's history, his interest in the progress



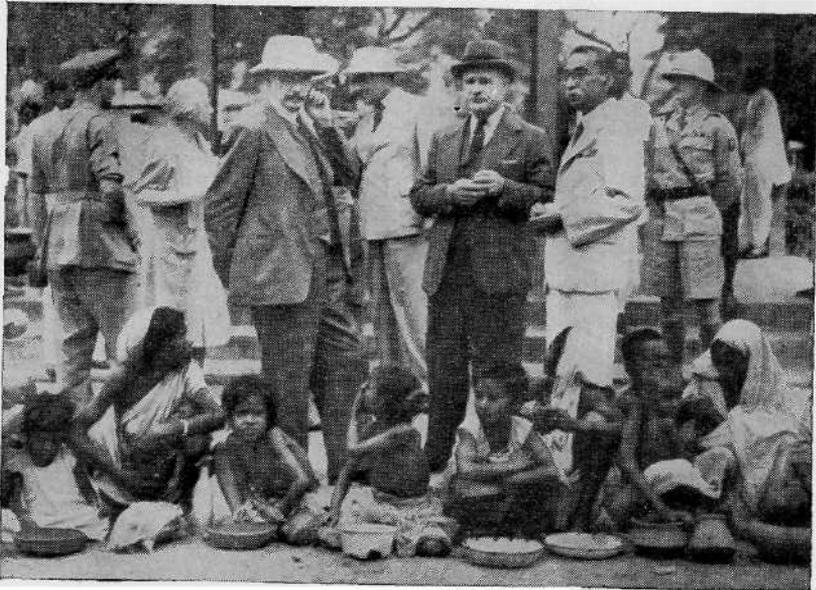
VISCOUNT WAVELL

*The Kipling Society's new President. He became a Life Member in February, 1927, and has continued as an active supporter ever since that date.*

of the Society never relaxed, and many members will recall his famous telegram—published in this *Journal* in April, 1941, after the triumph of Sidi Barrani and before the fall of Bardia. On his victory over the Italians in Egypt, the Society had sent to the victorious General the following telegram: 'Kipling Society sends congratulations on *Tabaqui's* discomfiture and all good wishes.' To this Sir Archibald Wavell (as he then was) replied:—'Many thanks. Hope *Shere Khan's* skin will soon be on Council Rock.' A *Times* leader-writer at that time commented:—'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!....'

It is well to repeat that this exchange of messages took place at a time when the Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East had undertaken tremendous responsibilities, and the same may be said of Lord Wavell when, at a later date, as Viceroy of India, during one of his rare visits to London not so long ago, he found time to call at the Kipling Society's headquarters and meet its officers. As a result of our talk with him, we were fortunate in obtaining for him a complete set of the Sussex Edition of Rudyard Kipling's works—which for some time he had sought in vain. That friendly visit too, was made at a time of crisis when settlement of the affairs of India was, as it still is, one of the outstanding problems of the day.

In his letter to the Hon. Secretary, in reply to the Council's invitation to accept the office of President of the Society, Lord Wavell wrote:—



THE VICEROY AND LADY WAVELL  
visiting the Famine Children at Calcutta where they discussed relief measures, visited hospitals and inspected feeding centres.

(Keystone Photo)

The Viceroy's House,  
New Delhi.  
May 17th, 1946.

My dear Robinson,

I have just received your letter of April the 10th, which seems to have taken a long time on the way. I shall be very honoured to accept the office of President of the Society, if the Council and members desire it. I was very sorry to hear of Dunsterville's death; it means a great link with Kipling gone.

Yours sincerely,

(signed) WAVELL.

Sir Christopher Robinson, Bart.,  
Hon. Secretary,  
Kipling Society,  
105, Gower Street,  
London W.C.1.

#### NO TWO OPINIONS.

"It was something of a problem" writes Mr. W. J. Turner, Literary Editor of *The Spectator*, "to find a worthy and fitting person to follow Major-General Dunsterville as President of the Kipling Society, since General Dunsterville's personal association with Rudyard Kipling gave him a quite unique position. Nevertheless there can be no two opinions that in Lord Wavell the Society has found an admirable and redoubtable successor. He is a soldier, and Kipling's partiality for and championship of soldiers do not need stressing. It is indeed very characteristically English, since we as a peace-loving and non-military nation, whose armies have been habitually defensive and non-aggressive, have always had a commonsense respect for soldiers as men primarily of a heroic mould, willing to lay down their lives in defence of their homes. On this Dr. Samuel Johnson certainly said the last word in his famous remark: 'Everyman thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at

sea.' It is a saying of which Kipling would have passionately approved.

#### A LOVE OF LITERATURE.

"But Lord Wavell is also a soldier with a love of literature; that gives him another link with Kipling, especially as the literature (apart from military literature, we may suppose) which means most to him is poetry. His recent anthology *Other Men's Flowers*, published in 1944, gave the range of his literary interests, and as the poems he includes are chiefly those he remembered and could once repeat 'entire or in great part' it can be distinguished from most anthologies by its authentic display of Lord Wavell's personal taste. It is interesting, too, to observe that Lord Wavell in his interesting introduction writes:—'Browning and Kipling are the live poets whose work has stayed most in my memory since I read them in impressionable youth,' and that G. K. Chesterton is his third favourite. This would be a most unorthodox opinion in literary circles, and few writers, as distinct from soldiers, would have the courage to avow it. But Lord

Wavell admits that his son who 'shares my love for poetry' thinks that his father's taste is 'a little old-fashioned.' This, again, is a highly commendable bias in its President of the Kipling Society. But in fairness to our many soldier poets of the two recent wars, it must be added that Lord Wavell includes in his anthology many soldier poets whose work belongs to our contemporary literature. The reader will find here poems by Siegfried Sassoon, Julian Grenfell,



#### IN HIS STUDY

Here Lord Wavell is seen at work  
in his study at Viceroy's House,  
Delhi.

(British Official Photograph)

Alan Seeger, and Herbert Asquith, while other contemporary poets such as Ralph Hodgson, Walter de la Mare and John Masefield are not omitted.

#### ANOTHER LINK.

"There is still another link with Kipling which has not yet been mentioned, and that is the connection with India. Surely nothing could be more appropriate in the new President of the Kipling Society than the fact that he is the reigning Viceroy of India. And not only the Viceroy, but that particular one under whom the most momentous decision in all India's long history is being taken. The author of *Kim* is, of all others, the one who would have been most sympathetic to our English aspirations for the future of a united and independent India that had at last arrived at maturity as a self-governing entity. Lord Wavell is from this point of view the ideal President for the Society because he represents in his personal attitude the enlightened Englishman who is not the crass Imperialist created

by the suspicious and malign imagination of our enemies but the democratically-minded Englishman of no party label. One who understands the true complexion of the twentieth-century-born British Commonwealth of Nations, who hopes to see India choose to take its part in it as one of the independent, self-governing Dominions but who is equally decided that India shall be free to choose whether to join the Commonwealth or remain outside it.

#### A UNITY IN DIVERSITY.

"One can be sure also that Lord Wavell, like Kipling, would consider that in the interest of peace and of that world government which in the future is likely to come, it is to be much desired that India will choose to retain its peaceful association with Great Britain and the Dominions, for in this British Commonwealth is the true fore-runner of a world peace and a unity in diversity of independent powers indissolubly linked in the pursuit of peace and progress."

The Council hopes that Members will continue to interest their friends in the work of the Kipling Society, and propose them as Members. There are many hundreds of readers of Kipling in various parts of the world whose names do not yet appear in our Membership List. They are heartily invited to join. Details may be obtained upon application to

The Hon. Secretary,  
The Kipling Society  
105 Gower Street,  
London, W.C.I.

## An Appreciation of Kipling

FROM AN AMERICAN STANDPOINT

By FRANK JULIAN PRICE

A SMALL interval of leisure, plus a re-reading of the last *Kipling Journal* and "Lest We Forget" prompts me to try to state, as you wish, my "reaction" (as you put it) to Wm. Dean Howell's reference to Kipling as "The Laureate of Greater England," with a few added observations.

As to Howell's characterization, *supra*, it is enough to say at once that I've wholly agreed (as I am sure most American readers do) from the time when, as a young collegian in the early nineties, I had my first armful of R. K.'s works, and absorbed with avidity the prose and verse of this strangely new writer—feeling the while as Keats wrote he felt "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," A NEW PLANET.

When a new planet swims into his ken "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies" (*et seq.*). And this feeling and the conviction that it was a just appraisal has grown and grown with the passing of time and the added output of his enduring works up to the date of his untimely death. I pass over with the slightest reference his adverse criticisms of the United States, when, a young reporter from India, he first came to our shores, Charles Dickens, Matthew Arnold, and other transient visitors—not all Englishmen, and well before Kipling's day—had accustomed us to censures from overseas and, not infrequently, to evaluate those censures as justified and salutary. It is with us largely as it is with you; the more thoughtful of both peoples—and thank God, they are not too rare in either land—are our own severest critics, and many strictures from external sources are like a speck of dust in one's eye—they may annoy, or even bring a tear, but they're easily wiped away and forgotten. UNSWERVING HONESTY.

It is for his unswerving honesty and forthrightness, his rugged adherence to his life-long rule to "draw the thing as he sees it for the God of Things as

they are" (Dungara) that Kipling made his universal appeal with astounding versatility and so attained his secure and lasting fame.

It is possible that the extent and variety of that which appeals to Americans in E. K.'s writings is not known generally in England. For example, a high railroad executive some forty odd years ago asked me point-blank what railroad Kipling was connected with, or which one employed him. (This man had worked up from track hand and freight handler to the top—and had just read "007.") I told him that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, Kipling was never a railroad man. He replied "Nonsense! I've talked with many in our line and we all agree that no one who had not worked on a railroad for at least five years could have written "007"! "I have heard like comments from polo players respecting "The Maltese Cat" and from shipping men about "Captains Courageous" (not forgetting "The Ship that found herself" and "The Ballad of the Bolivar.") And one of our high officers in the first World War in the course of a long chat about Kipling told me that in Officers' Mess everyone enthused about "The Eathen," "If" and "Hymn before Action," but that his favourite was "The Shut-eye Sentry"—which he recited with relish—and with a little sob when he came to the last stanza—probably recalling a personal experience. Another friend (and our land, like yours, has many like him) afflicted—or blest—with that restlessness which possessed Kipling all his life (despite his avowed love for "Sussex")—acclaims "The Feet of the Young Men," "The Explorer," and the Long Envoi, "There's a Whisper down the field," etc., as three of the greatest and most enduring. Still another, whose choice in reading runs to the humorous, knows "Moti Guj—Mutineer," "The Legend of Evil," "Oonts!" "Bill 'Awkins" and "The Incarnation of Krishna

Mulvaney " almost by heart and often reads them over to this day. Another, a leading editor and a dear friend, who died years ago, used often to recite "General Summary" and would chuckle over the many examples of its applicability to items that came to his desk "which," he said, "proves that it is a true classic." Well, anyway, it has a permanent niche in our economy . . . Nearly fifty years ago Charles A. Dana, chief editor of "The New York Sun" and an excellent critic, selected "Gunga Din" as his favourite and placed it among his choices of the fifty best poems in the English language.

On the campus and athletic fields of Yale University, the "Whiffenpoofs," a droll society of lively undergraduates, are often heard droning the sombre tune of "Gentlemen Rankers;" and in the evening from many college halls all over the land the witching song "Mandalay" in the charming setting of Oley Speares' music. And "Danny Deever," to the vividly descriptive music of that excellent composer Walter Damrosch, for many years Conductor of the New York Symphony, has often been heard in every community in this country.

In sharp contrast to all the foregoing, the solemn beauty and exquisite tenderness of the "Dirge of Dead Sisters" (1903), bespeaks not only the glorious self-sacrifice of numbers of your devoted women, but of many of our own Red Cross, Wacs, Waves and Spars, who died serving our united cause in the war just ended. Its reverent homage is unsurpassed in English memorial verse.

But beside all the writings mentioned above, there is one that, in these confused and perilous times, strikes me as so fitting to the occasion that I wish it were printed in capital letters in every publication in both our lands. I searched for it in the last "Journal" and in "Lest We Forget;" and found not even a reference. I missed it sadly. It is "The Gods of the Copybook Headings," and appeared first in 1919. Its pungent satire illumines the age-old gullibility of vast numbers of the human race (we have too many here as I fear you have just now in England) who have succumbed to the siren song of starry-eyed dreamers

(The Gods of the Market); while the prophetic vision which he undoubtedly shared with his sister, Mrs. Fleming, is startlingly revealed. Therein appears for example, a timely answer to the current question posed to both America and England, "Shall the process of making the Atomic Bomb be disclosed to others?" The lines run: "When the Cambrian measures were forming, They (The Gods of the Market) promised perpetual peace;" They swore if we gave them our weapons that the wars of the tribes would cease. But when we disarmed They sold us and delivered us bound to our foe, And The Gods of the Copybook Headings said, Stick to the Devil you know.

Lack of time and space permit but a passing reference to his prose works. Yet I cannot omit a brief mention of his supremacy in one field—Children's Books. The Just-so Stories and The Jungle Books on their appearance swept over our land to attain a popularity comparable to that of "Treasure Island" and "Alice in Wonderland." They are in countless libraries, and don't stay on the shelves—they are adding to the wisdom and knowledge of our oncoming youth to this day.

Kipling's passionate sensitiveness over the little things he cared about is beautifully illustrated in "The Flowers." To quote but a simple stanza:

"Buy my English posies!  
Ye that have your own  
Buy them for a brother's sake  
Overseas, alone.  
Weed ye trample underfoot  
Floods his heart abrim—  
Bird ye never heeded,

Oh, she calls his dead to him!"  
—and his other retort to the bigoted and narrow minded in his flaming "The English Flag" is magnificent—and one of his very greatest.

At heart, Kipling was deeply and truly religious, and well-versed in the Bible as "McAndrew's Hymn," "Mullolland's Contract" the short "Envoi," the "Recessional" and many others testify.

And I hope you'll agree with this closing thought, that, many years ago, Kipling, unwittingly, wrote his own elegy—and well-deserved eulogy—in his "Dedication" to his dear friend, Wolcott Balestier, from which I draw

only a few—but appropriate lines :  
 " To those who are cleansed of base  
 Desire, Sorrow and Lust and Shame—  
 Gods, for they knew the heart of Man—  
 Men, for they stooped to Fame—  
 Borne on the breath that men call  
 Death—my brother's spirit came.

\* \* \* \*

E'en as he trod that day to God,  
 so walked he from his birth—

In simpleness and gentleness and  
 honour and clean mirth.  
 So, cup to lip in fellowship, they gave  
 him welcome nigh  
 And made him place at the banquet  
 board, the Strong Men ranged thereby,  
 Who had done his work and held his  
 peace and had no fear to die."

(And, of a truth, I believe that now  
 he ' Sits with such as praise our God  
 for that they *serv*ed His world.)

## Letter Bag

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

### THE WORD 'STOKERS.'

Y O U R correspondent in Melbourne,  
 Mr. Archie Michaelis, need not  
 have feared an error in Kip-  
 ling's use of the word 'stokers.'  
 In the days of coal-fired boilers this  
 was perfectly good naval slang for  
 the unconsumed cinder particles.—  
 FRANCIS MCMURTRIE, Mandeville,  
 Hoddesdon, Herts.

### RHODES AND KIPLING.

May I correct an error in Sir Stephen  
 Allen's address which appeared in  
 the October number of the *Kipling  
 Journal*? Kipling did not buy "The  
 Woolsack," near Groote Schuur.  
 Rhodes built it and gave the use of  
 it for life to Kipling as an inducement  
 to him to visit South Africa as  
 frequently as possible. Rhodes was  
 a great admirer of Kipling and  
 cherished the hope that he would  
 do for South Africa what he had done  
 for India. In this he was disappointed  
 as Kipling made little use of his gift.  
 It is now a part of the Groote Schuur  
 Estate which was left by Rhodes  
 to the Government and is at present  
 occupied by the Rt. Hon. J. H.  
 Hofmeyr, P.C., Minister of Finance,  
 as his official residence during the  
 Sessions of Parliament.—CECIL J.  
 SIBBETT, African Life Buildings, St.  
 George's Street, Cape Town.

### INFORMATION WANTED.

Mr. Courtauld's letter in the Dec-  
 ember issue impels me to write and  
 ask for something I've wanted for  
 a long time.—A translation for the  
 joy of us Kiplingites of the Preface  
 to 2, Horati Flacci Commem, 5.

My Latin, alas, is very rusty and  
 it is beyond me to do a translation

today but gems such as :—

Grosspanandrumpinatheca

Postwarthranal

Homo helleborosus

will give us all great joy.

Can you interest someone, please ?  
 —G. S. WILKINS, BOX 97, Bulawayo,  
 S. Rhodesia.

*(So far we can only suggest that  
 the meaning of Homo helleborosus  
 is—A madman. Grosspanandrumpin-  
 atheca may be a name for a library  
 or museum).*

### COMMENT.

This is to disagree with Sir George  
 MacMunn's statement on p. 3 of the  
 current *Kipling Journal*, that Satan  
 " sneered " at Job. Satan here no  
 more sneers than articulate nitric  
 acid would sneer at the gold smudge  
 on a touchstone. The Satan of the  
 Book of Job is simply a tester.

By many authorities this book is  
 considered the oldest in the O.T.,  
 long before the conception of Satan  
 as a tempter had entered Jewish  
 belief.

Regarding Mr. Victor Bonney's  
 proposed " Readers Guide " to Kip-  
 ling, I am all in favour of it, and  
 would help, providing the book was  
 limited to facts appearing in, and  
 collated from, Kipling's works, and  
 not a compilation of what contributors  
 thought that Kipling thought.

One contributor could show what  
 political reflections on all governments  
 Kipling made, another what he said  
 about all religions, favourable or  
 adverse. Only thus, I think, would  
 such a book be valuable.—T. E.  
 ELWELL, Drew's Court, Churchdown,  
 Gloucester.

## Kipling and the Engineers

By R. M. HARVEY, M.I.E. (Australia)

(This is the first part of an address by the Vice-President of the Melbourne Branch of the Kipling Society, delivered to Members of the Branch's Annual Meeting Night).

I PROPOSE to talk to you on the subject of the Engineers and Kipling. It will be a short and colourless tale devoid of ornament or oratory, but as oratory has been called the harlot of the arts, she naturally has no place in this assembly, I hope. It might have been more colourful were I not strictly and ruinously sober. For this ordeal one should prepare oneself like Terence Mulvaney who, after five pulls at the whisky bottle, began to feel "contempchuous about elephants." I make no apologies however, and I invite criticism and contradiction

### THE ENGINEERS' POET.

Kipling has been called the Engineers' Poet. Whether that means that he adopted the engineers or they him matters not. He might have been called the soldier's poet or the blue-jacket's poet or anybody else's poet. One day, perhaps, the world may realise, as we do, that he was everybody's poet. I think the phrase was coined by someone who was surprised that poets, who usually sang of flowers and birds and the beauty of their mistresses, should number among them one who could think engineers worth noticing. But as *he* said, "I saw naught common on Thy earth."

He had, it is true, no interest in the science on which engineering is founded, but as ever, he was interested in men at their work. If that work was useful, constructive, and done in a spirit of simple service simply given, then it and those who did it, acquired merit in his eyes. To him engineers typified the sons of Martha, the silent grimy Tubal Cains who made it possible for the light-hearted Jubals to live and give vent to their twitterings. It is natural therefore, that engineers should be interested in what Kipling had to say about them and their works,

and natural also that they should be on the look-out for technical slips on his part.

I have no intention of listing his mistakes and drawing attention to them. They are very few indeed, surprisingly few, when one remembers the complexity of the subject. He was a close observer and would never make the type of mistake of which Tennyson was guilty when he thought railway rails were grooved as are tram rails to-day.

I have read with interest "Kipling's Queer Sailing Directions," in the *Kipling Journal* for April and July, 1943. Debunking is a dangerous game, and Mr. Elwell in his zeal, has outrun his facts. I venture to suggest that "intermediates" refers to those lengths of propeller shaft and not to cylinders. The "Kite," said McPhee, was "ordinary" compound, not "simple" compound as Mr. Elwell misquotes. The one phrase makes sense, the other nonsense, because in a "simple" engine the steam is expanded down from the boiler pressure in one stage, and in a "compound" more than one. If three pressure stages are used, the term employed is usually "triple expansion," but at one time "triple compound" was current for this type: hence "ordinary" compound for the "Kite's" engines makes sense, and "simple" compound does not. But all this is "too filthy technical" for such an occasion, and I imagine that Mr. Elwell is not an engineer. He has, however, completely misread the burial arrangements in the *Mary Gloster*."

It is perfectly clear that the body of Sir Anthony was to be put over the side at "118 East and South just 3," and the ship then taken to Macassar to put his son ashore. Subsequently she was to be sunk, presumably, at the burial spot. In his haste to point out the mote in his neighbour's beam, Mr. Elwell has never noticed the colossal error of the whole poem, probably the great error to which the author himself refers in *Something of Myself*.

To me it is a matter of surprise that no mention has been made of this before; I refer, of course, to the sudden transition of M'Andrew from a Chief Engineer to a Master Mariner in command of a ship. He was indeed a man of parts, but not such an Admirable Crichton as all that.

#### WHAT IS AN ENGINEER ?

If, however, I am to talk to you of Engineers, I should at least define the term. What then is an engineer ? Alas, there is in English no standard meaning for the word. The artisan who serves his apprenticeship at the fitting trade calls himself an engineer, and in America anyone who drives an engine is known by the same title. The charter of the Institution of Civil Engineers says that he is "one who directs the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man." Nothing could be better than this, but it is too broad for common use. The National Engineering Society of New York has added that he is one who "directs men" for this purpose, realising that labour is needed for such works. The term arose from the word engine and the first engines were engines of war, hence the first engineer was perhaps the "Royal Engineer with the rank and pay of a Sapper." But we might claim that Adam was the first since he "levelled mountains, diverted rivers, and made the upper and lower fires speak and work for him." If that be disallowed, then certainly Noah and Tubal Cain were early members of the craft. That the profession had some sort of royal patronage very early is hinted by a mediaeval writer who refers to "that great engineer Satan." Lest you think this fantastic let me point out that the engineer is above all an economist. Has he not been called "a man who does for five dollars what any damn fool can do for ten," and does not Kipling make his Doric-speaking Devil in "Tomlinson" very chary of wasting his good pit coal ? Fuel saving is indeed the great aim of all combustion engineers.

As applied science became more and more a part of our daily life we had to subdivide, and now there are all sorts of engineers, but I would group them into two main types who gain the one end by different

means, although the two may blend imperceptibly as circumstances direct. One, typified by M'Andrew, begins in the workshop and acquires a great practical knowledge to which he adds more or less theory as his taste and time allow. The other attracted by the scientific and mathematical side of the work, graduates in theory which he later applies to the practice of his profession. Kipling must have met some of these latter, for Findlayson and Hitchcock of "The Bridge Builders" seem to represent them. This story must appeal to all civil engineers but particularly to those in Australia who, in a virgin land, have to battle with unpredictable forces.

#### THE GREAT RIVERS

The flow of the Nile has been gauged for thousands of years and its habits known. The great rivers of Europe and India have been under observation of a civilised people for many centuries. But the cycle of rainfall and river flow in Australia is unknown. The water supply of a great city is planned on 70 years recording of river flow and reservoirs built accordingly. Then for the next 30 years the annual flow is perhaps only one third of the previous average and gardens die and the populace goes bathless. Or a river suddenly comes down in flood enlarging its channel to three times its normal size and removing from its banks, trees which must have been some hundreds of years old. There was once, by the way, a cautious Australian engineer who tried to find out from an old aborigine if there were any legends regarding the height of floods in a river which was to be dammed. The old man led him to the highest hill in the neighbourhood and said, "Water he come over here." On being pressed for his authority for this remarkable statement, he replied, "Missionary he say so" !!

It was with engineers in mind that Kipling wrote *The Sons of Martha* and of *Breaking Strain*, although this latter poem contains a bad technical mistake, for a strut or column should have been written instead of tiebar. Any designer who subjected a tiebar to bending would deserve no sympathy.

(To be continued).

## Kipling and the Germans

By BASIL M. BAZLEY

(This is the third extract from an address to members of the Society in London by Mr. Bazley. The first and second instalments appeared in the December, 1945 and April, 1946 issues of the "Kipling Journal.")

IN the next year, 1918, came the important Folkestone Speech; this was delivered in the month of February, just before the Germans made that last attempt which came so unpleasantly near success. Kipling begins with a short description of Thuggee in India; he then shows how much more humane was this Eastern way of doing things than the actual conduct of the Germans. Here are the main extracts:—"Even now there are people in England who find it hard to realise that the Hun has been educated by the State from his birth to look upon assassination and robbery, embellished with every treachery and abomination that the mind of man can laboriously think out, as a perfectly legitimate means to the national ends of his country. He is not shocked by these things. He has been taught that it is his business to perform them, his duty to support them, and his religion to justify them. They are, and for a long time past they have been, as legitimate in his eyes as the ballot in ours. This, remember, was as true of the Germans in 1914 as it is now . . . . So far, the Hun believes that evil *has* paid him in the past, and will pay him better in the future . . . . As we have proof now, his poisoned sweetmeats (in this war they used to drop a small explosive got up to look like a fountain-pen) and knotted towels were prepared years beforehand, and his spies had given him the fullest information about all the people he intended to attack. So he is doing what is right in his own eyes. He thought out the hell he wished to create; he built it up seriously and scientifically with his best hands and brains; he breathed into it his own spirit that it might grow with his needs; and at the

hour that he judged best he let it loose on a world that till then had believed there were limits beyond which men born of women dared not sin. Nine-tenths of the atrocities Germany has committed have not been made public. I think this is a mistake . . . . Least of all shall we realise, as they realise in Belgium and in occupied France just across the water, the cold organised miseries which Germany has laid upon the populations that have fallen into her hands, that she might break their bodies and defile their souls" (we have a new instance of this, with additions, in the prison camps).

### THE PERSONAL ASPECT.

"That is part of the German creed. What understanding is possible with a breed that has worked for and brought about these things? And so long as the Germans are left with any excuse for thinking that such things pay, can any peace be made with them in which men can trust? None. For it is the peculiar essence of German kultur, which is the German religion (we have had further proof of this recently), that it is Germany's moral duty to break every tie, every restriction, that binds man to fellow-man, if she thinks it will pay. Therefore all mankind is against her. Therefore all mankind must be against her till she learns that no race can make its way or break its way outside the borders of humanity . . . . What is the personal aspect of the case for you and me? We are fighting for our lives, the lives of every man, woman, and child, here and everywhere else. We are fighting that we may not be herded into actual slavery such as the Germans have established by force of their arms in large parts of Europe. We are fighting against eighteen hours a day forced labour under the lash or at the point of the bayonet, with a dog's death and a dog's burial at the end of it . . . . And we will go on fighting till the

race that has done these things is in no position to continue or repeat the offence. (This last might have been written in 1944 instead of 1918) . . . . The whole idea of Democracy—which at bottom is what the Hun fights against—will be dismissed from men's minds, because it will have been shown incapable of maintaining itself against the Hun . . . . The Hun ideal, the Hun root-notions of life, will take its place throughout the world. Under that dispensation man will become once more the natural prey, body and goods of his better-armed neighbour. Women will be the mere instrument for continuing the breed: the vessel of man's lust and cruelty; and labour will become a thing to be knocked on the head if it dares to give trouble and worked to death if it does not . . . . This is what the Hun means when he says he intends to impose German Kultur—which is the German religion—upon the world . . . . Our trial will not be made less by the earnest advice and suggestions that we should accept some sort of compromise, which means defeat, put forward by Hun agents and confederates among us. They are busy in that direction already. But be sure of this: Nothing—nothing we may have to endure now will weigh one featherweight compared with what we shall most certainly have to suffer if for any cause we fail of victory."

Here we may take notice of two stories that appeared in magazine form in 1915, and later collected in *A Diversity of Creatures*. These are *Swept and Garnished* and *Mary Postgate*. The first pictures the reactions of an ordinary German middle-class woman to the conduct of the German Armies during invasion; the second shows us a very ordinary English-woman who is spurred almost to brutality by seeing the results of the German indiscriminate bombing of non-military objectives.

#### THE SORBONNE ADDRESS.

For the next items in Kipling's indictment of the Germans we must cross the Channel and go forward to 1921. In his address to the Sorbonne he shows the difference between the

folk-tales, English and French, and those of the Teuton; the former are mostly of "married and lived happily ever after" kind; the latter deal with Wehr-Wolves or Vampires. The first type are of an elevating order; the second betray a direct leaning towards sheer cruelty. Kipling draws this deduction:—"I believed, with the rest of the world, that such tales came out of the twilight of primitive savagery. I did not know then, as you and I know now, that they were the dawn and the forecast of a modern philosophy of absolute evil which has since been made plain in the face of all mankind. I did not think then, as I think now, that if our leaders had accepted the folk-tales in their children's story-books for a guide our world, to-day desolated, would have prepared against the Wolves before they came down from the North, and would have made sure also that the cycle of suspense, treachery, and terror would never repeat itself."

#### A STRASBOURG WARNING

In the same year (1921) Kipling spoke at Strasbourg; there he gave a warning that there were people who would try to sow distrust between France and Britain; we know now how well they succeeded. Here, then, is the warning:—"Listen a little while I speak to you of my own race, for there are foolish people who would try to build a wall between France and England . . . . All we have to do is to guard against the people who would try to build a wall across the heart of our forest. We must look to it that they do not find even the chance to make a preliminary reconnaissance for this work. They are very clever. They are utterly without scruple, since it is vital to their attack upon our civilisation that the wall should be made. And they will try to commence it in the name of Civilisation!"

By 1932 Kipling appears to have been convinced that the Germans meant mischief, or rather that they were becoming dangerous again. Mr. Hamilton Garland, in his book, "My Friendly Contemporaries," of that year, gives an account of several interviews with Kipling; in one or

these the topic of the French preparations for a possible war was the subject of discussion:—"You cannot blame them for keeping up their armies," he said. "They must be prepared to defend themselves. If a man has been attacked by the same bulldog twice you can't convince him of the harmlessness of that particular animal." It was in this year, too, that *Limits and Renewals*, Kipling's last book of tales, was published; you may remember that, breaking a custom of many years, the swastika was removed from the half-title, though it was too late to take it off from the cover; in his two subsequent books *Souvenirs of France* and *Something of Myself*, there was no swastika at all.

#### BEFORE THE STORM

Still in this same year there appeared in France a translation of the Kipling-Fletcher *History of England*, with an "Additional Chapter written especially for the Youth of France." For the translation of this, from which I am going to quote, I am again indebted to my good friend, Rear Admiral Chandler. The object of the original book, which came out in 1911, was "to warn our young men and their fathers to hold themselves in readiness for something of this kind" (the war of 1914-18). The next words are addressed to the French:—"Your fathers had little need for warnings of this character. They knew that the storm would

not be long in coming, and that they would be obliged to fight. Your grand-fathers could not but remember 1870-1871. The Germans hoped to put *us* to sleep by promises, and they nearly succeeded; our turn, thought they, would come after yours . . . .

#### FRANCE

It seemed to France that her alliance with Russia would be a sufficiently strong guarantee of safety. Germany would certainly not be so rash as to risk a war on both of her two fronts at the same time . . . . Germany's plan was, then, to finish speedily with you; 'in three months everything will be done,' and then to throw herself upon your eastern ally. Then, Russia finished also, she would turn upon England as her last enemy. For she looked forward to nothing less than mastery of the whole world . . . . So do not listen to those who tell you that England did not support the cause of the Allies with all her heart, with all her effective forces, and with all her wealth. Our politicians have miserably abandoned you since the peace, and even at the Treaty of Paris, but, while the war lasted, we—you and we—had but a single heart and a single soul." I have inserted these lines because we now know of the great efforts the Germans made to drive a wedge between Britain and France.

(To be continued).



### Bequests

**M**AY we again remind those of our readers who are unable in these difficult times to help us as much as they would wish, that a practical way of assisting us to keep the memory of Rudyard Kipling green and to bring his great ideals before the coming generations of young people is for them to remember the Kipling Society in their Wills? Such legacies afford proof of a desire that our work should go on beyond the span of the donor's lifetime and afford great encouragement to those who believe that the creed of Kipling

is eternal.

The following simple form of bequest should be used:

"I bequeath to The Kipling Society, 100, Gower Street, London, W.C.1. 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 or my Executors."

## Two Reviews

TELLERS OF TALES. By Roger Lancelyn Green. Edmund Ward, 1946. 8s. 6d.

CRITICAL ESSAYS. By George Orwell. Secker & Warburg, 1946. 8s. 6d.

IN the above books two new studies of Kipling appear. In the first-named, Mr. Green gives a useful summary of British authors who have produced stories or verses for children and young people; his selection covers a wide field and gives a fair valuation of the writers under survey; it should prove very useful to those who seek guidance in choosing reading matter for the young. To Kipling he devotes a whole chapter, in which the Mowgli stories are given high praise:—"And surely the book to which most of us turn to first for a game is *The Jungle Book*." He also rates *Stalky & Co.*, to which he gives a good deal of space, very highly; unlike some critics of blunter perception, he does not consider it 'unwholesome.' A short extract gives us his verdict:—"Prout bumbles about 'the honour of the house,' and it becomes a joke; though the true honour is never profaned, any more than true patriotism is by the jingoistic harangue of 'the Raymondiferous Martin.'"

Other books mentioned are *Wee Willie Winkie*, *The Naulahka*, *Kim*, *Captains Courageous* and *Just So Stories*; of this last we read that "many of the tales in it . . . recapture the true atmosphere of the old folk-tales in a way that few modern authors have been able to do." The Puck stories are described as "a glorious combination of fairy tale and historical romance, and the youthful reader is recommended to try certain things in other works not generally classified as juvenile literature. The imitation high-brow will not like Mr. Green's last paragraph:—"Nowadays you will find many people who will tell you that Kipling was not really a very great writer, and that he had a great many wrong and absurd ideas about various important things. Now, whether his ideas were right or wrong is for you

to decide for yourselves—for your own opinions are just as good as theirs; but his ideas very seldom spoil Kipling's stories—and never in the cases of *The Jungle Books*, *Stalky, Kim*, *Puck*, or any that you are likely to read until you are grown up. But taking him at his best, we may safely say that in a hundred year's time Rudyard Kipling will still be among the half-dozen most famous and widely-read story-tellers since Dickens."

### FAME AND STAYING POWER.

Of *Critical Essays* it may be said that Mr. Orwell is certainly interesting, in spite of his attempts to shock us; his dogmatic form of expression and certain of the views expressed suggest that the author is twenty-three rather than the forty-three to which he confesses. The writer does not wholeheartedly approve of Kipling, but he does try to account for the fact of Kipling's fame and staying power:—

"During five literary generations every enlightened person has despised him, and at the end of that time nine-tenths of those enlightened persons are forgotten and Kipling is in some sense still there." First of all, we learn that Kipling has "a definite strain of sadism," that he is "a jingo imperialist," "morally insensitive and aesthetically disgusting." After this we are relieved to hear that he is "not a Fascist." *Recessional* is praised; Mr. Orwell points out (this has long been stated in these columns) that "lesser breeds without the Law" does not apply to "natives," but "almost certainly to Germans." Now, these lines do condemn the German type as exemplified in the last two wars, but it is doubtful if Kipling had them vividly in mind in 1897.

But Kipling is old-fashioned; his "outlook is pre-Fascist. He still believes that pride goes before a fall and that the gods punish *hubris*." However, in spite of his imperialism (note small "i" for this, and capital for Fascist), Mr. Orwell gives Kipling credit for "a sense of responsibility"—that is, that Empire has obligations—and very correctly points out that

many Anglo-Indians of his own date did not approve of him. Very welcome too, is the right interpretation of the "flannelled fools at the wicket," etc. :—"It is aimed at the Eton and Harrow match as well as the Cup-Tie Final." Quite true, though the order should be inverted.

#### MULVANEY'S BROGUE.

Mr. Orwell falls into the wide-spread error of assuming that poems are better set out in grammatical English (? Burns), irrespective of the character of the subject—people still drop aitches and clip final "g's." Kipling has been attacked for setting down Mulvaney's brogue; although this was the recognised method of portraying it at that time; that this way of conveying the sound of a dialect has gone out of use to some extent does not reduce the merit of the work. And the Service man of today is, on average, better educated than his predecessor in the 'eighties. Mr. Orwell gives Kipling credit for realising that "the soldier is neglected, meanly underpaid and hypocritically despised by the people whose incomes he safeguards," and that he paints a faithful picture of XIXth Century India; "his vision of war is realistic," and "Kipling is the only English

writer of our time who has added phrases to the language."

#### MUCH OF INTEREST.

One wishes that Mr. Orwell had given us his reactions to Kipling's later work, especially the prose and poetry that deal with the English countryside; however, he does give us a far more accurate estimate of values than most of the intelligentsia; subtracting the obvious and leftist prejudices, there remains a considered and intelligent criticism. Mr. Orwell may seem to speak too much *ex cathedra*, but, unlike many other critics, he does not begin with the view that Kipling is inferior to every other modern author:—"Even his worst follies seem less shallow and less irritating than the 'enlightened' utterances of the same period, such as Wilde's epigrams or the collection of cracker-mottos at the end of *Man and Superman*."

In spite of the faults mentioned there is much of interest in the rest of Mr. Orwell's book—he is not a blind follower of the superior Journalist. Both his book and Mr. Green's can be recommended for having discovered something new in criticism as applied to Kipling.

BASIL M. BAZLEY.



## Recollections of the Kipling Family

A GOOD friend of the Society, Mrs. Groves, of Yetminster has been kind enough to send some of her recollections of the Kipling family in the old days at Bombay and Lahore, with passages which may find their way later into the *Journal*. Along with her more than welcome letter she sends the handsomest photo-portrait, in cabinet size, of the poet's father, the late John Lockwood Kipling, by far the best presentment of his striking head and visage that we have seen. It represents him in black velvet jacket, like the thorough artist that he was, with that noble beard of his turning to a venerable white, and those humoursome eyes evincing the kindest smile that

ever was seen. Included, too is a parcel of books, nearly all first editions, and bearing gift inscriptions. They range from the first form of Kipling senior's *Beast and Man in India* to *Hand in Hand*, the little book of sonnets and lyrics by his wife and daughter (now Mrs. Fleming)—all graceful and original verses and many of them first-class, but eclipsed, of course, by the dazzling success of R.K. himself. There are also three of the shilling Railway Library volumes in paper covers which gave the world its first acquaintance with *Soldiers Three*. Most of these books, like the portrait are inscribed, and show the esteem in which the two families held each other.

## Fashions in Authors

A NOTE FROM KINGSTON, JAMAICA

WE have received from a correspondent a copy of the *West Indian Review*, Kingston, Jamaica, containing the following editorial note headed "Fashions in Authors":—

"A letter from a member of the Kipling Society indicates that there are still those who reverence him. Like many writers before him who have attained recognition little short of idolatry in their life time, Kipling suffered an immediate eclipse of popularity soon after his death. What has been termed imperial jingoism became most distasteful to many enthusiastic admirers. It became almost a hallmark of the Philistine to admit to finding any pleasure in his works. Tennyson suffered almost precisely the same fate and like that great Victorian, Kipling is now climbing back to that recognition his writing and particularly his lyrics and ballads justly entitle him. His place in English letters is as assured as that of Dickens. It is curious that there are these fashions in writers as much as there are fashions in masters of painting."

Here is an extract from the letter to the Editor of the *West Indian Review* which appears in the same issue of that publication. It is written by Mrs. GLADYS COX, 15, Sandwell Mansions, West End Lane, West Hampstead, London, N.W.6.:—

"I am enclosing for your acceptance a couple of copies of the Kipling Brochure recently issued by the Kipling Society, and which I feel sure, will interest you.

After the manifold upsets of the war, we are now picking up the threads of life again and the Kipling Society (of which my husband and I are members) is trying to push ahead with its aims, chiefly:—to honour and extend the influence of a writer, who was, in our time, most patriotic, virile, and imaginative in upholding the ideals of the English speaking world'

In my day Jamaicans of the best type, were highly patriotic, and I imagine that, in these particular times, a study of Kipling would be all to the good. If you agree, perhaps you would like to call attention to the aims of Society in one of your papers and kindly pass on one of the Brochures with my Compliments, to Mr. Kenneth Street, whose articles I always enjoy.

It will, I am sure, interest you to know that the Hon. Secretary, Sir Christopher Robinson, was Private Secretary to Sir Sydney Olivier (afterwards Lord Olivier), in 1909, and, when we attended a recent meeting of the Kipling Society, we had a very pleasant chat with Sir Christopher about the old days in Jamaica, he remembering old mutual friends well. He introduced another member, Colonel Wood Hill, D.S.O., who had been in Jamaica at the same time, and recalled his friends the Lucie-Smiths, Cargills, Captain Nicholson, etc.

As a personal note, perhaps you would be interested to know that Kipling's sister, Mrs. A. M. Fleming, is a marriage connection of my husband's, and has known him since he was a small boy. Now a widow of 77, she lives in Edinburgh, but comes up to town now and again, and last month, we were having tea with her. Small and slight, with a perfectly chiselled, small aquiline nose, and a deep sapphire-blue eyes, she is extraordinarily energetic for her years, with amazing powers of conversation. Among the many interesting things she told us was the following:—The Curator of 'The Wonder House' in *Kim* was really her father—he once gave his own spectacles to an Indian Priest, receiving in return an iron pen-holder, which is, today, one of the exhibits at 'Bateman's,' Kipling's old home in Sussex

## Melbourne, Australia

### BRANCH REPORT

THE eighth Annual Report of the Melbourne Branch is a gratifying record of a successful year. With a list of 41 subscribing members, the Branch enjoys an average attendance of 30 at the meetings. 'Our Annual Meeting,' writes Mrs. Broughton, the Hon. Secretary, 'was the usual successful one, and this year we were given an interesting talk by our new Vice-President, Mr. Harvey, on Kipling and the Engineers. In April we began dealing with the various aspects of *Kim* and took up Kipling and the Indian country-side as described in the book. In June we dealt with our book for the year *Debits and Credits* when six members gave papers on the various stories. In August we had another night with *Kim* taking the title 'Kipling and the people of India' as found in the book, and very good talks were given on *Kim*, the Lama, Mahbub Ali, the Maharane and others. In October we indulged in a little 'evening of hate' when each member had to tell what he or she did not like in Kipling. A provocative evening, much enjoyed by all.

Our Library under Mrs. Brown's care is increasing in popularity and many books are always out. The

Social side of our meetings has been attended to by Mrs. Morton and her helpers and we are indebted to all these ladies for their cheerful waiting on us all. Our Charitable work for the year began with a donation of £2 2s. 0d. to the J. F. Mackeddie Memorial at the Alfred Hospital, it being felt by all that we should help commemorate this great and generous member of our Branch. And in June we supported the Appeal for Funds to establish a Home for Indian Seamen in Melbourne, so in Kipling's name we gave £5 12s. 0d. to this worthy object.

The Society has again suffered loss by death of two of its most enthusiastic members, Mrs. Charlton in August, and Mr. Harry Morton, a Vice-President and foundation member, in October. Their places will be hard to fill, and they will be much missed at meetings in the future.'

Thanks are expressed to the President, and to all members who have so loyally supported the Branch during the year.

From the London office of the Society we send hearty greetings to the members of the Melbourne Branch, and congratulations upon their year's work.

*Members of the Kipling Society who possess letters, press cuttings, photographs or sketches associated with Rudyard Kipling and his works, which they think might be suitable for publication in the Journal, are invited to send particulars to the Hon. Editor, The Kipling Journal, Lincoln House, London Road, Harrow-on-the-Hill. In the case of cuttings from overseas publications, senders are asked to obtain formal permission to reprint from the Editors of the journals concerned, for which due acknowledgment will be made in "The Kipling Journal."*

WANTED BY THE KIPLING SOCIETY.

Copies of Journal Numbers 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 18 and 27

*If desired, One Shilling would be paid for each clean copy.*

# The Kipling Society

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