



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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KIPLING SOCIETY



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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. (" Stalky ") (1927-1946).

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 KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS—

18, Northumberland Avenue, London. W.C.2. (Tel 01-930 6733)

Be sure to telephone before calling, as the office is not always open.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Eaton Place, S.W.1, at 2.30 p.m.
Wednesday, 15th March, 1972.
Wednesday, 21st June, 1972.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At St. George's Club, 4 Wilton Mews, S.W.1—at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Wednesday, April 19th, 1972 : Margaret Newsom—"Kipling in New Zealand".

Wednesday, July 19th, 1972: Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy will open a Discussion on "Marklake Witches", "A Doctor of Medicine" (both from Rewards and Fairies), and "The Eye of Allah" (Debits and Credits).

VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

Mrs. Betty Sutherland is kindly allowing us to visit Bateman's on Friday, 12th May, 1972 (a non-public day).

Owing, however, to building work in progress at The Bear, Burwash, it will not be possible to arrange the usual Lunch. We hope, however, that many members and guests will take advantage of this private "open day", and will visit the house and grounds from 2.30 p.m. onwards, thereby meeting old friends. The only charges will be the normal National Trust charge per head (payable on arrival) and the cost of tea, which will be available as usual in the cafeteria.

Lunch could be obtained locally at the Bell Inn, Burwash, or at places within easy motoring distance such as Uckfield.

There is no need, on this occasion, to notify the Hon. Sec. that you wish to come. As this delightful visit has taken place for many years, we hope to revive it next year in its usual form.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London W.C.2, on Wednesday, 15th November. The Guest of Honour will be Brigadier Sir Bernard Fergusson, GCMG, GCVO, DSO, OBE: a great Kipling lover, who served under F-M Lord Wavell (our second President) almost continuously for 15 years, and was on his staff five times.

Application forms will be sent out in September.

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NEWS AND NOTES

'A TOUR OF KIPLING'S INDIA'

The expedition organised by Thomas Cook and Son in association with the Kipling Society (but, like Kipling himself, "my dependence was Cook") to visit places associated with Kipling and described in his writings was safely accomplished a few weeks before the outbreak of the Indo-Pakistan War. While a three-week tour had of necessity to omit many places which we would like to have visited, only two of major importance proved impossible—Simla and Allahabad: both difficult to reach, lacking in modern hotels and made still more difficult of approach by the international situation.

The party, consisting of twenty-six, plus our excellent Indian courier Mr. V. M. Jacob as far as Amritsar, began appropriately in Bombay after a fourteen-hour journey by 'jumbo jet'. Here we were welcomed at the Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy School of Art by the present Principal, Professor H. G. Hanamante and his wife and children. The original bungalows in which Lockwood Kipling both lived and carried on his earliest art classes have mostly been converted and enlarged into the present house, only the kitchen quarters closely resembling photographs taken in the 1860s. But the verandah bears a plaque on the actual site converted from the earlier building reading: 'Rudyard Kipling, son of Lockwood Kipling First Principal of the Sir J.J. School of Art, was born here 30.12.1865'.

After showing us the house, Professor Hanamante took us over the School of Art itself, housed since the latter part of last century in an imposing range of buildings—the hall of which still contains the plaster casts "from the antique" which Wilkins Terry, who became Lockwood's assistant, was sent to fetch from England in 1864 while, apparently, delivering to the Victoria and Albert Museum the request from Sir Jamsetjee for a suitable Principal for the embryo School of Art.

Further exploration of Bombay suggested that the Mahim Woods were much too far for Kipling to have visited as a child with the *ayah* pushing Trix in a perambulator—they must have visited them in the brougham since they were seven or eight miles away. But Kipling probably confused them with either the Maidan in easy walking distance—an open lawn with coconut palms all round it—or an even nearer grove of trees no longer standing but which our guide spoke of as having given their name to a square.

Our stay in Bombay included a pleasant tea-time reception of local celebrities : professors, principals of schools of Art, Dancing, Music and the like, travel-agents, a film-star, and so on. It was interesting to discover that, while all had read some Kipling (mainly *Kim* and *The Jungle Books*), Lockwood Kipling seemed to be just as honoured a name

among them as his more famous son: a state of affairs which would have pleased no one more than Rudyard himself.

Udaipur came next, with the party staying in the Lake Palace and using *Letters of Marque* as a guide book: the main descriptions and the evocations of atmosphere and scenery were amazingly impressive when read actually on the site. The local guide was surprised at our insistence on being taken to the Zoo in the Durbar Gardens, where we saw lions and tigers "in the cages of the King's Palace at Oodeypore"—but no Black Panther since Bagheera "broke the silly lock" with one blow of his paw.

The visit to Chitor (now known as Chitorgarh) next day confirmed what has been said before in the *Journal* about Kipling's original intention of setting the Mowgli stories in the Aravalli Hills that curve round from behind Udaipur northwards and eastwards to beyond Chitor. As it has now been possible to examine more than the first page of the original manuscript of 'Mowgli's Brothers' in the Carpenter Collection at Washington, I may add that in place of the Waingunga there are two references to the Bunas River which we found to the north-east of Udaipur, another to the Abu Hills which are a little further north, and that Bagheera says that he was born 'in the cages of the palace at Oodeypore, a week's hunting from here'. When Kipling changed the locality is not certain: the manuscripts of all the Jungle stories are in the British Museum—including what must be a 'fair copy' of 'Mowgli's Brothers'—and they all contain the Seeonee names: but which if any of them represent original versions or revised copies cannot be discovered except in the case of the one story of which the two manuscripts have chanced to survive.

Since my previous visit nearly four years ago modern Chitor has grown from a village to a town. We had lunch at what had been the Dâk bungalow—but it was already being transformed into a hotel. But the citadel on its long ridge high above is less changed, though still more of the trees and bushes have been cleared, and the *bandarlog* were much less in evidence. Nevertheless every site in 'Kaa's Hunting' could be identified, and of course the Cow's Mouth was still there—though an Indian girls' school had taken possession of it on the day of our visit (which seemed also to be a religious festival) and the last traces of the mysterious or the uncanny which Kipling (and Nick Tarvin) experienced there had vanished.

The tour next visited places with less immediate Kipling associations, such as Jaipur (with Amber—which we all voted as holding no place in the creation of 'the Cold Lairs'), Agra, Khajuraho and Delhi—though most of them are described in *Letters of Marque* and Kipling's one fleeting visit to the Taj Mahal still seemed the perfect description. From Jaipur an evening visit was made to the Game Reserve at Sariska, in a great valley that might well have suggested the setting for 'In the Rukh'. Those of us who were hardy and enthusiastic enough to go on this arduous excursion were rewarded above most visitors by meeting Shere Khan (or rather his mate) face to face. Just as darkness had fallen a tigress crossed the road a little way ahead of our jeep. We drew up at the spot where she had passed, to discover that she had two biggish cubs, one of whom had been left behind on the other side of the road. She returned for it to within a couple of yards of us and stood in an uncertainty that grew every minute into more and more obvious anger—

until our Forest Guard exclaimed that she was about to charge and drove forward hastily. Her presence gave us less chance than usual of seeing other game, but the wild pig was in evidence, and several species of deer.

Owing to one of the chances of the imminent war—a damaged landing ground that had not been repaired—there was no room for five of the party in the aeroplane from Agra to Khajuraho, so they were forced to make the journey (of eight hours) by road. This was a penance which turned out to be a benediction: the trip was through superb scenery and fascinating villages and towns, including Gwalior, Durato and Jhansi. Most of the cantonments in India remain very much as they must always have been—and we were able to pay our respects to the daughter of the regiment's birthplace: 'Ould Pummeloe' herself had already been made suddenly vivid when Professor Hanamante had plucked for us from his garden the fruit from which Mrs. McKenna's nickname had been taken—'we called her "Ould Pummeloe", by reason av her figure, which was entirely cir-cum-fe-renshill', as Mulvaney put it.

An unexpected (and uninvited) visitor at Khajuraho was Chuchundra the musk-rat running round the wall of the dining room of the Chandela Hotel and in and out of the kitchen late in the evening as several of us sat after dinner having a drink with the manager. Fortunately I was the only person who noticed Chuchundra.

Increasing transport difficulties kept us frustratingly in Benares airport on the way to Delhi, with no chance of going into the city, but we were more fortunate at Amritsar where we were able to visit the Golden Temple and have a quick curry lunch at the old dāk bungalow—unaltered, but now dubbed proudly 'The Ritz Hotel', before flying the twenty miles over the Pakistan border to Lahore in a neutral Afghan plane.

It was perhaps natural that Kipling's own particular city should hold some disappointments for us. It was too much to expect it to live up to the expectations of those who know it (and Simla) better than any city in the world which they have not visited. The Museum turned out to be the new and splendid building of which the foundation stone was laid only shortly before Lockwood Kipling retired as Curator—and half of his superb collection had been sent to India under the terms of the regrettable 1947 Partition. Zam Zammah still sat outside it, but now it is surrounded by a spiked railing and in the middle of a main road with dual carriage ways, and no longer can the descendants of Chotalal and Abdullah climb on to it at will.

No attempt has been made to identify and record 'Bikaner House' in which the Kiplings apparently lived from Lockwood's appointment in 1875 until his retirement nearly twenty years later: we visited the residence of the present Principal of the Art College which he at least firmly believes to be the house in question (and he still has in it a bust and a portrait of Lockwood Kipling) but it bears no resemblance to the only published drawing of the house in which Kipling lived at Lahore. It is, indeed, a splendid example of a prosperous British residence of Kipling's period and may be built round the nucleus of the original house—but it is not in the Mozung Road (though in the Mozung District)—and many other houses nearby are much more like the picture.

On the credit side, however, Fort Lahore fulfils every requirement for its identification with the "Fort Amara" of the Soldiers Three stories,

and the Gate is certainly that described in 'With the Main Guard'. There is also, surprisingly, a 'Naulahka Pavilion' in the Fort (there is a 'Naulahka Bundar' at Chitor) and, greatest surprise of all, as we drove across the Ravi river by the bridge of at least a furlong in extent, there was the island with the semi-ruined temple of Kali just as in 'The Bridge Builders'—so unexpectedly the 'one and only' that I at least recovered from the shock far too late to photograph it from the moving coach.

The Taksali Gate had been pulled down even before Kipling paid his last visit in December 1891 (see 'Home'), but enough of the old outer wall remains to show us at least what the houses in 'On the City Wall' were like, and the surviving 'Delhi Gate' makes a reasonable substitute. The old city brought us nearest to the Lahore of Kipling's day, even if we did not quite identify Amir Nath's Gully—but beneath the shadow of Wazir Khan's Mosque we found 'the Gate of a Hundred Sorrows', and 'The House of Suddhoo' could be guessed at if not proved.

We could not stop to see, and we would not have been allowed to photograph the cantonment of Mian Mir, but we drove through it going to and from the airport; on the same road we passed what had been the Punjab Club, and near Falletti's Hotel, where we stayed, was the old Masonic Lodge (Hope and Perseverance 782 E.C.) in which Kipling was made a Freemason 'by dispensation, being under age, because the Lodge hoped for a good Secretary', on 5 April 1886—but alas it was shut and uninhabited and we could not get in to look for Lockwood Kipling's decorations of 'the bare walls'.

The offices of *The Civil and Military Gazette* were more exciting. Although the paper ceased publication some years ago, and although the fine front of the building has been torn down to allow for widening of The Mall, the courtyard remains almost untouched, and the room in which Kipling worked is still shown with, off it, a magical dark den (the lights had fused) shelved with complete files of the *C.M.G.*, *The Pioneer*, *The Week's News* and other papers published by the same syndicate. The plaque stating that "Rudyard Kipling worked here 1882-1887" ('there is, or was, a tablet in my old Lahore office asserting that here I "worked". And Allah knows that is true also!') is no longer in its old place on the front of the building, but search found it lying rather pathetically on the floor under one of the old, obsolete, presses in a great, dark room at the back of the building.

Further afield we visited the walled gardens round Jehangir's Tomb which had been used as a caravanserai for caravans coming from Tibet and the North—the Kashmir Caravanserai of *Kim*, except that they were too far from Lahore railway station. We had also a reception in the Shalimar Gardens on the evening of our arrival, with all the fountains playing and the flowers glowing into new life as the sunset tints faded from them and the lights were brought up gently from among the trees, and the light of the waning moon wandered down from above.

Starlight, by the way, reminds me of a moonlight picnic, held at the Shalimar rose gardens a few days ago—one of the loveliest places under Heaven', wrote Kipling to his aunt Edith Macdonald on 11 July 1884. 'The gardens themselves looked like fairyland. Great sheets of still water, inlaid marble colonnades, and carved marble couches, at the edge, thick trees and lime bushes and acres of night-blooming flowers that scented the whole air. The scene was really past description . . .'

Rawalpindi was our next date after Lahore, with very few Kipling

associations—he seems to have visited it only in March 1885 when reporting the ceremonial meeting of Lord Dufferin the Viceroy and Abdur Rahman the Amir of Afghanistan, which found its most memorable use as the background for 'Her Majesty's Servants'. In fact here we had a day's holiday from Kipling, going back to the days of Alexander the Great as we visited the remains of the three cities of Taxila of which Kipling wrote only in the sketch of doubtful authorship 'In the Days of Alexander' (signed "K") in *C.M.G.* for 26 May 1888—though even there a descendant of Rikki-Tikki-Tavi put in a brief appearance.

Peshawar seemed to bring us nearer to Kipling again: but by now we were finding our attention distracted by the growing rumour of War: our last night in Rawalpindi having suddenly plunged us into a Black-out rehearsal, with Air Raid sirens bringing back vividly many gruesome recollections of the Blitz.

It was difficult here to make the local guide-plus-coach-owner understand that our interests were unusual—and only too late did we discover that the Edwardes Gate was still standing and that we might, given time, have discovered the house where 'Diamonds-an'-Pearls' and 'Love-o'-Women' met their fate. However an excursion to the Kohat Pass where the Border Pathans are still manufacturing every variety of hand gun from the Jezail (no longer to be purchased for ten rupees) to the .22 pistol disguised as a biro pen—and all bearing the amazing insignia "Made in England"—supplied us with a "set" for 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft', so close to the description in the story that it was almost impossible not to believe that Kipling had this very spot in mind when he saw Jakin and Lew come from behind that hillock to meet their heroic deaths beneath the Heights of Jaggai.

Next day we set out by coach from Peshawar to Kabul, stopping to enter the Khyber Pass at Fort Jumrood where Kipling stayed when he went to witness the entry of the Amir Abdur Rahman into British India. Unfortunately the Mess of the Khyber Rifles was being rebuilt so that they were unable to entertain us (on the site to which 'The Man Who Was' returned?), but it is of interest to note that one at least of the readings of its name on the ordnance maps is 'Jaggai'.

Hereafter we were out of the territories visited by Kipling. But his amazing ability to catch and make vivid a site at secondhand was impressively demonstrated to a few of us in Kabul who sought out the Baber Gardens described in a few lines of 'The Amir's Homily' so vividly that it is hard to believe that he was never there.

To sum up my impressions of the Tour is difficult. The main point to be made, or so it seems to me, is that Kipling's descriptions are so vivid, and work so powerfully on the imagination, that there is no need for any of us to go to India to help us to enjoy his stories and poems—and that any visit to India shows us in living, vivid fact so much of the background of Kipling's stories and poems that a visit for anyone truly interested in this amazing writer is absolutely essential . . . "Wherefore praise we famous men . . ."—"The great J. M. Cook himself" in particular.

KIPLING'S CLASSICS

By Susan Treggiari

In one of the most eloquent speeches in *A Book of Words*, that on 'The Uses of Reading' addressed to Wellington schoolboys, Kipling paid generous tribute to the Greek and Latin classics. His own classical schooling had been, by present-day standards, thorough, although it was cut short by his early removal to Indian journalism. He had composed the regulation Latin verses—in 'The Impressionists' we hear of M'Turk turning Gray's *Elegy* into Latin elegiacs on behalf of Beetle and Stalky—and Latin proses. There is a humorous account of his troubles with the latter exercise in one of the *Schoolboy Lyrics*, 'Inscribed in a presentation copy of *Echoes* to the Common-Room'. Equally as a matter of course he had read the standard authors. From the initial '*His rebus infectis*' Stalky and Co. pepper their speech with Latin locutions (some of dubious purity) which recall Caesar or Livy; Virgil's *Aeneid* was both read in class and set as 'lines', and Kipling was probably familiar with at least Books II and VI (still, with IV and XII, the usual set-books), and 'the Fifth Form had been dragged several times in its collective life from one end of the school Horace to the other'¹. Cicero, Catullus and Sallust are also mentioned in the Stalky stories, and the masters' predilection for moral tags gave Beetle a nodding acquaintance at least with some lines from Juvenal. As the great classics, like *Hamlet*, are 'full of quotations', we cannot conclude from the mention of one line that Kipling had read the whole book in which it appears (though sometimes it happens that he had). For instance, 'Et dona ferentes', which he used as a poem title in 1896, part of the famous tag from *Aeneid* II 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes' ('I fear the Greeks even when they bring gifts') we know from *Something of Myself* to have been a favourite in-joke in Kipling's youth. Crofts and the other masters (if we can trust that *Stalky* has not improved them out of recognition) had Latin always on their lips; probably more important, Kipling's wide and diversified reading in English literature brought him into indirect contact with the classical tradition: consider for instance Fielding, whose humorous use of Latin tags in the mouth of such characters as Partridge may be compared with Kipling's own. I suspect that Kipling picked up a good deal of his surprisingly detailed knowledge of the classical 'background', both in literature and history, by this indirect method. Such details were not looked up in a mythological dictionary and paraded as learned ornaments; they accrued from catholic and often casual reading and stuck in his memory. A nice example of his spontaneous or perhaps unconscious recollection of a Roman anecdote occurs in a letter to Rider Haggard of March 8 1925²: 'Tuesday I put me in velvet and satin and, tied to a sword, attend a Levee at St. James's.' Cicero, a famous wit, had previously applied the phrase to Dolabella a short man, 'Who has tied my son-in-law to that sword?' The anecdote is related by Macrobius, not a school author, but has been retold many times.

In Greek, Kipling at school got only as far as the New Testament, but this will have given him the basic grammar and he claims to have been able to work out some Greek literature with the help of a Bohn crib³. He probably read a good deal in translation at various periods of his life, certainly 'Omer'—for instance, see how neatly he re-applies Homer's recurring epithet of 'wine-dark' for the sea to the South African flats in 'Bridge-Guard in the Karroo'; later an author as unclassical as Lucian, from whom he takes the idea for 'The Pleasure-Cruise' (1933), and, most interesting of all, the epigrams of the Greek Anthology, which inspired him to imitation in verse in 'The Muse among the Motors' and 'Epitaphs of the War' and in prose in headings for *A Book of Words*. In Latin literature, after his schooldays, he explored works which had not been on the syllabus, such as medieval verse—what splendid, if anachronistic, use he makes of 'Cur mundus militat' in 'A Centurion of the Thirtieth', a hymn variously ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux or Jacopone da Todi! He also researched for specific purposes such recondite works as the Antonine Itinerary⁴. He returned, during his Sussex years, probably to Virgil, at least to the fourth book of the *Georgics* which is often on his mind when he talks of bees, and with deepest enthusiasm to Horace. 'C(rofts) taught me to loathe Horace for two years; to forget him for twenty, and then to love him for the rest of my days and through many sleepless nights.' (*Something of Myself*, ch. 2). In 1912 Kipling acquired a de luxe copy of Wickham's edition of the *Odes* (still one of the standard complete editions in English) and this year stands roughly at the beginning of the pre-occupation with Horace which is apparent in the work of his 'later period'⁵. But his interest in the ancient world had never been completely dormant, though it became progressively more active as he began to write historical tales such as 'The Finest Story in the World' (1891), then those about Parnesius (1906) and finally the two about St. Paul, 'The Church that was at Antioch' and 'The Manner of Men' (1929-1930). But I do not want to suggest that his interest in the Graeco-Roman world was greater than in the medieval or prehistoric world, or that his love for Horace was not equalled by his love for Chaucer or Shakespeare or the Authorised Version⁶.

Enough has been said to indicate that Kipling had read some of his classics and indeed 'kept them up' more creditably than most of us when he stopped cramming for exams. The Latin prose paper of 'The Last Term' was not, as it turned out, 'a final attack on the classics'. But it is his *use* of the classical authors that concerns us: '... what he thought 'e might require, / 'e went an' took—the same as me!' I think that we can distinguish two uses, of the letter and of the spirit, and the second is more important.

On the whole direct quotation or translation from Latin is used for humour. Nowadays this practice is open to attack on the grounds that the dead language is being used for 'in-jokes' understood only by an inner circle. But in Kipling's days all his educated readers will have had about as much Latin as he had. Besides, far more learned jokes were fashionable: it is clear from the contents of, say, *The Oxford Magazine* of the 1890s that even dons were expected to appreciate comic Greek and Latin verses or parodies in alleged translation by such men as 'Q' or Godley. Nor can we, at a time when a stream of translations such as *Winnie Me Pu* and *Alicia in Terra Mirabili* shows no sign of drying up,

afford to scoff at Kipling for a schoolboyish delight in resounding Latin phrases. Besides, he handles the technique well. The apposite quotation is driven home with irreverent mistranslation. In the hunting-field the Horace-addicted solicitor shouts to Midmore as he follows him over a fence, "'Go on sir! *Injecto ter pulvere*—you've kicked half the ditch into my eye already!'", using the line which Horace puts into the mouth of a drowned sailor asking for ritual burial, 'when you have thrown dust over me three times you may go on.' The same trick is played, for example, in 'In Ambush', where *His rebus infectis* (very literally, 'these things not having been carried out') is mistranslated (with emphasis on the idea of 'infection') as 'after I'd seen Heffy's man-tracks marchin' round our hut' and *dextrico ense* ('with drawn sword', a common Ordinary Level phrase) as 'wavin' a butterfly net.' This is a trick which some find exasperating, I find amusing and others, at least when Ezra Pound does it in *Homage to Sextus Propertius*, salute as a serious poetic device. It can also be done without interposing direct quotation between author and reader, which is perhaps more effective because if the reader does not recognise the reference he does not feel frustrated, but if he does recognise it his self-satisfaction and rapport with the writer are increased. 'Plagiarism' of this sort was incidentally one of the most favoured and respectable traits of ancient authors, particularly the Romans and most especially Virgil and Horace. Kipling attributes it, rightly, to Homer. Here are two examples, one prose and one verse, both involving 'plagiarism' of phrases from Horace. The first is from the account of an earthquake in 1892 ('Some Earthquakes' in *Letters of Travel*):

To preserve an equal mind when things are hard is good, but he who has not fumbled desperately at bolted jealousies that will not open while a whole room is being tossed in a blanket does not know how hard it is to find any sort of mind at all.

In that sentence there is one stroke of humour after another, and the reader who suppresses his laughter until the full stop may be congratulated perhaps at not having let himself go at the comma, after the impudent send-up of '*Aequam memento rebus in arduis / servare mentem*' (Horace, *Odes* 2.3.1-2; 'Remember to keep a balanced mind in hard circumstances'). Worse still, the rollicking rhythm of 'Poseidon's Law', 'When the robust and Brass-bound Man commissioned first for sea / his fragile raft . . .' conceals the (not entirely serious) moralising of Horace (*Odes*, 1.3.9-12) on the immorality of sea-travel, '*illi robur et aes triplex / circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci / commisit pelago ratem / primus . . .*' ('He who first committed—note the pun in 'commissioned'—his fragile raft to the cruel sea had oak and triple bronze around his heart.')

Much more rarely, classical reminiscence is used, like Biblical language, to heighten the pathos or dignity of the style. The most remarkable example of this is Kipling's use of the conceit 'Ah, would swift ships had never been', which goes back to the opening lines of Euripides' *Medea*, where the heroine's nurse laments that the ship *Argo* was ever built, for if it had not been built the Argonauts would not have sailed and *Medea* would not have fallen in love and eloped with Jason, to be betrayed by him in the end. The idea was used by several later writers, including Catullus and Virgil, and Kipling uses it twice, once, very aptly, as a popular song in 'The Manner of Men', 'Ah, would swift ships had

never been about the seas to rove ! / For then these eyes had never seen nor ever wept their love . . .', and, more remarkably and with full pathos in one of the 'Epitaphs of the War 1914-1918', for a V.A.D., 'Ah, would swift ships had never been, for then we ne'er had found / these harsh Aegean rocks between, this little virgin drowned . . .' Here' as Horace often incorporates a 'motto' from a Greek lyric poet in the first line or so of an ode, Kipling has taken over a classical idea and made it his own in a four-line epigram which achieves the restraint and intensity characteristic of the Greek epitaphs on which it is modelled. Here we have the spirit as well as the letter.

It seems to me that, apart from quotations and paraphrases which can be immediately attributed to a classical source we can often see Kipling deliberately using the manner and mood of ancient authors for serious poems⁷. This is parallel to his use of English authors, for he did both humorous parody, as in *Echoes* and *The Muse among the Motors*, and serious poems, like the monologues inspired by Browning. He imitates ancient authors in the 'Epitaphs' but chiefly in poems in the manner of Horace, apart, that is, from the overt Horatian imitations from *Odes Book V*. A good example is the poem on Shakespeare, 'The Craftsman'⁸, where he takes over a favourite Horatian metre and a Latin sentence-construction which help him to achieve remarkable compression, economy and power. The poem which follows in *The Definitive Edition of Rudyard Kipling's Verse*, 'Samuel Pepys' (1933), with its classical allusions, is more obviously in the manner of a Horatian ode. Another notable example of the restrained technique traditionally described as classical is 'The Storm Cone' (1932) which I find reminiscent of Horace's poem on a ship normally identified as the Ship of State (*Odes* 1.14). Here too the strict metre, the seemingly inevitable choice of words, recall the *curiosa felicitas* of Horace, the felicity of expression, of words fitted to matter, that a poet has to work to achieve. Horace advised keeping a poem for slow revision, filing it down to perfection; Kipling got the same results with Indian ink. The method was of course primarily applied to his prose (and he was a greater prose-writer than poet). Like the great classical writers, in imitation of whom he had composed Latin proses at school, and unlike many of his fellow countrymen, Kipling believed in the perfectibility of prose style and had the Roman habit of reading his sentences aloud 'till the tongue has made all smooth' (*S of M* ch.3). But he had the advantage over the Romans of having the English language at his command: 'We have such wealth as Rome at her most pride / had not or (having) scattered not so wide.' (The Birthright') .

He had also, by the accident of time, a far longer and wider historical perspective, which took in Rome itself. Some Roman ideas are taken over by Kipling, initially the ideals of empire in which he had been well instructed by Crofts, the humane beliefs of Virgil and Horace to which he gives prominence in 'Regulus' and which recur in all, the Roman tales and in poems such as 'Gallio's Song' and 'The Roman Centurion's Song', ideals of service, sacrifice, tolerance. There is a straight line between Horace's *Dis te minorem quod geris imperas* ('Because you behave as subordinate to the gods you hold empire') and 'Recessional'. Courage, honour and not talking too much about them (compare 'The English Way') are among the stoical virtues of Regulus. The strangely generous attitude of Virgil and Horace to Rome's enemies

—not shared by most of their contemporaries—which one sees especially in Virgil's treatment of Aeneas' enemy Turnus and in Horace's splendid eulogy of Cleopatra in *Odes* 1.37, of which Crofts had once 'delivered an interpretation unequalled for power and insight' (*S of M* ch.2; the text has the number of the ode wrong) also made a strong impression on Kipling, who makes it one of the traits of the young officer in 'The Church that was at Antioch'. The Romans were inclined to find more material for poetry in defeat than in victory and Kipling agreed with them in finding a strong inspiration in the decline of the Roman empire.

The individual Roman whom Kipling knew best was not Regulus or Gallio but the unheroic Horace, who gives in his poems the first rounded self-portrait in literature, of a small, plump, prematurely greying man, quick to anger and to forget his anger, intensely loyal to his friends, with a keen appreciation of natural beauty and simple pleasures, attempting to live the good life of the philosopher and constantly back-sliding. Kipling in the marginal notes to his copy of the *Odes*, some of which appear in *Selections from a freer Verse Horace*, shows that he had a keen appreciation of Horace's virtues and failings, and loved him for both. One can only regret that he did not publish a story on Horace to set beside his picture of Shakespeare and Jonson in 'Proofs of Holy Writ'. Horace has often been attacked as a virtual pensioner of Augustus, writing propaganda to order, but Kipling rightly discounted this view and admits Horace's independence of mind in his own verses à propos of *Odes* 2.20 and 3.30, ' . . . My soul is my own / and that is my work and my wages ! ' But he enjoyed taking the mickey out of Horace and commented (on *Odes* 3.16) that every time Horace was short of money he would write a moralising poem telling people not to care for wealth—whereupon Maecenas would send some cash. Horace would be the first to enjoy such debunking. He would also have liked the little poem quoted by Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green in *The Kipling Journal* XXXVII (1970) 6 in which Kipling makes Horace explain that his poem on the religious inspiration of the wine-god (*Odes* 3.25), in which he imagines himself in a Bacchic frenzy, was in fact composed while stone-cold sober and after laborious consultation of Greek poems with the aid of a dictionary. The updating of Horace to make him discuss modern themes such as the motor car, chemistry or a newly-knighted businessman is cleverly done. The 'fake' fifth book of Horace's *Odes*, written in collaboration with Godley and Graves, in which he contributed the original idea, two verse 'translations' ('The Proconsuls' and 'A Translation') and a magnificent prose 'crib' for 'The Proconsuls', is a splendid sustained joke, though it is a pity that the Latin 'originals' of more of his humorous Horatian odes, for instance 'Carmen Circulare', were not included.

But several of the odes are not comic. It is in these that Kipling shows what in the end he considered to be Horace's greatest virtues, his love of his friends, his delight in nature and his faith in simple and humble people, qualities very like those which distinguish the mature Kipling. Even the great imperial themes yield place to the description of the fountain of Bandusia (3.13) or the ode on the eternity of the changing seasons and the mortality of man (4.7), also a favourite with Housman. Kings are, *pace* 4.9, forgotten, 'Yet furthest times receive / and to fresh praise restore, / mere flutes that breathe at eve / mere seaweed on the shore' ('The Survival'). That is not quite in Horace's own

style, any more than the Christian prophecy of 'The Last Ode' is, but it is a true appreciation of Horace. Similarly the lines on friendship in 'The Last Ode', 'Maecenas waits me on the Esquiline : / thither tonight go I.' are firmly based on the historical fact that Horace promised not to survive his patron and friend long, and was buried near him on the hill in Rome where Maecenas had a large park. When it comes to the crunch, the essential virtue of Horace's poetry, that which makes him still read, for 'never a word of the Singer's spell / was lost or altered or worn' (Kipling on 3.13) is that he is mostly concerned with unchanging phenomena, love, friendship, death, falling water, 'glazed snow beneath the moon', not with contemporary politics and wars. Kipling realised this fact and its application to himself⁹.

Footnotes

1. We could presumably find out which school edition was used at Westward Ho! and the exact extent of the syllabus. But I am interested not in what Kipling was *supposed* to have read, but what he remembered.
2. Morton Cohen ed. *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard: the record of a friendship* (1965) p 148.
3. 'The Uses of Reading'.
4. C. E. Carrington, *Kipling Journal* XXXIV, 1967, 7-8.
5. See especially C. E. Carrington, *Rudyard Kipling. His Life and Work* (1955), pp. 33, 480-2; R. Lancelyn Green, 'Kipling and Horace', *Kipling Journal*, 70, 1945, 21.
6. Cf. A. M. Weygandt, *Kipling's Reading and its influence on his poetry* (1939).
7. According to Alfred Noyes, Kipling '... in some of his work, catches the very tone of Horace . . .' Cf. Carrington, *Kipling*, pp. 33, 480.
8. I hope to discuss this poem in detail in a later paper.
9. I am deeply indebted and grateful to Professor Carrington for the help he has given me both by his fundamental published work and by enlightening private conversation. My thanks go also to Miss D. M. Lavin of the University of Belfast and to my husband for their comments and criticism.

THREE NOTES

By Thomas N. Cross, M.D.

I always find something of interest in the Kipling Journal, and only wish I had time to respond as often as I would like to. For years I've been trying to find the time to reply to a nicely acid note written about an article of mine some years ago, and now I feel I've lost that issue! [n the September issue there were three points on which I would like to comment. Since this is going to be rather long, I'll divide them up into three separate notes, in case you should want to print any or all of them in separate issues.

(1) The September issue R.L.G., in discussing Kipling's views on field sports, repeats an error that has been made over and over again. He states, "The bad eyesight which prevented Kipling from being any good at football and cricket . . ." Kipling's inability to participate well in sports is always attributed to his impaired eyesight. Why? He was indeed ineffectual at football and cricket where eyesight is involved but he was equally inept at dancing, riding, and swimming where, in general, it is not.

His sister, "Trix", described his dancing in her reminiscences, "I

was as tall as he was and when he was in any difficulty I used to hastily change over and lead him¹." Kay Robinson, in his delightful account of his days with the young Kipling on the "Pioneer" speaks of how "... all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky . . ." and that he rode an Arab "with which he never established fully confidential relationships²." When Kipling and Carrie went out for a drive, Carrie always handled the reins³: though of course, there is more than one interpretation of that. And Beresford, in his memories of school days, describes Kipling's swimming: "He went forward in a rather jerky manner by fits and starts, owing to a certain want of deftness in his make-up, or a dissociation of body and brain." When I visited Kipling's home in Vermont, in connection with a book I am writing, I heard second-hand that once Kipling tried to position a horse and carriage at the house, was utterly unable to do so, and a bit mortified when a young lady offered to help, climbed up and took the reins, and did it easily. Other examples could be given, but all the evidence indicate that Kipling was very poorly co-ordinated and clumsy, except in fine hand movements, like handling a drawing pencil or a cigarette. Why, then, have a succession of biographers said that he was poor at sports because of his eyesight?

It is a simple matter of believing something we want to believe. In the Victorian era, with the poems of Sir Henry Newbolt . . . "the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks . . . sports were held up as the ideal place . . . perhaps the only place . . . where future leaders were formed. This philosophy was so strong that there was something faintly suspect about a person who was not successful at sports. Finding this to be true in Kipling's case, biographers have unconsciously looked for an excuse and found one—his poor eyesight. I trust that we have advanced to the point where we can appreciate Kipling's works without having to make him an athlete, which he wasn't.

References

1. Some Reminiscences of My Brother, Mrs. R. Fleming, *Kipling Journal*, December 1937, p. 116-121.
 2. Kipling in India. E. Kay Robinson, *McClure's Magazine* Vol. VII, July, 1896, p. 99-109.
 3. Catlin Papers, in possession of Stowe C. Phelps, New York City, N.Y.
 4. *School Days with Kipling*. C. S. Beresford, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1936.
- (2) In the September issue Shamsul Islam's fine article, "The Goddess India: Kipling's Vision of Chaos", raises many points that could be discussed. I will limit myself to his remarks about "Death, decay and disease" which "going hand in hand with heat in India are further signs of her malignance." Further along he remarks, "one is always conscious of the presence of death in Kipling's stories about India. It claims the only son of poor Imam Din, it makes Lisbeth an orphan by killing her parents through cholera. It snatches away little Tota . . ." To make this complete, he should have mentioned some one even more important who is snatched away: Kipling's brother. Most people forget he ever had one. Seven months after Kipling's parents arrived in India, Kipling was born on December 30, 1865, in the cool season. His sister "Trix" was born two and one half years later in England. They had made this trip to escape the heat. In the hot season of 1870, however, a baby boy was born who died very shortly thereafter¹. We may be sure that Kipling, then four and one half and a fantastically observant child, sensed

at this early age the malignant presence of death during the terrible Indian heat. It may even account for the emphasis on death referred to by Mr. Islam. When Kipling returned to India as a young man, he wrote a poem called "Nursery Rhymes for Little Anglo-Indians", which ends :

When the hot weather comes
Baby will die —
With a fine pukka* tomb
In a ce-me-te-ry.²

* "pukka" means permanent.

References

1. *Kipling and the Children*, R. Lancelyn Green, Elek Books Limited, London, 1965, p. 31.

2. Early Verse, Vol. II (Outward Bound Edition), p. 73.

(3) In the September issue appears C. E. Carrington's article "The Naulahka : A Novel of East and West". It need not be said that it is a scholarly and thorough piece of work. It gives a wealth of new insight into Kipling's relationship with Wolcott Balestier, buttressed with careful documentation. At times Professor Carrington adopts a note of caution, as when he says, "If we ought to pry into the personal affairs that he strove so hard to keep secret . . ." and when referring to "The Children of the Zodiac", he states, ". . . of which I need say here only that it deals with the marriage of a young poet who, like Kipling, was ill with an affliction of the throat." If it is not in poor taste to look for evidence in a writer's personal life, so long as one is as fair and accurate as possible, I think Professor Carrington could have added that the poet was dreading throat cancer and death, just as Kipling dreaded cancer all his life. Much as he wanted to marry Carrie, he had severe doubts and fears about it, as long as Wolcott stood in the way. If he and Carrie were ". . . betrothed, with Wolcott's approval, before he left England . . ." why did he leave England at all? This leads us to what Professor Carrington cautiously refers to as the "Rudyard-Wolcott-Carrie triangle." The whole course of events, that I will not take the space to repeat, indicates extreme doubts and vacillation on Kipling's part, with strong feelings of friendship for Wolcott clashing with equally strong feeling, for Carrie. It was indeed a triangle, an impasse that led to Kipling's departure on a round-the-world cruise. In Victorian times, a long voyage, as Joseph P. Lash writes, "was the standard prescription for illnesses, nervous disorders, and unhappy love affairs."¹ When Wolcott's death removed him as an obstacle, Kipling dashed back home in two weeks and married Carrie, by special licence, eight days later. Many contemporary observers recorded the same impression, that Kipling's marriage was only made possible by Wolcott's death. As Henry James wrote a friend, "But Wolcott's ghostly presence was the thing that was most vivid to me—and the rest of the matter seemed a kind of ironic—though quite inevitable—dance upon his grave."² Other examples could be given, but I will only take the space to say that Kipling sincerely mourned his friend's death, but it is equally certain that only it made possible his bond with Carrie.

References

1. *Eleanor and Franklin*, by Joseph P. Lash, Norton & Co., New York, New York 1971, p. 8.
2. Letter from Henry James to Mr. Walford, January 12, 1892, Houghton Harvard University.

LETTER BAG

QUOTATIONS

As regards the verse quotation on Page 14 of the December number of the *Kipling Journal*: this is from "The Last Man" by Thomas Campbell, a poem beginning 'All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom'. I state this on the authority of the Children's Encyclopedia, where I first read the poem and have recently looked it up.

As regards Page 17, 'Tempora mutantur', etc.: the form with 'nos et' is certainly the one that scans best (I am not sure that 'nosque' or 'et nos' can be said to scan at all), and I think it is also the form most commonly given.

P. S. FALLA

OAK, ASH AND THORN

I think that Mr. Barker's enquiry from Chicago about oak, ash, and thorn can be answered simply. As an (ex) Sussex man I have never come across it as "a conventional charm of olden times". But as an inspiration of Kipling's it is admirable, and a tribute to his observation.

The Wealden forests were mainly oak: a tree first dedicated to Zeus in classical times, and later adopted by the Druids. Ash is common enough everywhere, but surely there is a link here with Ygg-Drasil?

The prevalence of thorn on the chalk downs is pretty obvious, but I don't get its mystical significance; unless it is hidden in:—

"Come with acorn-cup and thorn,

Drain my heartes blood away—"

Anyway, could any other three trees have served Sussex so well for a charm?

DOUGLAS BISHOPP

'ASEASYASA.B.C.'

In the March 1971 issue of the *Journal* D. R. Kipling points out that yet again has R. K.'s foresight been proved correct by time. The example given was the use of bright lights by the Board of Control airships in "As Easy as A.B.C." (written in 1912), followed by the 1970 report that "California police used a helicopter with a bright light to try to break up a mob .. ."

D. R. Kipling goes on to suggest that it would be worth watching the American police "to see when they realise the other weapon in the A.B.C. armoury, the use of pitched sound!"

Members may not be aware that in fact a large amount of research has already been done on this very subject, especially in the U.S.A. The use of very loud high pitched sounds has been shown to break up crowds—sound in very large doses tends to so overload the brain's sensory abilities as to make a person unable to concentrate on much else. In Northern Ireland, of course, we have noted that repetitive sound is an important weapon for interrogators wishing to mentally isolate persons being questioned.

Perhaps the most interesting development has been the discovery that a certain low-pitched note, when broadcast at a high volume, has the dismaying effect of loosening the bowels of human hearers, by causing the anal sphincter to reverberate! It does not need much imagination to guess that an angry Trafalgar Square mob might suddenly become

highly embarrassed, and lose all interest in the latest cause, if subjected to this sort of noise broadcast by the Police—who would, of course, need earmuffs!

Another weapon of the Board of Control in "As Easy as A.B.C." was the immobilising field force—a type of electrical quicksand—which held people in their places until they calmed down. While this still remains a dream of the future—and how useful it would be—several American police forces are reported to have tried out a simpler version. This is no less than an artificial "banana skin", a sort of highly slippery solution to be sprayed in the path of groups of rioters, which causes them to sit down rather suddenly, banners and all. There remains as yet only one difficulty here: how do the police then get to the slithering but disappointed rioters without themselves being overcome?

J. H. MITCHELL

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

"*Crystal Wedding.*" Soon after the appearance of this Journal your Hon. Sec. will complete 15 years as such. The fact that, in addition to being immensely interesting years they have also been tremendous fun, is due to a battalion of individuals and a good-sized squad of organizations. The former can't possibly be listed here—our Hon. Editor would explode; but he might allow space for thanks to the following concerns for their unflinching co-operation :

Boscombe Printers Ltd., for many years producers of our Journal (and excellent for private work too: quick and cheap).

The Connaught Rooms, scene of our last 16 Luncheons. A pleasure to work with them.

Royal Society of St. George (Discussions), and *St. John House* (Councils). Both always welcoming.

Bateman's, Tenants (4) and Staff. Have always made our visit the happiest day in our calendar.

The Bear, Burwash. Several managements, all very helpful and low-priced.

Thank you all, indeed.

Centenary Flashback. It is excellent news that Mr. Michael Hordern, the actor, has been awarded the C.B.E. in the recent New Year Honours. Many members will recall his readings, from nine of Kipling's works, at our Centenary gathering in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, on 30th December 1965. We have sent him the Society's hearty congratulations.

A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS. We are delighted to welcome the following: Mmes. L. M. T. Dring, J. C. Heap, J. Smalley; Misses W. M. Primrose, O. Sefton, D. Stanford. Maj.-Gen. W. D. M. Raeburn; Messrs. J. G. Cole, J. M. Huntingdon-Whiteley, G. McN. Ross, L. W. Sheppard, W. E. Totman; Nat. Liby. for Science and Technology, Boston, Yorks.

Note: Total new members in 1971: 65. In 1970: 70. In 1969: 63.

KIPLING AS ARMORIST

By C. W. Scott-Giles, O.B.E., F.S.A.,

Fitzalan Pursuivant Extraordinary

In 1917, in the thick of the First World War, Rudyard Kipling wrote for *The Spectator* an article entitled, "A Displaie of New Heraldrie", purporting to be by John Guillim and in a convincing imitation of his style.

Kipling suggested that the part taken in the War by various countries of the British Empire should be commemorated by honourable augmentations to their arms. He devised a number of coats representing the various theatres of war, with the idea that each state within the Empire should add to its arms an escutcheon on which would be marshalled the coats appropriate to the fronts on which its troops had fought, within a bordure azure charged with gold lymphads.

For the campaign which culminated in the capture of Jerusalem Kipling suggested a Calvary Cross on degrees argent on a field or, thus preserving but reversing the two medals distinctive of the arms of Jerusalem. For Mesopotamia he proposed a gold field with bendlets wavy, either azure for the rivers or gules for the blood spilt there; or alternatively a "Fontaine Mesopotame"—a roundle barry wavy or gules. He devised for Gallipoli: Per pale murrey (or sanguine) and sable, in chief a naval crown and in base a mural crown or; and for Salonika: Sable semy of Greek crosses argent. Egypt might be represented by either the Sphinx or a cross-pall azure upon argent for the White and Blue Niles.

Coming to the Western Front, Kipling symbolised this by the German eagle confined behind a fret, but deeming the degraded bird unworthy of the rules and terms of an honourable science, he made it black on red and used these words instead of sable and gules. However, the fret, not sharing the eagle's disgrace, was blazoned argent.

The article was not illustrated, and my version of the augmentation which would have been added to the arms of Australia had Kipling's suggestions been adopted, is as follows:—within a border of sea-power are quartered the campaign coats for Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, Jerusalem and Egypt, and over, all an escutcheon for the Western Front ensigned with the Imperial Crown.

Kipling evidently put forward his ideas in the hope that the heraldic authorities would consider and improve on them. Although they came to nothing, they remain of interest as showing that Rudyard Kipling not only knew his Guillim but also was himself a competent armorist with a sufficient knowledge of heraldry to use its terms and apply its rules correctly. The article is reprinted in the Sussex Edition of his works. For bringing it to my notice I have to thank Mr. Reginald Harbord, a member of The Heraldry Society and sometime President of The Kipling Society.

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