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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927 by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field Marshal the Earl Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership. The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district.

The subscription is : Home Members, £1 5s. 0d. ; Overseas Members, 15s. per annum, which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly.

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Notes

FRIENDS of Kipling may recall the name, Maurice Hamonneau. He was the last survivor of an artillery attack near Verdun, in the first World War. Wounded, he lay unconscious for hours, but when he regained his senses found that a copy of the pocket edition of *Kim* had deflected a bullet and saved his life.

Hamonneau's reward was a Croix de Guerre and the medal brought about a close friendship with the English writer. Hearing that Kipling was mourning the loss of his son, John, serving with the Irish Guards, the young Frenchman was moved to send the medal and the torn copy of *Kim* to the Englishman he only knew as a writer. Young Hamonneau visited Burwash five times.

A Follow-Up

Our readers will find an interesting follow-up to the story in the *Letter Bag* of the Journal. An obituary notice in the *New York Times* of April 2nd, 1952, records that Maurice Hamonneau died on March 31, at the age of sixty-one. At seventeen, he enrolled in the French Foreign Legion in North Africa. Years later, he became founder and President of the French Foreign Legion in Brooklyn, where he made a living in later life binding books in wild animal skins and dealing in rare stones and shells. Maurice Hamonneau is assured of a place in the Kipling legend.

University of New Brunswick

Our young Queen, when she visited Canada recently as Princess Elizabeth, chanced to visit the University library at Fredericton, New Brunswick, and was shewn an atlas which had once belonged to Rudyard Kipling. On every page was an original verse of poetry. At once Princess Elizabeth

turned to the map of Canada and there found four lines, which she read aloud :—

"A nation spoke to a nation,
A queen sent word to a throne :
Daughter am I in my mother's
house

But mistress in my own."

The Princess did not guess how soon she was to be the Queen who would address royal words to her subjects in the great Dominion, and be greeted royally by them in turn.

Kipling versus Maugham

Comparisons between the short stories of Rudyard Kipling and those of Somerset Maugham are inevitable, and they will be multiplied when the Maugham anthology of Kipling's Tales appears. Meanwhile the issue of the complete short stories of Maugham has tempted Raymond Mortimer to some comparisons in the *Sunday Times* (14.10.51), which readers of the *Kipling Journal* may care to note.

"What other Englishman has written anything like so many good tales?" asks Mr. Mortimer. "Only one, I believe, Rudyard Kipling." "Kipling, I consider, is now critically underrated," he continues, "and so, until recently, was Mr. Maugham." He goes on: "They are both masters in the technique of the story, but the virtuosity is paraded by Kipling, disguised by Mr. Maugham. Kipling's style is incomparably more rewarding (his language, indeed, was richer than his experience). Mr. Maugham, on the other hand, seems to me not so much a born writer as an observer, inventor and philosopher who has painfully acquired command of his medium. Whereas Kipling plunges all our senses into India or the Arctic, the picturesque settings in Mr. Maugham are flatly summarised: he is con-

cerned with their effect not upon the reader but upon the characters.

"Both writers are conspicuously without tenderness for young women: Kipling indeed betrays little interest in the opposite sex. But Mr. Maugham is diabolically shrewd about women, and portrays them with affection when they are middle-aged and jolly. Kipling expounds a *mystique* of efficiency, beneath which often lurks a morbid delight in cruel acts. Mr. Maugham is far more respectable."

Now, Mr. Maugham, we are all waiting to hear what you have to say about your great rival!

Sinister Fiddlers!

Mr. F. W. Thomas, writing in *John o' London* (29.2.52) takes as his theme, "Sinister Fiddlers," and draws attention to *Captains Courageous* and a line drawing of three of the crew of the schooner *We're Here* making music, in which Tom Platt is scraping the violin *with his left hand*. "A lapse on the part of the artist," thought Mr. Thomas. Years later, in February, 1952, Mr. Thomas had a second shock. Not Kipling's artist this time, but the great Hogarth. In a "Chairing the Member" print, Mr. Thomas found a blind beggar again with the fiddle on his right shoulder, and bowing with his left hand. Enquiries suggested that left-hand fiddlers were certainly rare, and would be a danger in an orchestra.

Was Kipling's artist in *Captains Courageous* wrong? Did Hogarth go astray? asks Mr. Thomas. What is certain is that, in "Chairing the Member" Hogarth did not go wrong. The fine picture in the Sloane Museum shews the fiddler bowing with his right hand in the normal manner.

What Mr. Thomas saw was a reversed engraving. Probably the same thing happened in the *Captains Courageous* print. What the draughtsman drew was reversed in engraving. By the way, a *Punch* jest of many years ago associated itself with Kipling's book: *Librarian: "Captains Courageous, by Rudyard Kipling. How would you like that?"*

Customer: "Oh, no. I'm fed up with books about the War."

Kipling Revised

Mr. Flotsam, of Flotsam and Jetsam fame, has been adding a verse to *The Absent-minded Beggar* in his rhyming commentary, a favourite turn in cabaret, as well as in the columns of *Truth*. It runs:

"Cook's son, Duke's son,
Sure as you're both alive,
You can each of you join the
Army now
And stay till you're fifty-five;
Make it a Regular 'life career.'
And, come to consider the coin,
You'll get your due and a pension
too,
So join! join! join."

Burwash and "Batemens"

A sub-committee of the Burwash Parish Council recommends that a large board with the name BURWASH upon it should be placed on the wall of the Admiral Vernon Inn that motorists may see, stop and remember that here is "Batemens." The house was built in 1643, when Charles the First was king. Mrs. Kipling left it to the National Trust in 1943, and thousands of Kipling lovers visit the place every year. But, apparently, not all motorists link "Batemens" with Burwash.

ERNEST SHORT.

New Members

THE following new Members of The Kipling Society have recently been elected:

London. Mrs. M. Kennedy.
Mr. J. W. Paterson.
Mr. C. E. Carrington.

Southern Rhodesia. Capt. E. C. Kalshoven.

The Janeites

by Sir Stephen Allen

(President of the Auckland, N.Z., Branch)

(This is the first part of an address, delivered in July, 1951, to members of the Auckland, N.Z. Branch of the Society. The second and concluding part will appear in our next issue.)

AUTHORS, apart from professional critics, generally are not lavish in their praise of other writers, perhaps from jealousy, or perhaps from the fear that such praise will distract readers from admiration of their own merits. Few even have written in praise of their own works, though one modern writer—George Bernard Shaw—has not refrained from his own praise, in so loud and unblushing a manner as to convince some persons that he must have been a great man. Kipling, with truer feelings, nowhere belauds his own efforts, but in the story of "The Janeites" he pays a wonderful tribute to the genius of another author—Jane Austen.

Jane Austen is one of those rare creatures whose works, written 150 years ago, are still read and appreciated. In the past, some of her admirers, and some of these highly » esteemed as critics too, have bestowed on her quite extravagant praise. I have extracted certain specimens from the Introduction to the "Chawton" edition of her books.

Macaulay wrote—

"Shakespeare has had neither equal nor second. But among the writers who . . . have approached nearest to the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen."

Saintsbury says—

"We shall have another Homer before we see another Jane Austen."

Cardinal Newman read her novels every year "to improve his style."

Still Fresh

There is a great attraction about her books, more remarkable because after such a lapse of time since they were written, they are still so fresh. It may be difficult to say in exactly what qualities their attraction consists. The style is easy, and just where it might become monotonous, the attention of the reader is fixed by some ironic turn to a sentence. The characters are so clearly delineated, and with such economy of words, that in this respect Jane Austen rivals Lord Clarendon. It may be said that the characters in her books are apt to be repeated, but there still are subtle differences between them which are maintained throughout each book. In every volume we seem to meet people we know ourselves, and it is no surprise that Humberstall, in Kipling's story, said "They were only just like people you run across every day." He could fit their names to persons he had met in his own life, as we can ourselves.

One of Jane Austen's great literary gifts was irony. Many instances could be given of her sardonic humour, but time and space will permit of one or two only. The following are both from *Pride and Prejudice*. Early in that book, she wrote about a local figure—

"Sir William Lucas had been formerly in trade in Meryton, where he had made a tolerable fortune, and risen to the honour of knighthood by an address to the King during his Mayoralty. The distinction had perhaps been felt too strongly."

Later, in the same book, speaking of Lady Catherine de Bourgh—

"The party then gathered round the fire to hear Lady Catherine determine what weather they were to have on the morrow."

The following delicate touch, from *Sense and Sensibility*, relates the happiness of Edmund Ferrars and his young wife Elinor Dashwood—

"They had in fact nothing to wish for, but the marriage of Colonel Brandon and Marianne, and rather better pasturage for their cows."

No one passage from the book would suffice for Mr. Bennet, in *Pride and Prejudice*, whose character is a masterpiece though he plays but a minor part, and whose sayings are so delightful. My favourite remark of his occurs towards the end of the book, where after Lydia, his fourth daughter is married, Jane, the eldest, engaged to Bingley, and immediately after Elizabeth seeks his approval of her engagement to Darcy, he says as Elizabeth quits the room—"if any young men come for Mary or Kitty, send them in, for I am quite at leisure." But the whole book must be read to appreciate Mr. Bennet completely.

Jane Austen was born in 1775, the daughter of the Rev. George Austen, Rector of Steventon in Hampshire. She died in 1817, at the early age of 41. The family moved to Bath in 1801, and in 1805—on Mr. Austen's death—to Southampton, and finally settled in the village of Chawton, in 1809. A biographer says "Jane never left home except on short visits, never married, was domesticated, and until 1811 wrote without encouragement for her own amusement." Her nephew, the Rev. Mr. Austen Leigh, says that she was popular with her nephews and nieces, because of her powers as a storyteller. In her short life, she wrote six novels of varying length. These

Sense and Sensibility, written before 1799, that is before she was 24 years old, and published in 1811. This was her first book to be published, and its success brought about the publication of the others.

Pride and Prejudice, written in ten months when she was 21 years old, but not published until 1813.

Mansfield Park, written 1812-13, and published in 1814.

Emma, written 1814-16, and published in 1816.

Northanger Abbey, written before 1798, and *Persuasion*, written in 1815-16—the last of her works—both published in 1818.

Besides these, there is a very juvenile sketch, *Love and Friendship*, written when she was about 16 and not published until recently, and an incomplete fragment, *The Watsons*, published first in 1871.

" Persuasion First "

Kipling places *Persuasion* first, *Northanger Abbey* an easy last, and the rest in a class midway between them. Certainly *Persuasion* is the most mature book, and *Northanger Abbey* is really a parody on a popular and dramatic authoress of those days, a contemporary of Jane Austen. *Pride and Prejudice*, however, is the best known of her books, and possibly a general favourite.

There are only a few of the actual characters in the novels mentioned in Kipling's story. Two of them come from *Pride and Prejudice*—the Reverend Collins and Lady Catherine de Bourgh. The Reverend Mr. Collins is a sycophantic parson, the Rector of Lady Catherine's parish, fawning on his patroness and applauding her words and actions. Lady Catherine herself is a rather stupid old woman, who believes herself called on to manage and control all the affairs, not only of her own relatives but of the whole neighbourhood where she lives. She is of a type that will be well known

to all of us. General Tilney is from *Northanger Abbey*. He is a pompous and vain old Army officer, who first welcomed Catherine Morland to the Abbey, when he thought she was rich, and then sent her home when he found she was poor. Miss Bates is the garrulous and good-natured lady in *Emma*, who is always talking and never getting to the point. The "Miss What's-her-Name" and Captain "T'other Bloke" in *Persuasion*, whom Humberstall mentions in passing, of course, are the heroine Anne Elliot and Captain Wentworth.

The story which Kipling tells, under the title of "The Janeites" in *Debits and Credits*, has three separate threads running through it, which are interwoven to form one continuous tale. First, as it opens, and coming in and out of it as the story unfolds, there is a working party, cleaning ornaments, furniture and jewels in an imaginary Masonic Lodge, "Faith and Works, No. 5837 E.C." The doings of this Lodge are described at more length under the title, "The Interests of the Brethren," in the same book. Then there is the history of a battery of heavy artillery over a brief period, during the first great war, in France. The third thread consists of the references to Jane Austen.

The Masonic Aspect

Regarding the Masonic aspect of the story, I can say little. The imaginary Lodge carried out its work in a way which Kipling evidently sets out as an ideal which should have been followed at that time, and it is possible that there were Lodges which while falling short of this ideal, yet were able to make the road smoother for their brethren, and to do something to assist those who had reached a low ebb of trouble and distress. For various reasons, I cannot explain the Masonic

references in the story, but explanation really is unnecessary. Kipling was a lover of Freemasonry and a student of its ritual, and throughout his works, both prose and poetry, there are many Masonic allusions, clear to the initiated, which display much more than a casual acquaintance with its ceremonies.

Within the Lodge room, while the workers are polishing and preparing, Humberstall, a former gunner tells about his time with a battery of heavy artillery in France, in a period before the great German attack in March, 1918. Seen through the mists of more than thirty years, and with another great war meanwhile, the story still has a reality that will be felt by all those who fought in the first war. Some time earlier than when the story of the Battery begins, Humberstall had been blown up by an explosion at "Eatables"—that well-known place in France which the French themselves, in their ignorance, call "Etaples." After that he was subject to "quiet fits" and evidently to loss of memory, and clearly was fit no longer for ordinary duty with the guns. Brother Anthony says "'Is sister told me . . . the dump going up knocked all his gunnery instruction clean out of him." So when he rejoined the Battery, the CO.—Major Hammick—kept him as a batman, which was about the only work he was now fit for. But Humberstall was still bright enough to notice what went on around him, and later to commit to memory passages from Jane Austen, and in time to understand the interest and value of her books.

The Battery must have been formed in the haphazard style of the first war, which was due to the need for haste in getting guns of any kind into the field. There were three guns in the Battery, a ten-inch Skoda, a "mark five Nine-point-two," and a "cut-down Navy Twelve." With guns of different

calibre, ammunition supply alone would be a problem, and each gun would require different calculations, while the much worn grooving of the Navy Twelve would make its shooting inaccurate. To this audience, I ought to explain that gun barrels have a spiral grooving or "rifling" to cause the projectile to rotate on its axis as it travels through the air after leaving the muzzle of the gun. The spinning or rotation of the shell gives accuracy, and adds distance to its flight. The

Battery itself was an old formation, dating before caterpillar traction came into general use, and the guns were moved from place to place on rails, for which purpose they had their own engine. Movement was greatly restricted therefore, and the rails made it easier for its position to be spotted because spurs off existing railways, in spite of camouflage, showed plainly, even in those days, on aerial photographs.

(To be concluded)

Rudyard Kipling and "The Friend"

by Norman Croom-Johnson

BY the early days of March, 1900, the tide of the Boer War had turned. Sent out to avenge the disasters and humiliations of the "black week" of December, 1899—Stormberg, Magersfontein, Colenso—Lord Roberts had quickly put the British Army's house in order. Before the end of February Kimberley and Ladysmith had been relieved, and Cronje with 4,000 men had surrendered at Paardeburg; and on the 13th March Lord Roberts captured Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State.

He found a sullen, resentful, treacherous town. It was to be the base of his future operations in the Transvaal, and he expected to have to occupy it for at least some weeks—and to occupy it with a firm if temperate hand. There were with his Army four distinguished war correspondents: Julian Ralph; Percival Landon of the *Times*; F. A. Gwynne, the representative of Reuter's Agency; and F. W. Buxton of the *Johannesburg Star*. There were also in Bloemfontein two well-established daily newspapers, the *Express* and the *Friend of the Free State*. The first of these was Dutch-owned and virulently anti-British, and Lord Roberts promptly suppressed it. The second was of respectable British ancestry (it celebrated its centenary in 1950) but its proprietor conceived that its loyalties were due to the Orange Free State, and it, too, was pro-Boer in its outlook. Lord Roberts decided

that it should be taken over temporarily and he requested the four war correspondents on the spot to run the *Friend* as a daily newspaper, partly for the entertainment of the occupying troops, partly for the publication of military regulations and notices relating to the governance of the town. A request of the Commander in Chief is an order, and Julian Ralph and his colleagues obeyed it gleefully. The first number of the *Friend* under the new dispensation was issued on the 16th March, 1900, and thereafter it appeared daily until the 16th April, when the British troops left Bloemfontein and the temporarily displaced (but compensated) proprietor resumed control. The whole story of this short-lived but gay enterprise may be read in Julian Ralph's entertaining "War's Brighter Side," in which most of the important material which appeared in the *Friend* during his editorship-in-chief was reproduced.

R.K. "Roped In"

What has all this to do with Rudyard Kipling? A good deal, because this brief episode in the history of a relatively unimportant provincial newspaper is an excellent example of the adage that the cobbler will always stick to his last.

In March, 1900, Kipling was in Cape Town. He was there unofficially, but he was at the height of his fame. The obvious thing for the new editors of

a novel enterprise was to ask him for a contribution, and Landon did so. The answer was a stanza of a poem, "St. Patrick's Day," which was printed in the issue of the 17th March, and six days later there came the whole poem. What was better, on that day, the 23rd March, Kipling appeared in Bloemfontein in person. The editors enthusiastically roped him in, and for one week—for he had to go back to Cape Town on the 1st April (and sailed for England ten days later)—the *Friend* was "richer by the unpaid services of a highly certificated" journalist.

Kipling, of course, had journalism in his blood. Crofts at Westward Ho ! had groomed him for it and, as he himself says, he served seven years' hard in India. But ten years before the Boer War he had cut himself adrift from the grind of newspaper life (and had blossomed into authorship and fame). However, the moment he found himself in the *Friend* office in the old atmosphere of hurry and scurry, and the smell of printers' ink and the clang of printers' machinery, he was at once and completely at home. He took his coat off, and took his share, and more than his share, of sub-editing, proof correcting, writing oddments to fill blank spaces, and so on. And he enjoyed every minute of it, for when the brief episode was over he wrote, "Never again will there be such a paper ! Never again such a staff ! Never such fine larks !"

Identifiable Contributions

Kipling's own identifiable contributions to the *Friend* are not many, and he thought few of them worthy of collection in permanent form. All those that he wrote while he was actually an honorary member of the staff are reprinted in Julian Ralph's book. They are "St. Patrick's Day" (full version); six "Fables for the Staff"; three "Kopje Book Maxims" (to which Landon and Gwynne partly contributed); a four-line verse introduction to an article by Lionel James on G. W. Stevens; "The Military Letter Writer" (partly by Kipling); an eight-line "Birthday Greeting to Percival Landon"; and the noble poem on the death of General Joubert. On the 2nd April, the day after he went back to

Cape Town, the *Friend* had the privilege of publishing for the first time "A Song of the White Men"; and his final contribution, on the 10th April, was his bitter pamphlet "The Sin of Witchcraft" which had already appeared in the *Times* nearly a month earlier. He also collaborated with Julian Ralph in an editorial "To the People of the Free State," and scattered through the files must be many notes and paragraphs thrown off in the normal course of his duties as associate editor.

A complete set of the 26 interregnum issues of the *Friend* must today be virtually unobtainable, and it is only very occasionally that single copies of those containing Kipling material come on the market. (So far as I am aware, the last occasion when a considerable series, twelve, was sold by auction was in America in 1928, and that set fetched \$1,000.) In many years of collecting only two copies have come my way, and one of them is practically held together by the holes. For this reason some notes on a small collection of manuscripts and proofs relating mainly to Kipling's association with the paper which has recently come into my possession may interest readers of the *Journal*.

A Mystery

The collection consists of seven items, some separate, some made up of two or three sheets bundled and pinned together; and with it is a MS. list dated 9th October, 1903 and headed "List of Items enclosed for sale from S. E. Slaney, 247 Berea Road, Durban, Natal." It was brought one day recently into the shop of an English bookseller by a young lady who was about to go out to Kenya, and she told him it was the property of her deceased father, and that he had acquired it as a youth in South Africa. Unfortunately she did not give her name, and the present proprietors of the *Friend* inform me that they cannot at this distance of time say if anyone named Slaney was on the staff of the paper during the Boer War period. The *provenance* of the collection, therefore, is a mystery which is unlikely to be cleared up.

But three things about it seem to be reasonably certain. First, it must have been made at or about the time of the British Army control of the paper by

someone who had access to the office, probably a member of the reporting or printing staff. Secondly, it remained intact for a good many years. And thirdly, although the picker-up of, presumably, unconsidered trifles was naturally interested in the *Friend's* most distinguished contributor, this was not his exclusive interest; indeed, it is difficult to believe that he realised the value to Kipling collectors of his pickings, for otherwise such a *cache* could hardly have lain hidden for so long.

Mr. Slaney numbered 1 in his collection an item which has nothing to do with Kipling, but has a special interest for historians of the Boer War. This is the original telegram despatched from Piet de Wet, the Chief Commandant of the Boer Forces in the Orange Free State, to President Steyn to announce the fall of Bloemfontein. It was sent from Glen, about twelve miles from Bloemfontein, to Steyn

himself at Kroonstadt on the 13th March, 1900, and to judge from the English translation attached to it de Wet was very cross about the whole business. He said:—

"Bloemfontein was this morning through enemy taken possession of through failure one portion burghers who their positions have deserted in the night."

There is also a manuscript note that "the following interesting telegraphic message has fallen into the hands of the Editors of the *Friend*" and a galley proof of the Dutch and English text. The word "Editors" suggests that the telegram was captured when the British troops marched in and that it was reprinted in the first number issued by the new editors on the 16th March; but surprisingly, Julian Ralph's book says nothing about this interesting relic.

(To be concluded in the next issue of the Journal.)

Kipling of the 'Nineties

by Ernest Short

[The following is a summary of Mr. Ernest Short's Address to members of the Kipling Society in London in April, 1952.]

MY theme is not Kipling, the *all* of Kipling. It is the Kipling of the 1890's and Kipling, who, born in Bombay on December 30th, 1865, was on this side of thirty in 1894, when Spy signalled his advent into the high world of English letters by including him in the Vanity Fair cartoons which were an emblem of fame in those days.

Nor am I asking you to recall the formative years. For example, those after his sixth year when he was left in England under the care of some "unknowns" described as "Uncle" and "Aunt." You can read about them in *Baa Baa, Blacksheep*.

I am also passing the years at the United Services College—at Westward Ho! under Cornell Price, which gave rise to Beetle and *Stalky & Co.*, and the editing of the school paper, which in turn led to Kipling's first job as a reporter on the *Civil and Military Gazette*. You can guess at the growing insight into day-to-day life from

The Files, Office Files, oblige me by referring to the files.

When he was 21, that is in 1886, young Kipling published *Departmental Ditties* and with *Departmental Ditties* we come upon the Kipling of the 'Nineties with which I am concerned. *Plain Tales from the Hills*, the first volume of short stories, followed in 1888 and in a couple of years the world began to realise that a new force had arisen in English letters. In the 'nineties, as I use the term, that is to 1897 and the publication of *The Recessional*, Kipling was essentially a journalist poet.

He was a good journalist, as he was a good poet. A pleasant story was told me by an ex-editor of *The Pioneer* only last week. I mentioned I was coming here, and he said that years ago, he was once talking to a native employé in the printing office and asked Mahmoud, an old printer, if he remembered Kipling.

"Indeed, yes, Sir; I remember Mr. Kipling very well," said Mahmoud. "His copy, always very clean."

In those days "clean copy" was

acceptable praise to any journalist. I can remember watching my own father writing a *Telegraph* leader, amid the interruptions of messenger boys coming in with Press Association "flimsy." He could send off a leader to the printer without having to read the copy over. Because he was a good reporter and good sub-editor, and delivered "clean copy" Kipling became a super-excellent writer of short stories. The description, "a journalist poet," is not derogatory. On the contrary, it is high praise, and the more because another and more richly endowed Kipling arose at the turn of the century with South Africa and the era of the first Great War.

The theme I present to you is that of the decade when London heard of *Departmental Ditties*, *Plain Tales*, *The Courting of Dinah Shadd* and *The Man Who Was*, the *Barrack-Room Ballads*, *Many Inventions* and *The Seven Seas*.

Surely enough to establish the fame of any writers. Indeed, it would be difficult to think of any author with a more memorable and varied output in the first ten years of his literary life. And, by the way, don't think that Kipling reached sudden riches. He did not have the fortune to write cinema scenarios. In 1889, he was still drawing money from the *Pioneer*, and *Barrack-Room Ballads* was not published in London until 1892. From 1889 to 1891 he was living in 43, Villiers Street (rooms 16, 17 and 18 in Embankment Chambers) at the corner. He lived on the fifth floor, one room overlooking the Embankment, the other two over Gatti's Music Hall. You can learn about this in *The Light that Failed*. Dick Helder had his rooms here.

I associate the *Departmental Ditties* with a famous Fleet Street journalist—Frederick Greenwood. He was the editor to whom James Barrie wrote asking if he (Barrie) could come to London? Greenwood wrote back "No," so Barrie came! Greenwood had founded the *Pall Mall Gazette* and helped Disraeli in connection with the purchase of the Suez Canal shares. A writer of parts. In the 'eighties he was editing the *St. James's Gazette*, from which he retired in 1888, the year after Barrie's, coming to London. At a gathering of Fleet Street friends,

speaking of his retirement, Greenwood recalled the closing lines of *The Galley Slaves*:

"It may be that Fate will give me
life and leave to row once more—
Get some strong man free for
fighting as I take awhile his oar,
But today I leave the galley. Shall
I curse her service then?
God be thanked—whate'er comes
after, I have lived and toiled
with men!"

My father was present and he told me that the quoted verse, in its association, created something like a sensation. *The Galley Slaves* introduced me to Rudyard Kipling as the poet of the world of work. I am an Australian, and by the time I became a Cable editor, Kipling's travels in the South Seas had followed and added *The Deep-Sea Cables* to my store of abiding memories. It is in *The Seven Seas*.

But to return to *The Galley Slaves*. Surely it is balladry at its best.

The theme is grim but, *The Galley Slaves* answers to a searching test. The man who wrote so well in the early 'twenties was bound to go very far.

Just as life may be divided into the physical, the mental and the spiritual, so may books. There are books of the eye, books of the mind and books of the spirit. Kipling's *Galley Slaves* does not lack a spiritual appeal, but primarily it is a poem of the eye, as we would expect from a journalist. In the early poems and stories, we can see fellow human beings working and suffering and hear their cries because the writer who describes them has, himself, worked, seen and felt deeply.

Because Kipling was a world traveller as a young man and could not only see with the trained eye of a journalist, but as an Englishman of feeling, the books written in the 'nineties lead us into uncharted seas; and into new lands. Recall a passage which has a special appeal for overseas readers. It is from a *Song of the English* of 1896:

"We were dreamers, dreaming
greatly, in the man-stifled town;
We yearned beyond the sky-line
where the strange roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the
Vision, came the Power with
the Need,

Till the Soul that is not man's
soul was lent us to lead
As the deer breaks—as the steer
breaks—from the herd where
they graze.
* * *

Follow after—follow after—for
the harvest is sown :
By the bones about the wayside
ye shall come to your own !

Of all the great English writers, perhaps, Defoe best had the power of writing books of the eye—books which derive their value from the thing seen and described. The absence of fancy and introspection enabled Defoe to concentrate his attention upon the world which the eye sees and the ear hears. His memory was so packed with realities and images that he was beyond the necessity of invention. He only required to tell. His books have the force of actual experience. Recall the *Journal of the Plague Year*."

Kipling also had, in a superlative degree, the power to recall things seen or heard and give them a new aspect. This is not Kipling's only gift but it is characteristic of many of his best stories, and always, in his best work, Kipling not only described but made something new.

Recall Mulvaney on *Hamlet*, in *The Courting of Dinah Shadd*, *The Man Who Was*, which Tree produced with himself as Limmason of the White Hussars, and the exquisite *Without Benefit of Clergy*. In *Many Inventions*, 1893, we find "The Finest Story in the World" and "Brugglesmith."

The Seven Seas comes towards the end of our period. You remember "Auckland" :

"Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite,
apart—

On us, on us, the unswerving
season smiles,

Who wonder 'mid our fern why
men depart

To seek the Happy Isles."

And the tilt at Romance in
"M'Andrew's Hymn" :

"Romance ! those first-class passen-
gers, they like it very well

Printed an' bound in little books ;
but why don't poets tell?

I'm sick of all their quirks an'
turns—the loves an' doves they
dream—

Lord send me a man like Robbie
Burns to sing the Song o'
Steam."

Give Kipling the sight of a man doing his job and the chance of listening, and something really worth while came forth. Perhaps, *The Bridge-builders*. Later, the scope widened. We were given *They, The Janeites* and stories of a more mystical type. But in the 'nineties, Kipling was getting to know the World of Work. As he saw it man was here to do whatever work was to hand and that sufficed. Fuller jobs might come later as we were told in L'Envoi, to *The Seven Seas* :

"When Earth's last picture is
painted and the tubes are twisted
and dried . . ."

As for *The Recessional*, Kipling had thrown it into the waste-paper basket in his study, whence it was rescued by Elizabeth Gaskell Norton. "It must be published," she said, and it was, in *The Times* of the following day, in July, 1897. The manuscript is in the British Museum and may be coupled with Blake's *Jerusalem* as one of the unforgettable English hymns. When he died in January, 1936, at the time of George V's death, it was remembered. The body was cremated at Golders Green. A solicitor, a friend of the poet, the superintendent of the crematorium and a journalist, alone heard the chaplain recite that verse from *The Recessional* :

"The tumult and the shouting dies ;
The Captains and the Kings depart.
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !"
as the oak coffin moved from sight.

A few days after on January 24th, 1936, a simple urn draped by the Union Jack was laid in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, close to the graves of Dickens and Hardy. A poet wrote :

"Your very heart was England's.

It is just

That England's very heart should
keep your dust."

In the years from "The 'Nineties" onwards, the journalist poet had blossomed into the Poet of Empire, an Empire, moreover, of which his countrymen need not be ashamed.

How Kipling Influenced My Life

No. III. THE POST-WAR KIPLING

by B. S. Townroe

[The previous articles in this series appeared in the Kipling Journal for December, 1951, and April, 1952.]

IT was a summer evening, and once again my friend Stephen Dakeyne was spending a few days with me. We sat in the garden continuing our talk about the influence of Kipling on the modern generation.

"Well, Stephen," I said, "if Bernard Shaw was alive today and read the *Kipling Journal*, possibly he might have changed his grudging tribute paid to Kipling in an obituary notice. At that time Shaw wrote that Kipling never grew up and began by being behind the times, adding 'I don't think that the reading of Kipling has ever changed anybody's life very much.'"

"That is exactly one of the asinine things that Bernard Shaw delighted to write," replied Stephen. "I am ready to bet that when Shaw is long forgotten, such writings by Kipling as *The Jungle Books* and all the Puck stories and the 'Recessional' will still be among the English classics. Why, only the other day I talked to a young engineer, who has no use for modern fiction, and who certainly regards Bernard Shaw as boring and pre-historic. He told me how he often read Kipling because he was so accurate, and because his description of engines and ships were so true. I do not think he would say that his love of Kipling changed his life, for indeed Kipling never pretended to be an evangelist or missionary, but he certainly is influencing that young man's life as an Apostle of Truth."

I agreed with Stephen's comment, but added that in my experience I found that the prose and verse written by Kipling after he lost his only son brought comfort to many of the older generation. Stephen had much of interest to say about this aspect of the Kipling saga.

"Those who visit the lovely village of Burwash in Sussex often go into the old Norman church and read the memorial:—

JOHN KIPLING
Gave His Life to His Country in
The World War

Aged
Eighteen Years and Six Weeks'

On the War Memorial Cross they read the simple words 'John Kipling 2/Lt. Irish Guards.' Those who go down the valley to visit his old home, Bateman's, are always affected by the study with Kipling's books, desk, and writing-pad still in the positions they occupied during his lifetime, and on the table by the desk in the study an officer's sword. The guide usually explains that the sword belonged to John Kipling and that his father always kept it close to his side as he wrote."

At this point Stephen looked up, and added that those people who doubted whether Kipling was still an influence on the younger men should read an address which Canon R. W. Howard, the Master of St. Peter's Hall, Oxford, gave in the College Chapel during the summer of 1951. He told me to look it up. After Stephen left, I managed to obtain a text of this address which was given on the Sunday following a performance of the College Dramatic Society of "The World of Light," a play by Aldous Huxley, dealing with spiritualism. Canon Howard used as one of his texts, that from I Samuel 28 : 7 regarding the woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor. At the beginning of his sermon he read out the whole of Kipling's poem "On the Road to Endor," which he described as "a fierce answer to the offer which spiritualism makes to bereaved mourners." At the end of his sermon Canon Howard called upon the undergraduates in the congregation to copy Rudyard Kipling when they were thinking of those for whom they mourned. "Let their sword lay on the table beside us, so to speak; it will help us to borrow their courage and their faith. Their photographs, their letters, the little characteristic things we remember them by, these will keep for us a picture and a message far

more inspiring than anything that can come through the croaking of a medium, or the excitement of levitations and bangs and ectoplasms."

Stephen Dakeyne continued his conversation, saying that he thought that Kipling, like Robert Browning, while strongly opposed to all the hocus pocus of spiritualism, had a vivid realisation of the narrowness of the veil between this world and the next.

"Every time I read the stories "They" and "The Gardener" I appreciate the intensity of Kipling's belief in the unseen. His close study of the Bible is well shown by his constant quotations from the books of the Old Testament and by his genius in putting parts of the Acts of the Apostles into the form of modern stories. These have certainly stimulated my Bible readings."

Physical Fitness

Apart from the essential Christian teaching of so much of Kipling, his writings are also very much up to date in their emphasis on physical fitness. This appeals to the younger generation, like scouts and guides, who still read his *Land and Sea Tales*, on the title page of which Kipling describes himself curtly as 'Commissioner, Boy Scouts.' The preface teaches the lesson of physical and mental fitness.

Stephen took down the book and said, "Let me find you the exact passage and read it out, Ah, here it is :
'The even heart that seldom slurs its beat—

The cool head weighing what that heart desires—

The measuring eye that guides the hands and feet—

The Soul unbroken when the Body tires—

These are the things our weary world requires

Far more than superfluities of wit ;'
"I also think that some of the addresses which he gave after the First World War influenced others as they influenced me. In his Rectorial address in 1922 at St. Andrew's University he emphasised the value of independence, both material and spiritual. Another striking address was on the mystery of life given to the Royal College of Surgeons. Let me see, how did he define 'the poor brute Man ?'" Stephen again verified his

reference in *A Book of Words*, and read from the address given at a dinner of the Royal College of Surgeons in February, 1923, defining man as "an imperfectly denatured animal intermittently subject to the unpredictable reactions of an unlocated spiritual area." Another less mystifying speech was given two years later when he was admitted to the Freedom and Livery of the Stationers Company. How he roared with laughter that evening, when he suggested that the world might have been happier, if stationery had never been invented and if the "eleventh plague of paper and print had not been launched on suffering humanity !"

"Certainly Kipling greatly influenced me during his life, and since his death I turn again and again to his writings. Those who babbled foolishly like Bernard Shaw could not have been present at the funeral service in the Abbey. I shall never forget the crowded choir and nave in the dimly lit building. The list of the principal mourners took a column and a half in *The Times* of January 24th, 1936. The feeling common to all was the sense of personal loss. I remember seeing there M. Corbin, the Ambassador of France, the country which to Kipling was his second 'patrie'; the Secretary of State for War, who was the Chairman of the Imperial War Graves Commission on which Kipling served with so much devotion; and Major - General Dunsterville, the original "Stalky," sitting in the choir. There was his old friend Lady Milner and the wife of his literary agent, Mrs. A. S. Watt. Above all there could be seen in the Abbey the faces of men who were "clearly the blood brothers to the characters Kipling drew, sun-tanned faces with the indefinable stamp of those who have lived and worked in lonely places." One poignant memory of that scene which I shall never forget was the wreath composed of foliage and flowers from the British War Cemeteries in the vicinity of the Loos battlefield. This was brought to London by Mr. Prynne, the gardener in charge of the Loos cemetery, in which John Kipling commemorated among the Missing. After the Dean had scattered earth on the white marble urn in which were the ashes of Kipling, Goss's setting of "Blessed

are the dead which die in the Lord " was sung softly, and then as the mourners returned to their places, was played the "Recessional." Some of us at that moment remembered the lines of another of his poems, line from "Cities and Thrones and Powers":—

" That in our very death
And burial sure,
Shadow to shadow, well persuaded,
saith

' See how our works endure ! ' "

By this time the evening light was fading in the garden. In silence we collected the deck chairs and moved into the house, almost feeling that as in "They" the spirit of Rudyard Kipling had been with us when we attempting to estimate his influence upon our lives. "See how our works endure."

Book Note

Georgian Adventure : The Autobiography of Douglas Jerrold, 1937.

Kipling, whom I was brought up to despise (after all, Kipling was not a Liberal), spoke a language which goes straight to the mind and heart of millions of kindly people, because it came from a mind and heart profoundly simple but containing immense reserves of thought and feeling. Just after my talk with Brooke, when he told me that he had insisted on being transferred from my

battalion because there was no one in it to whom he could possibly talk, I was drilling with a party of junior officers at Whale Island, when, during an interval, the news came through of the loss of Craddock's squadron at Coronel. I made some conventional remark to the Petty Officer Instructor who was in charge of the "Squad." "Well, sir," he said, "it's the price of Admiralty." Kipling could talk to that man, but Brooke could not. (Rupert Brooke).
B.M.B.

Helping the Kipling Society

NO more useful service can be rendered by those who wish to help the Society than that of enrolling friends as members, especially the younger readers. The subscription for Home Members is £1 5s. Od. per annum, and for Overseas Members 15s. Od., which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly. Particulars of the work of the Society, and forms of Application for Membership, may be obtained on application to the Hon. Secretary.

Others may support our efforts to keep the memory of Rudyard Kipling green, and to bring his great ideals before the coming generations of young people by remembering 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 life-time, and afford great encouragement to those who believe that the creed of Kipling is everlasting.

The following simple form of bequest should be used :

"I bequeath to The Kipling Society, Greenwich House, 11/13 Newgate Street, London, E.C.I, the 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 of a good and sufficient discharge to my Executors."

Out-of-Date Banker's Orders

MAY we remind our members that we are still having a great deal of trouble and expense' in collecting the balance of underpaid subscriptions in Banker's Orders ever since the increase in the rate in February, 1949. At that time we sent out new Banker's Orders duly stamped and made out at the new rate to replace the existing ones, but

about six members per month are still working on the old Banker's Order, which is 4/- short for home members and 4/6 short for overseas members. This means unnecessary labour and expense in getting in the deficiencies.

We earnestly appeal to any members of The Kipling Society whose Banker's Orders are still out of date to come to our assistance by amending them.

Kipling's Old School

COLONEL H. A. Tapp, a valued member of the Kipling Society, recently contributed an article to the Journal of the United Services College and Imperial Service College Society, entitled "Holy Trinity, Westward Ho!" The church, situated about half a mile from the United Services College, was the regular place of Sunday worship for members of the College for thirty years. The following extracts are taken from the article:

"Visitors to the Church may be interested to learn that Rudyard Kipling attended services here when a boy at the United Services College, between the years 1878-1882. In the autumn of the latter year, the young Kipling returned to India to join his parents. Although he was only just seventeen he was soon appointed Sub-Editor of the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette. During his last fifteen months at Westward Ho! Kipling had been the Editor of the U.S.C. *Chronicle*.

Founded in September, 1874, the United Services College had no Chapel of its own. Morning and evening prayers were conducted by the School Chaplain, sometimes by the Headmaster, in the Gymnasium. On Sundays, the School attended Holy Trinity Church for Mattins and for a special service in the afternoon. Although primarily for the boys, residents were welcome at this School service. The boys occupied the whole of the South aisle; the Juniors from Buckleigh, when present, were seated at the West end of the North aisle.

As a young curate of Northam, the late Canon C. E. Boucher records that, from December, 1879, for six years, he often took services at Holy Trinity. Although he had no contact with the young Kipling in the week, he did recollect that he was conspicuous in Church as the only boy who wore spectacles.

The School's first Chaplain, the Rev.

E. J. Campbell, was succeeded by the Rev. George Willes, referred to in *Stalky & Co.* as "The Rev. John Gillett" or "The Padre." Kipling's story about his old school, very justifiably makes the Rev. G. Willes to be the popular and very human master he was in actual life.

Kipling has not told us of the religious instruction he received while at school or his opinion of the Sunday services. We do know, however, that the budding author spent many hours in Padre Willes' study, and there can be little doubt that he absorbed much useful information and advice from his senior. In later life it became clear that Kipling had a good knowledge of the Bible.

Mr. Cornell Price, M.A., B.C.L., a layman, was Headmaster of the United Services College for the first 20 years of its existence. In September, 1894, he was succeeded by the Rev. P. C. Harris, M.A., B.C.L., LL.D., and five years later, the Rev. F. W. Tracy, M.A., became the third and last Headmaster at Westward Ho!

'Bates,' as Mr. Cornell Price was affectionately known, was always present at the Sunday afternoon services, and he sat on the top left-hand side of the South aisle. Next to him came the Prefects. The remainder of the School were seated, more or less, in 'form order.' A familiar figure at the West end was Sgt.-Major George Schofield, nicknamed 'The Weasel' ('Foxy,' the School Sergeant, in *Stalky & Co.*). G. C. Beresford ('McTurk') mentions in his book, *Schooldays with Kipling*, that it was not unknown for boys in his days—and young Dunster-ville is alleged to have been one—occasionally to dodge Church, enjoy a walk and later from behind a buttress rejoin in time for callover as the School emerged from the South door."

[The complete article on Kipling's Old School has been framed and placed in the Church for the use of visitors.]

Members having press cuttings relating to 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. In the case of cuttings from overseas papers, senders are asked to obtain formal permission to reprint from the Editors concerned.

Letter Bag

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

In the Breast Pocket

The name "Kipling" caught my eye, while reading a French newspaper published in Hanoi (N. Indo China) and I am enclosing this story, trusting that a translation into English will not be required. You might find it of some interest, although I really wonder what amount of truth there is in the last four lines. You may also be interested to know that there is a "Rue Rudyard Kipling" in Saigon.

My own treasured copy of Rudyard Kipling's Verse—Definitive Edition—has followed me through thick and thin, from Scotland and Canada to the Quartier Latin, Italy, and lately the jungle and hills of Indo China. However, I very much regret that its size prevents me from carrying it in the breast pocket of my flying overalls, since I might, one day, require the same kind of help that Mr. Hamonneau got from his book.

ROGER KRASKER.

Adjutant Pilote Roger Krasker,
SP 52.295, T.O.E.,

France

(Somewhere in Indo China).

The extract runs:

UN FRANÇAIS, AMI DE KIPLING,

MEURT AUX ETATS UNIS.

New York.—M. Maurice Hamonneau, Français habitant les Etats Unis depuis quelques années, vient de mourir. Il fut le grand ami de l'écrivain anglais Rudyard Kipling, il a connu celui-ci en 1916, lors que, seul rescapé de sa compagnie de la Légion Etrangère à Verdun, et sauvé grace à un livre de Kipling porté sur sa poitrine et qui amortit la balle, il a envoyé ce livre à Kipling qui venait de perdre son fils à la guerre.

Une solide amitié a uni les deux hommes, et M. Hamonneau est le seul ami que Kipling consentait à recevoir lorsqu'il viva retiré en Grande Bretagne.

Kipling's Faith

At the risk of getting into an argument with T. E. Elwell, and realising that I am not the student of Kipling's works that he is, I must totally dis-

agree with his "Advocatus Diaboli," December, 1951, *Journal*.

There are many poems and stories that bear out my contention that R.K. was a great and true Christian, with nothing "tangled" or confused in his simple, firm, Christianity. It is ridiculous to compare him to Einstein, a self-confessed non-believer. Kipling's faith and works, his prophecies, and ideals, will survive as true long after younger generations of scientists have disproved all Einstein's theories!

To prove my point I could quote chapters and verses, page after page—it is a great temptation to do so—but I shall resist it, because I do not think my case needs such an array of witnesses. I shall confine my evidence, therefore, to three poems, and one short story:—

"Hymn before Action"—1896

"The Recessional"—1897

"The Explorer"—1898

and last (to me the most beautiful and moving of all Kipling's short stories):—

"On the Gate."

I do not know, or pretend to know, if Kipling belonged to any particular church, or chapel. I do know that he was a Christian in the truest meaning of that word. By his works his beliefs are plain for all to read. I rest my case.

CHARLOTTE CHURCHILL STARR.

"Hsi T'ien,"

R.D.2, Quakertown,

Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

Kipling and the Cinema

I received the enclosed letter from a correspondent and venture to offer it for insertion in the *Journal*, as the writer suggests. I confess I had not thought of the creeping leprosy of the cinema, but I entirely agree with the idea. I too have often wondered what Kipling had in mind over "Gehazi."

F. KENNEDY SHAW (Colonel).

Kings Orchard,

Teffont Magna,

Near Salisbury.

The letter reads:

"I think Kipling felt that the cinema

was a creeping disease which would in time affect the youth of this country and corrupt it, just as leprosy causes corruption of the body.

For this corruption he held the Jewish cinema lords in Hollywood responsible so that whereas the cure for Naaman's leprosy was to wash himself in Jordan, R.K. didn't advise this and thought that the clear, fresh mountain streams of Damascus would be more effective.

He was fond of the story of Naaman the leper, and used it several times—notably in "Gehazi," though I am not clear to whom this poem refers.

I have always been fond of Naaman's song and its sly reference to Empires daily born—the chief of which I suppose is the Leicester Square Empire."

Replies to Two Questions

Here are possible replies to two questions asked in your April, 1952, number. Colonel Kennedy Shaw asked who was "Lyde" in the poem "A Recantation." Some critics have suggested that this referred to Marie Lloyd. She was rather pre-the first World War, and in 1914 and 1915 two popular singers were Violet Loraine or Ethel Levy. Was "Lyde" a twist of "Levy"?

In reply to "Heron's" question about St. Bernard's Verses in one of the Puck stories, surely the answer is to be found in "The Eye of Allah" in "Debits and Credits." Here the Cantor in the Monastery states, "This is the soul of Bernard himself, attacking our evil world." St. Bernard of Cluny in the twelfth century wrote the hymn "De Contemptu Mundi," quoted in Latin by Kipling. This in English is Hymn No. 226 Ancient and Modern, "The world is very evil."

B. S. TOWNROE.

Maresfield,
Yateley,
Camberley, Surrey.

" A Recantation "

I think we get Kipling's meaning here if we read "lydy" or "lidy" for "Lyde." The character seems to be a composite one, like his "Diego

Valdez"; there is a resemblance to Marie Lloyd, but she had no son to lose. Sir Harry Lauder suffered the loss described in the poem, but the description is unlike him. Also, he closed his theatre for three nights after his bereavement.

BASIL M. BAZLEY.

A Splendid Tribute

Colonel Kennedy Shaw's interesting letter contains two queries which I venture to answer.

(1) I understand that Kipling always refused the suggestion that he should co-operate in a film and at the time when the Song of Naaman was written the film industry was largely in the hands of Israelites. The verses are an allegory linking his refusal with Naaman's refusal to wash in the Jordan. Pharthar and Abana stand for legitimate prose and poetry, and how magnificently is this part of the allegory framed.

(2) "A Recantation" is Horatian in sentiment and construction. Horace had several fair ladies (probably singers or actresses) whom he celebrated in verse. Lyde was one of them (Book III, Ode XXVIII) and there were also Lydia and Lyce.

In choosing Lyde, Kipling had in mind, I think, a common expression by the music-hall comedienne of past times, "I'm a real lidy." I seem to remember Marie Lloyd using it. It was certainly common music-hall jargon when I was a young fellow. I have often wondered if the poem was in fact addressed to Marie Lloyd. But did she lose a son in the '14-18 war? If not, then the poem is addressed to music-hall comedienne in general and what a splendid tribute to them it is.

VICTOR BONNEY.

Seabournes,
Much Fawley,
Hereford.

(Mrs. Bambridge writes :—"Reading some of the letters in this issue of the Journal, in proof, there are two points which I should like to make clear. First, as to the identification of

"Lyde," this poem does not refer to any particular person and is quite imaginary. Second, in reference to the letter (and its enclosure) from Colonel Shaw, my father took a great interest in the cinema and its possibilities, and co-operated very closely in the early '20's with a French company who made a silent film of "Without Benefit of Clergy." The poem "Gehazi" was written in 1915 about a certain judicial-political scandal of those days in which a well-known figure was involved.)

(See also Journals Nos. 38 and 39 about this poem "A Recantation."—Ed.)

R.K.'s Verse

I have appealed many times in your columns in the past, for greater attention and criticism in regard to R.K.'s verse, including his headings both to stories and verses. Who, for instance, can ever forget or ignore the heading to Pagett, M.P.?

"The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes ;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad !"

Now I notice that Mr. Ernest Short in his interesting Notes in the current number, in referring to Bateman's, does mention the Mill-stream, but says not a word about the verses "The Land" which, in my opinion, give a more vivid picture of the estate than any of the prose. Then again I do not accept Professor Yeats' suggestion that R.K. drew any of his inspiration from Robert Browning.

My view, at present, is that our Poet owed none of his marvellous inspiration and insight into human nature, particularly in his poetic vein, to any but his beloved parents and his upbringing and his own inspired genius.

GERARD E. FOX.

1 Grange Road,
Clifton,
Bristol, 8.

A Bird's-Eye View

Re Mr. H. P. Hollings' letter in the April *Kipling Journal*. Without doubt Kipling erred in making the South Atlantic to be anywhere west of Cape Horn. The Pacific and Atlantic would be divided by a line drawn due south from that Cape to the northern limit of the Antarctic Ocean.

I think he was also wrong, during the same passage to India from New Zealand in 1891, when stating (page 72 of *Letters of Travel*—From "Tideway to Tideway"—"Half A Dozen Pictures") that the eye of an albatross is red. I may be mistaken, as it is fifty-five years since I caught one from the deck of a windjammer, and my ornithology is not strong; but I recall its eyes as similar to those of Black-eyed Susan. Are any deep-sea birds' eyes other than black?—albatross, mollyhawk, Cape hen, Cape pigeon, pr petrel. The red colour could perhaps have been a reflection of the setting sun, but for the statement that it was a rainy, sunless evening.

Neither (in the same paragraph) would the pistons of a steering-engine be painted green, or indeed, painted at all, nor would they "snatch up the rudder-chains."

Touching "Half-A-Dozen Pictures," this section of "From Tideway to Tideway" is wrongly dated as between 1892 and 1895. Its date is 1891, when Kipling voyaged from London to Italy, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, India, and home for health's sake. As he was married on January 18th, 1892, he could not have been in New Zealand in the same year. The other sections of "From Tideway to Tideway" relate to his honeymoon trip, and three years' residence in the U.S.A.

T. E. ELWELL.

Ramsey,
I.O.M.

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The Kipling Society

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