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— Tel.: Euston 7117 —

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Notes

RUDYARD'S ROD.

SIR Roderick Jones, who presided over the Kipling Society's recent annual lunch in the absence of Lord Wavell, expressed the general regret that that gifted man had been called away by urgent matters at the last moment, and how much they all missed such an eminent blend of the great army leader, the man of letters, and the eloquent lover of Kipling. He referred to his own friendship with the poet and romancer, both in South Africa and here in England; but omitted to mention the way in which he himself had saved the house at Rottingdean dowered with so many Kipling associations. It was there that the episode occurred whereby the immortal "Recessional" was spared the oblivion of the waste-paper basket, and thanks to three percipient women was soon revised by the author, to appear in "The Times" next day to the admiration of the world.

Those who had belittled the poem for the racial boastfulness wrongly imputed to it, failed to discern its real value as a solemn rebuke for that very fault. . . . We must remember, Sir Roderick went on, that when the Royal Jubilee had filled so many patriots with national complacency, it was the poet's purpose to send our thoughts back to higher quarters, and humble our pride into divine praise and thankfulness. Nor was it the only occasion for such a rebuke, and Sir Roderick begged those who were unaware of a later poem, "The City of Brass," to read and study it for the solemn and cautionary lesson it embodied. It appeared only in the columns of the "Morning Post," and never was there a time when its message was so vital.

Lastly, he introduced Sir Malcolm Sargent as one who enjoyed Kipling's friendship, and who was awakening Europe and the Commonwealth to the genius of our composers, besides adding to our laurels as few men could.

MUSIC AMONG THE NATIONS.

Sir Malcolm, who had a warm reception, answered with a speech which could not have been bettered as an example of informality at its best. He had met Kipling in an exclusive society, he said, where Sir Roderick had confessed with undue modesty to having gained its membership by "accident." Having entered this match of meekness—or inverse egotism, as it has been styled,—and having created a round of cheers and laughter, Sir Malcolm finally assented that, as the chairman had said, his lot was to visit the chief cities of the Commonwealth, Europe and America, to conduct famous orchestras in the sort of compositions that stirred mankind. When he found Germans were pushing their wares by system and other devices, he simply set himself to use British music as national propaganda. (Hear, hear). It proved highly acceptable, and made itself a policy well worth pursuing. Sir Malcolm then gave convincing instances how our German neighbours utilised their opportunities without a blush, in order to obtain information likely to be much more useful in diplomacy than in the realms of art. Finally, the chorus of laughter was reawakened when Sir Malcolm related how easily these inquiry agents had gone off with distorted information that must have got them into heavy trouble with their superiors. All this was told with the relish of a captain

of a Test team recounting his victories on setting the field to his side's advantage; and there was applause at the finish when he said he had no apology to make for beating our rivals at their own game.

THANKS AND ALL THAT.

Dear to the harried pressman is a fragment of apt and hand-picked reprint. Think what it might mean if this modest journal had to subscribe to all world papers that freshen up their pages with a rare bit of Kipling anecdote. Our labour of continual search would be overwhelming; Bloomsbury would be blocked with paper salvage; and postal expense alone would out-do devaluation. Therefore we rejoice when some bronzed and bright-eyed reader a hundred horizons away, sends us a gem from the local organ. Consider the slick and easy process—shock and recoil at the discovery, a scurry to the desk, and quick, thy scissors, Memory! A pencilled note to cover the scrap, the dab of an air-mail stamp, a few lines of address, and then hey for the post-box, wall-slot or dispatch-bag closing its juty jaws on the very brink of flight! Yes, but these struggles with time and fate and climate melt our tough old hearts, and render these smudges of ink and type inestimably precious.

HOT FROM THE SOUTH.

Thus, Mr. G. S. Wilkins, of Bulawayo North Rhodesia,—who lurks with true colonial coyness under the rebus "P. O. Box 97,"—sends us a clipping from the *Bulawayo Chronicle* recounting the virtues of that popular veteran, the late Archibald Little, of Belingwe, as preserved in the recollections of his kinsfolk, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Little. Year after year his associates and friends besought him to write out his memoirs—from the Jameson Raid back to the pioneer raid into Lobengula's lands, in the early years when serving Sir George Farrar as managing director. But Archibald's best days were given up to Cecil Rhodes and prospecting for gold and diamonds with a stop-watch and a horse. This worthy beast kept such a regular pace that A. measured land by counting its steps, and when the land came to be surveyed, his reckoning was

actually right within five per cent.

A TOUCH OF SURPRISE.

Rhodes so relied on having him up country that he resented Little's return southward on French leave. When he promised to go back north as soon as the new railway reached Umtali, Rhodes reminded him when this day came, but the real terminus came in Rhodes's death, and Little was never the same man after. He used to tell how the Empire-maker built the Bulawayo pile called Willoughby's Buildings as a dormitory and mess-room for prospectors coming to town. Little used the place often, and late one night stole in quietly so as to disturb nobody else. He found a sleeping stranger in possession but did not wake him. Here is the rest of the yarn in the crisp terms Archibald used for telling it:—

"In the morning this fellow looked at me in amazement. 'Didn't hear you come in,' he said, half-challenged.

'No,' said Little, 'I was quiet about it.'

They fell to talking about Rhodesia, its prospects and its characteristics. Little said he was a prospector in for a night or two.

'What do you do out there in the bush?' the other asked.

'I look for gold. I turn up here, there and everywhere. And I'm always welcome, what's more, because I come with Kipling.'

'Yes,' he went on. 'I might almost say they look out for me. You see, I read to them. I travel with Kipling, I'm never without him. I'd lose a lot before I lost 'Barrack-Room Ballads.' Ever read them?'

Whereupon, of course, the other confessed he was Kipling himself."

A TALE OF TWO OCEANS.

A member of the Kipling Society has written pointing out a geographical slip in "Something of Myself." It occurs on page 102 where it speaks of Invercargill, N.Z., as "the Last Lamp-post in the World," and inadvertently places it in "the South Atlantic." Of course, this last should

be "South Pacific," but as Mr. Harbord, our honorary treasurer, reminds us, Kipling confessed more than once that this book got far less revision than the rest. And no wonder, considering it was written

on his deathbed in hospital, and (like Scott's master-story, "The Bride of Lammermoor") as an anodyne all the while against intense pain.

J. P. COLLINS.

*This is Kipling Country Still**

REPORTED FROM THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER, NOW TAKEN OVER BY PAKISTAN

MIRAMSHAH FORT, North
Waziristan.

*The flying bullet down the pass,
That whistles shrill "All flesh is grass."*

TO most of modern British youth Kipling seems outdated. The conditions he dealt with have largely disappeared. It is only these outposts on the North-West Frontier that retain the background of his romantic verse.

The old incidents still recur to-day—
*A scrimmage in a Border station;
A canter down some dark defile;
Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to a ten-rupee jezail.*

—except that the present-day tribesman is more likely to have a Sten gun than a ten-rupee jezail.

Otherwise, it's all here—battlements, towers, embrasures, loopholes, barbed-wire entanglements, searchlights ready to sweep the plain, field-guns trained on likely lines of approach, an 800-strong garrison of the famous Tochi Scouts, sentries, challenges—no women, of course, and in the midst of it a typical officers' mess, with veranda opening on to a trim lawn, and living quarters that have tiled bathrooms and are furnished with all the comfort that the British, who built the place in 1905, required for a stay that used sometimes to last for years.

Look to the north and there, a dozen miles away, is the frontier of Afghanistan.

Somewhere in between lurks the Fakir of Ipi with his following of bloodthirsty Mahsuds and Wazirs.

Since 1936 this 52-year-old religious leader has been a perpetual nuisance,

first to the British authorities and now to those of Pakistan, who have taken over the North-West Frontier from us.

The Fakir even boasts that it was he who drove the British out.

Tonight—any night—the Fakir may swoop from the hills and attack this post or one similar.

He is not to be despised, seeing that he possesses six field-guns of 3.75in. calibre, which fire a projectile weighing 24lb.

If his men had better sights and more skill as gunners they could knock these forts to pieces. But they have to fill the shells themselves, so that many fail to explode, while erratic aiming causes others to miss their target altogether.

Nature is Ipi's ally. In the labyrinth of steep and barren hills that spreads on both sides of the Afghan border are caves that give him shelter against bombing, and form formidable strongholds from which to resist infantry attack.

So the authorities leave him alone, hoping that old age, some microbe, or a tribal vendetta will ultimately remove this most famous of the Frontier raiders.

By the evacuation of India British soldiers lost both a perfect playground and a prickly problem.

TRAINING LAND

For subaltern and recruit alike this North-West Frontier provided the best possible training. It was officially known as "semi-active service."

**This article is reproduced from the "Daily Mail" by permission.*

There were cantonments, of which the biggest, Razmak, housed two brigades—of whose strength about one-third were British—and many scattered forts manned by irregular forces—local levies, lightly armed.

Inside the fortified posts was safety, except for casual sniping. But any individual or small party venturing beyond the range of the garrison's machine-guns was liable to be shot up by tribesmen.

The same conditions continue today, but the problem of the North-West Frontier has been simplified by the fact that Pakistan, which has inherited our responsibilities, follows the same Moslem religion as the people of the Border.

Not that religious scruples lessen the tribesman's love of loot, but his hostility is no longer fanatical.

The system of administration is one known as "peaceful penetration."

RIFLES FOR ALL

The tribal areas can be identified by the fact that every man carries a rifle.

Even bicycle-riders have a Lee-Enfield and full bandolier slung on their backs. Small boys, if their parents are rich enough, shoulder .22 Winchester. I saw one woman with a rifle.

The tribesmen go armed in much the same way as an Englishman carries an umbrella—not that he expects bad weather, but it *might* rain.

On the Frontier almost every man has inherited a blood-feud, and if, being himself unarmed, he happened to meet one of his enemies carrying a gun, the temptation might be too much for his adversary to resist.

The Church that was at Antioch (*"LIMITS AND RENEWALS"*)

By Sir STEPHEN ALLEN, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.

[*The second and concluding part of an Address to Members of the Auckland, N.Z., Branch of the Kipling Society.*]

TO return to the story. Serga is Prefect of the City of Antioch. To him from Rome comes his nephew, to be employed in what we now would call police duty. The period is presumably during the reign of the Emperor Claudius, while Paul and Barnabas were living and teaching in Antioch. Paul is well and favourably known to Serga, but dissensions have arisen between not only Jews and Christians, but also among the Christians themselves, because of differences over the ceremonial law of the Jews concerning the meat used at the Christian love feasts. The stage is set for a bitter feud, when Peter comes to Antioch, to endeavour by his authority to aid Paul in settling matters in dispute. The opportunity is taken by the Jews to stir up riots and lay the blame on Christians. Valens is stabbed and taken back to die in the house of his uncle, in

the arms of a slave girl, and in the presence of Peter and Paul. Such is the bare outline, but it is my intention to discuss the story in more detail, and to trace some at least of the many references it contains.

Paul made Antioch his headquarters from 35 to 46 A.D., again for some time in 49 A.D. and finally in 52, or according to some authorities 53 A.D. I think it is to this last date that the events of the story must be assigned, because they must have occurred subsequently to the visit of Paul and Barnabas to Jerusalem narrated in Acts XV, although the quotation from Galatians at the head of the story relates to an earlier date. Peter indeed raises the question of separation—"if we admitted Hebrew and Greek Christians to separate tables" he says—but it is regarded as a question that has been settled already. "This time you will say precisely what is meant" "We will keep the Churches one" says Paul. Further references seem to indicate the later date,

THE ARRIVAL OF VALENS

The story opens with the arrival of Valens at the house of Serga. Valens is a devotee of Mithras, and for this reason, his mother, a follower of the old gods of Rome, has obtained his new post for him, so as to remove him from the unsettling influence of Byzantium. Valens mentions an attack by brigands on his party near Tarsus, while he was on his journey. Tarsus was the capital of Cilicia, a town of learning and culture, a flourishing sea port, and important further for its command of the Cilician gates, the pass from Pisidia into Cilicia. It is best remembered now as the birthplace of Paul—"a citizen of no mean city." In the conversation between Serga and Valens, we are given a clear picture of the state of Christianity in Antioch, and of the tension existing between Jews and Christians, as well as the difficulties occurring among the Christians themselves regarding meat eaten at their love feasts. The love feast or AAH appears to have been a regular institution in the early Church, and was an occasion when the Christians met to eat together and for religious intercourse. Doubtless it originated in Jerusalem, in the early days when they had all things in common, and was continued as a convenient practice for mutual safety and for religious reasons. Now the Jews not only never ate pork, but they only ate meat which had been killed according to the regular Jewish practice which continues to this day. Strict Jews ate only "kosher" meat, which though it is killed in a manner somewhat barbarous, at least ensures that it is in good condition, and their method of killing was in advance of other methods of that age, when often the animal was strangled. This strict Jewish observance led to troubles in the early Church which lasted many years, and caused dissensions which extended to the Apostles themselves, and gave rise to the verses mentioned already, Galatians II. 11 and 12.

On the morning following the conversation between Serga and Valens, and "for many weeks after," Valens goes on market inspection duty with one of the Aediles. One day they

run into a racecourse crowd, and in a scuffle which follows, Valens first meets Paul, "a small man with eyebrows" as he is described. While Paul is absent from the City on a later day, on his way to meet Peter, Barnabas is in charge of the Christian Church, which was meeting in rooms behind "the Little Circus." Valens enters the rooms, where a clamour arises, and a Cilician, who turns out to be a brother of one of the brigands killed near Tarsus, tries to stab Valens, who lets him go. Valens advises Barnabas to keep the rooms closed until Paul returns with Peter.

THE PALSIED HAND

Peter now arrives in Antioch, escorted by Paul, and first they go to report to Serga. Peter is described as "a large fleshy man, with eyes that seemed to see nothing, and a half-palsied right hand that lay idle in his lap." The palsied hand refers to the tradition that when Peter denied his Lord, he held up his right hand to give force to his words, and that the hand was immediately stricken and useless. We are given a picture of Peter as a big man, slow of speech, apparently dull, introspective and somewhat listless; but when he speaks by inspiration the hand of God is on him, and men hang on his words. He is in contrast to the quick-witted, clever and impetuous Paul. Some discussion takes place at this meeting, in which the divided opinion over love feasts is exposed. Paul relates his conversion to the Prefect, and Peter follows with an account of his mission to the Centurion as recounted in Acts XI.

THE FISH AS SYMBOL

From this, the conversation passes on to the song "Pickled Fish," become newly popular in the lower quarters of the City, and conveying a jibe at the Christians. This song requires some explanation. In the early days of the Church, the fish became a sort of cabalistic symbol of the Christian, and as such has been referred to in many stories of that era. The derivation of this symbol is simply that the initial letters of the Greek words *Ιησους Χριστος Θεου Υιος ΣΩΤΗΡ* meaning Jesus Christ Son of God

Saviour, from the Greek word *ἰχθῦς*, fish, and the transition from the word to the symbolism of the fish is simple. If we are to believe early tradition, the drawing of a fish was a common means of recognition between early Christians, and the song in the story is an example of a popular ballad, half derisive, half prophetic, and wholly in accordance with common mob practice in all ages. No doubt many such songs were composed and sung about the questions of the day, much as they used to be in former days in England, a custom which has fallen somewhat into disuse. The conversation between Serga, Valens, Peter and Paul now ends, but not before Paul has been seized by a sudden attack of malaria, introduced probably with reference to 2 Cor. XII, 7.

THE CHORUS WITH A MEANING

The story now proceeds rapidly to its climax. Peter and Paul go to the rooms where the Church was to meet next day, and Serga meanwhile takes what precautions suggest themselves against disorder, and in accordance with his advice Valens posts a guard nearby. Outside the rooms, the Christians strike up a hymn, and their opponents who have also collected round about raise the "pickled fish" chorus. It is recorded that as the Christians leave the Church, they report that Peter "had spoken like one inspired," and they are in high spirits at the prospect of their divisions being healed. Valens and his party begin to disperse the crowd, and to steer them tactfully home, like the London police at a Communist meeting, while Peter and Paul stay behind, so as to return as arranged with Valens to the house of Serga, to render him a report and keep him informed of progress. As they go, for a moment the attention of the lictors who form a body-guard is distracted by a boy, playing "pickled fish" on "a desert bagpipe." It is only for a moment, but it is enough to give the Cilician, whom formerly Valens had allowed to go free, an opportunity to slip in and stab him. Valens is carried home, mortally wounded and dying.

The closing scene is full of pathos, as well as commanding our respect and reverence. Serga threatens to destroy the meeting place, but Valens says it was the Cilician. He is just able to say while dying—"The Cilician and his friends . . . Don't be hard on them . . . They get worked up . . . They don't know what they are doing . . . Promise." The resemblance to the familiar and well remembered words of the Saviour, affect Peter and Paul in different and characteristic ways. "What hinders now that we should baptise him?" says Paul. But Peter, with one of his flashes of sure inspiration, answers "Think you that one who has spoken Those Words needs such as we to certify him to any God?"

So, with Paul gazing astonished at his colleague "revealed after all these years" the story ends.

ESSENTIALLY BRITISH.

I have given the briefest attention to the story itself, consistent with my main purpose of tracing and explaining its many references. The story itself merits close attention, because it is not only evidence of Kipling's extensive knowledge, but in addition is one of his finest tales. The characters in it come alive while we read of them, and seem as real as if they were people with whom we were in frequent contact. Perhaps one cause of this air of reality to us, is the way in which the different people in it take on characteristics that seem essentially British, and act as would our own countrymen. We can understand them, so they are not strangers and foreigners to us. Serga, for instance, is the very image of a British colonial official, wise, experienced, firm and moderate; while Valens is the best type of a younger generation, beginning efficiently to assume authority, and to exercise it with a kindly discrimination. Even Peter and Paul seem to have their prototypes among us. It may be thought that the characters are not familiar to us only because we recognise among them kindred spirits; but also it is partly because all who rise by merit to positions of authority have certain manners and qualities of their own, and these are clearly

and ably presented to us by the author in this story. Though the story depicts events in Antioch in the first century A.D., there is a certain timelessness about it, and with few alterations it might also relate to events in many British territories in recent times, if not at

the present date. This is a great feature of so many of Kipling's tales, and one which distinguishes him from many modern authors, that his stories are not "dated," and though they recall past happenings, they are as fresh as ever at all times.

REFERENCE TABLE

As there are many allusions to Scripture in this Kipling story, Sir Stephen Allen has provided the following table of the more obvious references and of phrases which are quotations, or which seem to have a parallel in the New Testament.

<i>From the story</i>	<i>Scripture reference</i>
Paul and Barnabas at Antioch	Acts XV. 35.
"We are twice your debtors"	Romans I. 14.
"Yet not I"	1 Cor. XV. 10.
"The decision has been taken for the Church"	Acts XV. 13-21.
"The Light and the Voice of the God"	Acts IX. 3.
Paul returns to Tarsus	Acts IX. 30.
Peter and the Centurion	Acts X.
"Out of your own mouth"	Mark XIV. 70-71.
"That came] kit"	Acts XVIII. 3.
"Separate tables"	Gal. II. 11-12.
"I have denied Him"	Mark XIV. 66-72.
"The Rock on which His Church should stand"	Matt. XVI. 18.
"The virtue has gone out of me"	Mark V. 30. Luke VI. 19. & VIII. 46.
"They don't know what they are doing"	Luke XXIII. 34.
"What hinders that we should baptise him?"	Acts VIII. 36.

Annual Luncheon

THE first Annual Luncheon of the Society since the end of the war, which was held at the De Vere Hotel, Kensington on the 4th of October, was in the opinion of everyone attending quite one of the best in the history of the Society. It was, therefore, all the more unfortunate that our President was unable to attend at the last minute which was, he assured us, a great disappointment to Lady Wavell and himself. Sir Roderick Jones, one of our Vice-Presidents stepped into the breach. A better choice of a Chairman for the occasion could not have been made, for Sir Roderick,

our Guest of Honour, Sir Malcolm Sargent, and Kipling were all friends in their younger days and were members of the same club.

After a most interesting talk from the Chairman on those old days, Sir Malcolm fully justified his reputation as one of the best after-dinner speakers in the country by a most interesting, humorous and altogether delightful address which was received with the utmost enthusiasm by our members and their friends. Our united thanks to our two speakers was most happily expressed by Colonel J. K. Stanford, the Chairman of the Council.

C. H. L-R.

The United Services College AND ITS OLD BOYS

By Colonel H. A. TAPP, O.B.E., M.C.

(The first part of this article appeared in our last issue—October, 1949—This is the concluding part.)

SURELY one of the peaks of Kipling's life was reached at the time of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Two years later in July, 1899—just 50 years ago—the following announcement appeared in the U.S.C. 'Chronicle': "There has been a considerable boom, both in England and America, for first editions of Kipling's works, especially his earlier productions. At a sale at Sotheby's on July 3rd, the following prices were reached :

Echoes (1884)—£29
Departmental Ditties (1886 No. 1)
£5-£12.
Soldiers Three (1888)—£9.
School-boy Lyrics (1881)—£76-
£100.

The last-named is extremely rare, only half-a-dozen copies being known. It was printed at Lahore for private circulation only, while Kipling was at school at Westward Ho ! " After South Africa, Kipling continued to give us more delight, including 'Puck of Pook's Hill' which appeared in 1906. The next year, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature.

Within a few years, three prominent 'Stalky and Co.' characters were to leave our midst. In 1907, 'The Weasel' died at Windsor, and thus passed on a very fine old soldier who had served the Coll : for 28 years. In a letter to Mrs. Schofield, R.K. expressed the sympathy of Old Boys, and referred to the great regard in which they held their old school sergeant. Three years later, Old Boys learned with the greatest regret the death of Cornell Price, a truly beloved Headmaster and friend. In 1912, although a strong swimmer, W. C. Crofts ('King') was drowned off the coast of Sark. In the realm of adventure, the years 1910-13, find D. G. Lillie as chief biologist of the Terra Nova's Ship Party in Scott's Antarctic Expedition. The Army suffered a great

loss when Major G. C. Merrick, D.S.O. was killed while flying a Shortt bi-plane on Salisbury Plain. As a regimental officer Merrick had seen much active service on the N.W.F., in West Africa and in N. Nigeria before graduating at the Staff College in 1908. By his untimely death, a career of much promise was cut short.

1914—18.

The first divisional commander to become a casualty in France was an O.U.S.C.—Major General Sir Hubert Hamilton, who had served with distinction on Kitchener's Staff in South Africa and in India, Reference has been made already to Frank Maxwell. After adding further distinction to his brilliant career, he was killed in France in September, 1917 while Commander 27th Infantry Brigade. Two more Westward Ho ! boys won the V.C. for most conspicuous bravery and outstanding leadership—Brigadier General G. W. St. G. Grogan and Captain A. Moutray Read. G. V. W. Hill won the D.S.O. and two bars and was twice wounded. A D.S.O. and M.C. with bar was won by E. J. C. Ashmore, an O.U.S.C. of Windsor days. Rising to command a Division in France, Major General W. de L. Williams, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. had first joined the Hampshire Regiment in 1891. During his service he was twice severely wounded and wounded on three other occasions. What happened to 'Stalky' during 1914-18 ? After duty as a Train-Conducting Officer in France, he returned to India and was appointed to command the 'Dunsterforce' for operations in Persia and Caucasia. He retired as a Major General in 1920, later becoming Colonel of his old regiment, the 2nd Bn. 14th Punjabis. Kipling Society members will recollect that Bruce Bairnsfather was educated at the U.S.C. His many contributions, but 'Ole Bill' in particular, did much to make the world laugh during those grim days. Old Boys killed during 1914-18

numbered 114, a heavy toll from both the older and younger generations.

THE YEARS BETWEEN.

Several brilliant careers in India were soon to come to an end. It is difficult and perhaps imprudent to single out names, when so many O.U.S.C.'s achieved considerable distinction, but one may be mentioned—Lt. Colonel Sir George Roos-Keppel, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I. He was three years with Kipling at Westward Ho ! His long and successful career in India, so much of it in the closest touch with the native population, has led to Roos-Keppel being described as "a real leader of men and absolutely fearless ; an ideal soldier with a strong sense of justice and moral courage ; adored by the wild tribesmen whose language he spoke like one of themselves." In 1923, A. J. Godley was the first O.U.S.C. to become a full General, after being a Corps Commander in France and G.O.C. New Zealand Forces for five years. Fifteen years later S. F. Muspratt was the first Indian Army O.U.S.C. to reach the rank of General. The distinction of becoming the first O.U.S.C. Admiral falls to F. S. Miller who reached that rank in 1922.

NOTABLE WRITERS

With more time at their disposal, it was not surprising that several O.U.S.Cs took to writing their experiences. Besides, R. K. who wrote 'The Irish Guards in the Great War,' published in 1923, Dunsterville and Beresford became authors. 'Stalky's Reminiscences' and 'Stalky Settles Down' are delightful books. 'Mc-Turk,' not to be outdone, gives us 'School Days with Rudyard Kipling,' profusely illustrated. These two authors provide glimpses of the old U.S.C. Unfortunately for us, Kipling in his last book 'Something of Myself' sketches over his school days all too briefly. The naming of the several other O.U.S.Cs writers, acknowledged authorities in their own spheres, must be held over for another occasion. With Kipling at Westward Ho ! W. G. Grey after his Army service was for many years professor of oriental languages at Cambridge.

The year 1936 opened with sadness,

when Rudyard Kipling within a few days of His Majesty King George V, passed to his rest. He was not destined to be with us when the next great crisis came upon the Nation, and no one quite took his place during those six strenuous years.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR.

A few O.U.S.Cs only were still on the active list when the Second World War broke out, but five were killed in action. It was in the ranks of the Home Guard that most of the O.U.S.Cs were to be found. Lt. General W. G. H. Vickers, C.B., O.B.E., was Q.M.G. in India from 1942 to 1944. O.U.S.Cs are happy in the thought that O.U.S.Cs rendered such a good account of themselves in both World Wars carrying on the Service traditions of Westward Ho ! and Windsor. It is perhaps most fitting that the latest Memorial to O.U.S.Cs should have been a marble panel placed in the Cloisters of Haileybury and Imperial Service College.

HONOURS.

Although far from complete a summary of Honours awarded to O.U.S.Cs may not be without interest.

Victoria Crosses	4
Knighthoods	17
Companionships	163
D.S.O.s	112
M.C.S	50

It is significant that as many as 20 O.U.S.Cs became Colonels of their Regiments, nine of whom were at Westward Ho ! at the same time as Kipling.

Commemoration of the United Services College at Westward Ho ! takes the form of memorials in Holy Trinity Church, the chief of which is the group of three windows in memory of Cornell Price, bearing the Kipling lines "Who with the toil of his to-day, Bought for us tomorrow." The high ground to the west of the old College buildings has been named 'Kipling Tors' in memory of R.K. and is now National Trust property.

In a short account it is difficult to do adequate justice to O.U.S.Cs named or unnamed, but it may be not without interest to record that commissioned in July, 1890, Major W. Sholto Douglas, C.B.E., D.S.O. on

retirement from the Army has been a Chief Constable ever since, thus entering on the 60th year of continuous public service. It is perhaps in India, however, more than anywhere else that Westward Ho! boys have played their main role. Such service was not always spectacular. Regimental soldiering in cantonments, policing the frontier in peace time, continuous administration of the law, mastering the many dialects and spreading goodwill are important duties essential

to mutual respect and understanding. What is the overall impression gained by reflecting over the achievements of O.U.S.C.s during the 75 years under review? They reveal an abundance of devotion to duty at a time when the British Empire was rising to her greatest height and about to pass through her severest testing; sacrificial service, and a great sense of responsibility for their Country's prestige in the world.

"Fear God, Honour the King."

WESTWARD HO ! REUNION

Mrs. Dunsterville 'Stalky's' widow, Mrs. Dimmock 'Stalky's' sister and Miss Willes 'Padre Willes' daughter, were present at the re-union at Westward Ho! in October on the occasion of the 75th anniversary of the founding of the old United Services College.

Was Kipling a Christian ?

By Dr. DICK PHILLIPPS.

FROM his schoolboy days,—when an attempt on the life of Queen Victoria by a madman named Maclean, on March 2, 1882,—inspired him to write some lines addressed to 'Victoria, by the Grace of God, our Queen'—Kipling's loyalty to the throne was unequivocal; did he as decidedly give his allegiance to the King of kings? It is the purpose of this article to answer that question by appeal to his writings.

'A VERY YOUNG PERSON'

The Lockwood Kiplings (Rudyard's father and mother) had moved from the bungalow in the School of Art compound, where Kipling had been born, to a house on the Bombay Esplanade. Daily, little Ruddy was taken for a walk. Sometimes, holding the hand of Meeta, his bearer, he would enter a temple and gaze at the 'dimly-seen, friendly Gods;' or, in company with his *ayah*, who was a Roman Catholic, he would kneel at a wayside cross. Then came the parting from his parents and the boy, in company with his sister, found themselves in England.

There followed nearly six years in the House of Desolation at Southsea, where the Woman made young Rudyard's life as good an imitation of

Purgatory as is possible on this earth. The Woman was punctilious in her religious observances; and this conjunction of cruelty and piety (associated, as they must have been, in his mind) ought, by all the rules, to have made the boy permanently bitter and for the rest of his days unable to distinguish true righteousness; yet he has told us that this experience finally drained him of personal hate; and it is inconceivable that he could have written THE CHILDREN'S SONG, had he not himself been possessed of a simple piety.

We have Mrs. A. M. Fleming's (Kipling's sister's) word for it that the story of BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP is founded on fact, and that her brother always referred to the scene of his childhood sufferings as 'that hell of a little house at Southsea.' However, in 1877, the arrival of a pretty blue-eyed lady, who was 'really Mamma,' transformed life for Ruddy (Joseph Rudyard), aged eleven, and Trix (Alice Macdonald), aged

AT WESTWARD HO !

When he was thirteen years old, Kipling was sent to school at Westward Ho! near Bideford in Devon,

STALKY & CO. (part fiction and part fact), in describing the life of the school, reveals the chaplain (Rev. George Willes) as second only to the head master (Cormell Price) in the esteem of the boys. Mr. Willes (Rev. John Gillett, in the book) used to invite Kipling (Beetle) into his study, where, the late Mr. G. C. Beresford (M'Turk) said, he would sit 'reading and reading and perhaps discoursing with the Padre till all hours.' May we not assume that this friendship (for such it appears to have been) was a formative influence during his school career?

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and accustomed threads of thought weave themselves into an author's works. Such a thread is woven into the story, A LITTLE PREP. ('Stalky & Co.'). An old boy, exercising a customary privilege, spends the night in his old dormitory: 'It needed a few minutes to put the boys at their ease; and, in some way they could not understand, they were more easy when Crandall (the old boy) turned round and said his prayers. . .'
"SEVEN YEARS HARD"

While still at school, he had received an appointment to the staff of the CIVIL AND MILITARY GAZETTE, at Lahore; and, on taking up his duties, he was not long in discovering that 'a daily paper comes out every day, even though fifty per cent. of the staff (himself) have fever.' Reporting was, on occasion, added to his editorial work; and it was an exceptional reporter who perceived in the incident of a horse falling in a race the metaphor for a moral maxim:

*'If we fall in the race, though we win,
the hoofslide is scarred on the course.
Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin,
remaineth for ever Remorse.'*

Every experience that came in his way was treasured up in a retentive memory; and, as often as not, the young writer used it as grist for his mill. In THE JUDGMENT OF DUNGARA ('Soldiers Three and Other Stories') there is a sympathetic reference to work at a Mission outpost: 'As the day wears on and the impulse of the morning dies away, there will come upon you an over-

whelming sense of the uselessness of your toil. This must be striven against, and the only spur in your side will be the belief that you are playing against the Devil for a living soul. It is a great and joyous belief. . .'
JAPAN.

The year 1891 found Kipling half way round the world; and from Japan he carried away a mental picture of a statue of the Buddha in a temple at Kamakura. This memory, in due time, took shape as a poem—BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA ('The Five Nations'). In the kindly sympathy of these verses is evident the influence of the early days in Bombay, when to childish eyes all gods appeared friendly, and of the later Indian period, which had brought him in touch with good men and true who worshipped 'at altars not Thine own.'

As allusions to the life of Siddhartha Gautama (the Buddha—the Enlightened One) may not be intelligible to every reader of the poem, a mention of them here is perhaps in place. A Bodhisat is one on the way to becoming a Buddha. The line, 'of birth as fish or beast or bird,' is a reference to the Jataka tales of Gautama's previous incarnations. 'Yet Brahmans rule Benares still' sums up a thousand years of India's religious history. Gautama received enlightenment at Buddh-Gaya. Maya Devi was his mother, and Ananda was his cousin and ardent disciple. The Buddhist incantation 'Om mane padme om,' means, 'O thou jewel of the lotus flower.'

In SOMETHING OF MYSELF, Kipling says, 'That both my grandfathers had been Wesleyan Ministers did not strike me till I was familiarly reminded of it.' Perhaps their shades were at his elbow when he wrote the last two lines of the poem:

*'Is God in human image made
'No nearer than Kamakura V*

'IRON OUT OF CALVARY

If still 'the 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an 'stone,' and more sophisticated peoples yet build altars (we speak in metaphor) to an Unknown God, the blame lies with a Church (relatively) unmindful of His command to go into all the world. Her neglect stands patent, and for

her the smart of correction; but Kipling felt that God still winks at times of ignorance (Acts XVII, 30), and that those who have not heard of Him are not banished from Him.

*'He never wasted a leaf or a tree.
Do you think He would squander
souls V'*

This line is taken from THE SACK OF THE GODS, which was originally the heading of Chapter XVII of THE NAULAHKA. Later, ten lines (of which this is one) were added to the poem before it was collected in SONGS FROM BOOKS. At twenty-four or twenty-five years of age (THE NAULAHKA was published during the prolific eighteen months or so that followed his return from India) Kipling was content to describe the storming of Valhalla. The added lines carry on the theme to depict Valhalla as a place of probation and regeneration:

*'Ever through high Valhalla Gate the
patient angel goes;*

*'He opens the eyes that are blind with
hate—he joins the hands of foes. . . .*

'They are forgiven as they forgive . . .'

Rugged-faced, tender-hearted Kipling! More tender as the years pass. Turn to ON THE GATE ('Debits and Credits,' 1926). The battle casualties of the 1914-1918 war are thronging the Gate. St. Peter is speaking to a Seraph: 'Oh, my

child, you don't know what it is to need forgiveness. Be gentle with 'em—be very gentle with 'em!'

Further on in the same tale we find that he cannot bear the thought that any soul should be permanently lost. There *must* be hope. St. Peter, at a loss for a 'ruling' under which he can deal with a particularly bad case—a weak-kneed traitor, is reminded of 'Samuel Two, Double Fourteen':

*"To think that I should have forgotten!
. . . Here you! Listen to this!"*

*The man stepped forward and stood
to attention.*

*"Yet doth He devise means (d'you
understand that?) devise means that
His banished be not expelled from Him!"*

Sixteen years before 'Debits and Credits' appeared, Kipling had published, in 'Rewards and Fairies,' the poem COLD IRON, which tells of the Divine forgiveness and of the power of the Cross—'Iron out of Calvary is master of men all.' But the story, THE GARDENER, in 'Debits and Credits,' depicts even more wonderfully the Saviour's loving kindness, and relates how Helen Turrell met with it in the war cemetery, Hagenzeele Third. A more beautiful word picture of the figure of the Redeemer has seldom, if ever, been written.

(To be continued)

New Members

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

U.S.A.

Mr. Paul C. Thomas

London.

Mr. H. S. Bell

New Zealand.

Mr. Benjamin Buchanan

To New Readers

THE Kipling Society exists to honour and extend the influence of Rudyard Kipling in upholding the ideals of the English Speaking World. We invite all readers of Kipling who are not yet members to join our Society. Membership is open to men and women of every nation-

ality, wherever resident, who are genuinely interested in the works of Rudyard Kipling. The Subscription is 25/- per annum for home members and 15/- for overseas residents. New readers are invited to correspond with us at 98, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

Freemasonry in Kipling's Works*

by BASIL M. BAZLEY

Past Master, Cordwainer Ward Lodge

KIPLING is best known to Members of the Craft by two stories and two poems. In the first category we have "The Man who would be King" (Wee Willie Winkie) and "In the Interests of the Brethren" (Debits and Credits); the two poems are "The Mother-Lodge" (The Seven Seas) and "Banquet Night," this last being a foreword to the second of the above-named stories.

These four items bear the 'Masons' marks' most deeply incised, but there are many—perhaps hundreds—of interesting allusions scattered about in nearly every book that bears Kipling's name.

There is a small gap between "Many Inventions" and "Captains Courageous"—the period of the Jungle Books—but after this we find many little signs which will be plain to the initiated. For instance, in "Letters of Travel," a greeting waved to our author by a brakesman on the C.P.R. is called a master craftsman's sign, and a local newspaper reporter is referred to as the tribal Outer Guard; Quebec and Victoria are designated Canada's two pillars of Strength and Beauty.

By some it has been assumed that Kipling was a Lewis, on no firmer ground, apparently, than the fact that he was admitted to the Order before he was twenty-one.

In "Something of Myself"—his brief and extremely modest autobiography—he tells us the true facts.

"In '85 I was made a Freemason by dispensation (Lodge Hope and Perseverance 782 E.G.), being under age, because the Lodge hoped for a good Secretary. They did not get him, but I helped, and got the Father to advise, in decorating the bare walls of the Masonic Hall after the prescription of Solomon's Temple.

'Here I met Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs, members of the Araya and Brahmo Samaj, and a Jew tyler, who was priest and butcher to his little community in the city. So

yet another world opened to me . . ."

Through the kindness of Bro. W. L. Murray Brooks, Lodge de Loraine 541, Newcastle-on-Tyne (also a Member of the Kipling Society) I have a record of the Minutes of Kipling's Mother Lodge for several meetings.

From these it appears that, on the 5th April 1886 (the proposition was probably made in the previous year), "Mr. Joseph Rudyard Kipling, aged 20 years, 2½ months, Assistant Editor, *Civil & Military Gazette*, and residing at Lahore," received an unanimously favourable ballot; a dispensation from the District Grand Master was then read, and the Candidate was initiated.

On the 3rd May following Kipling was passed to the Second Degree; on the 6th December 1886 (the Lodge having been in vacation in the interim) he was raised to the Sublime Degree.

An interesting point is that the Minutes recording his raising are entered in his own hand-writing, "he having acted as Secretary to the meeting at which he was raised—perhaps an unique position." In August 1887 he was compelled to offer his resignation as Secretary, as he had received an appointment on the staff of the *Pioneer* at Allahabad, so he asked for a Clearance Certificate to enable him to join Lodge Independence with Philanthropy there.

At some subsequent period he was elected an honorary Member of the Lahore Lodge; this is seen from entry on the Circular of their Regular Meeting held on the 7th May 1935.

After his departure from India in 1889, Kipling's Masonic activities become difficult to trace. No doubt this was in part due to our author himself, on account of his well-known dislike of personal publicity.

He always held that, while an author may justifiably be proud of his books, he is not entitled to be vain—one might say in some cases, exhibitionist—about himself.

*Reproduced from the *Freemasons' Magazine* by permission.

However, thanks to the labours of Bro. Albert Frost, Norfolk Lodge, Sheffield (published in the *Kipling Journal*; Oct. 1942), we can learn a few particulars. It seems fairly certain that he joined the Authors' Lodge in London and, says Bro. Frost, he was present at its Consecration in 1910. We are told that "he was also a member of the Motherland Lodge and a Rosicrucian He was advanced a Mark Mason in Fidelity Lodge in Lahore and a Royal Ark Mariner of Mount Ararat Lodge attached to the same Lodge. He was an honorary member of Canongate Kilwinning Lodge No. 2, Edinburgh, of which the poet Burns was also an honorary member."

The mention of this last is interesting, as it may supply a link with one fact of Masonic work.

The Rosicrucian side of Kipling's Masonic career is dealt with in a learned Paper (1924) by the late R. W. Frater Dr. Vaughan Bateson of Hull, with whom I had much correspondence. And there is in-

ternal evidence to show that Kipling was a member of the Royal Arch and Rose Croix Degrees.

He does not seem to have passed the Chair in any degree, and various reasons have been assigned for this. In his case it cannot have been that weakness of memory which his friend Rider Haggard used to plead.

It is more than likely that a continuous spell of hard work after leaving India in 1889, his marriage in 1892, and a long period of travel, prevented regular attendance at Lodge Meetings. Then came the failure of the Oriental Bank, in which he had deposited his funds. This prevented him from making his projected visit to Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa. It also caused him to take up his abode, on grounds of economy, in the State of Vermont, his wife's country.

It was during his residence here that the two *Jungle Books*, his most famous works, were given to the world, followed soon by "Captains Courageous" and "The Day's Work."

Rudyard Kipling

By Rupert Croft-Cooke

(107 pp. Alan Swallow, Denver, Colorado. \$2).

REVIEWED BY CARL T. NAUMBURG.

(NEWYORK)

(The following note is interesting as it presents an American view of a monograph which we reviewed last year.)

THIS brief biography and critique is one of a series entitled "The English Novelist Series," which includes similar volumes on the lives and works of The Brontes, Robert Louis Stevenson and Samuel Butler, among others.

The fact that the book which is being reviewed is a very brief one is not in itself a valid reason for criticism. Excellent comparable works have been of like brevity, although it must be admitted that to adequately encompass the subject in scarcely more

than one hundred short pages, is in itself an undertaking.

Mr. Croft-Cooke's study cannot rank as an important contribution to Kiplingiana. That the author has a thorough knowledge of Kipling's writings is creditably apparent, which is all the more reason to be amazed at the fact that his verse receives practically no mention. Conceding that the subjects of these biographies are chosen from the English novelists, it is almost unthinkable that no reference, critical or otherwise, to Kipling's poetry appears.

The reader will agree fully with Mr. Croft-Cooke as to his subject's amazing ability to write stories of many things

which are of tremendous vitality and versatility with an unsurpassed degree of accuracy. In equal degree it requires an effort to subscribe to the theory that the great Anglo-Indian wrote of Empire in terms of contemporary British thought and attitude and that such things change with the times. On the other hand, it does not appear to this reviewer that it is of importance or particular interest to attempt to prove that certain short stories are the offspring of others.

The book itself devotes but one chapter to biography, the remainder to comment on novels and short stories. As in the case of one who compiles an anthology, any reader of Kipling will wonder why certain writings are not mentioned while

others of seemingly lesser importance merit comment. Taken as a whole those selected for analysis seem well chosen. Of the group, the chapter on "Kim" is the most distinguished.

Mr. Croft-Cooke's work cannot be considered over-controversial or particularly challenging. It may well be that the purpose of the short books comprising "The English Novelist, Series" is to arouse the average reader to a desire to become familiar with the writings of the individual authors who are the subjects of these biographical essays. If this assumption is correct, Mr. Croft-Cooke's thorough scholarship and presentation is such as adequately to serve that purpose, which it is hoped may be accomplished.

Letter Bag

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

WHO WERE THE "BRIDGE-BUILDERS" ?

A FAVOURITE pastime of the British in India in happier days was the "identification" of themselves and their friends with the characters in any work of fiction which happened to appear in the country. Kipling, working as must all creative artists from composites and adaptations of reality, suffered from this as much as anyone, and in most cases the "identifications" were chimerical. Here, however, is one which seems better founded.

A Brahmin friend, Mr. K. Nagarajan of Pudukottai, very kindly sent me a copy of *The Day's Work* (Macmillan's Colonial Edition 1899) picked up in the Moore Market in Madras by a friend of his, Mr. P. Balasubrahmaniam Sastri. The book is of no value in itself but on the opening page, above the title of the story "The Bridge-Builders," appears the following holograph inscription:—

"My dear Storey, Sorry I can't find a better edition of the following yarn. The Ganges is the Sutlej and Kashi is Ferozepur—the Bridge is now called the Kaisarin i Hind

and Amyas Morse has just put in a paper before the Inst. C. E. about its protective works.—The tale is a farrago of bridge-building stories told to R. K. at various times. Hitchcock was an Asst. Engr. called L. G. Prickett who died of cholera in Calcutta and Findlayson is your old friend

J.R.B. 23. 4. 03."

The efficient service of what one still likes to call the India Office Library made the verification of this almost a matter of minutes. It seems hardly questionable that "J. R. B." is James Richard Bell, M.I.C.E., Executive Engineer, P.W.D., who acted as Engineer-in-Chief (or Engineer-in-Charge) on the Ferozepur Bridge Works in 1886; he received, in the following year, the special thanks of the Government of India for his supervision services. He had already worked on the Empress Bridge in 1877 to 1879 and on the Muttra Jumna Bridge in 1882. Lancelot George Prickett was appointed in 1878 and was in the Kalpi Bridge Division in 1884; it is confirmed that he died of cholera and was buried in the Military Burial Ground at Fort William. (He

was in Calcutta because he had been lent to the Bengal Nagpur Railway.) "My dear Storey" would be Henry Francis Storey, M.I.C.E., of the P.W.D. his history of service may be found in the India Office List for 1903. Ferozepur is, of course, on the Sutlej and on the North-West Railway.

So far as I have been able to ascertain—and I have consulted some genuine Kipling pundits—all this is news and the "identification" of Findlayson and Hitchcock has not previously been claimed. Claim is, of course, no proof and there are some difficulties in "J. R. B.'s" statement; but in this case, perhaps, "the Court may presume."—HILTON BROWN.

KIPLING THE POET.

I was born within a few days of Rudyard Kipling and I have gathered all his verse as it appeared. Incidentally, we owe our gratitude to those who provided us with the Definitive edition.

But my object in writing is to ask for an explanation why R. K.'s poems are so little known and appreciated by the British public? In going through life I have often asked friends and acquaintances of all classes of society and of both sexes, whether they are fond of Kipling's verse. The answer is usually something like this "Kipling! Oh, you mean the man who wrote 'If,' and didn't he write the 'Recessional'—Oh yes, and some Barrack Room Ballads?" Some may add that they always think of him, if at all, as a teller of short stories. Why do we seldom if ever hear him on the radio, and why have we no paper-covered sixpenny copies of his poems? We remember the "Twenty Poems" at a shilling, but so far as I remember these 20 were of the crudest and more popular description, likely to annoy the poetry lover and bring the poet into contempt.

I believe there is a public waiting for his verse but they look up and are not fed. I venture to submit some of my favourites:—

Departmental Ditties

Prelude
Pagett M.P.
Christmas in India
Giffen's debt.
Study of an Elevation in Indian Ink.

A Code of Morals
The Last Department.
"The smoke upon your altar dies."
The Seven Seas
Mulholland's Contract.
Anchor Song.
The Story of Ung.
(*This surely is auto-biographical.*)
In the Neolithic Age.
The King. ("Farewell Romance")
"When Earth's last picture is painted"
"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre"
Actions and Re-actions
The Puzzler.
Kim.
The Prodigal Son. (Western Version.)
Diversity of Creatures.

The Hand.
The Comforters.
Twenty Poems.
The Glory of the Garden.
Big Steamers.
The Secret of the Machines.
Rewards and Fairies.
The Thousandth Man.
The Way through the Woods.
The Years Between.
Sons of Martha.
Trawlers.
Natural Theology.
"Seven Watchmen sitting in a Tower"
Barrack Room Ballads.
The Ballad of East and West.
The Conundrum of the Workshops
The Children's Song.
Puck of Pook's Hill.
"By the Hoof of the Wild Goat
Up-tossed."
Plain Tales from the Hills.
The Gods of the Copy Book headings.
1919.
My new cut Ashlar takes the light.
The Five Nations.

The Palace
Sussex.
Recessional,
and saddest of all—
An Appeal, at the end of the Definitive edition.

Now, fancy having forgotten one of my favourites out of all those specified above—viz—
The Hymn of Breaking Strain.
1935.

Within some six months of the publication of this bitter cry, the man was dead. Surely no need to question other than his own words have left behind!

GERARD E. FOX. Clifton, Bristol.

SCOTS WORDS IN R.K.

Scottish readers will find quite a few good Scots words in R.K. I noticed, for the first time, another recently in *Namgay Doolah*. Speaking of the Himalayan Cows he says "one of the little black crummies no bigger than Newfoundland dogs." "Crummie" is an old Scots word for a cow and is to be found in Scots dictionaries. No doubt the source of these words was his Macdonald mother.—"487 L."

VICKERY'S "MATE"

Touching the "Mrs. Bathurst" note by Lt.-Col. Barwick Browne (for whose acumen in his other notes I have much respect) may I say I have never considered Vickery's "mate" to be a woman. I have many press-cuttings of anterior date to the story dealing with recognition of dead relatives on the silent screen. I believe these to be the nuclei, round which the story crystallized.

Vickery knew Mrs. Bathurst was dead, perhaps by her own hand, and he was tormented, and demented, yet fascinated by her portrayal when alive. Would Inspector Hooper have suppressed the fact that one of the charred figures was a woman's? If so—why?

Vickery, on the verge of insanity, told his captain the whole story, and begged to be allowed to escape,—anywhere—after seeing Mrs. B. "yet once again" in other words "for the last time" at Worcester. There is not the slightest evidence that Vickery ever saw Mrs. B. on African soil.—T. E. ELWELL, Regent House, Ramsey, I.O.M.

THE "APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION."

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Kipling on one or two occasions. The one to which I wish to refer occurred in Biarritz where my wife and I lived for some years. Also living there were Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles and Lady Tucker and they were friends of ours. One afternoon we went to tea at their villa and found as fellow guests, Mr. and Mrs. Kipling. The General and Kipling had known each other in India years before. After tea the usual ritual was observed, the men went to the smoking-room

and the ladies to the drawing-room. There I was with these two characters, and I enjoyed it. They exchanged reminiscences and got on the subject of tradition, the "carry on" etc. As an instance, the General said: "Kipling, it is now over 40 years since I left my Regiment (the South Staffordshires) and I am still with them." (He was their Colonel for over 40 years, dying in his 97th year in Biarritz, and was taken home by the Regiment and buried in England). Kipling replied: "General, there has always been known in the British Army something that might be described as the "Apostolic Succession!" The General agreed, but it struck me forcibly, that expression, and from the way he said it, I felt sure he had never used it before. It was so simple and I was glad to have heard it first-hand. Continuing, Kipling said: "You know, General, I was on the same platform recently with a General older even than you are." "Oh yes," said the General, "you mean that 'drab, drat' old fellow Higginson." (An old friend of his). The General's forceful language was well known in the Army. The occasion was the unveiling of the Guards Memorial on the Horse Guards Parade, when, Kipling said, the Duke of Connaught, who was doing the unveiling, went over to Higginson (he was 100 years old!) and took him by the hand, saying, "Come over and help me, General." A graceful action! Kipling's son was in the Irish Guards and killed in action.

My keenness as a Kiplingite prompts me to send these lines to the *Journal* in case they may be of interest.—J. HUBERT FLEMING, Park Palace, Monte Carlo.

THE DAY'S WORK.

In a friend's house the other day I found a copy of *The Day's Work* published by Doubleday and McClure Co. 1898. On the front page was written: "Miss G. C. Blogg from the Author in memory of some proof reading for which he was very grateful. Nov. 99" and signed Rudyard Kipling.—B. TEN BROEKE, Crowell Farm, West Chilmington, Sussex.

The Kipling Society

FOUNDED IN 1927 BY J. H. C. BROOKING

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