



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY



DECEMBER 1948

VOL. XV No. 88

PRICE 2/-

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES—J. P. COLLINS	1
SOME LESSER KNOWN ASPECTS OF KIPLING IN THE FURTHER EAST—LT. COL. J. K. STANFORD. O.B.E., M.C.	4
ANOTHER KIPLING PRIZE ESSAY—'GUNGA DIN'	7
KIPLING AND SOCIALISM— PART III—SIR STEPHEN ALLEN, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.	9
INTERPRETING KIPLING TO THE PRESENT GENERATION	11
KIPLING AND FRANCE—PART III—BASIL M. BAZLEY	13
LETTER BAG	17

THE KIPLING SOCIETY SALES DEPARTMENT

POSTCARDS :

Burwash or Kipling's Grave.
1d. each or 9d. per dozen.

* * *

KIPLING PENCILS :

2d. each or 1/9 per dozen.

* * *

BOOK PLATES :

1d. each.

LIST OF MEMBERS :

Extra copies for members
only, 6d.

* * *

JOURNALS :

Extra copies for members
only, 1/- each. Special prices
which may be obtained from
the Secretary, apply however
to those numbers which are
nearly out of print.

All the above are sent post free.

Correspondence should be addressed to—

THE HON. SECRETARY
THE KIPLING SOCIETY
98, GOWER STREET
LONDON, W.C.1.
— Tel.: Euston 7117 —

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Vol. XIII No.

DECEMBER, 1948

Notes

THE OLD WISH.

THIS Journal is cheerily exempt from one of the burdens that befall the average magazine, which comes and gasps its hour upon the wayside stall and whisks itself away to make room for others in quick succession, including fresh arrivals destined to turn it so soon into a "back number." That hated obligation forced by a competitive market is to blazon on its motley cover the signature of a tale that is calculated to keep folk awake o' nights with a jab of horror or surprise contrived and polished up with fiendish ingenuity aforethought. Many of us can recall years not so long ago when the news of a fresh yarn from the pen of R.K. was enough almost to start a night-long queue with campstools and nosebags, for the sake of catching a first delivery of the blue "Strand" or the paler "Pall Mall," so as to be in front of rivals and neighbours for that exquisite *bonne bouche*.

PARTISANS.

Yet it is gratifying to learn, as the Editor so often does from friends afar off, that we have our expectant partisans all the world over, and they will hail the day when we return from issuing quarterly instead of once a month. And all of these allies of ours may be glad to note that in the present number there is a rich miscellany of appreciation around the work and memory of R.K. He was the wizard who perhaps has never had, then or since, his equal as a master of the magazine yarn, and some of the best in this number concerning him is contained in our pages of correspondence-in-brief. This and a hearty New Year's wish for 1949 is wafted by the Editorial pen and staff to all and sundry whereso'er they be.

THE ART SIDE OF KIPLING.

Illustration is still the Cinderella of the short-story world, and although tremendous strides have been taken in the past half century to overtake arrears, it still seems easy to pick out those big-figure magazines where every other editor at one time could safely be classed among people who emerge from everything but literature and qualify in everything else but art. Kipling started with a natural gift for drawing and a discerning eye for a first-class caricature or illustration. But then we must remember that he drew inherited gifts as well as valuable lessons from a genius who might have been far more famous as an artist if he had not been eclipsed by his author genius of a son. Writers soon realise, or ought to if they don't, that readers never take long to grow weary of an author's attempts to illustrate his own stories, so stern is fate in humiliating vanity among those who want to excel in two fields, and generally fail in both. At any rate, Dickens was eminently wise in scouting Master Yellowplush's offer to supply the pictures for Boz's novels.

THE REMOTE IDEAL.

Even then, Dickens fared badly until he enlisted the services of men like Fred Barnard, Frank Reynolds, and Charles Green; and it is not too much to say that R.K. has never found his true illustrator yet, except for separate volumes like his sea ballads and travel yarns.

Days can easily be recalled when editors and owners sought eagerly for the all-round man who could adequately deal with Kipling's prose and verse as well. One nominee was the late Cyrus (one of R.K.'s biographers prints him as "Cyprus") Cuneo, a

pupil of Whistler's who combined strength with drama and finish with both; but he was far too temperamental, and would never submit his sketches for an author's approval or suggestion. Wells thanked me once for taking extra pains to get his "War in the Air" illustrated to his satisfaction; but acknowledgments of this sort in the field of periodicals are rare. These and many more memories are aroused by letters on a later page, and one would like to see a varied and competent committee brought together to deal with the illustration aspect of Kipling's works, from the thumbnail study to the great colour-panels of the Detmold brothers and the rest.

BRAINS AND BRIDGES.

Lt. Colonel Barwick Browne, of Bournstream, Wotton-under-Edge, has his habitat in Gloucestershire with a comfortable old-world ring about it that suggests the Severn Vale and Shakespeare's Cotswold squires. As an antiquary, he takes interest in our doings, as also in the Society for Pure English. In this capacity he sends us a volume of the "Collected Essays" of Robert Bridges, a former laureate, and this number contains an essay on "Wordsworth and Kipling." His ex-Laureateship disparages the old lake poet and his big Concordance issued years ago; and then goes on to criticise Arthur Young's "Dictionary" of Kipling's Characters and Scenes. In pontificating about our poet-

romancer he finds the latter's blank verse in "The Sacrifice of Er-Heb" suffering from "artificial and monotonous constraints" as well as poor and short rhythms. By the way the late Laureate's eccentricities include a special spelling of his own,—half-way between William Morris's Anglo-Saxon revivalism, and the modern but no

less defunct school of Wm. Archer and Professor Furnivall. Here is a specimen of what the Doctor says of R.K. and the reader can put a parenthetic (*sic*) whenever he likes:

"He can take peins with nothing without in some way distinguishing it. He has so true a feeling for the value of words, and for the right cadences of idiomatic speech . . .

It is to be regretted that out of his abundance he is sumtimes tempted to overload his lines with the weight either of sound or of meaning, or of both at wunce."

PLEASE EXCUSE SPELLIN'?

Dr. Bridges also deals with what he calls "a filological treatis," namely Dr. W. Leeb-Lunberg's "Word-formation in Kipling of years ago," and congratulates an ex-foreigner on mastering "a living tung that is not natal to him." He approves novel adverbs like "monsoonishly," but jibs at "unpicturesquely" as a negation "that connotes nothing definite." Dr. Bridges' sense of humour, alas, was so imperfect that he could not accept an everyday reference like "Policeman Day" as admissible in



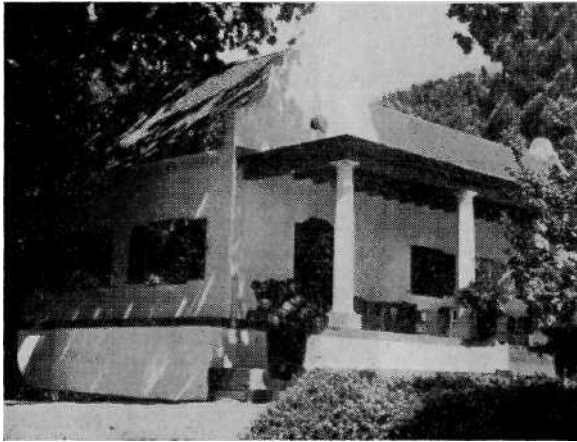
"THE WOOLSACK"

Rudyard Kipling's home in Cape Town, to which he said "we would descend yearly for five or six months from the peace of England to the deeper peace of 'the Woolsack' . . . in the stillness of hot afternoons the fall of an acorn was almost like a shot."

Photo by Miss M. F. Bridie, Lower Heathfield, Nr. Axminster.

even a modern masterpiece of borderland fancy like "The Brushwood Boy." With his epics and poems and hymns, his strange anthology, "The Spirit of Man," and his still stranger "Testament of Beauty," Dr. Bridges remained a curious hybrid between the pedant and the bard. But we had hardly thought him a lofty classic until he

to the late Jan Hofmeyr, who has been rightly christened the Aristides of South Africa. If only to make new settlers feel more at home, one might welcome a volume of tributes and portraits, by way of a popular round-up of the figures of both races who have led up to the prosperity of the great peninsula; and why not



THE STOEP OF "THE WOOLSACK"

In Rudyard Kipling's autobiography, *Something of Myself*, he writes: "To this Paradise we moved each year-end from 1900 to 1907 . . . To one side of us was a pine and eucalyptus grove, heavy with mixed scent . . . Behind all, tiered the flank of Table Mountain, and its copses of silver-trees, flanking scarred ravines"

Photo by Miss M. F. Bridie, Lower Heathfield, Nr. Axminster.

sniffed at a reference like "Policeman Day," even when it companioned so lovely a figure as "the City of Sleep." But how could he miss the tenderness of passages like that of the twilight smoke among the roses, or the breath-compelling ride of the lovers upon the southern downs?

WOOL GATHERING IN SACKS.

There is a curious parallel between the period of quietism succeeding the Kipling boom of years ago, and the strange term of power that has supervened after the long regime of British influence at the Cape. But it was inevitable sooner or later, and it can do the party now in power no harm if they do something to revive the memories of a long line of moderate-minded heroes, from Jan van Riebeeck

another volume about its monuments, - from the fabled treasure-towers of Zimbabwe to the slab on Rhodes's mountain tomb? One of the most enchanting, surely, is the seaward-facing bungalow called "the Woolsack," that Rhodes left Kipling on the terms of an annual stay. Considering the hold it had on his affections (a hundred times more than its big neighbour, Groote Schuur) one wonders why Kipling, after his glowing description in "Something of Myself," did not write a song of farewell before it reverted, on his death, to the Rhodes Estate. But in any case, the delightful photos that adorn this number will help us to realise why R.K. called the little place a "paradise."

J. P. COLLINS,

Some Lesser Known Aspects OF KIPLING IN THE FURTHER EAST

BY Lt.-Col. J. K. STANFORD, O.B.E., M.C.,
(I.C.S. RETIRED)

SINCE my previous paper on this subject, which was published in the *Kipling Journals* of July and October, 1947. I have derived much profit from conversations with members, notably Captain E. W. Martindell, whose knowledge of Kipling's earlier writings is much vaster than mine. These have enabled me to add certain details to those I gave the Society before.

RIBBENTROP'S FORBEAR ?

In the *Journal* for Oct. 1929 (page 23) I see that it seems to be confirmed that the Muller described by Kipling as "the gigantic German who was head of the Woods and Forests of all India" was indeed named Ribbentrop, the "chartered libertine of all the offices" at Simla. I hope that some member of the Society may one day verify, as Statter Carr once told our member Major Hopwood, whether this Ribbentrop, whose house had a lurid reputation in Simla, was indeed the forbear of the more notorious Von Ribbentrop, who was recently hanged at Nuremberg. Though Muller, unlike the Nazi Ribbentrop, seems from the story to have been a very likeable, and not noticeably eccentric, Forest officer.

I see also that in an earlier issue of the *Journal* (No. 4 Jan. 1928) it is hinted that the Infant, whose story of dacoit-hunting is told in *A Conference of the Powers* was really Sir George Ross-Keppel. According to one of Kipling's later stories the Infant inherited "an estateful baronetcy" and retired to live in a county where his neighbours lived "in savage seclusion among woods full of pheasants", an unforgettable phrase for the countryside of the early 1900's. But this was not apparently true of Sir George Ross-Keppel who died while still serving. Certainly Kipling's most vivid story of Burma is one of which I was not aware when I spoke to you before. It appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette* and is called *Le Roi en Exil*. It is an

imaginary interview between Lord Dufferin, then Viceroy of India, and King Thibaw and his queen, Supayalat, then living in exile at Ratnagiri. Written in the style of Victor Hugo, it describes the harassed Viceroy, —with his conquering forces scattered through miles of jungle attempting the long and difficult task of pacifying Upper Burma, (a country described by Sir George White, the Commander-in-Chief in Burma, as "one vast military obstacle")—asking Thibaw for his advice. The campaign to capture Mandalay took about a month, it will be remembered, and the pacification about another 5 years.

Lord Dufferin was given shербet and a Burma cheroot, and was shocked to see Queen Supayalat also smoking. "Before women and tobacco all men are equal." He then complained that Burma was now his, "with Reservations," a Reservation being an Unforeseen Contingency, in this case dacoity, which seems to have been, as rampant in 1887 as it was after the 1931 rebellion, or the end of the war in 1945. He described Burma (how the words echo today!) as a country "abominable, expensive, unwholesome and disturbed," full of people who, as Thibaw reminds him are "dacoits by night and villagers by day. They cannot be caught and when caught are released because they have not actually been seen killing men." "You try," goes on Thibaw, "to govern by Slow Law when a quick bullet is needed."

Thibaw then, assisted in gruesome dumb show by his Queen, goes on to indicate remedies: "when an elephant is mad, the mahout does not tie its legs with jasmine-wreaths. When there is a fire in the land, the leaves of law books make it burn more fiercely."

In short, King Thibaw proposes a complete censorship of news and the liquidation of not more than 1,500 people, after which Burma will be still and will attain its Nirvana,

Pacification. "It is a paradox," murmured His Excellency, pouring the sand from his boots.

How aptly this tale describes conditions prevailing in Burma and Malaya in 1948, though written in 1887, only those who have helped to administer either can appreciate.

"AN INTERESTING CONDITION"

Another delicious parody among these early writings, which one can only hope will be made more easily available one day to the general reader, appeared in the *Pioneer* in 1888, called *An Interesting Condition*. It is about Mr. Gladstone hailing the fact that the people of India desire to enter public life. He describes the East as an old but beautiful woman 'of a moral reputation indifferent' whom the Englishman believes himself to have married by 'the rope and sabre' and now 'exhorts with tears to enter the life political.' Too long to quote, it is of uncanny prescience and witty.

In 1886 Kipling also published in an Indian journal a poem called *A Nightmare of Names* which has special reference to Burma. It is, in short, the tale of a wearied journalist with 20 telegrams about the Upper Burma fighting "all waiting to be read." It is a maze of outlandish, (as we may think them,) names of people and villages. In those days, when Kipling wrote, the simplified Burmese spelling had not been adopted, and one can imagine his despair. His verses are devoted almost entirely to names of Burmese villages and the poem ends with the sleepless journalist rising anew.

"But ere he took his mapbook up, he prayed a little prayer, 'Oh, stop them fighting Lord-knows-who, in jungles Deuce-knows-where.' Many war correspondents from 1941 to 1945 must have breathed that prayer, and one has only to listen to the B.B.C. mangling Burmese place-names, whenever they are in the news, to realize how truly Kipling anticipated the moment when Burma and the River of the Lost Footsteps, would again be everybody's concern.

THE ONLY WORD.

I do not propose to repeat what I said in my previous paper except that so often Kipling has said, not

only the last word, but the only word, in a hundred-and-one occurrences which few but exiles in remote places know. They leap to the mind, those phrases, scores of them, but let me instance a few.

Few, forgotten and lonely, where the white car-windows shine. No! not combatants, only details guarding the line.

or

the Sikh officer reminiscing in *A Sahibs' War* "I would have schooled this people till they kissed the shadow of my horse's feet upon the ground." (In the old Burma, of which we saw the last about 1921, it was the custom for villagers, derived from the days of the Burmese Kings, to get off the road when they saw a high official approaching and kneel beside it till he passed).

A thousand other unforgettable phrases leap to the mind of the exile lamenting the India that he knew

*We will go back to the boltless doors,
To the life unaltered our children knew*

or

*the lisp of the split banana-frond
That talked us to sleep when we were small*

or that compelling phrase

*Because of the sights and the sounds
and the smells*

*That ran with our youth in the eye
of the sun.*

You will hear those phrases quoted by men who read little, not only because they are supremely quotable but summarize what they, the inarticulate, felt and could not say. Only a great genius could tell stories from the differing points of view of an engineer, a polo pony, a working horse, a ship in a storm, a steam-engine, a naval rating, and a Roman centurion, to take only a handful from Kipling's great store. How one could wish he were alive today! I hope for example some one will one day collect all he has said about Russia, and has he not said the last word about democracy where in *Little Foxes* he describes Mr. Lethabie Groombride (in the words of an Ethiopian) as having been driven out of his own land by "Demah-kerazi, which is a devil inhabiting crowds and assemblies?" And where in all

the millions that have been written will you find twelve more unforgettable words to describe not only a Surrey spring but the generations that have known it?

*By Merrow Down the cuckoos cry,
The silence and the sun remain.*

If there are, I do not know them.

If Tennyson was "a reed through which all things blew to music," one can only think of Kipling as an organ with an almost incredible number of *vox humana* stops. Witness the amount he has packed into one line in *The Truce of the Bear* where the injured hunter says:

*"He left me blind to the darkened
years and the little mercy of men"*
or that phrase of the trackers waiting

all over the world for the overdue travellers hastening "to the camps of proved desire and known delight" which runs:

*"Who shall meet them at those altars,
Who shall light them to that shrine?
Velvet-footed who shall guide them to
their goal?"*

Or again, most poignant of all to those who have suffered loneliness in remote parts of our ex-Empire, the tortured exile in the hot weather of the Indian desert recoiling with horror from his companion's memories of a summer Sunday evening at home?

Where else in the history of the last fifty years will you find a writer with his range of subject and uncanny depth of feeling?

"A Name Renowned"

THE following extract is taken from Arthur Mee's *Staffordshire*, one of the attractive "King's England" series of volumes, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton Ltd. (10/6d. net). "East of Mow Cop lies Biddulph Moor, the source of the Trent, and in a valley beyond, surrounded by well-wooded hills, lies the beautiful Rudyard Lake on whose shores Lockwood Kipling asked Alice

Macdonald to be his wife; they called their son after the place and so made its name renowned throughout the world. This lake is two miles long and its greatest width is over 400 yards; actually it is the reservoir for the canal dug to link the Mersey with the Trent at the close of the 18th century. Perhaps it is odd to think that Kipling is named after a reservoir. — London Member.

Obituary

MRS. ALICE MACDONALD
FLEMING

WE announce with regret the death of Mrs. Alice Macdonald Fleming, Rudyard Kipling's sister, who passed away on October 25th at West Coates, Edinburgh. Mrs. Fleming was the widow of Lt. Col. John Murchison Fleming, and daughter of the late John Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E. She was a Vice-President of the Kipling Society, in which she always took great interest, and until recently attended the London meetings. Her broadcast talk, entitled 'My Brother, Rudyard Kipling' was reproduced in the *Kipling Journal* issues of December 1947 and January, 1948.

COLONEL C. H. MILBURN.

The Kipling Society has sustained

a further loss by the passing of Colonel C. H. Milburn of Harrogate, who died on October 27th at the age of eighty-eight. Colonel Milburn's medical career began in 1877, and he was a founder member of the Hull Medical Society, and its President in 1897. He had a long and distinguished record of military service. He received many honours, and as far back as 1902 he was presented by the Prince of Wales (later King George V) with the Special South African medal for services in connection with the despatch of hospital orderlies, ambulance materials and medical comforts for the sick and wounded to the seat of war. He was a keen antiquarian, and a valued member of the Kipling Society of which he was a Vice-President.

Another Kipling Prize Essay

By 'GUNGA DIN.'

On the proposition "The basis of all Kipling's work was reporting on a gigantic and lavish scale . . ."

(In our last issue we published the essay written by the First Prize winner in this year's Kipling Essay Competition for the Martindell prize among the boys at Victoria College, Jersey. Below we publish the essay of the "runner up" J. R. Rowley, aged seventeen.)

WHEN writing about Kipling it is always hard to know where to begin and equally difficult to know where to end.

Yet there can be but one beginning ; the picture of a youthful laughing Kipling. He was rather an unusual schoolboy, with his short, square-built body, his close cropped dark hair, dark complexion, heavy eyebrows, his shoulders slightly rounded, and his spectacles, behind which were found his deep blue eyes. Yes, we must go right back to the 80's and to the early years at Westward Ho!, where we glimpse for the first time the poet and the journalist, growing already those famous whiskers, and preparing the background for his wonderful future. To say without reservation that "the basis of all Kipling's work was reporting on a gigantic and lavish scale" is indeed a sweeping generalisation, yet it is one which is to a great extent true.

A *BORN JOURNALIST.*

Kipling was a born journalist and a reporter on a vast scale ; he wrote for the people of his time, he employed every piece of material upon which his eye rested, and he expressed all this in a poetry and prose both in an original and infectious manner.

Kipling's actual journalistic career may be said to have started at school with the post of editor of the "Chronicle"; here he had the task of writing every sort of literature, and living in contact with his own critical public. Just as then at Westward Ho! be stored away the memories and the dialect of the people around him, so it was always. Kipling the reporter turned every experience to use and shows both in his poetry and prose

that same tense, imaginative vision of which he was the possessor.

His first works of importance appeared in London in the shape of the Rupee Books, "Plain Tales" and "Departmental Ditties." These were originally contributions to the "Pioneer" then the daily paper of Allahabad, and of which he was assistant editor. These books were followed by a succession of stories and verse which bring before our eyes the endless range and untiring variety of Kipling's power.

We find stories of his birth, the natives, the English officials and above all the soldiers whom he had known. Pictures of Mowgli and the East, Bagheera the panther and Baloo the bear, those three soldier heroes and so many other vivid memories reported for us in Kipling's own inimitable style. The range of his originality, his sleepless energy of observation, and his voracious appetite for facts and ways of life, can be realised when we appreciate the distance over which his reporting carried him. Kipling has revealed not only India, Canada, Egypt, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa and the South Seas, but also has awakened the spirit of the British Army and Navy.

Not only did Kipling's work show a vast variety of material; it also showed a great diversity of style, in that he used not only prose, but also sinewy, vivid poetry, which appealed to the people and aroused the spirit.

HIS POETRY.

In the last decade of the 19th Century Rudyard Kipling created a sensation by his poetry. Poetry that roused and surprised, deliberately intended to appear rugged and vulgar, it is cleverly devised, a mixture almost of the folk song and the music hall chorus ; bound together with a rhythm worthy of Swinburne. Kipling's poetry was a hymn of Imperialism, it had courage and it embodied a popular philosophy. It progressed with growing dignity from the Barrack-Room

Ballads in 1892 to the Seven Seas in 1896 and the Five Nations in 1903.

Once again Kipling was reporting on a lavish scale, these roughly hewn poems with their compelling swing. All were gained through observation and personal genius of application.

Kipling has been criticised as a 'Banjo Bard' and as a 'megalomaniac'; yet we must recognise

Kipling in his true light, forget the rush and racket of his wonderful career, and remember Kipling, the courageous reporter. The man who told us, and showed us, more of the Empire than any other; the man who, both in his poetry and in his prose has, above all, abundance and sharpness of vision, courage and steadfastness of purpose.

The House Behind a High Wall

(The following extract from the September, 1947 issue of "St. Dunstan's Review" was sent by Mr. T. C. Angus).

A HOUSE behind a high wall and a pond nearby. What better excuse for a tour of inspection than the merest inkling that "just around the corner" in Rottingdean could be found a house in which Rudyard Kipling once lived? How to get there was a minor headache but, once there, how should we know the house? By the high wall and a nearby pond, to be sure.

Was it not true that Kipling had wished for peaceful seclusion in this house, and had he not, eventually, had to leave it because of the curious eyes of the trippers, who used to climb on top of the high wall and peer inquisitively at him, whilst he sought to write in what he had fondly hoped to be the seclusion of an old-world garden? Was inspiration to be found by feeling that high wall, or was it just once more a case of idle curiosity?

A venture across the main Brighton road under maybe the friendly and watchful eyes of a policeman who knew us. A leisurely cup of coffee at the Creamery, that present-day rendezvous of St. Dunstaners on Saturday and Sunday mornings, and then the search.

A second crossing over the main road, walking along the main street of Rottingdean. Dodging passers-by, who probably wondered what on earth we meant by bumping into them, with only a hurried "Sorry, we didn't see you." Past unseen houses and shops, down kerbs, across narrow roads, and then the corner. What lay around the corner? Were we to find the house, the walled garden and the nearby pond? Not we on that bright Sunday morning.

But, later, the elusive house was located. Across the road was the round pond, and facing that the old stone-built church. Nearby a house with a walled garden. Sure, it was the same wall we had found and passed that previous October morning. . . . The name of the house? No longer is it known by R.K.'s title. Now it is "The Elms."

But one likes to imagine that in that quiet garden the spirit of Kim hovers, and to visualise that down this quiet, old-fashioned street once walked two men—Rudyard Kipling and Burne-Jones. And so we leave in peace the renamed house, and pause awhile in the quiet old churchyard, and listen to a V.A.D. reading the inscriptions on the tablets denoting, too, that once Burne-Jones lived and had died here.

MAUREN V. LEES.

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 nation-

ality, wherever resident, who are genuinely interested in the works of Rudyard Kipling. The Subscription is 10/6d. per annum. New readers are invited to correspond with us at 98, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

Kipling and Socialism

(The third part of an Address to the Auckland, N.Z. Branch of the Kipling Society).

BY SIR STEPHEN ALLEN, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.

NOW I return to *The Mother Hive*. In this story, the hive is the State. It is old and overcrowded, and just in the condition which is ripe for new doctrines, a "brave new world," or perhaps "a new order." Into the Hive, the Wax Moth contrives to introduce herself, the Herald of the new order. It is not this time the socialism of the Walking Delegate, rough and violent, but that different brand which insinuates itself more subtly, under the disguise of pure love for its fellows and zeal for the common good. The Wax Moth begins to lay her eggs, spreading her principles, and gradually corrupts the Hive, and all is done with the utmost sweet reasonableness. It is in fact the work of insidious propaganda, as opposed to the policy of direct action in the Walking Delegate, but it is surer and deadlier in attaining its objects. We should study how this is done. First, the Wax Moth lays her eggs—"These are my principles, and I am ready to die for them" she says, and later, "When you have killed me, write me, at least, as one that loved her fellow workers." It is reminiscent of much that we have listened to, or read, of recent years in this country. Then as the mischief progresses, the propaganda goes further: "You misunderstand me as usual, love . . . to expend precious unreturning vitality and real labour against imaginary danger, that is heartbreakingly absurd." "If I can only teach a—little toleration—a little ordinary kindness." The Wax Moth was a pacifist, it seems. Soon the Hive begins to develop oddities, instead of true workers and drones, and these all lived on the stored-up honey, which the few remaining workers strive to maintain. In short, the community is feeling the strain, and fanatics and cranks, with all their quack remedies, are appearing. No one, except the old Queen and a few loyal workers, are seriously

alarmed, because as one of the oddities says, "This Hive produces the Hival Honey. You people never seem to grasp the economic simplicity that underlies all life." In these days we hear exactly the same thing; for the "hival honey," substitute the words the "Wealth of the Community," which we are taught nowadays that all must share, without thought of who are to produce it, or where and how it is obtained. Still the mischief in the Hive continues. The Wax Moths say "You see what we have done." "We have created New Material, a New Convention, a New Type." "More than that," say the Oddities, "you have created a new heaven and a new earth." I need not compare this language with the new world, or the new deal, language so familiar to us. Kipling continues the story to its logical conclusion, when the bee-keeper destroys the rotten hive, but he leaves one ray of hope. In one corner of the old hive, a few remaining workers had reared a new Queen, and when the old hive is destroyed, the new Queen, with her small but faithful band of workers, leave the hive and swarm—"a handful, but prepared to go on."

This ironic and forceful little story, by itself, would be enough to rouse the anger of socialism against Kipling. Truth is always hateful to the false, and when truth is set out by a master hand, in the guise of a parable such as this, there is small cause for wonder that those who gave rise to it should belittle the author. But though truth may be hidden for a long time, it usually prevails in the end. Time alone can show whether Kipling is to be an enduring figure in the literary world, and a continuing influence in England and the Dominions, or if his enemies can succeed in suppressing that influence, but we look forward to the future with confidence.

It only remains for me to try to point the moral. Since I wrote

the foregoing part of this paper, the elections in England have taken place, with results which I shall not attempt to explain, criticise, or discuss. In New Zealand itself, however, we can see a Hive at work, in miniature certainly, but none the less busy, and possibly repeating the action of the story I have been referring to. I daresay you saw an article written by the late Rector of the Waitaki Boys, High School—Mr. F. Milner—for the "Observer," and reprinted later in the "United Empire Journal." In that article there were some striking remarks, from which I venture to quote a few sentences, as illustrating the tendencies of the present day:—

"Just prior to this world war, a Dunedin professor . . . contributed an article to a magazine, subsequently suppressed for sedition, in which he scathingly denounced our parasitic infantilism, our simian servility . . . Its anti-British implications evoked loud applause in academic quarters." "Then we are treated to the egregious spectacle of a Wellington professor solemnly quoted as an oracle, in the official data book of the New Zealand section of the Royal Institute of

International Affairs, to the effect that, in view of anticipated war, the disadvantages of our staying within the Empire are overwhelming! An Auckland professor capped this academic symposium by proposing our contrite surrender of Gibraltar, Malta, Aden and Singapore, to their real owners . . . The war of course discourages such subversive activities."

The article I have quoted from may well be read by lovers of Kipling, and compared with *The Mother Hive*. It shows very clearly how the Oddities have arrived, and are established and flourishing in our midst. There is no need for me to draw any further lesson, for those who read *The Mother Hive* for themselves, note the insidious spread of the poison, the increase of the oddities who foul and waste the substance of the hive, and their final abandonment to share in its destruction.

I have said enough now to explain the causes for the fear and dislike, that exist in some quarters, for Kipling's works, and I hope I have supplied additional reasons for their study.

The Story of Mrs. Bathurst

IN the *Kipling Journal* for October, 1938 there is an account of a paper read by the late Mr. Capel Hall on some of the stories in *Traffics and Discoveries*. Amongst others Mr. Capel Hall dealt with *Mrs. Bathurst* and the mystery of the two charred bodies found at the end of a railway siding.

I was Chairman at that meeting and had previously arranged with Mr. Capel Hall the details of his lecture. I had promised him I would ask a certain question during the usual discussion, but when the time came I completely forgot what that question was to have been. It was not until some time later that I remembered, but by then Mr. Capel Hall had passed away, and my question has remained unasked until to-day.

As the story of Mrs. Bathurst is

almost in the "mystery" class and has never been satisfactorily solved, it may be appropriate to put my question before the readers of the *Journal*.

It will be remembered that the action of the story takes place in a guard's van on an isolated railway siding. Hooper is talking about Vickery and Mrs. B. As he talks he is continually feeling in his waistcoat pocket, but never withdraws what is concealed there.

Now the question I had intended to ask was:—"What was in Hooper's pocket? Was it a set of artificial teeth?" If so, then the mystery of those two charred bodies is partially solved.—W. G. B. MAITLAND.

(Note.—For other references to *Mrs. Bathurst* see K.J. Nos. 22, 34, 43, 47 and 48),

Interpreting Kipling TO THE PRESENT GENERATION

Rudyard Kipling. *By Rupert Croft-Cooke.* The English Novelists Series. (Home & Van Thal Ltd. 6s.)

THE 'story came first, as it always did with Kipling.' This sentence sums up the subject better than many volumes; and the author develops this dictum by explaining that the wealth of correct detail everywhere to be found in Kipling is only a means of presenting an air of verisimilitude—"the fanciful tale must rest on a steel framework of correct observation." The above relates to *'The Finest Story in the World,'* but it applies to all the others. Mr. Croft-Cooke, unlike so many critics, shows an understanding of *Stalky & Co.*; "They (the heroes) live in the mind as no analysed creature of the later psychological school stories can ever do." Kipling, limited by his bad sight to be a looker-on in the activities of life, has a high respect for the men—and women—who do things; one cannot imagine him creating Hamlet.

"Mrs. Hauksbee . . . is a photograph." But is this true? Is she not modelled on several characters, just as an artist will use various models for one figure? Kipling uses this method of character delineation again and again, and the fact that his people are modelled on humanity in general makes them true to life. This is so with the Soldiers Three: "It may be that Kipling had an exaggerated notion of the civilian's contempt for the soldier at the time, but certainly that contempt existed. In portraying these men he was deliberately answering it, but never by attempting to white-wash his heroes. They had all the sins of licentious soldiery. But he loved them. And better than openly pleading their cause he made them lovable to his readers." Most of us who lived in those times knew that this contempt did exist, just as we saw the reality of things in India. Mr. Croft-Cooke excuses Kipling's "old-fashioned" view by saying that it was normal at the time that he wrote—views that "he had formed—in favour of law and order . . . in

favour of men of his own race whom he never ceased to consider the flower of the world." Mr. Croft-Cooke seems enthusiastic about the plunge into self-government by the peoples of the Indian peninsula, but, viewing affairs as they are, was the picture in Kipling's tales over-drawn? He certainly had no inferiority complex in regard to the English, differing from those of our intelligentsia who think it enormously clever when an Irishman, or Eastern Communist, abuses us.

Mr. Croft-Cooke does not like the plot of *Kim* (Kipling having declared it "plotless"): "the Secret Service story is not better than John Buchan might have written(?) and never ceases to be a tiresome distraction from the 'nakedly'—and magnificently—picaresque." We can only say with the Lama, "What a to-do is here," when, after some assorted fault-finding such as "tawdry plot," Mr. Croft-Cooke ends his summing-up of *Kim* thus: "The reader does not finish this novel—he disembarks from it regretfully, remembering the places to which it has carried him, the coloured coastlines(?) and crowded cities he has seen . . . With a line or two of dialogue and half a paragraph of description Kipling sets each on his square and though they move to and fro in the book we need no more than the first glimpse he gives us."

Very rightly the Puck books are praised, including Kipling's ability "just how to insert a fragment of specialised knowledge so that it would give colour and outline to an incident." We must compliment Mr. Croft-Cooke here for being able to see something more than a mere collection of technicalities; we must also congratulate him for his eulogy of Pyecroft, whom most of the critics ignore. There is frank acknowledgment of the charm and comicality of the later stories—again ignored by many: "He (Kipling) is not tired or indifferent or irritable, he is not even disillusioned. But he does not whistle at his work, he does not grin or gasp at his own cleverness." There is

quite a good summary to end with : "He was the least egotistic of writers. Even *Something of Myself* is about other people far more than it is about Kipling. All contemporary endeavours to make a popular figure of the man himself were defeated by his natural modesty and his quiet determination to be left alone to do the job for which he was fitted, the only job which interested him: the noble and eternal job of telling a good story."

There are a few inaccuracies. *Soldiers Three* appeared as one book in 1892 (it had, of course, appeared before then). There are ten, not nine Stalky stories ; "Stalky" was the

first of them, not "In Ambush ;" and the College buildings at Westward Ho ! are faithfully described. Kim's mother was surely rather more than "presumably" British, as Father Victor "saw Kimball married to Annie Shott." Lastly, if Mr. Croft-Cooke had looked at a little verse called "Very Many People" (1926), he would have seen that Kipling made many lamentations about the "broken peace" of the Downs. These, however do not greatly detract from the merit of this short book, which is an honest attempt to interpret Kipling to the present generation.

B. M. B.

"Wrote Mandalay".

OUR postbag recently brought us a note from the late Colonel C. H. Milburn, who enclosed a cutting from the 'Hull Daily Mail' of August 28th, 1948 which reads :—

WROTE MANDALAY.

Oley Speaks, composer of "On the Road to Mandalay" and more than 200 other songs, has died in New York. He was 74 and had been in ill health for some time.

Speaks, who was also a singer, left a clerical job in a railway office at Columbus, Ohio, to continue his music studies in New York.

"There seems" comments Colonel Milburn, "to be some mistake here. Did Kipling compose "Mandalay," and Oley Speaks claim it? or did Oley Speaks write it and Kipling claim it? or are there two "Mandalays." or did Speaks only compose the tune?"

For the information of readers who may have been puzzled by this reference to 'Mandalay' and Mr. Speaks, it may be said that there is absolutely no question as to who wrote 'Mandalay' the poem, although several

composers have provided different versions of the music.

Our Hon. Librarian writes :—

"There obviously can be no question as to Rudyard Kipling's authorship of the poem 'Mandalay,' and the notice in the 'Hull Daily Mail' is most misleading.

A list compiled by the late Mr. F. W. MacKenzie-Skues of "Kipling Poems set to music" (K. J. December 1932) includes the following : "On the Road to Mandalay" composed by Oley Speaks, published by John Church & Co., U.S.A. 1897"

Whatever fame the late Mr. Oley Speaks may have enjoyed as a musical composer in the U.S.A. his setting of Kipling's poem is not well-known on this side of the Atlantic. The best known and most widely used setting is that written by G. F. Cobb., published by Chas. Sheard, London in 1894 under the title "Mandalay."

Victoria, B.C., Canada

WE thank the Hon. Secretary Treasurer of the Victoria, B.C., Canada Branch of the Society (Mrs. Maud Barclay)—for her recent report on local Branch activities.

"There have been eight meetings" she writes. "In addition, the Annual Dinner was held as usual, the Annual Picnic was a great success, and there have been monthly meetings of the Reading Circle.

The Society has been enabled, through the generosity of interested U.S.A. guests, to present the local Veterans' Hospital with three volumes of Kipling stories.

In spite of transportation strikes (when the whole city had to walk) malevolent weather, high cost of living etc, a faithful band, few in number but great in enthusiasm, have carried on.

Kipling and France

by BASIL M BAZLEY

(This is the third part of an address to members of the Kipling Society in London).

WHEN considering the Kipling poems that have a French subject I omit pieces like "The Anvil" ("Never was a blacksmith like our Norman King") and other things in the little English History with its charming verse, because the Frenchmen who appear therein are in the main Normans; that is to say, men who were domiciled in France for barely four generations. However, there are four poems that may be considered predominantly French in character, the chief of which is that fine piece of literature, "France," which made its appearance in 1913. It is too long to quote in full, but certain lines almost force themselves on the most casual reader:—

In each other's cup we poured
mingled blood and tears,
Brutal joys, unmeasured hopes,
intolerable fears,
All that soiled or salted life for a
thousand years.
Proved beyond the need of proof,
matched in every clime,
O companion, we have lived greatly
through all time!

JEANNE D'ARC

There is a particularly clever and dignified reference to Jeanne d'Arc—
Pardoning old necessity no pardon
can efface—

That undying sin we shared in
Rouen market-place.
Pride of place from all the fine things
in this poem must go, I think, to the
eight lines which form the beginning
and ending:—

Broke to every known mischance,
lifted over all
By the light, sane joy of life, the
buckler of the Gaul,
Furious in luxury, merciless in toil,
Terrible with strength renewed from
a tireless soil,
Strictest judge of her own worth,
gentlest of man's mind,
First to face the Truth and last to
leave old truths behind—
France beloved of every soul that
loves or serves its kind!

"THE SOIL OF FRANCE."

Less serious in tone but breathing in its every line the deep love of its author for the actual soil of France is the "Song of Seventy Horses," which of course refers to a motor-car commencing a tour in that country. It begins breezily:—

Once again the Steamer at Calais—
the tackles
Easing the car-trays on to the
quay. Release her!
Sign—refill, and let me away with
my horses.
(Seventy Thundering Horses!)
Slow through the traffic, my horses!
It is enough—it is France!

Of the other five verses the fourth is my favourite:—

Whether that gale where Biscay
jammed in the corner
Herds and heads her seas at the
Landes, but defeated
Bellowing smokes along Spain, till
the uttermost headlands
Make themselves dance in the mist.
(Breathe—breathe deeply, my
horses!) It is enough—it is
France!

One is glad to know both these fine poems have been effectively translated into French rhymed verse.

FRENCH ROADS.

In "A Song of French Roads" we read a very happy little verse inspired by the matter-of-fact manner in which Napoleon numbered the great *Routes Nationales* of France—a practice continued to the present day to the great convenience of the tourist. This is another piece of work that shows Kipling's affection for the French country-side, manifest in the careful topical allusions to the places on the route. Here is the introductory stanza, which repeats, with a few variations, as a termination;

Now praise the Gods of Time and
Chance

That brings a heart's desire,
And lay the joyous roads of France
Once more beneath the tyre—

So numbered by Napoleon,
The veriest ass can spy
How Twenty takes to Bourg-Madame

And Ten is for Hendaye.
All sorts of places and districts are mentioned. Route No. 16 speaks of the battle grounds between Dunkirk and Péronne.

And Thirty-nine and Twenty-nine
Can show where it has gone,
Which slant through Arras and
Bapaume,
And join outside Cambrai.

" GEOGRAPHICAL CORRECTNESS "

The traveller's journey passes by Angoulême with its masses of white dust, and the warmth of the sun welcomes him to Blaye. Langon, some 42 kilometres east of Bordeaux, takes him " down that grey-walled aisle of resin-scented pine " the Odyssey ending with the sight of Fontarabia and the Bidassoa. It may be noted that Kipling's love for correctness in geographical matters is strongly marked here as elsewhere. The last stanza, with its slightly altered wording, once again exhibits his whole-hearted devotion to the terrain of France :—

Oh, praise the Gods of Time and
Chance
That ease the long control,
And bring the glorious soul of
France

Once more to cheer our soul
With beauty, change and valiancy
Of sun and soil and sky,
Where Twenty takes to Bourg-
Madame,

And Ten is for Hendaye!

The lovable ex-military old priest who is the central figure in " The Miracle of Saint Jubanus " makes a second appearance in a poem called " The Curé," a short of infinite pathos in the manner of Winthrop Praed. I shall not say much about it here, as that would be merely to repeat what I have already said when discussing the story. The poem, as will be seen from a few lines quoted, accentuates with simple charm the humble life of this attractive character, happy, like the hero of Gray's Elegy, to remain unknown to Fame, while performing " the daily round, the common task " in the humdrum and far from luxurious surroundings of an obscure village. The lines

His pay was lower than our Dole ;
The piteous little church he
tended

Had neither roof nor vestments
whole
Save what his own hard fingers
mended

give an idea of the conditions under which this man lived and worked. At the same time, there is nothing morose or mournful about him in word or deed :—

His speech—to suit his hearers—
ran

From pure Parisian to gross
peasant,
With interludes North African
If any Légionnaire were present :
And when some wine-ripe atheist
mocked

His office or the Faith he knelt in,
He left the sinner dumb and
shocked

By oaths his old Battalion dealt in.
Like a wise man he knows the value
in village life of attention to small
details :—

And he was learned in Death and
Life;

And he was Logic's self (as France
is).

He knew his flock—man, maid,
and wife—

Their forbears, failing, and
fiancés.

To-day? God knows where he may
lie—

His Cross of weathered beads
above him :

But one not worthy to untie
His shoe-string, prays you read—
and love him!

THE FRENCHMAN IS GLORIOUSLY AN ARTIST.

On no account must we omit mention of a little sixpenny book that saw the light in 1915—" France at War," a companion to " The New Army in Training " and " The Fringes of the Fleet." With his usual desire to see things for himself Kipling made an extensive visit to the French battle-line; the result is shown in the numberless touches of accurate detail that we expect as a matter of course. Like this :—" Every soldier has some of the old maid in him, and rejoices in all the little gadgets and devices of his own invention. Death and wounding come by nature, but to lie dry, sleep soft, and keep

yourself clean by forethought and contrivance is art; and in all things the Frenchman is gloriously an artist." The relations between men and officers are touched on:—"Moreover, the French officers seem as mother-keen as their men are brother-fond of them. Maybe the possessive form of address: 'Mon général,' 'mon capitaine,' helps the idea, which our men cloak in other and curter phrases." There is a vivid description of the condition of Rheims (not, of course, at that time, mentioned by name!) "One quarter of the place had been shelled nearly level; the façades of the houses stood doorless, roofless, and windowless like stage scenery. This was near the cathedral, which is always a favourite mark for the heathen." Here is another vignette of ordinary life at the Front:—"The day closed (after an amazing interlude in the chateau of a dream, . . . The proprietor was somebody's chauffeur at the front, and we drank to his excellent health) at a little village in a twilight full of the petrol of many cars and the wholesome flavour of healthy troops. There is no better guide to a camp than one's own thoughtful nose; and though I poked mine everywhere, in no place then or later did it strike that vile betraying taint of underfed, unclean men. And the same with the horses."

One could go on quoting *ad lib* from this brochure. I must, however, give two more short ones, one on the French fighting quality:—"The Boche does not at all like meeting men whose womenfolk he has dishonoured or mutilated, or used as a protection against bullets. It is not that these men are angry or violent. They do not waste time that way. They kill him." Lastly, there is the usual note on French hospitality. A young Frenchman (nicknamed Alan) takes an English party round:—"We took tea in the hall upstairs, with a propriety and an interchange of compliments that suited the little occasion. There was no attempt to disguise the existence of a bombardment, but it was not allowed to overweigh talk of lighter matters. I know one guest who sat through it as near as might be inarticulate with wonder. But he was English, and when Alan asked him whether he had enjoyed himself, he said: 'Oh, yes. Thank you very much.' 'Nice people, aren't they?'. Alan went on. 'Oh, very nice. And such good tea.' He managed to convey a few of his matured sentiments to Alan after dinner. 'But what else could the people have done?' said he. 'They are French.'"

(To be concluded)

"Mandalay" in Danish

A COPY of the Danish musical version of 'Mandalay' has reached us from Lieutenant Kai Hensen, Vimmelskafet 22, Horsens, Denmark, a member of the Kipling Society. Kipling's words were translated into Danish by Dai Frus Moller, and set to the music by Erling Winkel. Lt. Hensen mentions the interesting fact that during the war, when the Germans overran Denmark, this song was very popular there, and "every boy was singing and whistling the tune in the streets; it was also to be heard on the wireless

and in the dance halls, particular emphasis being laid on the words, 'Come you back, you British soldier!' Later on, when the R.A.F. paid their daily and nightly visits, this stanza was much in evidence, and the Germans were very angry, forbidding us to sing and play 'Mandalay.' But, of course, we continued to sing and whistle it heartily, and some had to go to jail for that!"

We thank our Danish member for sending this interesting contribution to our records.

New Members

The following new members have been enrolled since the last issue of the *Journal* appeared:
LONDON.—Colonel W. A. Gibbs; Mr.

A. J. Craig-Harvey; Mr. Eric Linklater;
NEW ZEALAND.—Mr. Arnold Harrison; Dr. Grace De Courcy.

A Kipling Life

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following extracts from "The Statesman" :—Rudyard Kipling. By Nella Braddy (Collins. Rs. 5-4).

Miss Braddy's life of Kipling for children will pass a few hours pleasantly for "kiddies and grown-ups too." The story starts in Bombay where Kipling was born in the cold weather which his friend Mark Twain, as the author recalls, declared was called "cold" in India because people had to have some way of distinguishing between weather that would melt a brass door-knob and weather that would only make it mushy. At six "Ruddy" went to England and spent the only really unhappy years of his life as a small and unloved P.C. in Portsmouth. Reading was his solace and he nearly blinded himself before he was old enough to go to the United Services College at Westward Ho! where he became known as "Gigger" because of his thick spectacles. The famous doings of Dunsterville, Beresford and Kipling, the Stalky and Co. of Study No. 5, are followed by the exploits of Kipling Sahib, the young C and M subeditor. Miss Braddy wrongly

claims that *The City of Dreadful Night* is a picture of Lahore, thus depriving Filthy Calcutta of the dislike which Kipling allotted to it.

Kipling's travels, friends, relations and connexions from the Burne-Joneses to Earl Baldwin, flit through the pages as Kipling travels through the Empire he loved and America which he did not (though he married an American). The most interesting passages describe the scenes, people and conversations which gave Kipling the ideas for his stories and verses. Many anecdotes illustrate his simplicity, and unionizability, for example, he had to turn away thousands of autograph hunters who sought to sell his handwriting; but for the daughter of a cousin he wrote out whole pages of his name so that she could cut them up and swap them with school friends for other treasure. The little girl grew up into the novelist Angela Thirkell. The British in India, Miss Braddy observes, were often angered by the impertinence of the young Kipling who made superficial reports on municipal politics "with all the assurance of a Member of the British Parliament touring India in the cold weather."

SCARCE COPIES OF THE KIPLING JOURNAL

WE thank members of the Society who have recently returned scarce copies of earlier numbers of the Journal. Any members who possess the following numbers which they can spare, and who will present them to the Society will earn our gratitude. Old copies of the Journal immediately required are :

Nos. 3,5,6,7,8,9, 15, 18, 19,24,25,32,41,
51, 46, 48, 53, 56, 59, 67, 71, 73, 81, and 83.

Copies should be addressed to :

The Kipling Society, 98, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

In the next issue of *The Kipling Journal* we hope to publish special tributes to the late Mrs. Alice Macdonald Fleming and Colonel C. H. Milburn.

Letter Bag

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

KIPLING AND THE ENGINEERS.

ON page 212 of "Something of Myself," Kipling mentions "miraculous escapes in technical matters which make me blush." Possibly one of these occurs in the story—"An error in the Fourth Dimension" in "The Day's Work." On page 303 Wilton Sargent being in haste to get to London to fetch a scarab which is under discussion, sent his butler to "flag" the first down train. Obviously this should have been the first up train. Yours faithfully, T. Kennedy Shaw, Colonel, Teffont Magna, Salisbury.

THREE KIPLING PICTURES

With reference to the enquiry about "Three Kipling Pictures," from Mr. J. S. I. McGregor, of Cape Province, South Africa, which appeared in the "Letter Bag" of the October 1948 *Kipling Journal*, the answer to question (2) is, I think, that the drawing referred to is by Scott Rankin, in "People I have Never Met," published in *The Idler* of June 1893. As regards question (3) this is a similar drawing evidently reproduced by Ernest Prater with the caption "Traffics and Discoveries," in the *Illustrated Budget* dated October 15, 1904.—E. W. Martindell, Oaklea, Hook, Nr. Basingstoke, Hants.

FIRST KIPLING CARTOON.

Answering Mr. J. T. McGregor's inquiry in the current Journal, I can place No. 2 "The Light That Failed." This appeared in the "Idler Magazine" for June 1893, one of a series "People I Have Never Met," and was by Scott Rankin. In Mr. Thurston Hopkin's "Rudyard Kipling" Simpkin Marshall, 1915, wherever my collection of cartoons and photographs of Kipling appears, the series is wrongly named "People I Have Met."

Though my collection now runs into three figures, I cannot place Nos. 1 & 3. was probably a U.T.A. production, 3 was perhaps from "Punch." The first Kipling cartoon in England appeared in "Ally Sloper's Half-

Holiday" for Saturday Aug. 15th, 1891.—T. E. Elwell, Regent House, Ramsey I. O. M.

THE FIGURE OF THE EGG.

I don't believe anybody has dealt with this following "Crypticism" in the Journal although for more than a year, in 1930—32, we had many pages given up to them . . . traced on the rug the figure of the Egg itself.

It occurs in line 6. Page 317 in "They"—Volume—*Traffics and Discoveries*, uniform, Macmillan Edition 1904.

What is the Egg?—"Heron."

—Stevenage, Herts.

R. K. & FRENCH WRITERS.

With regard to Kipling's library of books in the French language, I should guess that he frequented the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. Not that I think 'derivative' could be applied in any way to the work of such a genius. I am interested to know, for instance, if such writers as Marcel Proust, Paul Valéry, André Gide, Alain etc.—the leaders of modern French writers before 1939—were favourites of his or did he scorn them as did Anatole France, whose seat in the Académie Française, Paul Valéry succeeded to after his death: the irony of fate.—(Mrs.) Edith M. Buchanan, Hon. Secretary, Auckland (N.Z.) Branch, 79, Victoria Avenue, Remuera, Auckland, N.Z.

THE MAIN PITFALL.

On p. 14 of *Puck of Pook's Hill*, (Weland's Sword) Puck derides the conception of fairies as "little buzzflies with butterfly wings," and pictures Sir Huon and his troop heading out into the teeth of a sou-west gale; but on p. 268 (Dymchurch Flit) Puck, as Tom Shoemith, compares "their liddle wings" to those of tired butterflies, and they need a boat to cross the Channel. Yet they had not weakened through overcrowding; it was the natives of the Marsh that sickened.

This is an outstanding example of the main pitfall of "episodal" fictional writing.—T. E. E.

The Kipling Society

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

President:

Field-Marshal EARL WAVELL
G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C.

Vice-Presidents:

Lt.-Col. R. V. K. APPLIN, D.S.O.	Viscount GOSCHEN, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
Mrs. GEORGE BAMBRIDGE.	THE EARL OF GOWRIE,
Countess BATHURST.	V.C., G.C., M.G., C.B., D.S.O.
Maj.-Gen. IAN HAY BEITH, C.B.E., M.C.	M. EDOUARD HERRIOT, (France).
VICTOR BONNEY, F.R.C.S.	Sir RODERICK JONES, K.B.E.
Maj.-Gen. Sir JULIUS H. BRUCHE,	Mrs. FLORA V. LIVINGSTON, U.S.A.
K.C.B., C.M.G., Australia.	DONALD MACKINTOSH, (Australia).
Lt.-Gen. Sir SIDNEY CLIVE,	Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE F. MACMUNN
G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.	K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.
S. A. COURTAULD, D.L.	Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.
Wm. B. OSGOOD FIELD, U.S.A.	CARL T. NAUMBURG, U.S.A.
Sir ALEXANDER GIBB, G.B.E., C.B.	Lord WEBB-JOHNSON, K.C.V.O., C.B.E.,
Gen. Sir A. J. GODLEY,	D.S.O.
G.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C.	Sir CHARLES WINGFIELD, K.C.M.G.
	THE RIGHT HON. LORD WOOLTON.

Council:

Chairman: Miss FLORENCE MACDONALD, M.B.E.

T. C. ANGUS, D.F.C., A.M.I.E.E.	W. G. B. MAITLAND.
Mrs. GEORGE BAMBRIDGE.	Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.
B. M. BAZLEY.	PHILIP RANDALL.
Maj.-Gen. IAN HAY BEITH, C.B.E., M.C.	Sir CHRISTOPHER LYNCH-ROBINSON, Bt.
VICTOR BONNEY, F.R.C.S.	Colonel H. A. TAPP, O.B.E., M.C.
J. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E.	Mrs. R. F. THORP.
E. D. W. CHAPLIN.	J. R. TURNBULL, M.C.
R. E. HARBORD, Deputy Chairman.	Lt.-Col. J. K. STANFORD, O.B.E., M.C.
Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE MACMUNN,	Sir CHARLES WINGFIELD, K.C.M.G.
K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.	

Hon. Treasurer:

Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE MACMUNN.

Asst.-Hon. Treasurer:

R. E. HARBORD.

Hon. Editor:

E. D. W. CHAPLIN.

Hon. Auditors:

Messrs. MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL.

Hon. Solicitor:

PHILIP RANDALL,

Hon. Librarian:

W. G. B. MAITLAND.

Hon. Secretary:

Sir CHRISTOPHER LYNCH-ROBINSON, Bt.

Offices:

98, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.
Tel. Euston 7117

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:

(Not operating at present).

Melbourne Branch:

President:

R. A. GOLDING,

A.M.I.E.E., M.I.E. (Aust.)

Hon. Secretary:

J. V. CARLSON,

13, Craigrossie Avenue,
Coburg, West, Melbourne.

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada):

President: A. E. G. CORNWELL.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. MAUD BARCLAY, 506 Niagara St., Victoria, B.C.

Hon. Secretary, U.S.A.:

CARL T. NAUMBURG, 210, West 90 Street New York 24, N.Y.