



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

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

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

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

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Notes

R.K. and Edgar Wallace

OUR good friend at the Cape, Mr. Cecil J. Sibbett, sends us an article of his in the *Cape Times* referring to a former editor, the late Edmund Garrett, and a dinner he gave at the City Club, after receiving an outside recommendation to invite the late Edgar Wallace. The latter was junior Cape correspondent for Reuters when Mr. Sibbett met him first, and grew so disgusted with his few opportunities that he resigned. Shortly afterwards Kipling introduced him to Alfred Harmsworth, who made him war correspondent to the *Daily Mail* here in London, and this led to his appointment to edit the *Rand Daily Mail*. All this time, Mr. Sibbett assures us, Edgar Wallace used to assert his own "greatness," whereupon Donovan, the "green-eyed monster" of the *South African News* used to dub him "a great man but a minor poet." Here occurs the furtive query if Wallace had anything to do with the bogus verses in the *London Times* entitled "The Old Volunteer" under Kipling's name, to his acute annoyance, as he shows in "Something of Myself."

Press Club Memories

Then came the era of Edgar's novels and plays, his foot-long cigarette holder, and his chairmanship at the annual Derby Lunch which he started at the Press Club. I was present at the one where he aired his debonair wit on one notability after another, including Colonel Edward Lawson, then manager of the *Daily Telegraph*, and now Lord Burnham. Edgar had just put up as Liberal candidate for the division of Bucks, where the Burnhams have had their seat for a century. Most of us around the tables were wondering how on earth he was going to find time for attendance at Westminster in a life already crowded with plays, sundry books a year, simultaneous crime serials, horse auctions and racing stables, and other recreations beyond count. Nothing daunted, Edgar rose for his annual challenging speech, and lightly scoffed at the Burnhams as his possible neighbours. The Colonel in his reply drily remarked that he had guessed the chairman's new hobby, for in riding about the fields he had noticed certain posters announc-

ing "Plots To Let." The point was apt and not unamiable, and I have never heard a repartee occasion such a roar, Edgar laughing as loudly as anyone. And when he died a few years later, Fleet Street took sad leave of the gayest and greatest rocket it has ever launched.

Musquash and Monongahela

"Kim," having invaded the film world with success, has now emerged from a strict reading test, for Valentine Dyall has lately serialised it for the Light Programme of the B.B.C. He was happy in his differentiation of parts like Colonel Creighton, Mahbub Ali, the pilgrim-lama, and Father Victor, the padre with the Munster accent who enters the orphan-waif at St. Xavier's College, Lahore, to be trained for his father's regiment, the Mavericks. Talking of pilgrimages, an article reaches us from the *Beaver News Tribune*, Pennsylvania, from the pen of Miss Sally Kenah. It fills out the detail in regard to Beaver, or Musquash, as Kipling styled it, which fills the last chapter but one in his global travel-log, "From Sea to Sea." Can we not expect typical selections from this source affording Mr. Dyall an additional serial in its turn?

In a lively account of his cordial hosts, R.K. does but justice to Dr. R. T. Taylor, then president of the local college, and father of a bevy of comely daughters, one of whom, by the way, Kipling had met at Allahabad, as the wife of Professor Hill. A varied sequence of picnics and excursions with the said bevy helped to detain the visitor

longer than he meant (he was only 24, please remember), for in the next chapter he was due to interview Mark Twain. We are given a delightful sense of the "placid and peaceful" vales where the Taylors lived, despite the fact that only a few months before these had been swept by the fearful dam-burst disaster at Johnstown, with terrible loss of people and herds, and millions of dollars of property wiped out. In drawing these pastoral regions where he was to come back and build a home for a while, Kipling displays that marvellous gift he had of reading new regions at sight, with the same ease that Napoleon read new country like a map for his campaigns. And who shall say that our poet-romancer was not a truer hero than the Corsican in all his glory?

The Magazine Era

There is one region where a recognised principle of economy fails, for whereas scarcity of supply swells popular demand, and both combine to create inflation, the newspaper world asserts its independence by remaining a signal exception. For instance, the rejection of Canada's export of newsprint may have increased the bulk of the United States papers, but it has certainly shrunk our British publications to dimensions most forlorn. This has crippled the market for the free lance merchant, which was so open and receptive half a century ago when Kipling invaded London, with what result is inscribed in the book of fame. After all, he was but one in a gifted horde of fiction and essay

contributors who adorned that golden age, apart from the prosperity of a dozen magazines that are now but a memory. Two influences of its period survive, one being the memory of Sherlock Holmes which is now revived by a jubilee exhibition of amazing realism, ingenuity, and completeness at Abbey House in the brisk and breezy thoroughfare of Baker Street where Sir Arthur Conan Doyle planted his sleuth-philanthropist.

Cats and Walks

The other survival is the continuous habit of many of our writers to quote characters and phrases from Kipling, as nobody does from any of his contemporaries save the late W. S. Gilbert, and here the lilt of Sullivan's music is a partial explanation. Over and over again Kipling is cited in a favourite feature of newspaperdom—the "light leader" in *The Times*. Let me recall a recent case in an essayette entitled "The Perfect Cat." Here, about a rejected proposition, both writer and reader enjoy themselves, not by tracking a real cat to the summit of the Matterhorn, but by piling up the impossible attributes a perfect cat should show and never does, either separately or together. In every line the article reminds one of "The Cat that Walked by Himself" in "Just-So Stories," not by the fabular

style of the telling, so much as in the exquisite vein of humour.

A Grave Objection

One of our oldest members, Mr. W. O. Steuart, has been an observant reader of Kipling from boyhood onwards, more or less in the patriotic mood of an uncompromising Caledonian. In an *Evening Dispatch* article, "Fifty Years of Stalky & Co.," he recalls the poet's Scots descent through his mother, a Macdonald, as also the fact that his sister, Mrs. Alice Fleming, lived for years and died a devoted resident in Edinburgh. The university invested R.K. with its honorary LL.D. in 1920, and its Upper Library treasures the MS. of "A Diversity of Creatures." The jubilee of "Stalky & Co." brought out the welcome news from the city's chief librarian that this book enjoys undiminished popularity among adults as well as younger folk. By the way, Mrs. Fleming crops up in one of her mystic moods, for in "Royal Borough," a new book on Kensington, the author, Rachel Ferguson, says that after R.K.'s death, she heard Mrs. Fleming recount how her brother had "come back" for a talk. She was wondering what kind of flowers to send him, and at mention of a wreath, she says he cried out sharply, "For God's sake, don't send one of those awful old lifebuoys."

J. P. COLLINS.

New Members

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

U.S.A. : Mr. Fritz B. Talbot
 ,, Mrs. Bruce Crane

U.S.A. : Professor A. W. Yeats
 London : Major G. T. B. Nicholls

The Brushwood Boy

Another Analysis

By J. K. STANFORD

I SHOULD be the first to deprecate any controversy between members of our Society, but Mr. B. W. Allen's paper contained so many inaccuracies, and so much special pleading, that perhaps a lifelong admirer of *The Brushwood Boy* may be permitted a word in its defence. I had not read it for years but recalled it well enough to ask myself again and again, as I read Mr. Allen's analysis: "Now where does Kipling say, or imply, that?"

So I re-read the tale very carefully, and remain unrepentant. Mr. Allen begins by assuming that George Cottar is a prig and Miriam Lacey a *papier mâché* heroine, and that, after years of creating real flesh-and-blood characters, Kipling has, in this story, managed to "get away with" something much inferior. He praises what he calls the remarkable "dream sequence" running through the tale, but commends little else except the "perfect little glimpse" of an unusual aspect of public school life. Incidentally, there is far more than a glimpse of a school of the type depicted lovingly in *Stalky & Co.*, for Kipling's remarkable gift of condensation has enabled him in two pages to describe George Cottar's ten-year-long progress from fagdom to being head of the school.

But it is here that Mr. Allen's special pleading begins. He notes that the conscientious head prefect, who works hand in glove with the Headmaster, is "generally rather unpopular" and "unlikely to be the idol of the school." True, but Kipling expressly mentioned that Cottar became captain of the School Fifteen and was a member of the cricket Eleven. Any public-school boy of the era from 1890 to 1914 (I cannot go earlier myself) is aware of the idolatry bestowed on athletes of this type, who are extremely rare, a fact stressed by Kipling much later in the tale. Mr. Allen states that all "we are told of his athletic prowess is that he once at cricket made 103 runs." If he will

re-read this passage he will realize that Kipling, never afraid of writing down, as well as writing up a character, also allows his rather dumb and stolid hero to score a duck, which makes him even more convincing to me.

George Cottar

Mr. Allen is peculiarly acid about George Cottar's military career, and again unaccountable omissions of detail appear to strengthen his case. If he was a "terrible prig," I confess that in many years' service in India I never encountered a prig who played polo and tennis, hunted, went pig-sticking and mahseer-fishing and tiger-shooting, and who, when on detachment, could take on his own "other ranks" at boxing and cross-country running. To read Mr. Allen, one would imagine that all George Cottar ever did in India, when not on active service, was to play war-games at night with his adjutant. The only evidence that he kept aloof from the "frivolities and junketings" of his fellows is that he did not dance or "run after women, white or black." If this is unnatural or priggishness, there were plenty of prigs in the Army in India, especially young officers who lived on their pay. They numbered among them such remarkable characters as Lord Baden-Powell and other famous polo-players and pig-stickers.

Mr. Allen is mildly derisive about George Cottar's part in the frontier campaign. Surely it would not be unusual, even then, to award a D.S.O. to the adjutant of a unit which had done particularly well throughout and fought a grim rear-guard action during it, though perhaps in these days an adjutant who rescued two wounded men and blew in a gate under fire might be a headache to his commanding officer. (In this Mr. Allen has not read the story very carefully.) And though he thirsts for details, some of

us may think there is far more **art** in Kipling's summary of these exploits through the dry words of the *Gazette* and the hero's own tongue-tied explanation. Kipling can so often in ten words imply what most of us, who try to write, can only express in a hundred.

Cottar may have been a Galahad but if he was a prig, surely his eighteen-word maiden speech to his mess, in reply to the bibulous doctor's toast, does not suggest it?

Mr. Allen uses the incident of Mrs. Zuleika on board ship to suggest that the hero was no better than Davies, the "poodle-faking" subaltern of his own regiment. This is surely misconstrued. It is clear that George Cottar was being hunted, and not the hunter, and was saved from the widow's designs by "never having studied the first principles of the game he was expected to play." Mr. Allen enlarges on the early morning bathroom routine of ships at sea to suggest that Kipling made an obvious blunder, but is there a word in the story to imply that Mrs. Zuleika did not visit George's cabin at midnight or in the small hours?

A Flight of Fancy

Nor is anything said of the delightful vignette of country-house life in a southern county when George Cottar returns home on leave. One feels, from its downs and chalk-streams, that this must describe Hampshire or Wiltshire, and it is possibly drawn from the Tisbury neighbour-

hood where Kipling's father lived. The suggestion that the shy young man "went off by himself and sulked" because his house party preferred theatricals, and flirtation, to fishing the evening rise is also, to me, a flight of fancy, and so too is the suggestion that Cottar proposed to put a more experienced senior officer "firmly in his place" after a lecture by someone whom Kipling made out to be an irritating theorist. How often in the last thirty years has one witnessed the tongue-tied but experienced soldier "irresolute" and wondering whether he is sufficiently "moved to speak" in answer to what Hemingway would call the "nylon-smooth" lecture-pundit, brimming with military theory!

Finally, where in the world outside this tale is there a better or more magical description of an afternoon and evening's fishing on a chalk-stream, etched in delectable detail? No one can say that Kipling has tried to "get away with anything" here, and his fisherman is a real flesh-and-blood type which exists to this day.

But perhaps I am prejudiced? Miriam Lacey may be a *papier mâché* heroine, though she composes, has quite a temper, can get into a side-saddle without assistance, and appreciates a galloping horse. I would sooner meet her kind any day than some of the sophisticated "gun-moll" girls of modern blood-and-flesh fiction, as hard as nails and yet, in some dark way, oozing glamour through their enamel.

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The Road to Mandalay

By BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

[This is the second part of a broadcast talk by Mr. Bernard Gutteridge. It is reproduced here by permission of the B.B.C. and of the author. The first part appeared in the April, 1951, issue of the "Kipling Journal."]

AS the children went into the great Ankan Pagoda and knelt to the gold Buddha, leaving flowers in small vases before the God—pink and white carnations that filled the temple with their clove scent . . . as money-lenders and the jade sellers packed up for the day . . . as the cooking fires were blown into life again and the heart of the town seemed lustrous and warm and friendly with these small points of fire and the swaying bead curtain beyond them, the bamboo houses.

He knew the Soldiers

"But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago and far away" and he's only an ex-soldier again. He's an ex-soldier in England at a time when that's the worst thing to be—next to being a soldier. It is a great merit of Kipling's that he was so bitterly angry at our intolerant treatment of our own soldiers. He knew the soldiers he wrote about. He did continually hammer home the facts of their life. He spoke for them, and he got into their boots and spoke like them. *Mandalay* is one of these poems to some extent, but there are many far stronger ones. *The Widow at Windsor*, for example, which so infuriated Queen Victoria that it wrecked Kipling's chances of being Poet Laureate. It is particularly in the soldier's poems that you meet those phrases which have now become widely accepted, widely used, by thousands of people who don't know where they came from. This poem has a famous one—"Somewhere East of Suez."

You do your 21 years and you come home to the blasted English drizzle; and the damp housemaids; and because you have been a soldier you are suspect. You obviously can't have any kind of character if you have been a soldier. Perhaps you can get a job as a pot-boy. It's all part of the extra-

ordinary attitude of the English to fighting. When there is a war on, just the sight of a soldier raises a cheer and a lump in the throat. When it's over they are just something awkward to be rehabilitated and ignored. It happened after the Boer War and the Kaiser's War. Is it happening now? It obviously happened after the Burma campaign to Kipling's soldiers; and perhaps it is a little unfair to London housemaids that so much of his irritation and unhappiness should be concentrated on them.

If you read *Mandalay* you do indeed find these qualities of Kipling which are so consistently underrated. His passionate love for the knowledge of India and Burma *and their people*. His power to identify himself with the strangers (so very many of them) who have "heard the East a-callin'." His pre-occupation with the British soldier because he felt he was a good chap and was doing a thankless job. (*The Forgotten Army*, 1890.) His technical ability. For his verse-making is as efficient as any in our language. Those four long loose lines and consequent closing-up of the chorus. Notice too, in the chorus, how effectively every line rhymes with *Mandalay*, and because of that gains so much.

"Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles
chunkin' from Rangoon to
Mandalay?
On the Road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like
thunder outer China 'crost
the Bay!"

Understanding of the East

But of all these perhaps the greatest gift is his understanding of the East. T. S. Eliot in the best introduction ever written to Kipling's verse says: "The first condition of understanding

a foreign country is to smell it, as you smell India in *Kim*."

You can smell and you can feel this road that leads to Mandalay. The weedy, damp smell of the paddles as they turn over slowly, trundling up the still river to Mandalay, to the great red fort and the hill. The new disturbed mud where the elephants are at work. The hot bazaars with the sweet smells of candies, the "spicy garlic smells" of curry, the warm bitter smell from cheroots, be they black or white.

You know—the East isn't something soft and lush and mushy. The East isn't like a crumbling bite into a sun-warmed over-ripe William pear. No, it's hard and sharp and like a stone, a precious stone. It's corrupt, it's sweaty, it *does* smell. But it has mountains 70 miles away which look so vividly near you that you think you could see a goat moving up a dry bed of a stream; it has a velvet black pinpoint of a vulture so high above you in a blue sky that it is motionless—yet it is still *velvet*; it has a white gleaming structure by a road-side which when you get near are the curving bones of a bullock; and in where the heart and the guts once were is an oleander growing, like a flowering heart. In this song all the images are clear and sharp—there isn't any muzziness, no soft inside of a pear.

" The Road "

I said just now that it wasn't Mandalay the poem and this soldier we're remembering—but the road, the way there. And I find so much that I myself remember the framework to the town more than the town itself. Anyway, what *do* I remember? I went into Mandalay just after we had recaptured it, with an American General, General Davidson. It was the day we *got* the news Roosevelt had died. In Mandalay there was still the dust, the debris of battle. But the shops, some of them, were open again in a rather pitiful and meagre way. The only thing I bought was a good bright red, real cricket ball for 10 rupees—15s. I remember a shop which sold Buddhas. There were dozens of

white Buddhas, all sizes, in the front garden, with grass growing up to their shoulders and leaves of bougainvillea staining them brown. I remember one thing Kipling's soldier wouldn't have had to blur his romantic longings—corrugated iron. Sheet upon sheet of corrugated iron all blasted off the roofs of houses and shops so that part of the town looked like a thousand demolished hen runs. Of course there was one other thing I bought in Mandalay that afternoon—cheroots, black, rather grim cheroots. We smoked one each on our way back up the hill to Maymyo—cool, green, leafy Maymyo where there were blackberries growing and raspberries. And looking down into Mandalay it looked vastly better than it really was, more exciting, more a remote Eastern city. No—Mandalay doesn't live in my memory, in my close-up memory. It lives as a town in a valley by a great river, seen from a road that pointed up into the peaceful hills. A town that looked the fabled end to a soldier's first—and last—road to the East.



No, there aren't many excitements to compare with your first sight of the East. The next best is a moving evocation of the East. Thousands of soldiers in the early '40's looked out into the Indian ocean by day and watched the flying fishes dapple the water like a handful of gravel. Or looked at it by night and saw the phosphorescence blink in the wake of their troopship. They sweated, fought, cursed their way to Mandalay and beyond it. Most of the time they thought Burma was the worst place in the world, and sighed for housemaids in Chelsea or in Rochdale. But occasionally they wouldn't be fighting; and they would be resting on grass like a lawn by a cool river, by a white pagoda, and there would be lovely girls carrying bowls of rice to the saffron cloaked priests. The distant hills would seem so close and very lovely. Above all there was the shade, the cool, green translucent shade of the pattern of sunlight on the orchids and the pandanus leaves. And the temple bells would say out of Kipling's poem,

" Come you back "

Rudyard Kipling and France

By B. S. TOWNROE

ALTHOUGH 15 years have gone by since Rudyard Kipling died in the Middlesex Hospital, London, on January the 18th, 1936, there are no signs of any falling off in his popularity in France. Last April I had the privilege of giving a lecture at the Lycée Condorcet in Paris on the subject of "Kipling, the Man and his Writings," and was greatly impressed by the interest shown by the boys, who asked a number of questions in excellent English.

Apparently everyone in the room had read *Puck of Pook's Hill* and both the Jungle Books either in English or in a French translation. The majority had seen *Captains Courageous* as a film, and are looking forward to seeing the new film of *Kim*. Some had read the earlier books. The Vice-Principal of this great Paris school rattled off in French the titles of a number of Kipling's books starting with *Plain Tales from the Hills* and ending with *Debits and Credits*.

In my talk I told the boys something of Kipling's personal interest in France. Early in the first World War I met him in Liverpool on behalf of the late Lord Derby, and escorted him to Southport, where he spoke with great feeling of the sufferings of France twice invaded by the Germans. He described how "for thirty generations, France and England in secular but fruitful conflict have engendered and sustained a civilisation which has been attacked by an immense and highly organised barbarism."

R.K. as a Committeeman

The boys were obviously interested in a description of Kipling as a Committeeman. For several years he was a member of the London Committee of the British Institute in Paris. As the first secretary, I sat close to him and watched with great interest the doodlings and drawings which he made on the blank sheet of paper placed in front of each member. The more he was bored by some of the rather lengthy and verbose academic discussions on the work of the British Institute, the more vigorously he plied

his pencil. As soon as the meeting was over I tried to collect some of these precious relics. But he was too shrewd to leave even scraps of paper. He apparently pocketed them, knowing how devotees of Kipling treasure anything with which he was associated—even the idle scribbblings designed to dispel the "ennui" of a protracted Committee!

The Garden Party

On another occasion in Paris he and Mrs. Kipling were the guests of the late Lord Crewe, then H.M. Ambassador, at a garden party held in the beautiful Embassy Garden. I suddenly noticed them both standing under a tree so as to be in the shade out of the boiling sun, both looking very tired and very hot. I hurried to bring up two chairs, and was touched by their expression of gratitude. At least 300 people present at the garden party would have rushed to speak to him if they had realised who he was, but standing there so modestly, he was only recognised by very few visitors.

The boys at the Paris school last April were interested to learn more about Kipling's books, and I gave them the excellent biographical notes, in the Appendix to the study by Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke. It was, however, necessary to explain that so far, the biography for which all lovers of Kipling have been waiting has not yet been published, although a start was made some years ago by a well known Englishman.

Two Quotations

At the suggestion of Dr. Robert Wieder, who presided at the meeting, I read out to the boys two examples of Kipling's writing, the one poetry the other prose, so that they could hear how his work sounded as spoken by an Englishman.

The following are the two quotations to which the boys listened in rapt silence. Kipling is still a master magician in French schools.

France, 1913

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

Speech at Strasbourg, 1921

" Your attachment to your land is because you have lived in it and suffered for it, as your fathers did before you. Your dead of your old wars are scattered all along its frontiers. They lie in all parts of France, and beyond. Have you forgotten where they lie? (Wissembourg, Reichshoffen, Grave-lotte, St. Privat? The mere names of their resting-places are to you part of your national, your individual life and history and pride.

Come with me now to the west of your great country—to those giant bastions of our war that stretch, one after the other from Calais to Rheims. We English have left there a larger army than Napoleon led into Russia—

four hundred thousand of the bodies of our sons, besides a multitude of whom no trace remains. They died with your sons. Have we forgotten where they died? Ask any man or woman in any English street or field.

They will give you at once the name of some little demolished village of which, perhaps, even you have never heard. They will tell you the very turn of the road to it, the very hedge beside the orchard where their man fell. They will tell you too of the hundreds of kindly, patient French villages behind the lines where your people were so good to our people, not for a little time, but devotedly and continuously, through all those terrible years when yours and ours suffered and toiled together. And more than that ! Every square kilometre, indeed almost every square metre, of that France which we know so well, is to us, nationally and individually, a background lit with every human passion ; represents to us some intense and burning focus of effort in the days when the English and French came to know the very fibre of each other's souls.

Do we forget those experiences of the living—those memories of the dead? They have been burned into us for ever."

Members' Banker's Orders

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

Banker's Order, which is 4/- short for home members and 4/6 short for overseas members. This means unnecessary labour and expense in getting in the deficiencies.

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

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 1/- 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.

R.K. and the Canadian Authors

A Memory of the Year 1933

A REMINDER of a member of the Kipling Society that the speech by Rudyard Kipling at the Canadian Authors' Association Dinner at Claridge's Hotel, London, on July 12th, 1933, had been broadcast, led us to make enquiries from the B.B.C. as to whether any record of the occasion was available. With their usual courtesy, the B.B.C. sent us a report of the broadcast, which had been recorded, and is reproduced here by permission.

Rudyard Kipling :

Lord Crewe, it is by your permission, as our President, that I have the honour to speak today to our most welcome fellow craftsmen and fellow craftswomen from Canada.

Strictly between ourselves, I think that this is an occasion on which we are justified in feeling a little proud of our calling. We know that when all the men who do things have done them, and after all the men who say things about those doings have said them, it is only words, nothing but words, that live to show the present how men worked and thought in the past. And we do not know whose words they will be, and that is one of the reasons why there can be neither first nor last in our kingdom—it is not a republic—in our kingdom of letters. And we who use words enjoy a peculiar privilege over our fellows. We cannot tell a lie, however much we may wish to do. We only of educated men and women cannot tell a lie—in our working hours. (*Laughter*) The more subtly we are tempted the more certainly do we betray some aspect of truth concerning our own age. For it is with us as it is with timber. Every knot and shake in a board reveals some disease or injury that overtook the log while it was growing. A gentleman of the name of Jean Pigeon, who built a frame house for me once, not very far from your border, put this in a nutshell. He said : "Everything which the tree she have experienced in the forest, she take with her into that 'ouse." That is the law for us all, each in his or her own land.

Now Canadian writers and poets

have dealt directly or by implication with every detail of their country's life and background. Some have chosen the days of the first adventurers, the men who wandered bewildered through blind forests and great waterways. Others have illuminated the distracted times of the United Empire loyalists, the great Raminere, the Fenian Raids, Aureal's Rebellion. Others again those periods of doubt and distrust that followed the political birth of your huge subcontinent ; and today men and women are dealing with those marvellous later years when Canada, first of the new powers, came to her soul and her strength, and incidentally sent 400,000 free men to the War.

Directly or indirectly, then, consciously or unconsciously, the splendour, the toil, the variety of your national history will have inspired or coloured all your work. Now somewhere in the mass of this work must be laid up the very lines, phrases or books which will be taken by the world of tomorrow as the authentic portrayal of your world of yesterday. But, as I have said, who the people are who have already written the words, and for what reason of art or emotion their words will be accepted before all other words, we cannot tell. Mercifully it is not permitted to anyone to foresee his or her literary election or reprobation, any more than it was permitted to our ancestors to foresee the just stature of their contemporaries, whose shrines and former dwelling places you are now in process of visiting.

And by the same token, it's this visit of yours which makes me truly sincere in proposing your health. You have already passed five or six fairly crowded days with us. You have before you ten more, in which to look over some of the possessions and verify some of the title deeds of your unpurchaseable inheritance here. The things that you will see and the atmospheres you will realise are not, as aliens might regard them, archaeological curiosities or ineffective echoes

out of a spent past. Whether they be the work of man's hands or men's souls, they bear witness to the instinct—it is more than tradition—the immemorial racial instinct towards unbridled expenditure on matters, material and spiritual for the sheer joy of the exercise. They are proof of our land's deep unconscious delight through all ages in her own strength, her own beauty and her unjaded youth. That same headlong surplus of desire and effort goes forward along other paths today, but our eyes are held. Like the generations before us we cannot perceive what new births of new wonders we now move among, but all these things, out of our past, in our present, and for our future, are strains of your blood drawn from those twin races, French and English, which throughout their history have been most resolute not to be decivilised on any pretext, or for any gain. (*Hear, hear, applause, clapping.*)

Then followed by the words :—

By the way, you have my deepest sympathy. For it was given to me once to see Canada en bloc. I had unfortunately been, of course, many years before, but this was one prodigious sweep from Quebec to Victoria

and back again. Through three amazing weeks it was my turn to be shown things, to listen to prophecies which the next ten years showed fell far short of the accomplished fact; and above all to feel the moral pulse of a land and a people free as their own heirs, and yet set in most ancient and sane practice of justice, honour and self-control. (*Hear, hear, clapping.*) I tried to grasp all these things because they were just as much mine as all things here are yours. But not till long after my return did the significance of them begin to break upon me. Then my experiences and impressions clarified and arranged themselves, and as I sorted them out in my head I found that I had the key to them all the time in my heart. It will be the same to you on your return, because one's own heart is the best place in which to store the few things of life that really matter.

Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, let us wish prosperity and health to the Canadian Authors' Association. (*Clapping — Kipling's words interrupted by fits of coughing.*)

(*Clapping, followed by a speech by the toaster, then more clapping.*)

R.K. Books Wanted

IN THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

THE Library of the Kipling Society now contains about 800 items, which include books by Kipling himself, 200 books on Kipling (or with some reference to him or his letters) and 300 magazine items in which stories or articles by Kipling appear.

Although the Council of the Society do not propose to hold rare and expensive volumes, they would be glad to have in the Library the following sets of volumes and works of Kipling :

BOMBAY EDITION—set of volumes.

NEW WORLD EDITION— do.

MANDALAY EDITION— do.

ALL THE MOWGLI STORIES—1933....

ALL THE PUCK STORIES—1935.

BRAZILIAN SKETCHES (if they have been collected separately).

KIPLING BOY STORIES—1916.

PAGEANT, A—1935.

POEMS—1899: *Chicago Poems; A Pirate.*

KIPLING READER—1900.

„ do. for Elementary Grades —1912.

„ do. for Upper Grades— 1912.

ONE VOLUME Kipling — 1928 — (*A Pirate*).

POEMS—1929—3 Vols.

SERVICE SONGS—1903.

WAR IN THE MOUNTAINS (Pamphlet).

WITH NUMBER THREE, SURGICAL AND MEDICAL AND NEW POEMS —1900.

It will be understood that nearly all the books in the Library have been presented by generous donors, and it need hardly be said that anyone who can help to add the foregoing titles to our Library list will be rendering valuable help to the Society. We thank them in advance for anything they may be able to do.

Kipling's First Bibliographer

The Late Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL

KIPLING'S group and generation have crossed the ford of Bunyan's river, almost to a man, and on the hither side there must be few remaining. Now that Captain Martindell has joined the rest, we can suffer the gap he leaves in the world of letters, for the sake of the addition he means to the noble company beyond. Among many enviable attributes, he was a pioneer among Kipling's bibliographers, and one of the most scholarly of his disciples. But to us of the *Journal* he stood at almost the core of things, so thoroughly had he mastered the lore of editions and variations, and so many gems had he rescued from oblivion.

When Ernest Walter Martindell was a lad, it was his mother's delicate health that decided the family trek to the Channel Islands, and made him a pupil of Victoria College, Jersey, where he was captain of both cricket and rugby football teams. After he went to Exeter College, Oxford, he transferred to Jesus College, and there renewed his fame as an all-round sportsman. Electing for the law, he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, but the call to national service shaped his course for harder fields, and led to his career in the East.

In the first Great War Martindell served as a Draft Conducting officer and later undertook important duties in S. Africa. Tireless activity in the study of man induced him to act as secretary for years to the Royal Anthropological Institute. Even his hobbies were strenuous, so that an inborn faculty as a connoisseur earned him recognition as a judge and collector of stamps, of rare prints, and in what we may call the anatomy of literature. His eminence in scientific bibliography was therefore almost inevitable. Dealers soon learned to respect his bidding and advice, and some of the raciest of his talk turned on the haps and conquests of the auction room.

With a princely bearing and a psychological affinity with excellence, he could turn even loss of health to

advantage—the advantage of his many friends. A stubborn breakdown forced him to retire long before his due, but if this caused him any disillusion, he gallantly kept it to himself. Heart-strain before its time is a rigorous discipline at best, but it could not impair his genial bonhomie or diminish his interests in life. Fortunately much bereavement had left him with an incomparable sister, and they settled down together to make a household which became the admiration of all who shared its comforts and its calm. They chose a roomy old-fashioned house at Hook, on the skirts of a Hampshire forest, and there they made everything flourish, from the garden to the guests

This concerted scheme of harmony was invaded, of course, by the roar of growing traffic and the stress of modern life, but the Captain kept his flag a-flying, alike as a patriot, a neighbour, and a host. His study was enriched with Kipling treasures, the most valuable of which were willed to the Bodleian years ago, to its express gratitude and gain. Then came his fine old prints of Oxford the Unforgotten hung around the walls, and when you had made your salaam to his cases of Burmese carvings and bronzes, there was still the lazy delight of tea and fruit, tobacco and talk, in the seclusion of that lovely garden.

Even the most perfect leisure comes to an end, or rather it lingers in memory as a true ideal of domesticity, realising the gracious contentment of "An Habitation Enforced." Such is the impress left upon one of countless guests, of whose fullest sympathy in her loss and loneliness Miss Emily Martindell may rest assured. There remains the double lesson her brother had upheld for years as a wise and generous prizegiver at his old island school, namely, our British Commonwealth as the highest form of liberty ever yet contrived, and Rudyard Kipling as its deathless and inspired exponent.

J.

P. C.

From New Zealand

A Gramophone Record presented to the Kipling Society

BY a sad coincidence, a gramophone record of the Choir of the Boys' High School, Christchurch, New Zealand—in which the late Captain Martindell took a great interest—arrived on the day of his death. The intention was that he should present the record to the Kipling Society on behalf of the School. But that was not to be. In acknowledging the gift, and expressing the Society's thanks, we have pleasure in adding the following note on the subject by Mr. A. E. Caddick, the Headmaster—until January 1941—of the Boys' High School at Christchurch. He writes :

Not Listed

"There is no special story behind my sending the gramophone record of the school choir, beyond a wish on my part that Captain Martindell should hand the gift to the Society on behalf of the School. This desire was the outcome of a real admiration and esteem for Captain Martindell, based on occasional correspondence that passed between us since early in 1939. For a number of years, I have possessed a copy of his *Bibliography of the Works of Rudyard Kipling*, and any Kipling item I came across, I checked in that admirable book.

"Late in 1939, I 'picked up' a booklet, *The Vampire and Other Poems*—an undated Dodge & Co. reprint of some R.K. verses, one of those so-called 'The Little Masterpieces' series. It was not listed in Martindell's book, and I wrote to him for information. I was quite unknown to him, except perhaps as member No. 692 of the Kipling Society; but he answered in a delightfully informal and personal manner, regretting that he had not known anything of it. His letter ended—'For my ignorance of your booklet, I crave your pardon, and hope you will be somewhat mollified by the enclosed verses which appeared at the head of an article entitled 'Home,' which R.K. contributed to the *Civil and Military Gazette* (Lahore) on Christmas Day, 1891, when he revisited Lahore for the last time after leaving New Zealand.'

This act was typical of the courteous, considerate and scholarly man who was most modest and unassuming—one who completely fulfilled Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman.

Copied Out by Hand

"Later he sent me the copy of some verses written by Kipling in the Guest Book that he presented at Christmas, 1911, to Sir Max Aitken (Lord Beaverbrook). But my most cherished memento of Captain Martindell came to me only last December. For a number of years he and I had been trying to obtain a copy of *Our Lady at Wairakei*, and each had promised to send the other a copy if and when it was obtained. Some years ago, I had written to the Auckland newspaper concerned, but without success. Last year, to my delight, a journalist Old Boy of the school obtained a typed copy for me, and you can imagine the pleasure it gave me to have a similar typed copy sent to Captain Martindell. Two days after I had posted it, a copy of the tale arrived for me. He, however, had gone to the infinite trouble of copying it out by hand! Just imagine it! He was not in the best of health at the time, but he wanted to fulfil a promise made years ago to give pleasure to an overseas Kiplingite. And he had taken pains and trouble and friendly care to ensure that I received it. I must confess that I was greatly moved; and I wrote at once to thank him.

Our "Lalage" Chorus

"Some months before this, the music master of the school, Mr. I. C. Cook, L.R.S.M., L.T.C.L., Mus. Dip., had secured a copy of Ferriers's remarkable setting of the song, 'When I Left Rome for Lalage's Sake.' I was greatly struck with it and I told the school choir, which seemed to be enjoying the song, that if they could make a reasonable job of it, I would have it recorded and would send a copy on behalf of the school to the Kipling Society. The examiner in singing for the Royal College of Music, Mr. Graham Carritt, came to

the school during his recent visit to New Zealand, and heard the choir sing this and other songs. He expressed pleasure at the work done; and accordingly I had some records made—one for the Kipling Society, and one for their Excellencies, Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., Governor General of New Zealand, and Lady Freyberg, who had visited the school to hear the choir. Although, owing to the nature of the hall where the recording was made, the result was not quite what I should have liked, yet I discussed the matter with Mr. Cook, and explained to him Captain Martindell's interest in the proposed making of the record, of which I had informed him. We decided that we should like him in person to hand the record to your Society from us, partly because of the friendly correspondence that he and I had exchanged over a long period of years, and partly because of his obvious and genuine interest in the choir and its membership of over 200

boys (including members of the 1st XV (Rugby Football), the 1st XI (Cricket), the 1st XI (Hockey), and of the school's champion athletes and boxers). The record was accordingly posted to him, the Master Kiplingite, with the request that when he could, he should hand it to the Society.

Shortly after it had been sent, I received an airmail letter from him—a brave and gallant letter which I shall always cherish—explaining, yet making light of his recent serious illnesses.

I never met Captain Martindell in person, but I feel that I really knew him, and am the better for having known him. He was a 'verray parfit gentil knight.'

"I regret he was not able himself to bring you the recording by the school choir of the Kipling songs, but I know you will all, as we shall here in New Zealand, remember him with gratitude when the recordings are played."

Kipling and the Isle of Skye

IN the *Scots Magazine* for May, 1950, Dr. Norman Maclean, in "A Tribute to Skye," says:—

"The children of the Island (Skye) are over all the world. At a dinner in Edinburgh in 1922, I foregathered with Rudyard Kipling whom the University had that day honoured with its LL.D. When I remarked that I was a native of Skye, his eyes, under their shaggy eyebrows, suddenly lit up, and his face radiated goodwill.

" 'I also,' said he, 'hail from the Isle of Skye.' The banquetting hall became instantly a vestibule filled with the Island stories. In vivid words, Kipling, in answer to my awakened interest, told how an ancestor of his, James Macdonald, having fought for Prince Charlie, deemed it wise to emigrate, and how the ship on which he embarked was wrecked on the north of Ireland. He settled in Fermanagh. There, inspired by John Wesley, he exchanged the loyalty to the Stuarts for the loyalty to the King of kings and became a preacher. His descendants followed in his steps, and John

Lockwood Kipling married Alice Macdonald, the daughter of the Wesleyan minister in Wolverhampton. Alice's grandfather, James Macdonald, came to England on Wesley's invitation, and his son George had a large family including three beautiful daughters—Alice, the mother of Rudyard Kipling; *Agnes, the wife of Sir Edward Burne-Jones; and Louisa, wife of Alfred Baldwin, and mother of the late Earl Baldwin.

"It was not from the potters of Staffordshire that Rudyard Kipling derived his genius, but from his mother, Alice Macdonald, whose vitality and imaginative power were such that of her a Viceroy said, 'Dullness and Mrs. Kipling cannot exist in the same room.'"

**Dr. Maclean is not quite correct here:—It was Georgiana that married Edward Burne Jones, 1860; Agnes married Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., 1866; Louisa married Alfred Baldwin, 1866.*

Branch Activities

Victoria, B.C., Canada

MRS. Maud Barclay, the Hon. Secretary, reports that the Victoria Branch has carried on in face of many difficulties. Its President, though still remaining in office at the request of members, has had to hand over the post of Chairman to the Vice-President owing to ill-health.

"Transportation strikes, rising prices and many other things have made life quite complicated, but a faithful few still carry on in the sure conviction that Kipling, more than any other contemporary writer, has a message of vital importance for today's need."

The guest speaker at the Annual Dinner of the Branch was Doctor Burr, at one time Professor in charge of the Department of English at McGill University. He was one of the graduating class in 1907, when Kipling addressed members of the University and had the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him. "Since R.K. had no affiliation with any other University in the British Empire at that time," said Doctor Burr, "it was correct to say that McGill was Kipling's *Alma Mater*."

Meetings of the Victoria Branch are held every month from September until May inclusive, except for December when the Dinner is held, either on R.K.'s birthday or as near it as possible. The meetings open with a short prayer, composed by the secretary. Roll-call follows, which is answered by a short 'quote' from Kipling, and "the idea is to dig deep

and make the others identify it." The minutes follow, kept as short and concise as possible and then all members produce any items of interest which have come to their attention during the month in which Kipling is mentioned or quoted. Then follows a programme of short readings or a discussion on some item in the *Journal*.

Auckland, New Zealand

The Auckland Branch recently produced its sixteenth annual report—a gratifying record.

"The season," writes Mrs. Buchanan, the Hon. Secretary, "has been spent in reading stories from *Soldiers Three*.. The pleasure that these readings afforded us has suggested readings for this season 1951-1952 from *Plain Tales from the Hills*."

The President of the Branch, Sir Stephen Allen, gave a scholarly address on Hadrian's Wall, based on stories from *Puck of Pook's Hill*. The first part appeared in the December number of the *Kipling Journal*. The research work entailed is of importance and of interest to all members of this Society.

Dr. Phillipps, of Hamilton, a member of the Central Society, was invited by us to give an address on his recent travels in England, Scotland and Canada with memories of Kipling in all three countries. Dr. Phillipps created the atmosphere of a very enjoyable drawing-room entertainment; we hope to have another visit from him.

KIPLING "WANTS" LIST and other book "wants" requested

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The Winged Hats

CAN you, or any of your correspondents, explain why the Winged Hats* were so crazy as to select the East end of the Wall for their attack, when they could have landed in comparative safety and secrecy behind it, anywhere along the East coast of England as their successors were in the habit of doing? They could not be taken in rear by the Wall troops, who could never venture to deplete the Wall garrison by sending a force on a wild-goose chase down the East coast.

G. CHEVENIX-TRENCH, Rocklands, Weybourne, Holt, Norfolk.

(*This relates to Sir Stephen Aliens reference to "The Winged Hats" in the April, 1951, "Kipling Journal"—page 13.)

Kipling's Detail

We can thank Sir Stephen Allen for his two most useful articles in Journals Nos. 96 and 97, but I imagine many readers will have been expecting something more than four or five quibbles after he quoted Mr. Birley—

"Kipling's detail is almost always at fault."

Mistake I. This deals with Una's toy catapult. There seems little reason why Parnesius should have been familiar with this kind of catapult. He says he ought to know something about them but found this was very different from what he meant. He knew nothing of elastic.

Mistake II. Parnesius described himself as a "Centurion of the 7th Cohort of the 30th Legion." That is the seventh in order of seniority of the ten centurions of that Cohort. Although the title centurion had been officially changed in Rome by this time, it never died out whilst their soldiers remained in Britain.

(Do not let us forget Kipling himself dealt with some of these points in writing to Mr. E. L. White of Baltimore. He said he deliber-

ately used the familiar biblical word "centurion" rather than tribune, legate, or prefect of cohorts, as it was so much better known to children for whom the stories were primarily written.)

Mistake III. The XXXth Legion was never in Britain but was stationed in Lower Germany—but what a coincidence about that stone with XXXth Legion on it!

Mistakes IV and V. "Catapults were not used to the extent suggested" and Parnesius's remark that the "defenders of the Wall all became archers is inaccurate."

The second of these two mistakes is surely no mistake at all, for let us remember that archery was the chief of all the garrison sports as well as part of the training of some of them.

We may remember that Kipling referred to the presence of Greeks on the Wall. Archaeologists said no Greeks had ever been there but some years later a Greek altar was found on a farm nearby.

R. E. HARBORD, Spring Grange, Wood End, Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts.

Cottar the Subaltern

From

Lieut.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn.

I notice in the last number of the *Journal* a criticism of Cottar the Subaltern of that very favourite story *The Brushwood Boy*. Critics sometimes forget that many of the stories are written of people of two generations ago. I must have read that story nearly sixty years ago, and Cottar seemed to me then to be a typical high-grade subaltern of that period and by no means a prig!

GEORGE MACMUNN, Sackville College, East Grinstead.

With the Night Mail

The illustrators of fiction in the, alas! bygone magazines were good artists, but often careless readers;

indeed there is evidence that they did not read a story through. Members who have the *Windsor Magazine* for December, 1905, can see a ludicrous mistake by H. C. Seppings Wright on page 59 in the story "With the Night Mail."

The co-captains of "Postal Packet 162" are named "Purnall" and "Hodgson"; but on page 58, while standing by an air casualty, Captain Purnall says to Captain Hodgson: "Call up the Mark Boat, George." And Seppings Wright drew a full-page illustration showing the name MARK BOAT GEORGE on her starboard side. But "George" was Captain Hodgson's Christian name, as is shown in a later paragraph, and "Banks Mark Boat" was the station-keeper's name.

Kipling himself slips up near the story's end, both in the magazine and in the book. He writes: "Trans-Asiatic Directs we met, soberly ringing the world round the Fifteenth Meridian, at an honest seventy knots." The world can be but semi-circumnavigated on the 50th meridian (of longitude) stretching from Pole to Pole only. What Kipling had in mind was the 50th parallel (of latitude) passing through Vancouver Island and Newfoundland—the scene of the casualty—and completing the circle through Cornwall, France, Cracow, and Saghalian Island and the North Pacific—about 12,600 miles, taking 6½ days.

T. E. ELWELL, Regent House,
Ramsey, Isle of Man.

Kim

The critics seem to dislike this film. None of them appears to think that it bears a proper relationship to the original book; but this is not surprising since few of them seem to have understood it. Two of them remember Kim only as having given his name to a good game for children's parties. One does not expect film critics to know anything about the India of 60 years ago, or for that matter of today. This is just as well. They don't.

The connection between a film described on the posters as a "Masterpiece of Eastern Adventure" and the original book, one of whose leading

figures is among the very few non-Christian saints in English literature, is obviously slight. It would be too much to expect that a producer in Hollywood should show any real understanding of the Lama's search for perfection, but the book as it was written has shown no deficiency of "box-office appeal" for the past fifty years, and it seems unnecessary to try to improve on it either from the artistic or the commercial point of view. If the film in its present form had been called "Indian Roundabout" or "When the Sahib wore Sideburns," it would have seemed less pretentious, though even so it would have been hard to identify the old gentleman who wanders across the screen in a red dressing gown as a Lama.

The sins of Hollywood are often distressing—this time they are also inexcusable. Film producers have fat sums available for the payment of "experts" on every subject. A little of it might have been diverted into the pockets either of some of the many able Kipling scholars in the States, or, better still, of some of the Englishmen still alive who know and remember the India of the 'nineties.

H. HERON, London.

Not a Mistake

I have heard the book *Kim* criticised because Kim's father, Kimball O'Hara, is described as a Freemason and a Roman Catholic. Indeed the Freemasonry is one of the main points of the story.

Now Roman Catholics are not allowed by the Pope to become Freemasons, but apart from slackness in their religious observances which might allow some to ignore the ban, it is, I believe, quite clear that many N.C.O.s who became Masons in the late 19th Century were quite unaware that such a ban existed.

With regard to Britain, the Pope's ban seems to have been more or less dormant from Pope Benedict XIV in 1751 until 1884 when Pope Leo XIII reimposed it.

So Kipling did not make a mistake here for the story implies that Kimball O'Hara was a Freemason prior to 1884.

ANGLO-CATHOLIC FREEMASON.

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