



The
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES—Ernest Short	1
RUDYARD KIPLING AS A SOCIOLOGIST—Noel Annan	4
R.K. AND THE SCOUT MOVEMENT—Sir Archie Michaelis	9
"ON THE GATE"—Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell-Purefoy	10
HUNTING SONG OF THE KIPLINGITE—Roger Lancelyn Green	12
KIPLING'S LATER TALES—Dr. J. M. S. Tompkins	13
LETTER BAG	17

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 Ead 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, 25s. ; Overseas Members, 15s. per annum, which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly.

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Notes

Bateman's in July

IN the last number of the *Kipling Journal* I wrote of Bateman's in May. Our visit on July 13th, on the kindly invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Parish, the tenants of the National Trust, showed that in midsummer Kipling's house was no less pleasant. It was a sunny day and the gardens were at their best. One feature was the collection of twenty-five South African flowering plants, the gift of the Cape Town Botanical Gardens, and thus commemorating the poems in *The Five Nations*, which followed close upon Kipling's long visit to the Dominion at the time of the War of 1899. I need only recall *The Burial*, telling of Cecil Rhodes in his lonely grave in the Matoppos :

" The immense and brooding Spirit still
Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul ! "

Inspiring, too, to members of the Kipling Society was the library where so many of the later stories were written. The well-stocked shelves no longer represent Kipling's store of books. The pick of the library naturally went to Mrs. Elsie Bambridge, the poet's daughter, and are now at Wimpole Hall, Arrington, Cambridge. Enough remain at Bateman's, however, to indicate the lines of research in English letters, general history and anthropology which went to the making of the books.

It was pleasant, too, to wander round the miniature lake in which Kipling " fished " for William Ramsay when the lad embarked upon a cruise in a child's paddle-boat and was rescued by the resourceful poet. He cast a salmon line upon young Ramsay's shoulders and thus dragged the boat safely to shore.

Encore Verses

A forgotten encore verse to a familiar Kipling poem will bear quotation half a century after it was written. It is in the mood of the original verses penned for Arthur Sullivan's setting in 1899, which were concerned with Tommy's responsibilities at home, rather than his physical needs overseas.

When you've smoked your choice Havana,
your Burmah, or your Bock,

When you've done with knocking ashes out
your briar,
Will you fill a box with 'baccy if you've got a
laid-in stock

For a smoker who will smoke it under fire ?
He's a casual kind of smoker and will smoke
'most any brand

That we or Paul may chance to be inclined
to.

As he started in a hurry when he left his
native land,

He's afraid he left his 'baccy pipe behind too.

Clay pipe, briar pipe, pipe with a colour-
ing bowl,

Though you send ten thousand pipes
you won't have sent enough,

Unless you send some " Navy cut " or
even some " Irish roll,"

To fill the pipes for Tommy's smoke, and
he'll puff, puff, puff !

A fortnight earlier there had appeared
in *Punch* :—

" ANOTHER ENCORE VERSE "

(Fifty thousand plum-puddings have been sent
out for the troops at the front.—Daily Paper.)

When you've eaten Christmas pudding—when
you're groaning in your grief—

When you waken with a taste about your
mouth—

Will you drop a tear of pity in your little
handkerchief

As you think of all those puddings ordered
'South ?

For when the fun is over and poor Tommy's
tummy's wrecked,

A valetudinarian you'll find him,
Unable to do anything but sadly recollect
The digestion that he's been and left behind
him.

Cook's son, Duke's son—(where are the
rhubarb pills ?)

(Fifty thousand puddings going to Table
'Bay !

Each of 'em doing its deadly work, and
think of the doctors' bills !)

Tommy, beware ! or dearly you will pay,
pay, pay !

Kipling in 1901

Kipling was thirty-six years old when he acquired Bateman's. It was the year in which a very serious "Kipling" was painted by the Hon. John Collier, by no means 'the Kipling blithe and merry' of his earlier chroniclers. *Mr. Punch*, in May 1901, described Collier's portrait as "a Mr. Kipling martyring himself in front of a very warming fire" and apparently ruminating as to "whether it was time to turn and be done on the other side." Be that as it may, Collier's picture is a characteristic likeness, the writer with his hands in his coat pocket and with the heavy eyebrows and black moustache of the period.

The New York Times

Somerset Maugham's selection from *The Stories of Kipling* led J. Donald Adams to an interesting appreciation in the "New York Times Book Review." Some members will have missed it, and will find the article under date October 26th, 1953. Mr. Adams credits Kipling with an exceptional command of all the resources of language and with a sharpness of perception seldom equalled. Curiously enough, Mr. Adams names Hemingway as Kipling's equal and, perhaps, in one respect Kipling's superior, 'for one of Hemingway's finest technical accomplishments is his communication of mood.' Mr. Adams adds that description can do more than make you see what the writer has seen. It can evoke reflection on the meaning of what has been seen, on what it suggests.

Surely, this judgment is arguable? Does the appeal of Kipling as story-writer depend entirely, or even primarily, upon making the reader "see" what he, the story-teller, has 'seen'? I should argue that the appeal of

They, or *William the Conqueror* and *The Maltese Cat* is due to the mood aroused fully as much as the accuracy of description. Adams' suggestion is that the prose descriptions of Kipling display a lack of poetry, using the word in its widest sense. But the problem calls for more than a note or even the three columns of "The New York Times Book Review."

Kipling and the Stage

Apologies for not making it quite clear (in the paragraph on page 2 of the July 1954 *Journal*) that the epitaph in Stratford-on-Avon church was Kipling's very own. I thought this followed from the suggestion that the lines might be added to a spare page in one of Kipling's books by members who did not own a complete edition of the poems. I write this in response to a note from a Scottish member.

Talking of the stage, Kipling was an admirer of Marie Tempest's delightful art. Of Dame Marie he wrote :

"When one thinks of the best in English comedy one thinks of Marie Tempest. Her fame has followed our language into every corner of the world."

One other theatrical sideline occurs to me as calling for a note of explanation, the chorus of the final ballet of "Aladdin" as cited in *Slaves of the Lamp*, Part I, of *Stalky and Co.* :

"John Short will ring the curtain down
And ring the prompter's bell."

This was written in 1899. Today, the signal for curtain-fall is given by a cue light and not by a bell. But, for at least a century earlier, the Prompter's Bell always signalled the rising and lowering of a theatrical curtain, as Beetle well knew.

" Dawn off the Foreland "

Few lovers of Kipling will have forgotten the rhythm of the three stanzas about minesweepers which served as a prelude to *The Auxiliaries* in " Fringes of the Fleet," a product of 1915. The rhythm led to a delightful parody in a June number of *Punch*, entitled " Lawn Sweepers." It opened :

" Lawn like a moorland—the young sward caking."

It ended with a bit of advice for garden lovers :

" Root up timothy, dandelion, ranunculus, cocksfoot and daisy chain."

Surely a charming variant upon Kipling's :

" Send back Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock and Golden Gain."

A Beerbohm Tree Invention

Mr. Cudlipp, writing in the *News Chronicle*, tells a pretty story relating to Kipling's *If*. It deserves to be authentic, though Mr. Cudlipp admits that it is invented. Beerbohm Tree was extremely bored during a tea-party arranged by a lady of title to

launch a charity matinée, but woke up when asked to recite.

" Very well, Madam, I will recite 'If'!"

" Delightful," cried his hostess. " Everybody dotes on Kipling's 'If'."

" You misunderstand me," replied the actor-manager. " I refer to Shakespeare's 'If'." And Tree began :

" If music be the food of love, play on . . ."

Yes, and if Mr. Cudlipp is to be trusted, he continued until he had recited " the whole of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*."

Hold On !

Jim Peters' amazing Marathon race in Canada called forth a letter in the *News Chronicle*, August 11th, in which the writer quoted the stanza from *If* which begins :

" If you force your heart and nerve and
To ^{sinew}serve your turn long after they are
And ^{gone}so hold on when there is nothing in
you
Except the will which says to them, Hold
on !"

ERNEST SHORT.

Kipling Makes History Live

THE first of four tales from *Puck of Pook's Hill* (" Weland's Sword "), told by " David," was broadcast in the Children's Hour " for older listeners," Home Service, on Sunday, August 8th. " Some books are like picnics," writes " David " in the *Radio Times*, " you forget afterwards what you've eaten at them, and when ; you only remember how cool the river was, how blue the sky, how green the river bank. It is like that for me with *Puck of Pook's Hill*. I have read and re-read 'Puck,' and its sequel *Rewards and Fairies*, many times since, but always for me 'Puck' means hot, sleepy summer afternoon school, with a much-loved

headmaster reading aloud to a form of small boys, and a very small and rather scruffy boy sitting up in his hard desk completely held and carried away by the magic of the stories.

" I dare say I had only a dim idea then of how much that headmaster was doing for me, but I have realised it over and over again since. It was my first real introduction to history : the history that matters. Not Canute and the Courtiers ; not battles and treaties ; not dates and kings and statesmen ; but the slow, quiet story of how people spoke and thought and behaved as they lived out their lives in this island of ours, from generation to generation.

"I hope you still read your Kipling. I hope you learn your Roman Britain from stories like 'A Centurion of the 30th.' I hope above all that '1066' will

mean for you not a dry date in a history book, but Sir Richard Dalrymple, and de Aquila, and Hugh."

Rudyard Kipling as a Sociologist

by Noel Annan

ASK people for a word to describe Kipling, and they will probably choose 'imperialist.' Most of us still think of him, when we put aside our childhood memories, as a kind of Hegelian antithesis to Pater and the aesthetes. But this strident geranium, as red as a map of the colonies and a startling contrast to the green carnations of the 'nineties, is really a much more peculiar and original plant.

Kipling did indeed react against the prevailing ideas of his time, but far more radically than is usually realised. He approached life as a sociologist: yes, a sociologist, and what is more, a modern sociologist. The critics have forgotten that he was not only a contemporary of Max Beerbohm and Wells but that, shortly after he began to write, the first thunderbolts in the revolution of the study of society began to fly from the hands of Emil Durkheim, Max Weber, and Vilfredo Pareto. Of course, I am not suggesting that Kipling was influenced by these eminent sociologists. But I think that the same problems which forced them to construct an entirely new model of society made Kipling regard humanity not just in a different light, but with totally different assumptions from those of any Victorian or Edwardian writer of fiction.

These assumptions resembled those

of the inventors of the new model of society. They began, as inventors do, by smashing the old model to pieces. They rejected utilitarianism and positivism, the alloy from which the old model was made. They set up the social group as the idol and dethroned the individual; they showed that a large part of human behaviour is neither rational nor irrational but determined by society—from the way we greet a lady to the way we worship God; they invented a new kind of fact, a social fact, and they denied that the kind of facts which natural scientists discovered were alone suitable for building that temple of truth in which positivists worshipped. Indeed, they threw stones at the temple. They did not ask whether religions were false or suicide wrong. Accepting religion as something that existed in society, Weber went on to consider how different religions produced not only different codes of conduct, but affected the politics and economy of the country in which they flourished. Durkheim analysed suicide by seeing which groups constantly had the highest rate and deduced that one important factor was the degree to which the individual was integrated within his group—he saw him as a bolt which might snap if the nut of the social group held it too tightly or loosely.

Next door to the positivist temple, Durkheim erected another shrine. This was Society itself—society, that is, seen not as a Hegelian meta-

*A *Third Programme* broadcast reproduced here by courtesy of Mr. Noel Annan and the B.B.C.

physical abstraction, but as a system of social relationships which inspired those feelings of solidarity and integration in the individual which he was able to express through a variety of social rituals. Thus a ritual—taking off one's hat to a lady—which to a positivist was explicable only in terms of some long-forgotten social custom, became in the eyes of the new sociologists a necessary and useful action which satisfied many needs, such as a desire for courtesy or dislike of embarrassment. The new sociologists did not try to fill the gap which the old left. They blew up the bridge and built a new one.

The Novelist's Gaze ' Fixed on the Individual '

The new sociology was born on the Continent but passed almost unnoticed in England, where all parties were willing to trust to reforms and which was wealthy and stable enough to take time over them. In England the old theory of society largely persisted because the doctrine of progress appeared to work. And, of course, writers of fiction were unaffected. They began with individuals—they might set them in relation to God or nature or to the social code or to politics; or oppose individuals of one class to those of another—but the novelist's gaze was fixed on the individual. And even if you argue that no full individual was created in fiction before Henry James and that characters were types set in a given society, English society was so solidly established, its boundaries and topography so firmly fixed and accepted, that no writer was ever forced to consider why society still continued to hold together.

But Kipling was forced to consider it. For, unlike his fellow authors, he was not born in England nor did he begin to write there. He was born in

India and belonged to one of the many societies, each with its own conventions and morality, which flourished on the sub-continent. This was Anglo-India, and the picture which Kipling painted of it in his first four volumes is that of a society which is politically, nervously, spiritually, and physically on the edge of a precipice. None of the conditions of life resembled those of England. Here, nature was inconceivably hostile. The pitiless sun spread famine; the rain floods; and cholera, fever, reptiles, and wild beasts brought death. Death was always at a man's elbow: Anglo-Indians in remote villages met regularly to prove to each other that they were still alive. The only flowers, the hateful marigolds, were symbols of heat and death. Love was almost impossible in such a climate. Young men slaved to save money to bring out their girls from England: either they died themselves or the girl succumbed on arrival, or their children were the victims of a careless native: as often as not the girl in England had long forgotten them. So they turned to other men's wives. Yet what romance could blossom when everyone knew to the last rupee everyone else's income and prospects? Anyway, in this world one could easily propose to the wrong girl in a dust storm. Those who married fretted their hearts out as their wives pined in the heat of the plains, or they sent them to Simla—to the scandal and adultery which boredom breeds. And what was there to talk about? In this world there was no art, no music, no books, no possibility of a salon. In this world marriage halved a man's efficiency in his work.

Kipling then cast a cold eye upon their work: the work of governing India. In England, government, whatever its faults, achieved results—did it in India? Come to Simla and see

the high-ups entirely lacking that intimate knowledge of Indians which they need to govern the country. Come to Simla and watch their wives placing their fancy-men in the Secretariat. How could one administer justice in a country where witnesses to a murder can be bought for a few rupees? Indeed, was there such a thing as justice—was it not merely imposing on Indians a morality which their religion and customs made incomprehensible? When the English imposed their culture in addition to their rule, when they sent missionaries to a village, even worse resentment and confusion followed on both sides.

Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Somerset Maugham regard these early stories as clever but cocky and callow. I think they misunderstand the question that Kipling is posing: what prevents such a society, threatened both internally and externally, from going over the precipice? Kipling answered; religion, law, custom, convention, morality—the forces of social control—these hold society together and impose upon individuals certain rules of behaviour which they break at their peril. Conventions enable men to retain their self-respect, to live together under the most appalling circumstances; and as a corollary punishment must fall on those who break the conventions. And this is the reason why so many of Kipling's stories are concerned with scenes in which the individualist, the eccentric, the man who offends against the trivial rules of the club, is tarred and feathered with gleeful brutality. To Kipling this is right: for if the offender is not brought to heel, society will suffer.

Kipling is not interested whether the customs and morality or religion are right or wrong. For him this was almost (though not, as I shall show,

entirely) irrelevant. The old sociologists such as Comte and Spencer laboriously proved that humanity was becoming more scientific in its thought, and that religion was perishing. Kipling denounced these old frauds in a story called *The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin*. In India, he declared, God and souls exist because the morals, culture, and assumptions of the Indians are based on their existence. They are social facts. And talking of facts, Comte's Humanity bore no relation to the raw, brown, naked humanity which surrounded Kipling. Kipling understood the social significance of religion far better than his great contemporary Sir James Frazer. Writing in the afterglow of evolutionary theory, Frazer saw religion and magic as a kind of primitive science which tribesmen employed and which would ultimately vanish, because untrue, as modern knowledge spread. Kipling, on the other hand, like Weber, is not concerned whether or not religion is true: for him religion is a social cement, a way in which men express their aspirations and find solace for their frustrations. There are many gods, and men change them and discard them, as Weland Smith discovered and as Krishna warned his fellow deities in *The Bridge Builders*. Religion is one of the facts that are given.

Kipling was aware that this spelt a hard life for the individual, who is forced to learn how to accommodate himself to his environment. Knowledge is the clue to success—knowledge of what is as opposed to the dream of what might be. How is such knowledge acquired? The answer is that society provides man with teachers; and here we come to the second part of Kipling's sociology, what I would call the doctrine of the in-group. An in-group by definition

implies cosiness and protection from the outsiders who want to invade one's privacy: in a sense it creates individuality by differentiating its inmates from the rest. Some in-groups are involuntary, such as the family and the school; others are of man's choosing, his craft or his profession. Each teaches men the rules by which society is governed, and each simultaneously will protect him after he has been initiated into its mysteries. The involuntary in-groups prepare man for life in society, and for Kipling, as for all Victorians, the family is overwhelmingly important. He himself was devoted to his parents and to his sister and he referred to the four of them as the Family Square. The term is masonic; the family is the great protector against a hostile world, and the fountain of love, decency, and the eternal virtues. How closely Kipling thought the well-being of the family was connected with the good of society may be deduced from one of the most dreadful sentences he ever wrote. When that paragon of virtue, the Brushwood Boy, returns to his ancestral home, his mother, wishing to spy out his intentions as regards marriage, takes him aside: 'They talked for a long hour as mother and son should, if there is to be any future for our Empire.'

In-group of the School

Then there is another involuntary in-group, the school, in which Kipling emphasises the impersonal nature of the education which the in-group provides. In *Stalky and Co.*, the self-conscious, laboriously taught ideals as expressed in Prout's jaws on house-spirit and games are ridiculed: the instinctive education which boys give each other is glorified. The *Regulus* ode acquired meaning only when the boys see it enacted in the form of a moral conflict in the school. The

voluntary in-groups re-emphasise this lesson and they also teach a new one. They teach that inner discipline and application are needed if a man is to master his craft. They teach the lesson that knowledge is to be found in the practice of the craft and not in books. They also teach the lesson that esoteric knowledge comes only to those who value it for its own sake and not for the worldly success which it brings.

There is one last lesson which man has to learn and on which civilisation depends: that is the knowledge of the Law. Kipling was not a moral relativist. True, English and Indian morality were exceedingly different and the English was—as a culture—superior only by virtue of greater technical knowledge and power. But above all cultures there exists the Law, which Kipling put in the form of a fable in *The Jungle Books*, but which was to him immensely important. It is those general rules of conduct—the keeping of promises, loyalty to friends, bravery, etc.—which men of all races and creeds agree are good and which enable the English soldier to recognise that Gunga Din is a better man than he. Those who break the Law are outside the pale of civilisation.

This habit, then, of regarding life through the spectacles of a sociologist led Kipling to some curious conclusions. Take, for instance, one of his best stories, *Mary Postgate*. It ends with Mary Postgate, a lady's companion and spinster, regarding a desperately wounded German airman who has crashed after dropping his bombs on her village. The German begs for water, but Mary Postgate, remembering the body of the child killed by the bombs, refuses to give him water and watches him die. Kipling before the war had the Germans

in mind when he wrote of the 'lesser breeds without the law.' And in this story he makes it clear that he is on the side of the spinster and that pity for the airman is sentimentality. Where in modern literature do we find such a conclusion echoed? In *Le Silence de La Mer* by Vercors, where a French family refuses to speak to the genuinely friendly German officer billeted upon them: to admit the human relationship would be to weaken the spirit of hatred and disgust which France must acquire if she is not to lose her soul. Kipling's morality is born in that Anglo-Indian society which seemed to him to be on the edge of a precipice: it is fitted for a country facing a revolution or enduring occupation.

But Kipling came to realise more and more that even the best men could crack under the strain which life imposes. The Great War showed him that men, however devoted to duty, could break under shell-shock, and many of his later stories are about healing the sick—sick minds and sick hearts. Kipling still stands by his analysis of society and still pursues with maledictions those who break the code. But he is searching for ways and means of alleviating the burden which men and women in their folly, and life in its cruelty, create, ways of nursing them back to strength, and for some universal religion such as Freemasonry which will transcend race and creed.

To understand Kipling's sociology helps one, I think, to understand his morality; and it also throws light on his conservatism. In this country we

are accustomed to think of sociologists as reformers. We think of the Webbs and a host of social physicians, or we remember such notable liberals as Hobhouse. But the sociologist can equally well be a conservative. For if his analysis of society is so complete and convincing that every facet of its culture is related to the whole—if he can show that to change or tamper with one part of society will upset the whole system of delicate relationships and functions by which society exists—then the presumption is against reforms, in that the reformer will never be able to foresee all the changes which will issue from his measures, and is usually a blundering fool ignorant of the delicate harmonies and tensions in society, and working on some theory which ignores social facts. This is why Kipling opposed the liberals at home and the Babu in India. This is why he feared democracy and education which meant that people would cut loose from the conventions of their class. This conservative sociology was the metal out of which he hammered the majority of his stories, among them some of his most staggering technical accomplishments.

But I think that his greatest triumphs were achieved when he laid aside his hammer and let his gaze travel beyond the workshop and wrote *The Gardener* and *The Wish House* and *Kim*. The same assumptions about society and the individual are there, but he transcends them. Instead of a meticulous scheme of action which governs the behaviour of human beings, we at last see a vision of life.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are:—LONDON: Air Vice-Marshal Malcolm Henderson, Mr. E. Nissim, Lt.-Col. J. A. McQueen, Mrs. J. H. C. Brooking, Mrs. T. A. Anson. MELBOURNE: Miss C. P. Smith, Mr. White, Miss V. Hickman, Mrs. R. W. Warrell, Mr. Shelton, Mrs. Shelton, Mr. W. L. Bryan, Miss Scurrah, Mrs. Malady, NEW ZEALAND: Mrs. E. Harts-horn. QUEENSLAND: Miss J. McDonald,

Rudyard Kipling and the Scout Movement

by Sir Archie Michaelis

(Vice-President of the Kipling Society of London, and President of the Melbourne Branch)

[Although Rudyard Kipling was born too soon to have had the privilege of being a Scout himself, there is not the slightest doubt but that he had the greatest admiration for the Movement and for its founder, so much so, in fact, that he wrote a series of tales specially to arouse the interest of Scouts.]

THE whole of Kipling's teaching and philosophy of life is that aimed at by your Movement, and as you are well aware, Cub training is largely based on the exploits of Mowgli and his animal friends in *The Jungle Books*. Undoubtedly, many Scouts have been inspired, as have so many others, by the ideals which he propounded.

I am sure that many of Kipling's works are still favourites with present-day Scouts, and that being the case, I do suggest that here is an opportunity of persuading them and other members of the Movement to absorb the whole of his writings.

There is a tendency among some today to decry Kipling and what he stood for, but it will generally be found that they are those who would like to see the downfall of the British Commonwealth and its traditions of freedom; or else they have been misled by one or two extracts that have been taken out of their context and used to support the thesis that Kipling is nothing but a jingoistic writer of trashy verse.

I venture to say that in all except a few stories, which can be read for

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pure entertainment, everything that Kipling wrote carries a message, possibly with only a small trace of powder in the jam, which furthers the idea of the importance of service and doing one's best, and the need in the world today for what many of us still call the British Empire.

" Re-Explore Your Kipling "

I do hope that readers of this article will themselves re-explore their Kipling, and do their utmost to encourage others to study his works, including his inspiring poetry. One way in which this could be done would be by talks at Scout gatherings on Kipling books, such as *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Rewards and Fairies*, *Kim*, *The Day's Work*, and many others, while taking every opportunity of presenting such works as gift books or prizes on suitable occasions.

We have a very active branch of the Kipling Society in Melbourne, and if any Scouter would like to attend one of our meetings, full particulars may be obtained by telephoning the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. V. Carlson (FM 2580). We are trying to do in one way what you are so successfully doing in another, and I trust that it will be possible for us to work together towards this common aim.

"On the Gate"

(DEBITS AND CREDITS)

A Lowbrow Commentary

by A. E. Bagwell-Purefoy

MY only excuse for writing about this story is that it's a favourite of mine, and it would be nice to tell people why, and to know if anyone else feels the same. Half the time I'm reading it I'm doubled up with laughter, and the other half I'm blinking at the print through those exasperating tears that the best stories always squeeze out, no matter how funny they are.

The story's about the grit that got into the clockwork routine of Heaven when the vast casualties of World War One began to roll up to the Gate. For some time before August '14, one gathers, the Celestial Officials had become a trifle comatose; owing to the large number of 'scientifically prolonged fatal illnesses' business had slackened considerably, so when applicants for admission suddenly increased by ten thousand per cent., these same Officials were caught with their Angelic Trousers down, and liked it no better than we.

Two Leading Characters

The two leading characters appear at once: Death, a good-humoured, philosophical fellow who seems to have rather a soft job, and St. Peter, who is taking a brief rest from Gate Duty, leaving in his place a Deputy. This Deputy, like a Dickens minor character, is one of the gems of the story. Can't we just see that 'prim-lipped Seraph,' who will not leave his Chief alone! The Saint promptly overrules two attempts by this martinet to refuse admission, and it is immediately clear that the Keeper of the Gate has changed greatly since 1891, when he dealt so summarily with poor Tomlinson. His one idea now is to find excuses (which he calls 'Rulings') for admitting every single applicant, and these Rulings—under the amused eye of Death—become ever more monstrously far-fetched as

the tale goes on. Death himself is moved to remark: "I've yet to meet the soul you wouldn't find excuse for."

Before he can finally escape from this pestilential Seraph, St. Peter suggests that he ask certain colleagues to assist him. There are a couple of nice touches about this 'Board of Admission': St. Christopher, who 'will pass anything that looks wet and muddy,' and St. Paul. Kipling is fond of having little digs at St. Paul; in 'Antioch' we find the 'little maker of tents' rather voluble and just the teeniest bit tiresome, while in 'The Manner of Men' we are told that 'he seemed to take it for granted that he led everywhere'—an attitude which, again, can be trying at times. Here, our Seraph is told he will find him 'an embarrass—a distinctly strong colleague,' and, although unfortunately he doesn't actually appear, we are left with the impression that Peter took a certain pleasure in keeping the Second-Greatest Saint in his place. And then, in a flash, Peter's parting words to his Deputy change the whole tone of the scene:—"but oh, my child, you don't know what it is to need forgiveness. Be gentle with 'em—be very gentle with 'em!"

"Normal Civil Death"

At last the pair get away and enter the sadly dislocated offices of Ordinary Death, and in a moment we meet the next great minor character: NORMAL CIVIL DEATH—in the middle fifties, prosperous, wearing striped City trousers, stoutish, clean-shaven, greying at the temples. Even the highest have crosses to bear, and the Angel of Death makes it clear that this 'Departmental Head' is no light weight on his shoulders. As we might expect, 'His Majesty' is bursting with grievances, chief among which is that the War has caused him to be treated with flippancy and even

contempt by his victims, who actually (among other enormities) dare to cut down on funeral expenses and black-edged cards.

St. Peter's typical query as to people's real feelings is easily turned aside, and he and Death escape, with vast relief, to watch the underlings at work. *Their* headache is to twist people's dying words into a form that will not be offensive to their touchy Chief, and a sad job they find it. Thus, "I'd make a dam' pore 'ospital nurse!" is hardly promising material, and it is small wonder that frequent recourse is had to the office Crib. Can you imagine anything more delicious than this 'milking' of the smudgy, dog-eared, copybook dying-speech of 'the late Mr. Gantry Tubnell'—without doubt a complacent old hypocrite who, we sincerely hope, is serving a well-deserved term in the 'Lower Establishment.' Surely he should rank as another Minor Character.

It is fitting that the merriest of these Clerks of Death should turn out to have no business there at all, having 'slipped in' from Another Place, and we are delighted when Death packs him off, with a slap on his behind, to more congenial work.

The pair emerge into the Light, and now we get an idea on something all of us must occasionally wonder about—what the ordinary Spirit *does* in Heaven. Peter and Death meet a squad of Angels who have been told off to help and encourage distressed relatives of fighting-men. Each Comforter is selected with great care—a Glory is sent to boost a wounded man's reputation for the benefit of his none-too-steadfast wife; a division or so of browned-off warriors are ministered to by a lovable little 'soft-eyed Patience,' who confesses adorably that she isn't much use. The séance is halted abruptly by the shooting (on Earth) of a spy—'Deserter, Traitor, Murderer'—and St. Peter dashes off to the Gate to watch for the arrival of this Godforsaken Spirit.

On the way he runs into the most interesting personage in the story: Judas Iscariot. Kipling excels himself over this character, not only in portraying him but in the ingenious rôle he gives him to fill. To begin with,

we see a red-headed man who tells stories to children (so they hadn't *all* run away to the 'They' House); at the word 'Traitor' he rushes up eagerly to help, and from that moment onwards, 'worming through the crowd like an Armenian carpet-vendor,' is the life and soul of the Pickets detailed to put heart into the terrified Spirits crowding the approaches to the Gate.

St. Peter and Death hurry out to meet these masses, the former initialling passes right and left, the details being filled in (I like this) by 'a quite competent-looking Quartermaster Sergeant.' But before he can reach them he is waylaid by yet another Personality: a strong-charactered old lady who peremptorily orders him to admit forthwith to Paradise her son, a 'mottle-nosed Major'—obviously a connoisseur of port, and, not impossibly, of chorus-girls as well. With Death tactfully looking the other way, the Saint is bounced into giving a pass to this Drone, under the preposterous Ruling of 'The Importunate Widow' (Luke 18, 3-5: "Because this widow troubleth me I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me"). Here we must read 'oblige' for 'avenge.' As the leading actor in this Parable is a Judge of particularly reprehensible qualities, it shows the lengths to which St. Peter is prepared to go, in order to avoid turning away applicants for admission. (Yet there are those who assert that Kipling revelled in cruelty!)

A Novel View

Death and the Saint then get their first sight of the dark masses of Souls that stretch from the Gate back across the vast plain, poor Peter being subjected to an 'outburst of cock-crowing' from certain ill-disposed elements present; (evidently R.K. doesn't think we shall be allowed to dwell in Heaven without being fairly often reminded of our sins on Earth). These crowding Souls are in considerable danger, for the 'Lower Establishment,' doubtless realising the extreme unlikelihood of St. Peter's sending them anyone at all, are making stupendous efforts to wheedle people away before they ever reach him. (This is, to me, quite a novel view of what

happens.) Their efforts are parried by the Pickets, or Escorts—various historical figures including 'a young girl with short-cropped hair,' who carries a sword and doesn't think much of the English. Each has his or her own way of repelling the enemy, but surely our friend Judas, with his "Many mansions—go-ood billets!" and, best of all, "If I'm here it must be a moral cert for you gents," is the finest morale-raiser of the lot. (If St. Peter really *does* use him like that, it's a stroke of genius!)

Our traitor, who fell to the firing-party, arrives at last, and, for once, even Peter is stumped for a "Ruling." Shakespeare, however, comes to the rescue with the ideal answer—a deferred Pardon under "Samuel Two, Double Fourteen," a Ruling which, at the finish, gives comfort even to Death, who, alone among created beings, is 'doomed to perish utterly, and knows it.'

So ends the story, leaving the reader once again keenly aware of the compassion in Kipling's nature—and even, perhaps, not quite so apprehensive of the Dread Summons as before. I always get the feeling, too, that Kipling must have got intense fun out of writing it (I can see him rolling in that study chair at Bateman's). It is an earnest hope of mine that one day—having taken my chance with the 'Lower Establishment'—I may be allowed to meet our Author's Spirit. My first question will be: "How near the mark were you with your Heavenly stories?" His face, I am sure, will light up keenly, and he will answer, not without satisfaction: "I wasn't so far out, *was I!*"—but then, alas, pointing at some piece of Mechanism undreamed-of on Earth, he will slap his Celestial knee in exasperation and exclaim: "But why, in the name of all this Heaven, didn't I think of THAT!"

Hunting Song of the Kiplingite

As dawn was breaking the Wolf Pack
yelled,

Once, twice and again;
Mowgli threading the Jungle dark,
Early magic that made its mark—
Tongue, give tongue to it! Hark,
oh hark!

Once, twice and again!

As morning opened the dayspring
well'd

Once, twice and again;
And the wonderful world was made
Just So,
And the school of schools was at
Westward Ho!

And the Brushwood Boy set our
hearts aglow

Once, twice and again!

As noon drew on us no joy was quelled
Once, twice and again;

For Villages voted the Earth was
Flat,
And Garm was chasing the Maltese
Cat

With Kim—and was Fairy-Kist at
that!

Once, twice and again!

May we say in the dusk that the spell
has held

Once, twice and again?
All good measure and packed with it,
By the Jungle Law is the biter bit
From Phantom Rickshaw to Holy
Writ

Once, twice and again!

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN.

REAR ADMIRAL CHANDLER'S SUMMARY. Mr. R. E. Harbord, the Hon. Treasurer of the Kipling Society, has in his possession the typescript revision of "A Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling" by the late Rear Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler, published in New York by the Grolier Club in 1930. Admiral Chandler himself revised his book to the end of 1935, and it is therefore nearly complete as a reference to all Kipling's works. Mr. Harbord invites readers who would like to have a typed copy of this material to let him know whether they are willing to pay £2 10s. 0d. (or 7 dollars) for a type-written copy. There are about 50 foolscap pages, including corrections of the original text. Correspondence should be addressed to Mr. R. E. Harbord, *Spring Grange, Wood End, Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts., England.*

Kipling's Later Tales

THE THEME OF HEALING

by J. M. S. Tompkins

(By courtesy of Professor C. J. Sisson, General Editor of the Modern Language Review, and of the author, we reproduce below the third part of an article by Dr. J. M. S. Tompkins, from the January, 1950, number of that Journal)

IT was natural that Kipling should be drawn to write of these obscure and tragic injuries. He had already dealt much in the shadow-world, trodden in loneliness and fear by the mind that feels its sanity giving under crushing strain. For these victims there had been sometimes no salvation.¹ He had also dealt with the mysterious borderlands of consciousness and with haunted places and people. The hauntings are sometimes merely recorded, sometimes tentatively explained, but it is not until his later work that they are exorcised² and the wounds in consciousness healed. With this change of interest the tales take up a new element, that of detection. There enters then a character, often serving as narrator, who gropes for a clue and aims at a solution. He may be a professional healer, like the specialists and Nurse Blaber in *In the Same Boat*, or an amateur cast by chance for the part, like the narrators in *The House Surgeon* and *The Dog Hervey*. The cases are sometimes intricate, and there is more commentary and explanation than Kipling usually conceded, while *The House Surgeon* and *The Dog Hervey* have in them an irreducible element of the preternatural.

Forgive and Forget

In both tales, however, human agony is stilled and the waifs are gathered in, not by the 'detective,' but by the strength of human love and forgiveness. What the 'detective' does is to

remove obstructions to the exercise of them and act as their agent. 'People ought to forgive and forget,' says Baxter in *The House Surgeon*, and *The Rabbi's Song* that follows bids us cleanse and call home our spirits, lest the shadows of our hate and pain fall on our heirs. Even in *In the Same Boat*, where the cure of Conroy and Miss Henschel is completed by the elucidation of their dreams, the restoration of their drowning souls has been effected in the first instance by their efforts to help each other. With the appearance of the war patients, the preternatural element drops out of the tales. There was no need to look for strange and exceptional cases; too many were present in the accepted order of things. The thought that we are fearfully and wonderfully made had been much in Kipling's mind. He had dealt in types, but he had been far from over-simplifying human nature. Now he shows himself more and more aware of the frailty of man's body and brain, his liability to manifold injury,³ his capacity for suffering, and his fortitude in it. We have these treasures in earthen vessels. There is also the aspect of the subject expressed by Sir James Belton, the Head of St. Peggotty's Hospital, in *The Tender Achilles*, as he broods on the case of the valuable and unlikeable bacteriologist, Wilkett: 'Oh, Lord! what do You expect for the money?'

Masonry

We first meet the injured and shell-shocked men in the Lodge Faith and Works in '*In the Interests of the Brethren*.'⁴ This tale was written during the war, and it is free from the

notes of bitterness and apprehension that strike across those written in the subsequent peace. It is hopeful as to 'the possibilities of the Craft at this juncture,' even if it sometimes crosses Brother Burges's mind that 'Grand Lodge' may have thrown away its chances in the war almost as much as the Church has." Men from hospitals and leave-trains, whose only practical creed since childhood has been Masonry ('The Fatherhood of God, an' the Brotherhood of Man; an' what more in Hell *do* you want?') find their way to the Lodge of Instruction, where their minds are helped by the fellowship and the ritual and their bodies succoured by the ham-sandwiches made from Brother Lemming's specially-fattened pig. 'All Ritual is fortifying,' says Brother Burges. 'Ritual's a natural necessity of mankind. The more things are upset, the more they fly to it.' So the casualty struck dumb with shock manages to articulate greetings from his Lodge in Wales, while in *The Janeites*, which begins in the same setting, Humberstall, 'a very cart-horse of a man,' who has never been quite the same since he went up with a dump at a place he calls 'Eatables,' is found happily polishing the acacia-wood organ panels. To all comes some solace and alleviation, even where the healing can be only partial. 'We had every day joy of the amendment of our sick,' wrote Bacon in *The New Atlantis*, 'who thought themselves cast into some divine pool of healing; they mended so kindly and so well.' Such a pool of healing is the Lodge.

Here, however, we are dealing with the immediate and comparatively simple results of recent injury. In the four tales that tell in detail of the healing of war-neurosis, the diseased state is of long standing and in one case has taken years to show itself. We can

distinguish between the less and the more complex, and the distinction is reflected in the varying methods of narration. The plight of the young peasant, Martin Ballart, whom his acquaintance with death has for years 'immobilized from the soul outward,' is thoroughly understood by the priest of the village who tells the tale; but he is beyond the reach even of love, and it needs the unintentional farce played in Church, when two choirboys and the atheist schoolmaster get hooked on to the split whalebone of the priest's old umbrella, to restore his real mind to him on a gust of boyish laughter.⁵ The sufferer is inarticulate in this case, and so, to all intents and purposes, is John Marden, successful founder of an engineering firm, when, after a bout of overwork, the 'forgotten and hardly held-back terrors' of his underground experiences as a sapper beneath Messines ridge rise up to shatter him. The narrative here is forthright and in the third person, and we need no more comment than we get from his knowledgeable ex-batman, who steers him back to sanity by means of the jet-black dwarf Aberdeen bitch, Dinah. For her sake, when she is caught in an old badger's earth, he once more crawls underground and defeats his fear. Since John Marden's trouble is not so inaccessible as Martin Ballart's, much of the tale is given up to the skilled manœuvres of that unexpected Aesculapius, Corporal Vincent Shingle, 'systematically a speculator, intermittently a drunkard, and emphatically a liar.'

Told Conversationally

The intricacies of *Fairy-Kist* and *The Tender Achilles* are reflected in the form. Both stories involve physical pain; it harrows Wollin and prepares his mind for the seeds of his obsession, while the festering foot of

Wilkett may be a safety valve for his mental trouble, is certainly a counter-irritant, as the *Hymn to Physical Pain* confirms, and in the hands of Sir James Belton and his conscripted conspirators becomes a means of his cure. The tales are told conversationally, chiefly by Keede, the doctor of *In the Interests of the Brethren*, but with interruptions, questions and supplements from his listeners. *Fairy-Kist* is told among Masons and the bond helps the two 'detectives' to Wollin's confidence. For the elucidation of Wilkett's plight we need two medical men, Keede and the surgeon 'Scree,' and liberal quotation from Sir James Belton, the Head of St. Peggotty's Hospital. Wollin's case presents no temperamental difficulties. He is 'a not uncommon cross between a brave bully and an old maid,' and more articulate than Ballart or Marden. The problem is to identify the origin of the 'voices' that tyrannize over him, and thus to break the spell. This is a detective problem and we penetrate to the solution of it through folds of misconception. The story opens as if it were the type of detective story that the 'I' of the tale wishes he could write, with a corpse and a suspect and the investigations of amateur detectives. But this is only the outer and misdirected envelope, for the corpse was not murdered and the suspect is guiltless. Then by the aid of chance—always an agent in Kipling's world—we dismiss these appearances and Wollin's own confusing rationalizations, and reach the root of the obsession, when the book read to him in hospital by a V.A.D. during air-raids is identified. The spell is broken and the 'pressures'⁶ are off; Wollin, freed from his fear of madness, looks like 'a redeemed soul,' and the healers envy his happiness.

The Most Difficult Tale

The most difficult tale is *The Tender Achilles*. Here a moral element enters. It is Wilkett's 'bleedin' vanity' that makes him peculiarly liable to the strain of his work as surgeon—at which he is not very good—at a Casualty Clearing Station. But a further complication is his 'research temperament' ('That type of mind wants absolute results, one way or the other; or else absolute accuracy') which revolts at the conditions, the hit-or-miss decisions, the absence of any time to think. His vanity drives his sense of duty on to false ground, and his imagination, the first necessity in his research equipment, works his woe. 'You've got to acknowledge the facts of life and your own limitations,' says Scree. 'Ambitious men won't do that till they are broke.' But Wilkett, who regards himself as something special, can take no comfort from his participation in a common inadequacy.

Then he wrung his hands and said, 'To whom much has been given, from the same much shall be required.' That annoyed me. I hate book-keeping with God! It's dam' insolence, anyhow. Who was he to know how much had been given to the other fellow?

He keeps a list of the casualties he has 'murdered' by improper treatment, and when the wound, made in his foot by a splinter of metal, festers, he relates his injury and the operation necessitated by it to the self-inflicted instep-wounds he has tended in hospital, and, vanity still operative, 'said it was a judgement on him for shirking.' Since, therefore, his mind is divided between an unhealthy humiliation and a still unchastened vanity that cannot accept failure as a natural incident, the lesson that 'In our Profession we are none of us Jee-ho-vahs. Strange as it may seem, not a-ny of us are Jee-ho-vahs' cannot be

taught him simply and directly. He can accept it only by being himself the victim of a mistake in diagnosis and treatment, a mistake made not under the inhuman pressure of a C.C.S., but in spite of the full resources of St. Peggotty's Hospital and its laboratories, and by finding the 'little affair' dismissed as regrettable but all in the year's work by the gods of his world. This is the 'homeopathic treatment' at which Sir James Belton hints; but the naked discipline is supported by gentler methods. Wilkett is allured back to research by being placed once more in the atmosphere of a great teaching hospital; his surgeon and Sir James talk shop with him; finally his very vanity is thrown into the scale of recovery when Keede reminds his infuriated patient that he is now 'one blooming civil case in one blooming bed' (*sc.* in a hospital where he could be a power). By all manner of means Wilkett's brain is saved for research and his obsessions defeated; he does not, it appears, understand what had befallen him, and the healing does not

reach his moral nature. The heel of this Achilles is still vulnerable. Keede uses the present tense when he breaks off his narrative to ask Scree if Wilkett was 'always as offensive as he is.' But the specialized instrument is repaired and put back to its proper work.

(To be concluded)

¹ E.g., 'At the End of the Passage' in 'Life's Handicap.'

² In 'The Return of Imray' in 'Life's Handicap,' the ghost is laid by the discovery of the corpse.

³ Cf. in 'The Prophet and the Country' in 'Debits and Credits,' the image of the magneto make-and-break—'that tiny two-inch spring of finest steel, failure of which immobilises any car.'

⁴ In 'A Debits and Credits'; first published 1918.

⁵ For the healing power of laughter, cf. 'The Wrong Thing'; also the 'unreasonable gust or clap of laughter, which none the less eased us' in 'A Doctor of Medicine'; and the much earlier 'Legs of Sister Ursula' (1893).

⁶ The 'pressures' are atmospheric in 'With the Night Mail,' in 'Actions and Reactions' (first published 1905), metaphorical here, and both, I think, in 'Uncovenanted Mercies' in 'Limits and Renewals.'

A Visit to Bateman's

THIRTY members and friends formed the first organized party from the Kipling Society to visit Kipling's beautiful home at Burwash on Tuesday, July 13th.

A coach party of fourteen from London was joined by sixteen others in private cars. Lunch was at Maiden's Head Hotel, Uckfield, where Mr. Parish, the tenant of Bateman's, was guest.

The second stop was at the Parish

Church, Burwash, to see, among other things, "Panama Corner," the cast-iron memorial referred to in "The Conversion of St. Wilfred" (*Rewards and Fairies*).

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in the house and gardens, Mr. Parish having opened the place for an extra day for the visit. Tea was taken in the house, and the weather was perfect—one of the few really good days this year.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY SALES DEPARTMENT is able to supply the following to Members interested: POSTCARDS of Batemans, Rudyard Lake, or Kipling's Grave, 9d. per doz.; BOOKPLATES, 1d. each; Members' List, 6d.; and extra copies of *The Kipling Journal* at 2/6d. per copy—except for certain rare numbers. Enquiries should be addressed to The Secretary, Kipling Society, c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund, Greenwich House, 11, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

Letter Bag

(Correspondents are asked to keep their letters as short as possible)

Awake with Pessimism !

A note of pessimism which I cannot feel justified has crept into the article, "How Much Longer?" written by our Hon. Secretary in the July *Journal*. A letter by Col. Bagwell-Purefoy sounds the same note—pessimism as to the popularity of Kipling's works, and the future of our Society.

There will always be periods in our history when the works of our great writers and musical composers may suffer a partial eclipse, due perhaps to the conditions of social life at the time, but Kipling's genius will live through the ages. It is true that the younger generation, conditioned by the times, and their obsession with material enjoyment, often lacks knowledge and appreciation of his works, but as time passes many of them will eventually find the joy which he offers.

More younger readers would undoubtedly spring up if a cheap and popular edition of Kipling were available, but this, unfortunately, cannot occur until the copyright expires. A story like "The White Seal," and poems such as "The Way Through the Woods" and "Four Feet" will speak to the heart of youth today and tomorrow as surely as yesterday. Genius cannot die. We need not fear that a spark will not always survive to relight the old fires.

Sir Christopher, in his last paragraph, deploras "The Brushwood Boy." "That infernal story," he writes, "seems to have been specially written to add to my difficulties in trying to get new members." Yet it is one of the few of Kipling's tales which has been published as a separate volume, and also chosen for broadcasting. The story of lovers who had known one another in a lifetime of dreams before their actual meeting may be dated in setting, but its significance is eternal; and the descriptions of the deep peace and joy of life in the English countryside then, may well form for some of us an antidote to the restlessness and unspoken fear of so much of life today.—(Major) F. R. BARRY, 3 Sussex Square, Brighton, 7.

From S. Africa

I have recently been reading *A Ken of Kipling*, by Will M. Clemens, published by the New Amsterdam Book Co., 1899. On pages 44-45 there are several quotations from Kipling's prose work, in one of which there is a word to which I can give no meaning. I have a limited knowledge of Hindustani, after spending a few years in India, but a friend of mine who spent all his life in that country is unable to help me.

This is the quotation: "And when the witchery of the dawn turns the gray river-reaches to purple, gold and opal," they felt as though "the lumbering *dhoni* crept across the splendours of a new heaven." Then again on page 49 there is a curious sentence: "The Vermont horse yielded as readily to his word of command as the mowgli" ("mowgli" is written with a small "m"). What meaning can it have?—J. S. MCGREGOR, 78 Meade Street, George, Cape Province, South Africa.

"Good Hunting, Brother !"

Bagheera still hunts in the jungle round the Seonee Hills—and the young still read Kipling. But Bagheera has increased the radius of his hunting grounds for I saw him recently (in the shape of a motor-launch) in Marsh Lock, near Henley-on-Thames. He was in the charge of a small boy, who in answer to my greeting told me he had read the *Jungle Books* and *Stalky & Co*. He was thrilled when I told him I had known 'Stalky' and 'M'Turk' and had been to Westward Ho! I addressed him as 'Mowgli' and the grin I received was all the proof I needed that he appreciated to the full my "Good Hunting, Brother" as Bagheera and he slid silently through the lock gates.—W. G. B. MAITLAND, 39 Marlborough Place, London, N.W.8.

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