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Notes

R.K.'s OWN IDEA

IT is in a truly fraternal spirit of fellowship in letters that Mr. Courtauld allows us to quote in full his delectable English version of a classical scholar's tribute to Kipling. This took the form of a Latin preface for the three odes our poet wrote in the Horatian vein, so as to lighten the war-time burden of his countrymen. When the little book made its appearance some thirty years ago, it was hailed as a perfect specimen of real collaboration in a field where it is only too easy to fail. Nor in any part of an undertaking which was purely Kipling's own in origin, could the camaraderie of scholarship be more clearly evinced than in the preface.

This showed Godley at his best, with an easy blend of conviviality, sympathetic humour, and happy touch of pseudo-pedantry lurking in Shandean terms like Tomirotius and Boosting Parva. This old-world flavour of what was neatly called "Flaccitas" (after Horace's cognomen, of course) is distilled to the last drop in Mr. Courtauld's English rendering, with every item of its meaning well conveyed. Rarely can co-operation of the higher order make such a confident appeal to all who retain any trace of their school campaigns into the timeless map of language. Still less is that appeal made so well to both classes of "old boy"—those who are still at home in the parlance of the past, and those who, like Mr. Churchill, merge it all into his own sterling brand of our wonderful native tongue.

"KIM" IN THE OFFING

Hollywood dabs its prickly finger into every shadow pie, and hence that dazzling quarter sends us news of the

colour-filming of "Kim." For once, the source is British, and as one might expect from his lordly surname, Mr. Victor Saville hails from Birmingham—not the colourable imitation in Alabama, but the authentic midlandopolis of Chamberlains, caucus, and cars. The *Evening News* gossiped of late about Mr. Saville's return from the Rajputana plains where he found key scenes galore. But nothing is reported of his researches at Lahore—where of course the story started—so he bids fair to swelter us with ceremonial in Milton's vein, where he sang how "the gorgeous East with richest hand strewn on her screens (shall we discreetly say?) barbaric pearl and gold." For it seems climatic conditions suggested a trek from one lavish chief to another—that is to say, the Rajah of Bundi to the Maharajah of Jeypur. There the hospitalities and scenic opportunities were more than supplementary and but for a splurge of cloud, Mount Everest himself might well have come into the picture.

Memory recalls a previous incursion, alas, where the film (a British one, by the way) promised us "Gunga Din," and then plunged him into "Soldiers Three." I stood the performance as long as most, but when we sank into a subterranean city of virgin gold, I slipped away and thanked my stars at being light on my feet. For that palpable theft from Aladdin was planted within a day's march of a big army cantonment, and I for one prefer my Arabian Nights unbroken by "gaffes" like this.

BRAVERY IN BINDING

Talking of "Kim," a first edition adorns a handsome catalogue from the Swann Auction Galleries in New

York, to mark their 250th sale and the eighth year of foundation. A double photo illustrates the luxurious binding, and the front and inside cover may fitly rank for the quality of the rest. Lotus and elephant designs are surrounded by interlaced "strap" patterns, as these are called, and one page is centred by a superb miniature portrait of the author himself, taken from his middle period when "Kim" appeared. The whole conception well represents the London firm (Sangorski & Sutcliffe) which has devoted itself so long to the beautification of R.K.'s work, and we hope that the book has been secured for one of the great American libraries. The tragic loss of their historic binding of the Vedder edition of Omar Khayyam in the "Titanic," and its sequel in our "blitz" must rank among the tragedies of bibliopoly, and this Kipling rarity must come near to rivalling that lost book in excellence.

A new American anthology entitled "A Treasury of Great Reporting" contains some of the best examples of descriptive journalism which attains to the rank of literature. It contains Kipling's striking account of memorable phases in the battle of Jutland, and also Mr. Churchill's story of his escape from Dutch durance in the Boer war when this century was young. One wonders how many first-class passages from their early works could be added to the book.

A GEORGIAN EDITOR

Probably no British magazine ever appealed to R.K. as "Blackwood" did in his years of press probation. Nobody has explained why it printed so few of his productions, considering the many contacts it has maintained with India, and the ardour that kept India so well up in its contents. In a recent number, a bunch of letters help the inquiry in one respect, for they were written by the late Mowbray Morris, then editing "Macmillan's Magazine." He had captured "The Ballad of East and West," and glowed in his praise of it rather more than one would have expected, considering the traditional monotony of his complacent mind.

He forsook these raptures later

on, for when I came up to take charge of the "Pioneer" London office in the mid-nineties, we were colleagues for a time. He had retained our weekly mail dispatch "On Art and Letters," one of the six assorted pages that kept our readers in touch with London things that mattered. But he had relapsed into the hard-shell Oxford don, and I can quite account for some of the outbursts Mr. Bolitho's article describes. In one of them he was thirsting for the blood of J. S. Sargent, the U.S.A. artist, whom Mowbray wanted to have "kicked around Trafalgar Square" for putting some of our native noses out of joint in the way of portraiture. Would to goodness we only had a bold Sargent lifesize of Kipling!

TIPS FROM THE WEST

Mr. J. Donald Adams, in the "New York Times Book Review," points to T. S. Eliot's selection of Kipling's verse, and thinks a similar choice of his prose might afford a corresponding fillip to his tales and prose, as "one of the master story-tellers of all time." There have been other attempts, of course, notably "A Kipling Anthology" (1922), a neat octavo divided into sections like East of Suez, England, Service, Adventure, etc. No doubt it could be improved upon, but publishers are sure to be alive to such a prospect, and copyright barriers might debar any other firm from competing.

The other idea came from Mr. Ernest Macdonald, of Colorado, some time ago, and recounted how he had won a prize copy of "The Light that Failed" at a local bazaar in a competition at trimming a woman's hat. It's an ill trim of the wind that blows nobody good, for our Colorado friend blossomed out into a Kipling "fan." Our unfailing founder, Mr. Brooking, fancies a round-up might be made of happy souls who have been caught up by starry ways like this, into the happy company of Kipling lovers. Let us pause and ponder the idea awhile, for in a letter or two something might come of it. Things far slighter than hats have had bigger consequences in their time.

J. P. COLLINS.

Kipling and Horace

THE PREFACE TO THE FIFTH BOOK OF HORACE'S ODES
TRANSLATED BY S. A. COURTAULD

[Rudyard Kipling had a profound respect for the Roman handling of our ancestors—which, as suggested by Mr. J. P. Collins in Kipling Journal No. 91, "keyed R.K. up to composing those three Horatian Odes in the fifteen that went to make up the fabulous "Fifth Book." We are now privileged to publish Mr. S. A. Courtauld's translation of Godley's Preface.

*in sending the MS Mr. Courtauld quotes the following passage from a letter from Mr. Graves to a friend: "The genesis of 'Horace: Odes, Book V' was in the brain of Kipling. It occurred to him at about the blackest time of the last war, end of 1917 and early months of 1918, as a means of keeping up one's spirits and distracting our thoughts from present troubles, and he wrote to me outlining his plan and making many admirable suggestions for subjects of the sham odes. He was the begetter of the scheme. His next step was to secure a band of scholars to translate them into Latin, and he could not have got a better equipped company than *Knox, Ramsay and Powell. Godley wrote the essay in Latin prose.*

The little book had a limited circulation but a good press."]

**Monsignor Ronald Knox.*

PREFACE

NOW the whole book, long lying hidden in libraries, though scholars whose mendations have dealt with many passages, were not ignorant of it, is at length brought to light.

There can be no doubt that our Flaccus willed that this book, now polished and perfected to a nicety, should be the culmination, the apex, as it were, of his work. He seems therefore to have kept it hidden apart, and, as far as possible kept the common crowd at a distance from this inner sanctuary of the Muses: and posterity has done the same to such an extent that in his codices we have never till now seen any other edition of the Odes which contains this fifth

book.

THE AUTHORITY

Now let us survey the authority of the codices by which this text is supported. Of this reason compels us to agree that one "familia" possesses a much greater authority than the others, and this is the codex noted in our critical study by P. This is preserved in the Grossspaniandrumpinacotheca, and is damaged in many places, but repaired with great diligence by a copyist, apparently it seems, not ignorant of Latin. The second follows marked T, written in the 14th century, and now after various fortunes deposited in the Padoviensium Museum Trentunostembrense; and we are of opinion that this is derived from the same source as that which the librarian of Cav. Col. Camb., my friend, has given me to examine. This we call W in our report. Thus one "familia" is as it were made up from these codices, agreeing very much, as they do, with each other; how far complete and general agreement occurs has been noted by letter A. No doubt there was one codex from which all these originated. Here too this "familia" differs from the other codices in that while the others lack those Odes relegated to the appendix, this alone includes them all. But while there is much resemblance of these codices to each other, yet there is a distinction which does not separate book P from the rest; not but that they show in detail something peculiar to themselves; inasmuch as the transcriber of codex W, venturing on many corrections, is to blame for unwonted ignorance of metres and their writers.

There are, besides, two codices of lower value to be considered. The first, M, kept for long in the monastery of S. Tryphosa at Valladolid, was no doubt put together by a monk, for it exhibits differences which are usual with regard to monks and their use of books. Not even Orello has seen

this codex. The second, by some mysterious vicissitude of fortune has found its way into the family of Poshworthian of Market Poshworth. When I wished to inspect it and talk with others about it, I was denied through the foolish suspicion of its owner and his locked doors, and should have been entirely ignorant of its state had not the neighbouring vicar of Boosting Parva industriously and in a friendly spirit made a copy; so I make honourable mention of him for his good nature rather than for his knowledge of Latin. Nobody can deny that these codices are connected. They abound in errors, but in similar errors (except so far as the Vicar has included fresh textual corruption); so I cannot but believe that they originate in one and the same source, this latter having been lost; and this is the more probable in that the writer nourished at the same period as the author of "familia" A.

THE CONTROVERSY EXAMINED

It remains for me briefly to answer those who think it surprising and contrary to truth that Horace should have composed not only single Odes on definite themes, but two or three poems to the same purpose; not that I am able or desirous of re-examining this controversy, abounding, as it does, in tedium and folly. And wherefore so many stupidities? Is any reason advanced why Horace with his copious resources, should not have employed a diversity of words to express the same meaning over and over again? Archias did this when our Cicero praised him for that very thing; besides, many others have done the same. But I must refer to Toshius among Japanese professors, so that I may illustrate the senselessness of man, or—I had almost said—of a herd

of cattle; who being the most ignorant and unworthiest of his Chair endeavoured to overthrow the very basis of the whole book. For the madman not only repeatedly asserted but even published that no fifth book had been written by Flaccus; that the Odes contained in this volume were first written in English by some unknown author, afterwards so rendered by some grammarian or other ignorant of pure Latin as to deceive unskilled people with feigned renderings of Horace's Odes. Oh, the unbelievable fellow! Better to have recourse to simple ignorance and doubt, as did that Tomirocius, venerable in other respects and rightly called by his Patagonian countrymen a second Cicero, who after a life devoted to these studies, asserted that he "couldn't make head or tail of the thing." He also exposed himself by his doubts to a charge not of dishonesty but of stupidity. Where is that darkness—where any indication of a later authorship? Let him read, provided that he knows Latin; the whole affair will be found clearer than daylight. So far there is nothing in these Odes, whether you examine the very words or syntax or metre, but so fully savours of the *curiosa felicitas* of Horace that it is most obvious that they are of his writing.

"THE SAME FLACCITAS"

So, kind reader, don't consider these Odes, which we have relegated to the Appendix, spurious or forgeries. They are of the same Flaccitas as the others. We have separated them because they are contained in one kind of codex not in more, nor have they challenged the faith of commentators or of poets who have rendered their graceful polish into English.

New Members

THE following new members of the Kipling Society have recently been enrolled:—

LONDON :

Sir Vere Mockett.

U.S.A.:

Harvard College Library.

Was Kipling a Christian ?

by Dr. DICK PHILLIPPS
(Cambridge, New Zealand)

(This is the second part of Dr. Phillipps' article. The first part appeared in the October 1949 issue of the Journal)

'THE MAN THAT COUNTS'
MRS. KIPLING was a Bailester of Vermont, New England, and immediately following their honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling lived for four years in Vermont. It was during this period that, on November 3, 1895, Kipling wrote, to a sixteen-year-old boy in the East End of London, a letter in which were the following words :

" I beg you to try to remember that there is nothing fine, nothing impressive, nothing manly, in giving way to your impulses Older men will tell you that this is nonsense, but it's the solemn truth, and you remember it."

The young man of today will do well to ponder these words from the pen of a man who had studied the heart of a man as he had met with it in an unsheltered world. Let him weigh them against the dicta of those physiologists and psychologists who assure him that a complete knowledge of the workings of the nervous system (should that ever be possible) would show that chemical and physical processes account for the actions of the individual, and who deny that perceptions, ideas, volitions and feelings influence conduct. There is evidence that chemical and physical changes in the nervous system *accompany* volition, but that they alone can so alter our conduct that, for instance, we shall love our enemies is difficult to believe. (At times, to love even our friends demands a considerable exercise of will !).

Kipling in THE ANSWER ("The Seven Seas") expresses his conviction that, though the world is ruled by laws, there is above the laws a Ruler of the laws ; and he is in agreement with Christian doctrine,

which assumes that the will can direct conduct, and asserts that man is free to choose between good and evil. (Dr. Moffatt's translation of John VII, 17, reads, "anyone who chooses to do His will. . . .")

' THE STERNER CODE '

The Intellectual — " the all-gifted fool, too weak to enter, bribe., or leave the lists he cannot rule "—affects a contemptuous superiority towards those who deal with situations of which he has no experience, and pours flippant disparagement on those who do deeds that he knows himself incapable of performing and too timorous even to attempt.

Kipling's writings are free from any such weak jealousy.

He belabours the vain talker (see PAGETT, M. P.), but he acclaims the doer and his " simple service simply given." Himself a craftsman in words, he gives high place to the " craftsman cunning at his trade " ; but, in addition to the " Master proven and skilled," he lauds all who faithfully " do the work for which they draw the wage," and contends that the least highly-endowed " can find some needful job that's crying to be done." In which we perceive that his simple creed is that man's salvation lies in doing his duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call him.

MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT ("The Seven Seas") is a reminder that His Service is a hard one, and that " not many mighty, not many noble " are called to it. EDDIS SERVICE ("Rewards and Fairies") shows the faithfulness that is demanded of the priest ; and in "Sea Warfare" there is honourable mention of the " unconsidered curate."

THE MIRACLE OF ST. JUBANUS ("Limits and Renewals," 1932) invites us to mirth ; but the village priest, who relates the story of the miracle, is no figure of fun. Kipling eulogizes him in a poem, *The Cure*,

which is printed immediately before the tale :

*Today? God knows where he may
lie—
His cross of weathered beads
above him:
But one not worthy to untie
His shoe-strings, prays you read
—and love him!*

Kipling humbly acknowledges the motive force of his own service in MY NEW-CUT ASHLAR ("Life's Handicap"):

*If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy Hand compelled it, Master,
Thine—*

And GALLIO'S SON; ("Actions and Reactions") gives a precursory hint of Kipling's subsequently more fully expressed interest in the first missionary—Paul of Tarsus.

"A JEW PHILOSOPHER "

Kipling selected St. Paul for the central figure of two of his stories. In so doing he showed a true historical sense; for by freeing it from Judaism and by his missionary zeal ("if by any means I can save some"). Paul set Christianity well on the road to becoming the world religion that has so profoundly influenced the course of human affairs during the past two thousand years.

During the last decades of the first half of the first century of our era, there was within the Hebrew Church a small, obscure, and discredited sect, the members of which were later to become known as Christians. Entry to this fellowship was through the door of the Synagogue only. For a long time, the Jews had welcomed gentile adherents to their faith; and these proselytes were particularly attracted to the new sect. After a while, converts from heathendom sought direct entry into it; all these, however, had also to become "right Jews" and were obliged to conform to the Law of Moses. It was Paul who saw that this law had now been superseded; and he maintained that "if righteousness be through the Law, then Christ died for nought." To this view he adhered through thick and thin; hence, great heart-searchings and much con-

troversy. THE CHURCH AT ANTIOCH ("Limits and Renewals") plunges us into the middle of this strife.

Remembering that the story is a story, and not a history, we note that it is, nevertheless, accurate in detail. Its setting is Syrian Antioch; and a date somewhere between 46 and 49 A.D. would suit it.

The adherence of the young Police-officer, Valens, to the cult of Mithras is in keeping with those days. Mithraism, which had been introduced into the Roman world in the First Century B.C., was spreading rapidly, especially in the army. Its insistence on moral conduct and its emphasis on self-control appealed (as did Judaism and Christianity, for the same reasons) to many who were weary of the immoralities of the old polytheistic religions. A soldier of Mithras had to be upright and morally pure: as Lucius Sergius, the head of the urban police, said to his nephew, "It's a soldier's religion, even though it does come from outside." (Persia).

Though we believe that the similarities between Christianity and Mithraism have their roots in a common Eastern origin, rather than in any borrowing the one from the other, it is entirely in keeping that Valens should say to his uncle: "there isn't a ceremony or symbol that they (the Christians) haven't stolen from the Mithras ritual."

As well as Paul, Peter figures in the tale; and mention is made of "the palsied hand that he had once held up in a hall to deny a charge." Peter's character, as drawn, we feel to be a true one; and remorse, which in his young days Kipling had said "remaineth for ever," is pictured as ever present in Peter's mind: "Do you twit me with my accent?" he says to Paul.

About fifty years before the time of Christ, the Greeks established a fish-curing industry on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, and barrels of the cured fish were exported to places all over the Mediterranean world. Kipling makes "The Pickled Fish of Galilee" the motif of an inflammatory song sung by the Antiochan mob.

The kindly tolerance of the Roman officials to the new religion is a note-

worthy feature of the story; for, says Sir William Ramsay, this was one of the chief points that the historian Luke sought to prove when he was writing "The Acts of the Apostles."

But we must hurry on to the other Pauline story in "Limits and Renewals"—THE MANNER OF MEN.

Paul was a man of magnificent courage, who cared nothing for dangers to himself, and whom nothing could deflect from a course that he thought right. He had a wonderful power of encouraging others; and his tact, which was as unflinching as his sympathy, brought him the love of a wide circle. His highly-strung temperament made him a man of moods, but always he was utterly forgetful of self. A great organiser, with an instinctive dislike of slovenliness and inefficiency, he was proud to be a citizen of the well-governed Roman Empire; and he was quick to see the help that its political unity and good communications would give to the spreading of Christianity.

The above estimate of Paul's character is abstracted from the first chapter of ST. PAUL AND HIS LETTERS, by the late Canon A. C. Deane; and the reader will find it interesting to compare it with the picture of Paul as drawn in the story. The last lines of THE MANNER OF MEN make Paul's Christ-like character stand out in a blaze of light:

"And he—he washed me clean after dysentery" said Sulinor.

"Mother of Carthage, you never told me that!" said Quabil.

"Nor should I now, had the wine been weaker."

Enough has now been said to show that a true spirit of Christianity pervades Kipling's writings. When we read THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN, we feel that, just as everywhere the Cross is the symbol of the Christian faith, so this Christian Imperialist's ideal was that, the world over, the English flag should be the *oriflamme* of the Kingdom here on earth.

Freemasonry in Kipling's Works

by BASIL M. BAZLEY

Past Master, Cordwainer Ward Lodge

(This is the second and concluding part of Mr. Bazley's article. The first part appeared in the December, 1949 issue of the Journal)

AS Kipling's first two books, "Departmental Ditties" and "Plain Tales from the Hills," appeared early, in 1884 and 1886 respectively, there are, naturally, no Masonic ideas in the first and only a few slight suggestions in the second: a suggestion of the investing of an initiate with his clothing in the final tale, and a note from a man who signs himself, "Secretary, Charity and Zeal, 3709, E.C.," in "The Rout of the White Hussars."

In "Soldiers Three," however, we get a full manifestation in the tale, "With the Main Guard," when Captain 'Crook' O'Neill utters his war-cry of "Knee to knee!" Then follows a bit of reminiscent dialogue, ending with "Thank ye, Brother Inner Guard." This is a stirring passage

which will well repay reading.

Later on, in the same book, there are some amusing references in "The Sending of Dana Da," a tale of a new sort of spiritualism:—"It approved of and stole from Freemasonry; looted the Latter-day Rosicrucians of half their pet words;" and so on. At the end Dana Da signs a document, adding after his signature, "pentacles and pentagrams, and a *crux ansata*, and half-a-dozen *swastikas*, and a Triple Tau," to show that he knew all about the magic.

The young Muhammadan, Wali Dad, in "On the City Wall," testifies to the ubiquity of the Craft:—"Outside of a Freemasons' Lodge I have never seen such a gathering. There I dined once with a Jew—a Yahoudi!"

"Wee Willie Winkie" contains that wonderful tale "The Man who would be King," generally acclaimed as Kipling's finest short story—even by the uninstructed and popular world,

This is too long and too splendid a tale to spoil, even by making the most liberal extracts, but it is one that every Mason should read carefully, as the following few introductory words will show:—"I ask you as a stranger—going to the West," he said with emphasis. "Where have you come from?" said I. "From the East," said he, "and I am hoping that you will give him the message on the Square—for the sake of my Mother as well as your own."

In the next five books in order of publication including the Jungle Books, there are only a few casual signs or tokens until we come to "Captains Courageous."

Here the boy Harvey is puzzled why the crew of a French smack can't understand his French while they do comprehend Tom Platt's signs.

"Most French boats are chock-full o' Freemasons, an' that's why."

"Are you a Freemason, then?"

"Looks that way, don't it?" said the man-o'-war's man, stuffing his pipe, and Harvey had another mystery of the deep sea to brood upon."

Later, one of the Frenchmen dies, and Tom Platt pays his respects to his brother—a Freemason. Towards the end of the book some railway magnates with "gold charms on their watch-chains" board the train at Buffalo to talk to Cheyne senior.

LOCOMOTIVES PERSONIFIED

In the curious story—"007" in "The Day's Work"—the locomotives are personified and the running shed becomes a Lodge Room.

The Master is the "Purple Emperor," engine used on the crack train of the line; his address to the newcomer, .007, is delightful:—"By virtue of the authority vested in me as Head of the Road, I hereby declare and pronounce No. .007 a full and accepted brother of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotives, and as such entitled to all shop, switch, track, tank and roundhouse privileges throughout my jurisdiction, in the Degree of Superior Flier it bein' well-known and credibly reported to me that our Brother has covered forty-one miles in thirty-nine minutes and a half on an errand of mercy to the afflicted. At a convenient time, I myself will

communicate to you the Song and Signal of this Degree whereby you may be recognised in the darkest night. Take your stall, newly-entered Brother among Locomotives!"

In both volumes of "From Sea to Sea" we come across many little touches; Kipling points out the good that comes to this or that part of the world from the leavening of Masonic ideals. In deed as well as in word he is cheered Av finding Masonry spread over the four quarters of the globe, particularly at Penang, where he "saw a windowless house that carried the Square and Compass in gold and teakwood above the door.

"I took heart at meeting these familiar things again, and knowing that where they were was good fellowship and much charity, in spite of all the secret societies in the world. Penang is to be congratulated on one of the prettiest little lodges in the East."

In an essay on the railway town of Jamalpur he tells us that he found St. George in the East, a Lodge in the Bengal jurisdiction: "Its members point out with justifiable pride that all the fittings were made by their own hands; and the lodge in its accoutrements and the energy of the craftsmen can compare with any in India."

"Stalky & Co." has one little reference, in the tale where the school cadet corps drills in secret behind the locked doors of the gymnasium.

The drill sergeant plaintively observes:—"They've tiled the lodge, inner and outer guard all complete."

"Kim" possesses quite a number of Masonic comments—about a dozen in all; perhaps the most important is that which describes Kim's opium-addict of a father carefully preserving his clearance-certificate, to help Kim in the future. The Masonic lodge at Lahore is called the Jadoo-Gher (the Magic House) at the beginning of the book.

We get an insight into the workings of Masonic Charity, for, had the Lama not undertaken to look after Kim, the Lodge would have paid for his education; as it is, it provides him with a complete outfit.

It may be thought that a book for young children would be the last place in which to look for Masonic allusions, but "Just So Stories" presents us

with one of the most interesting. On the first page of "The Butterfly that Stamped" we find that Solomon is called the Most Wise Sovereign; and the sketch, by Kipling himself, forming the initial letter has some curious details. The King is wearing a Collar lettered HTWSSSTKS and the apron of an Installed Master; on his wrist is a bracelet bearing apparently, the Jewel of a P.D. Grand Master; in the background is a cedar tree.

"The Captive," the first tale in "Traffics and Discoveries," introduces us to an American, Laughton O. Zigler, who tells Kipling to keep away from the garments of some men who are bathing, saying that he has been elected janitor. After receiving some home newspapers he says that he has been treated like a Brother. Presently, in describing some action in the Boer War, he uses these similes:—"The way we worked lodge was this way," and "Then we'd go from labour to refreshment."

MITHRAISM AND MASONRY

In "Puck of Pook's Hill" Kipling seems to be tracing an analogy between Mithraism and Masonry.

We do not know enough about the former to be able to check this, but Parnesius says that he and Pertinax were raised to the Degree of Gryphons together. However, one of the 'Winged Hats' (Danes) is washed ashore at Parnesius's feet.

"As I stooped, I saw he wore such a medal as I wear . . . Therefore, when he could speak, I addressed him a certain Question which can only be answered in a certain manner. He answered with the necessary Word—the Word that belongs to the Degree of Gryphons in the science of Mithras my God."

Now the Northman could not have known anything about Mithraism, so Kipling's intention seems clear. In the same book, in "The Treasure and the Law," these words are put into the mouth of Kadmiel:—"I have been a brother to Princes and a companion to beggars."

"Rewards and Fairies" has two items of note. In "The Wrong Thing" Hal o' the Draft tells Springett, the local builder:—"Being

reckoned a master among masons, and accepted as a master mason, I made bold to pay my brotherly respects to the builder."

Then Springett "asked Hal several curious questions," after which their talk is all about Operative Masonry. In this book, too, is "Brother Square-Toes," in which George Washington meets two Red Indian Chiefs, who give him greetings:—"I saw my chiefs' war-bonnets sinking together, down and down. Then they made the sign which no Indian makes outside of the Medicine Lodges—a sweep of the right hand just clear of the dust and an inbend of the left knee at the same time." The artist, Frank Craig, gives an interesting picture of this scene.

After this there is a sort of interregnum until "A Diversity of Creatures," where the tale of "The Dog Hervey" brings in the lettering test—"I'll letter or halve it with you"—on the word 'squinting.'

Another slight mention comes in "The Bold Prentice" (Land and Sea Tales), where we are told of a locomotive driver who was a P.M. of the railway Masonic Lodge St. Duncan's in the East.

"A Book of Words"—the record of Kipling's best speeches—shows us three more small allusions; in Toronto, when speaking about Imperial Relations, he says:—"They face the five great problems—I prefer to call them Points of Fellowship—Education, Immigration, Transportation, Irrigation, and Administration." There are also these phrases:—"A sumptuously equipped Lodge of Instruction" and "duly entered and obligated."

The last two prose books contain much of Masonic interest. Chief among these is the story, "In the Interests of the Brethren" (Debits and Credits), where we behold the perfection of Masonic literature outside the Ritual. So rich is this tale in matters concerning the Craft that excerpts from it would be inadequate, but these few words will convey the idea of this very beautiful piece of writing:—"You'll find some of 'em very rusty but—it's the Spirit, not the Letter, that giveth life."

Other stories in this book that will

fascinate the Speculative Mason are : "The Janeites," "A Madonna of the Trenches," and "A Friend of the Family." All four tales deal with "Lodge Faith and Works 5837," a name which suggests that Kipling's memory had strayed back to his Mother Lodge at Lahore.

In "Limits and Renewals" we get a final demonstration of the powers of our greatly regretted Brother Kipling. A leading surgeon in "The Tender Achilles" speaks of himself as being an operative mason, not a speculative one—a pleasant little touch.

But the *chef-d'œuvre* of this collection is "Fairy-Kist," Kipling's one detective story; it introduces several of the members of Lodge Faith and Works, and begins thus :—"The only important society in existence today is the E.C.F.—the Eclectic *but* Comprehensive Fraternity for the Perpetuation of Gratitude towards the Lesser Lights."

Briefly, the plot concerns a man of the 1914-18 war, suffering from nerves; he is a keen gardener with a hobby of beautifying the wayside by planting things. Owing to an accident he is suspected of causing the death of a girl who has been killed by a passing lorry. A demonstration on the road at the scene of the accident proves his innocence, and the narrator (Kipling) and Dr. Keede go to interview him. As soon as they tell him they are on the Square he tells his side of the story and is completely cured of his nerve-trouble.

"THE MOTHER LODGE"

Perhaps because there is no verse in the various Masonic Rituals, there are fewer allusions in Kipling's poems than in his prose; however, though there may not be quantity, there is certainly quality. We begin with "The Widow at Windsor" (Barrack-Room Ballads), which gives us two refrains :

*Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the
Widow,*

*From the Pole to the Tropics it
runs—*

*To the Lodge that we tile with the
rank an' the file,*

*An' open in form, with the guns.
Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,*

*Wherever, 'owever they roam.
'Ere's all they desire, an' if they
require*

A speedy return to their 'ome.

I quote these, as they are not so well known among Masons as "The Mother-Lodge" (The Seven Seas), that epitome marvellous of the Bond of Fellowship, which embraces more types of humanity than the League of Nations. To take excerpts from this poem would be to miss its meaning, but its spirit is well-expressed by its last two lines :—

*We met upon the Level an' we
parted on the Square,*

*An' I was Junior Deacon in my
Mother Lodge out there!*

Among Kipling's works that touch on the Craft some Brethren include "The Palace" (The Five Nations), on account of its fine first line—"When I was a King and a Mason—a Master proven and skilled." But, in spite of this, it seems to me that this great poem is one of general application. More may be said for including "My New-Cut Ashlar" (L'Envoi to "Life's Handicap"), which has a stanza—

*Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's
brain—*

*Godlike to muse o'er his own Trade
And manlike stand with God
again!*

These lines were not included in the original version of this poem, which appeared in the *National Observer* (6 Dec. 1890), though in this there was another verse, later omitted, that seems to be apposite :—

*Wherefore before the face of men,
Great Overseer, I bring my
Mark—*

*Fair craft or foul. In mercy then
Will that I die not in the dark!*

The title of the first version was "Twilight in the Abbey."

Though penned in lighter vein than the story which follows it, "Banquet Night" (Debits and Credits) takes high place among things recorded here. It is a short poem of six 6-line verses, but it breathes a spirit of happiness which it communicates to all its readers or hearers. As in the case of "The Mother-Lodge," **this**

charming piece of literature is so full of Masonic interest that it would be idle to make selections.

Its happy tone and the skilful manner in which Kipling uses words may be judged from one verse—the fifth; it should make an instant appeal to all Freemasons, where'er dispersed over land and water:—

So it was ordered and so it was

*done,
And the hewers of wood and the
Masons of Mark,
With foc'sle hands of the Sidon run
And Navy Lords from the Royal
Ark,
Came and sat down and were merry
at mess
As Fellow-Craftsmen—no more
and no less.*



THE OLD CHARMING INN

Victoria, B.C., Canada

A LINK WITH R.K.

THE following note reaches us from Dr. R. B. Phillipps, of Cambridge, New Zealand, who recently returned home via Canada after visiting Great Britain, to call on friends in British Columbia:—

"Last September, when I was on my way back to New Zealand, I stopped for a couple of days in Victoria, B.C., Canada. The kind secretary of the Victoria Branch of the Kipling Society advised me to see the Old Charming Inn, at Oak Bay.

Kipling paid a visit to Victoria in 1907 (see "Letters to the Family"), and it is said that he stayed at what is now called the Old Charming Inn. In 1907, it was called the Oak Bay Hotel (a much better name), and its then host was the late John A. Virtue.

The hotel is picturesque, and the sea views from the windows add to its charm. There is a handsome walnut desk in the Lounge, at which it is alleged that Kipling sat and wrote—possibly, that Letter to the Family in which he describes Victoria: "Real estate agents recommend it as a little piece of England.... but no England is set in any such seas or so fully charged with the mystery of the larger ocean beyond." But I refuse to believe that he wrote the doggerel* which was published as his work in the *Vancouver Daily Province* of Dec. 22, 1945, a copy of which is hung in a frame in the Entrance Hall."

*[We heartily agree with Dr. Phillipps.

*This poem was not written by
Rudyard Kipling.—Ed.]*

Library Notes

By W. G. B. MAITLAND

LETTERS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

"SAN FRANCISCO is a mad city, inhabited by perfectly insane people whose women are of remarkable beauty"—Those words were written by Rudyard Kipling in an article he sent to his newspaper in India of his impressions on arriving in San Francisco in May 1889.

It was not unnatural that Kipling's opinion of their city did not altogether please the good citizens of San Francisco, and it is, therefore, a pleasant surprise to find that the Colt Press have buried the hatchet in a privately printed, limited edition of three letters written by Kipling in 1889 whilst in San Francisco and which he sent to his old newspaper in Lahore.

Under the title, "Letters From San Francisco" the Colt Press have produced a beautifully printed volume containing three of the letters in *From Sea to Sea* in which the author describes the city and what he found there, but as a prefatory note suggests the opinions so forcefully expressed are not necessarily those of the Colt Press.

It is to that keen Kiplingite and very good friend of the Kipling Society, Mr. Lawson Lewis, of Cleveland, Ohio, that I send on behalf of all members our sincere thanks for this most generous and delightful addition to the library.

* * *

[Note.—In these days of austerity and scarcity in the British publishing

world it is a real pleasure to handle such a charming product of the Printer's art, and, as Hon. Librarian, I should like to express to the Colt Press of San Francisco my personal delight in this little volume].

CENTO POETE

This is a generous collection of the more unusual *obiter dicta* by famous people from Marcus Aurelius to Socrates, and Matthew Arnold to Walt Whitman. Divided into brief essays the subjects range from Modesty in Authorship to Serenity.

All the assets of mankind—Sincerity, Conduct, Character, Taste, Criticism, Education, Religion, *et seq.* are represented in this little brochure which has recently reached our library shelves from its compiler, Mr. Giles Dixey, to whom we send our grateful thanks.

That Rudyard Kipling should take his place amidst such a galaxy of talent is only right and proper, and his views on education are expressed when he says that he "often wondered if the Humanities couldn't be taught without so much Latin and Greek Grammar; but the mind of a boy is a fluid and vagrant thing . . . it doesn't much matter what you teach a growing organism, so long as the organism dislikes the task."

This somewhat cynical point of view is not to be found in any of his works but was written by Kipling in a private letter to the compiler's father, the late Dr. F. A. Dixey, F.R.S., some thirty years ago.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS

A large number of members who pay their subscriptions through their bankers, have not yet altered their Banker's Orders to meet the new subscription rates introduced early in February 1949. In every case, a Banker's Order Form has been sent to the members concerned for signature and return to this office but so far, without avail.

Failure to sign and return these order forms throws a great deal of additional work upon the office in collecting the deficiency, and members are earnestly requested to alter their orders on their bankers at once. The rates are: Home Members 25s.; Overseas 15s.

C. H. LYNCH-ROBINSON, Hon. Secretary.

Obituary

MAJOR ERNEST DAWSON

IT is always a sad task to record the passing of a member of the Society, and it is with genuine sorrow we announce the death of Major Ernest Dawson. Major Dawson was, until recently, a regular attendant at our Members' Meetings, in which he took the keenest interest and always shared in the discussions. His own paper, *Kipling and the Humanities* which he read to us in 1939 had as its main theme Kipling's story, *Proofs of Holy Writ*. His portrayal of how Shakespeare, together with Ben Jonson, was engaged upon the task of translating the Bible, showed his remarkable knowledge, not only of Kipling's work but of Shakespeare's as well. His talk aroused the keenest interest amongst those who were privileged to hear it—as the report of the Discussion which followed shows.

He will be specially mourned in New Zealand, where he was largely responsible for the foundation of our Branch. He will be greatly missed by his many friends at Home.

W. G. B. M.

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

ON February 2nd this year there passed from us Canon J. O. Hannay, D.Litt., better known as "George A. Birmingham," author of "Spanish Gold," "The Red Hand of Ulster," and a long string of tales which brought cheer and laughter into a world that was seeking to drown its sorrows with draughts of morbidity and jazz. Our Society has reason to mourn this loss, for on June 21st, 1939, Canon Hannay was a Guest of Honour at our last Annual Luncheon before the War. His wonderful sense of the ridiculous in human nature did not stop him from appreciating the serious side of Kipling's work; in his speech

at our meeting he expressed this very forcibly:—"We are now beginning to pass through the stage of the eclipse of Kipling's reputation of greatness. I have no shadow of doubt at all that children now in their cradles or yet unborn will reverse the judgment of the present generation of young people of Kipling's work and restore him to that high place which I am convinced he must permanently occupy in English literature. I have no doubt whatever that Kipling takes his seat among the immortals." Later on comes this illuminating sentence:—"Kipling occupies this curious, almost unique position in English literature, that he is a past master of two great forms of expression: the master of verse and the master of imaginative prose. I do not know in which he is greater." Perhaps the most striking of all Canon Hannay's remarks was this:—"Patriotism is almost the inspiration of his work, and when once more patriotism is restored to its rightful position as one of the loftiest emotions of men, Kipling alone will find his great place." It is significant that this great tribute to Kipling's sincerity should have been paid by another author whose fame rests on his wonderful gift of humour—humour that was always free from malice.

B. M. B.

MRS. FLORA V. LIVINGSTON

WE announce with regret the death of Mrs. Flora V. Livingston of Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A., a Vice-President of the Kipling Society. Mrs. Livingston was for many years associated with the Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library at Harvard University. She built up an outstanding collection of Kipling and Kiplingiana, and her Kipling Bibliography and Supplement are held in the highest regard. A full note regarding Mrs. Livingston's work will appear in our next issue.



BINDING OF KIPLING JOURNALS

Journals bound in plain red cloth covers, title and year stamped on back in gold leaf, 12 copies of Journal in one cover, 9s. post free. KENNETH WOOD, Bookseller and Binder, 180 Earls Court Road, London, S.W.5.

Letter Bag

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

WHAT HAPPENED TO "MRS. BATHURST?"

LIEUT.-COL. Barwick Browne has stated (on pages 10 and 11 of Journal No. 90) some of the difficulties in this story. I should like to suggest an alternative interpretation which I think explains Mrs. Bathurst's unusual behaviour and also that of Officer Vickery.

But first to answer Col. F. S. Kennedy Shaw's letter in our October Journal (No. 91).

As stated in Journal No. 43, pages 73 and 74, a Mr. Ferguson had always known it was she. He thought and I agree, the story needs that assumption. What would be the point of bringing it in otherwise? Pritchard's last remark makes it clear that they all knew it must have been she.

Mackenzie-Skues tells of an actual incident which Kipling made use of in which the remains were thought to be those of two men but there is no reason why he should not vary the details in his story. Journal No. 47, page 91, Capel-Hall implies that Kipling allowed the assumption that Mrs. Bathurst's was the second body.

Now for Col. Browne's thesis.

"A remarkable and remarkably good woman." I disagree, not that I consider she was a bad lot but I prefer Pyecroft's view of her to Pritchard's. Pyecroft says "There must 'ave been a good deal between 'em, to my way o' thinkin'." I take it she was a widow in love with Vickery and none of her other admirers were allowed any rope."

About Vickery's wife—is it so surprising that Mrs. Vickery should have a child after an interval of 15 or 16 years from the birth of her first one? Assuming she was then a woman in her middle forties that makes it the more dangerous for her to have a baby, and her death more probable.

It is clear that Vickery's mind became unhinged, no doubt partly by the death of his wife and we can well imagine by the thought of his unfaithfulness to her.

Realising that when Mrs. B. knew his wife was dead she might come to him and his fears being confirmed by seeing from the cinema that she had reached London in her search, he being conscience-stricken, plans to disappear up-country. His interview with the captain follows and that officer's distress is very real for he realises the state of mind of one of his Warrant Officers. Realising the truth, he arranges for him to be given a nominal job well up-country. We must of course realise that all the time Vickery is deeply in love with Mrs. Bathurst but is conscience-stricken and mad.

The end of the story can be understood if we imagine that Mrs Bathurst found him after all and went into the bush with him.

Blame. No one in the story blamed Mrs. Bathurst and neither do I. Do not let us analyse too closely and so spoil a wonderfully good story.

R. E. HARBORD.

Spring Grange, Wood End,
Andeley, Stevenage, Herts.

"A WORK OF FICTION"

I make no apology for asking the Editor for more space for dealing with "Mrs. Bathurst." The story is of great importance in Kipling criticism, being written in the full power of his genius. It is a "Pyecroft" story—and Pyecroft was then a character who interested him almost as much as Mulvaney had done a few years earlier. It was a story which he passed for publication in book form—a thing he did not always do, witness "A Tour of Inspection," a "Pyecroft" story which appeared in the *Windsor* of December, '04, and is not published in the ordinary Macmillan edition. So he judged it fit for preservation and spent much care on revising the text. Hence time spent on examining it is not wasted.

Let us begin by clearing our minds of the misconception that we are dealing with a narrative of certain events that actually happened, a misconception into which, it seems to me, that Col.

Kennedy Shaw has fallen. We are dealing with a work of fiction in its most exacting form of a short story, where no superfluous incident or irrelevant matter can be allowed. That is why the second body must be that of Mrs. Bathurst; for it not to be hers would be a glaring offence against the art of the short story, since hers is the title role and her unseen presence is meant to pervade the whole narrative. Her fate must therefore be settled in some way: she cannot be left to vanish into thin air, as she vanishes from the field of view of the camera on Paddington platform. Further, there is no point in bringing in the second corpse if it is not hers: why should the story be burdened with an unknown and irrelevant man? It would be highly inartistic. And anyhow, Pritchard's last words leave us in no doubt whatever: he would not have been nearly weeping if the last seen of Mrs. B. had been her walking towards the Great Western Hotel. But I quite agree with Col. Kennedy Shaw that it is most improbable that she would have gone on the tramp thro' Africa with Vickery and my point is that the whole story is wildly improbable. I equally agree that no Commanding Officer would connive at Vickery's desertion, but I contend that that is what we are meant to believe happened, and that no other construction can be put on Pycroft's narrative here. As to Vickery's statement that he was no murderer, of course he would not have said anything of the sort to Pycroft in real life, and it is only put into show us that he had been tempted to murder his wife and that could only have been in order to claim Mrs. Bathurst openly. She is made out to be the great passion of his life—that is why we have all that talk about remembering women in the earlier part of the story—so that the last thing that he would have done would have been to bolt away from her when she was within reach and he was free to take her. Another point: the statement that Mrs. Vickery died in childbed is an alteration made when the story was revised for "Traffics and Discoveries." In the *Windsor* it appears simply as "in her bed" which is consistent with what we know of

V's family, as "in childbed" is not.

Kipling says on p. 347 that he takes "all responsibility for Mr. Hooper" and he has need to, for the man never says or does anything the least bit natural; he is merely a puppet worked on strings by the author to maintain the mystification into which it would seem that it is the story's object to plunge the reader.

I have never liked the story and the more I study it the worse it appears. I wonder, did Kipling write it with his tongue in his cheek? Was he trying to find out how bad a story he could write and "get away with," which he considered quite a legitimate ambition ("Something of Myself," p. 219)?

Let those who disagree explain in what way Vickery could have so wronged Mrs. Bathurst that the sight of her on the screen drove him almost demented. I shall be delighted if they can, for my theory is after all somewhat discreditable to the man whom we all admire.

BARWICK BROWNE, COL.

Bournstream,
Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

"DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN"

Colonel Barwick Browne views the story in a different light to what I did and I think he is probably correct. After all, it is a work of fiction built round the finding of the two bodies and not a narrative of events. So to make it complete the second corpse would have to be that of Mrs. Bathurst. But I am glad he agrees with me about the two improbabilities, first that Vickery would have taken her on the tramp through Africa and secondly that his Captain should have connived at his desertion.

I rather thought that the statement about Mrs. Vickery dying in childbed was a subtle touch; as it was fourteen years since her last infant it might be probable, though why she should not have died of any ordinary disease is not clear. She had to be removed somehow.

Mr. Hooper is of course necessary to the tale to bring in the finding of

the two bodies.

Whatever way one takes it the story is one of the most difficult to explain of all Kipling's tales. There are many others which are not easy but I think this offers a harder problem than any.

F. KENNEDY SHAW, Col.

Kings Orchard, Teffont Magna,
Salisbury.

INFORMATION WANTED

When "A Madonna of the Trenches" first appeared in *Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine* for September 1924 it carried a footnote to the first par. as follows: "See 'In The Interests Of The Brethren,' 1918."

This, if correct, must have been a periodical publication, of which I have no record. I would be grateful to any member who knows of such publication, and who would send the title of the periodical either to the K.J. or direct to me.

T. E. ELWELL.

Regent House, Ramsay,
Isle of Man.

FROM CAPE PROVINCE

Recently I received a press cutting from *The Times* which gives a Kipling reference I am unable to trace. Possibly you may be able to help me. It is taken from an article on "Water Power in Brazil" and the quotation is as follows: "A visit to Cubatao in the twenties inspired Kipling's impression of Brazil 'sitting with his back to illimitable water power'". The only reference I can find to Brazil is in a speech made by Kipling to the Brazilian Academy of Letters in 1927, and collected in "A Book of Words" p. 289, but the quotation is not to be found there.—J. S. I. MCGREGOR, Cape Province, South Africa.

(We are indebted to Captain Martin-dell for the reminder that the above quotation appeared in "The Morning Post" of December 6th, 1927, and is entitled "Brazilian Sketches—The Father of Lightning—How Power came to Paulo." These sketches were reproduced in the "Sussex Edition" of Rudyard Kipling's works.—Ed.)

FAVOURITE KIPLING STORIES

A personal list is always of interest—but to be so it must be absolutely honest. If I were asked to name what I considered to be the twenty best stories Kipling ever wrote, many though not all from my list would be included; but in that case the selection would be so difficult a matter that I would probably never dare to make it. What follows represents the stories which I read most frequently, which seems to be the only honest way of deciding which, out of several hundred stories, are my genuine favourites.

As collections, I re-read *The Complete Stalky & Co.* every year, and every two or three years complete collections of the stories relating to *Mowgli* and to the *Soldiers Three*. As far as actual volumes are concerned, *Plain Tales*, *The Day's Work*, *Just So Stories* and *The Naulahka* are re-read on an average of every three years.

The twenty individual short stories most frequently re-read are as follows, and roughly in the following order: *The Miracle of Puran Bhagat*, *The Brushwood Boy*, *In the Same Boat*, *The Man Who Was, Baa, Baa*, *Black Sheep*, *The Propagation of Knowledge*, *The Pit That They Dugged*, *The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat*, *An Error in the Fourth Dimension*, *On the Gate*, *Slaves of the Lamp*, *Garm—a Hostage*, *An Habitation Enforced*, *Kaa's Hunting*, *The Gardener*, *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney*, *The Crab That Played With the Sea*, *Dayspring Mishandled*, *Mrs. Hawksbee Sits Out*, *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*.

I would like to have found room in this selection for three more stories: *The Battle of Rupert Square*, *Dry-Cow Fishing*, *The Benefactors*; but as to read any of these one is forced to visit one of the big libraries—The Bodleian or the British Museum—and order either the correct magazine part or the correct volume in the *Sussex Edition*, it seemed better to exclude them from the main list, while longing for the day when "the powers that be" see fit to allow the ordinary reader to enjoy more than a dozen of

Kipling's "uncollected" stories without hard labour in a library.

ROGER LANCELOT GREEN
(B.Litt., M.A.)

Merton College, Oxford.

TWO ST. PAUL'S MAGAZINES?

I was interested in what you say in the October number of the Journal about St. Paul's Magazine, 1867-1874, but evidently there were *two* St. Paul's Magazines. The one I wrote to you about ran from 1894 to 1900, so a picture of Kipling could very well have appeared in it.

My authority is "English Illustration. The Nineties" by James Thorpe, Faber & Faber, 1935. A most interesting book. Probably the first St. Paul's wasn't illustrated.

All this started, as you may recall, from a communication in your Letter Box from South Africa, October 1948, asking about three portraits of Kipling.

FRANK S. STONE.

138 West Highland Avenue,
Chestnut Hill,
Philadelphia 18, Pennsylvania.

EARLY DAYS OP RHODESIA

There has been given here a series of talks on the Early Days of Rhodesia. One speaker spoke of the only time he

saw Kipling. That would be in 1896 or 1897. Kipling and Sir Arthur Fawley were having tea at the old Lingusa Hotel, five miles from Bulawayo. When they rose to leave, Kipling feeling fit I suppose took a running leap over the verandah, caught his foot and landed heavily in the flower bed.

The other point of interest the speaker raised was a most curious one, and one that literally thousands who handle our currency notes are not aware of. Our £5 and £1 notes have a fine portrait of the King on the right hand side. On the left there is a corresponding oval blank. On holding the note up to the light the head of Rhodes can be seen. I suppose it was not considered correct to have Rhodes' head on a note *vis a vis* the King. In the round wreath round this blank oval can be seen—with a glass—certain words. They are the last line of the poem written specially by Kipling for the funeral of Rhodes in the Matoppos and were read by Bishop Gaul:

"The immense and brooding
spirit

I think this use of Kipling's words is unique.

G. S. WILKINS.

Box 97,
Bulawayo,
Southern Rhodesia.

Important Notice to Members

CHANGE OF ADDRESS OF THE SOCIETY'S OFFICE

OWING to the purchase by the University of London of the block in which our offices in Gower Street were situated, we have changed our address to:

c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund,
Greenwich House, 11/13 Newgate Street,
London, E.C.I.
Telephone: City 8295.

The nearest tube station is St. Paul's on the Central London line, and there is an excellent service of buses to all parts of London passing the door. The office is within three minutes' walk of Ludgate Hill (where there are many other bus routes) and about five minutes' walk from Blackfriars Station on the Underground. Letters should always be addressed to the Kipling Society, c/o the Airborne Forces Security Fund.

The Kipling Society

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

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