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"STEAM TACTICS "

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News and Notes.

OUR illustration in this issue gives a view of the locality of the closing scene of "Steam Tactics" ("Traffics and Discoveries"):—
" She bored through a mass of crackling brushwood, and emerged into an upward sloping fern-glade fenced with woods so virgin, so untouched, that William Rufus might have ridden off as we entered. We climbed out of the violet-purple shadows towards the upland where the last of day lingered. . . . England is a most marvellous country, but one is not, till one knows the eccentricities of large landowners trained to accept kangaroos, zebras or beavers as part of its landscape." The glade shown in our picture is known as the American Garden at Leonardslee near Horsham, the seat of Sir E. G. Loder, who, as Mr. Brabant tells us in his delightful " Rambles in Sussex," published by Messrs. Methuen & Co., " made some interesting experiments in the acclimatisation of foreign animals." We read here that " four of these (hammerponds) lie in one wooded ravine, and have been turned into a miniature lake-land."

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The Fourth Meeting of the Session was held on April 18th, 1934, at 8.30 p.m. at the Rembrandt Rooms, S.W.7., Lady Cunynghame in the Chair. A large and enthusiastic audience of over 150—a record—gave a

hearty greeting to M. Andre Maurois when he appeared on the platform to lecture on " Kipling and his Works from a French Point of View." Introducing the lecturer, Lady Cunynghame said:—" My first duty is to express our regret that H.E. the French Ambassador, M. Corbin, is unable to be with us, owing to a previous engagement; M. Pierre Saffroy is here to represent him. On behalf of the Members of the Kipling Society we want it to be realised how greatly we appreciate having M. Maurois with us this evening. He will be dealing with Kipling's work from a French point of view, and it is extraordinarily interesting to have these two authors thus meeting. Few English authors have so interested the French as Kipling. His first impressions date from the age of 12 when, in 1878, he went to the Paris Exhibition with his father; in " Souvenirs of France " we see how he began in early days to fall in love with France and the French. Later on, after the Boer War, we find him at Cape Town, drinking sweet champagne at 11 a.m. on a French cruiser, to the Entente Cordiale ! Later still, he spent holidays in France, in the early days of the automobile. He toured France and realised the marvellous beauties of that country, understood the French and comprehended their agricultural districts and their forestry. It may be not known that Kipling's works are appreciated as much by children in France as by children in England. M. Maurois has done greater work, I believe, than any other French author in working for the Entente Cordiale (applause). He has given the French the opportunity of understanding our country and our people and of getting to know and appreciate the lives of our great men and their works. I hope all of you here have read M. Maurois' works; if you have not, I ask you to do so—his Shelley, his Byron, his Disraeli, and his Edward VII, which last has been so tremendously well-reviewed in our papers."

In the course of M. Maurois' lecture and at his request, the Baroness van Heemstra gave a most finished and excellent rendering of three Kipling poems:—"The Sons of Martha," " The Ladies," and " The Curé," to illustrate some of the lecturer's remarks.

When proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn said :—" It is my very great privilege to voice your wishes in proposing our very hearty vote of thanks to M. Maurois, for, though he talks to us in French, he is really one of ourselves. He was a French *liaison* officer during the war, and they were some of our dearest friends; he holds the M.C.—a fitting soldier's decoration. M. Maurois has, perhaps, done more to bring us to understand each other,

than any one else in modern times, and to-day he has come to us and talked to us in very charming simple French, that we can understand." In seconding the vote of thanks, Mr. Campbell Lee said:—" We came here to-night with a double allegiance. First to do honour to a great writer, but we found that we were worshipping at a double shrine, and heard from the speaker how thrilling it was at certain times in one's experience to be face to face with a very great man: one that you would long to see, one whose writings have been in your heart and on your lips for years. Such was our feeling to-night when we sat face to face with M. Maurois, whose writings and wonderful phrases have thrilled us in recent years, making for a better French acquaintance with America. To-night we came to worship at the shrine of Kipling, but we also worship at the shrine of a most distinguished and lovable man to whom we have just had the privilege of listening."

A most enjoyable programme was provided by Miss Clarke-Jervoise, who contributed several recitations in her usual felicitous manner; special mention must be made of her rendering of "The Song of the Dead" in French, from a translation by Maud Kendal and Daniel Rose. Mr. Graham Martin, who has a fine voice and artistic method, sang, " When the Cabin Port-Holes " (Sir Edward German), followed by " Tiger-Tiger ! " and " My Lady's Law;" the music of the two last, was composed by Miss Clarke-Jervoise and formed a very effective setting to the words. Miss Arabella Tulloch, whom we were glad to hear again, gave two groups of songs very charmingly; she also sang two duets with Mr. Graham Martin and proved an able accompanist. Mr. G. E. Fox proposed a vote of thanks to the entertainers, which was seconded by Mr. C. Richardson. The Meeting concluded with the singing of the "Marseillaise " and " God Save the King."

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In our last issue we published a comment from the pen of Mr. James Agate. In *John O' London's Weekly* (5 May, 1934) there is a three-column article from the same writer, under the title of " Personal Preference.—X. Rudyard Kipling," which pays tribute to Kipling's appeal to the ordinary, as distinguished from the literary reader. To have achieved this is to have achieved success, for Kipling wrote what he thought ought to be written, without " fear or favour of the crowd," as in the case of " The Islanders." The article is by no means adulatory, but it is fair and, unlike effusions from the New Clever (one of whom attributes the words of " Land of Hope and Glory " to Kipling) shows knowledge of the subject. Here are Mr. Agate's own words:—

" Three times in my life have I been drunk, not so much on poetry as on the verses of a particular poet . . . The third and last intoxication was Kipling, whose heady exhilaration lasted through my twenties, and whom I can still read in the same way that I read Pierre Loti. . . . ' Many Inventions,' which I still regard as the best volume of short stories in the world. . . . Our subject does not lean much towards exquisiteness, but when he does he can achieve it with the best. I find the whole, westerly, sun-setting, and Hesperidean beauty in the stanza on Auckland (Song of the English)."

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The curious *idée fixe* that Kipling only wrote bombastic Imperialist verse is combated by Professor J. De Lancey Ferguson, who lectured on " Kipling's Education " to the Rowfant Club, Cleveland, U.S.A., the Secretary of which, Mr. Lawson Lewis, has sent us a brief summary of the discourse, in which it was stated that many people nowadays think of Kipling solely as an Imperialist and resent him accordingly. Professor Ferguson said that, recently, at a gathering where he was asked to read some poetry he had chosen some of Kipling's beautiful lyrics and read these without mentioning the author's name; as a result, many of the audience, who suffered from the Imperialism complex, were astonished and incredulous, when they learned who the author was. Space will not permit of mention of all the good things said, but the conclusion may be given verbatim:—" It is as sensible to say you do not like Kipling's art because you may not like ' Imperialism,' as it is to object to Milton's poetry because you dislike his Theology." The Rowfant Club's announcement for this lecture, which was given on March 24th, 1934, commences with these words:—" Because he has never deigned to explain, apologize, and above all, to indulge in personal advertisement, Mr. Rudyard Kipling is the least understood of all great modern writers."

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In the *Sunday Chronicle* of June 3rd, one of the New-Clever tells us that he has read " If." He quotes :—

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
and then goes on to say :—" That seems to me quite unbearably snobbish. It is a relic of the early Edwardian Age. . . . If a man is such a weakling that he is going to lose his strength and integrity by mixing in the rough-and-tumble of life he is not worth bothering about. That was, I suppose, what Kipling meant. If so, it seems hardly worth saying."

There are several more similar comments meant, as the writer says, to show that the poem strikes a false note, but he says that Kipling " hit the nail on the head all right " in these two lines:—

If you can bear to hear the words you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools."

Passing over the small matter of an error in quotation (" words " for " truth "), which rather alters the sense of the extract, we must compliment the writer of this diversion on being unconsciously funny.

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In the *Daily Sketch* of June 6th, there is an article on Kipling, one of a series called " People Worth Talking About," in which he is dubbed " The Man of Five Fames." Although hampered by lack of space, the author of this, Mr. Cosmo Hamilton brings out a number of good points:—" The righteousness of the words he used, the magic of his nouns, brought forth shouts of joy, while Mulvaney became a household word in every nook and cranny on the English-speaking map. Like Jingle in the ' Pickwick Papers ' he became an immortal character from the hour of his birth." The ' Five Fames " are—Mulvaney, Barrack-Room Ballads, the Jungle Books, Kim, and Puck of Pook's Hill. Mr. Hamilton suggests that Kipling might add a sixth Fame by writing a play:—" It is difficult to understand why Kipling has ignored the stage, or why he hasn't ever made a magnificent pageant of " Kim." Curiously enough, " The Light That Failed," says Mr. Hamilton, showed that Kipling was rash in trying the novel as a means of expression; many contemporary critics called it the book that failed, but it is significant that this work holds its own among the first editions, being at present second only in value to the Jungle Book, while in sales, it has beaten " Plain Tales."

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Yet another parody, though not a new one, for it appeared in *Truth* many years ago; it may, however, be new to some. The poem parodied is " The Story of Ung," done apparently when a Liberal Journalist was endeavouring to make party capital out of the raising of a brewer to the Peerage:—

Once, ere the glittering icefields paid us a tribute of gold,
Bung, the son of a brewer, heir to a fortune untold—
Vast was his knowledge of brewing—gaily began his career,
Whispered the voice of ambition, " Perhaps they will make thee a peer."
People who sampled his liquor wunk an incredulous wink,
Smelt it, then drank it, and grunted, " Verily *this* is a drink ! "
Even the Clubman admitted, wetting the tip of his tongue,
" Lo ! it is excellent beer ! Glory and honour to Bung ! "

Praise of Kipling from the scholastic profession is so uncommon that the following excerpt from *The Schoolmistress* (May 17th) may be chronicled. Miss Holtby has an article called, "I Want a Story" and, after duly remarking that "his imperialism seems nowadays nauseatingly cheap and complacent," proceeds to an enthusiastic appreciation:— "But what a teller of tales! . . . No writer in the world can, with quite that gleaming polish of technical accomplishment and encyclopaedic knowledge, appear to initiate us into the ways of freemasons and soldiers, cod fisheries and regiments, gardeners and schoolmasters and civil servants and mem sahibs."

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Whatever our English critics, especially those whose mental age is about twelve, may think, there seems little doubt on the other side of the Atlantic that Kipling's permanence is assured. Mr. W. L. Phelps, in the *Washington Post* of Feb. 7th says:—"Is it possible to imagine any further age when 'Mandalay' will not be popular? Along about the year 1890, Kipling's fame came out of the East like a great dawn, and now it is afternoon. But when we hear or read those early works of his, either in verse or prose, they come upon us with all the freshness of the early morning air. . . . Before he was 25 years old, Kipling was one of the most famous of living writers, and the aged poet Tennyson, before his death in 1892, recognised the genius of the young poet, and gave him the accolade. To which Kipling replied: 'When the private in the ranks is praised by the general, he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights the better next day.'"

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Not every one describes "The Light That Failed" as a failure. Mr. Trevor Allen, who lives in Kipling's old rooms in Villiers Street, gives it high place as an adventure story:—"What did Kipling do with his hero, the artist who went blind, when the girl of his heart passed him by? Sent him out to the Sudan on one last desperate adventure, one last gamble with fate, to find the friend who had been more to him than ever woman could be. Action, drama, the eternal quest, the unresting spirit, victory even in defeat. . . . And what would the novelist of to-day do with him? Send him to a psycho-analyst Round the Marble Arch." These remarks arise out of a complaint against the feminisation of modern fiction; Mr. Allen is quoting the editor of a popular magazine, who is bewailing the lack of story-tellers, who present characters, through deeds rather than elaborate description and psycho-

logy. The new way is easier; it is, one sees, less trouble to maunder through slush to an indeterminate finish than to construct a story or novel where the action tells the tale, where the tale itself is brought to a conclusion. The lack of a definite end is a glaring defect in modern writing for which no amount of amateur psychology can atone. Even now the average man or woman of sense longs for something definite—something like what Dick Helder puts into "straight-flung words and few," when he describes his fellows of the brush:—"I foregathered with some men of sorts. They said they were artists, and I knew some of them could draw—but they wouldn't draw. They . . . talked about Art and the state of their souls. As if their souls mattered." *The modern novel of sex is like a moth; it does some damage, but it has, mercifully, a very short life.

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As a tribute to his studies of England and her people M. André Maurois is to receive the honorary degree of D.Litt. on June 20th from the University of Oxford and afterwards from St. Andrew's; we offer him our most sincere congratulations on this well-deserved compliment. On June 14th, M. Maurois gave a lecture on "The Philosophy of Kipling" to the Institut Français du Royaume Uni, in which he explained why France likes Kipling. The following short quotation from the *Times* gives a concise summary of the lecture:—"M. Maurois said that Kipling had explained England well and had made her loved in France. English people had often asked how it was that so many French boys in their early teens were devoted to a writer who was a poet of the British Empire and typically English. He gave a three-fold answer to that question. First Kipling gave his reader a heroic conception of life. The ideal qualities of leadership which he portrayed did not belong to any one nation alone, but were as necessary to the French officer in Morocco as to the Indian Civil servant. Secondly, Kipling had always managed to keep in touch with the primitive, elemental side of man, and there was that side in every man. Thirdly, no writer knew so well as Kipling how to impart life to stories of events which happened in times of which we knew nothing. . . . Those were the qualities in Kipling that endeared him as much to the young Frenchman, as to his English counterpart.

* cf. "In Partibus:

But I consort with long-haired things
 In velvet collar-rolls,
 Who talk about the Aims of Art,
 And "theories" and "goals,"
 And moo and coo with women-folk
 About their blessed souls.

At the evening meeting on June 19th, nearly 150 were present when Major-General Dunsterville lectured on "Kipling and the Indian Soldier." When introducing the lecturer, the Chairman, Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn said:—"Unfortunately the Rt. Hon. Lord Moynihan, who was to have presided this evening, cannot come, and at the last moment, I have been honoured by being placed in the Chair—to fill the breach. Really there is no question of filling the breach, as our President is able to do that in every way; I have very great pleasure in asking him to talk to us."

An extremely enjoyable programme of entertainment was presented during the evening. Miss Barbara Seymour gave delightful recitations of "The Bell Buoy," "The Only Son," "Road Song of the Bandar-Log" and, as an encore, "The Thousandth Man." Miss Margaret McIntyre sang with much feeling, "The First Friend" (German), "Over the Edge of the Purple Down" (Muriel Elliot), and "The Camel's Hump" (German), and Walford Davies' setting of "Neighbours" (the first rendering of this at a Kipling Society gathering). Mr. Nicholas P. Harrison sang magnificently in four songs by Martin Shaw: "The Egg Shell," "Old Mother Laidinwool," "Pity Poor Fighting Men," and "Brookland Road;" this last is a charming setting of a beautiful lyric, and the singer's rendering was exquisite. Mr. Norman Franklin was a most excellent accompanist.

Mr. J. O. Tyler proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer:—"I have been extremely interested this evening. I only come up once a year. I must say that members who do not live in London most enormously appreciate the reports in the Journal; we know what is going on and we get a more or less verbatim report of the speeches. As an old sailor, I suggest that the Council get someone quite qualified to speak on Kipling's works about the sailorman; I would also suggest that there might be a talk on Kipling's interpretation of youth and childhood." Maj.-Gen. J. C. Rimington seconded the proposition:—"I have much pleasure in seconding, especially as I have known General Dunsterville for very many years. He was a most cheeky little boy. I was a prefect at the period of "Stalky and Co.;" the prefects are rather held up to derision, but those three boys were pretty well kept in order."

Mr. Russell J. Coleman proposed the vote of thanks to the entertainers:—"To one who attends these meetings for the very first time, it has been quite an inspiration. I have had the greatest treat in listening to the entertainers, whose every item was delightful; I know their efforts were appreciated from the way in which the audience listened. I

have always admired Kipling's work since I came across it in 1886; I do not know any writer who appeals to me more. I have heard Kipling quoted in the pulpit. I was once a passenger on a big ship and went to Sunday service. An American clergyman conducted it and preached on ' Self-Control.' He quoted one of Kipling's poems. I have often asked friends if they could guess which it was. (Voices:—" If? "). No; he gave the whole of ' Mulholland's Contract.' It went very well with ' Self-Control.' " Mr. W. F. Gemmer, seconding this, said:—" By coincidence, Mr. Russell Colman has come from the same part of the world as I—he is the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Norfolk. In thanking the singers, I must compliment them on the excellent clarity of enunciation, which means everything, both in recitation and song. The words count more than the music—I have been a musician all my life—and in Kipling, the words are all-important." The Meeting then concluded with the singing of " God save the King."

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We are happy to say that the Annual Luncheon (a report of which appears elsewhere) was a great success, with 142 present; Lord Ampthill and the American Ambassador, both made brilliant speeches. It is good news to hear that Lord Ampthill has joined the Society; we also have to welcome two distinguished French Members:— M. Billecocq, the French Consul-General and M. H. D. Davray, C.B.E. Another new member is Mr. A. H. Gayer, the oldest living Old U.S.C. boy who was at school with Kipling and " Stalky."

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Under the continuous attention of the Hon. Librarian, Mr. Maitland, the Society's Library grows in quality as well as quantity. Among recent acquisitions, one of the most interesting and valuable, is a gift from Mr. A. E. O. Slocock—a tremendous file of new paper cuttings of Kipling's work, including a series from the *Daily Express* of 1900, entitled, " Stories of the War." These items, with one exception, have never been collected and are remarkably good reading, especially " Folly Bridge " and " The Outsider." The one which has been collected, may be found in " Land and Sea Tales " under the title of " The Way That He Took."

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Members and Correspondents are asked to note the Hon. Editor's new address, which will be found on the back cover.

Kipling and his Works from a French Point of View

BY M. ANDRE MAUROIS, C.B.E., M.C.

WHEN I was asked to speak before you, I replied that my admiration for Kipling was such that I could not refuse, but that unfortunately I was quite unable to lecture in English and that the lecture would be in French. Colonel Bailey said that he thought the lecture would be more generally understood if it was in English; I was not quite so sure about that. I once gave in England a lecture in French which began with a quotation from Shakespeare in English; at the end of the lecture, the Chairman came to me and said:—" Well, your French is much better than I thought; I understood every word you said—except the first sentence !" So, from that day, I decided never to inflict again upon an English audience, a language which is not mine and which is not their own either !

Of course, I cannot possibly pretend to bring before the Kipling Society any new facts about Kipling, but I should like to try and show you, by recalling the memory of my childhood and youth, what Kipling's influence can be on young men who are not Englishmen. It has often been said of Kipling, that he is above all the poet of the British Empire, and it may seem strange at first, that he has given spiritual food to so many young Frenchmen. It is, however, a fact. When I was 16 or 17, I read Kipling's tales of India, and " Kim " affected me more than any other book. I find that this is just as true to-day on questioning the generation of my sons, who are now 11 and 12. I should like to-night to say what it is that attracts the youth of all countries to Kipling. I think the reason is that they find in his books an heroic idea of life and it is of this idea that I am going to speak to you first—but in French.

(Translation) Kipling's heroic conception of life is not the peculiarity either of a country or of one set period of time. Nearly all men who have fought in wars, who have been leaders, who have done something worth doing, have held practically the same view, whether they were fine soldiers in the Trojan War, or fine soldiers in the Great War.

In human life, whatever the country or the century, men seem to have passed through three periods of similar type. First comes the time for the heroes—the big men who dominate their passions—constructors who lay the foundations for social life. Then follows the

political period, when administrative methods maintain what has been created by the heroes. After this, when order has been firmly established, men always have the idea that virtues have ceased to be useful; they criticise what has been done and finally destroy society—and it begins all over again.

Kipling covers the three classes of men. The first type is to be found everywhere in his books; he had seen them in India; the men who lay the foundations. Sometimes they are officers, sometimes cotton-planters, but they are always men of very simple character who, during their work, think of nothing else but that work, and not of love or family ties. This kind of man has no confidence in any one replacing him, unless it be a man of his own type. Men of this type, men of action but younger than he, he treats as sons and works like slaves (but who work no harder than he himself); boys who must take his place later, but who would be horror-stricken if such a thing were suggested to them.

These men soon learn that action is not easy and that man is always having fierce struggles. The designing of a bridge is easy; the building very difficult. All kinds of opposition are to be met with: the river itself, the current of the river, weather conditions, and the wrath of the gods. "What is man against the wrath of Gods?" And this is never absent, for the Gods detest man's victories.

The true hero does not work for wealth or honour, but for love of service. I like so much the portrait of Scott who "counted eight years' service in the Irrigation Department, and drew eight hundred rupees a month on the understanding that if he served the State faithfully for another twenty-two years, he could retire on a pension of some four hundred rupees a month." It is the usual thing for such a man to learn, on completing an arduous duty, and at the moment of success, that another is to replace him.

In this same class, but after the leader, comes the subaltern, the young man who is destined one day to command, who is loved and worked hard by his chief. Then comes the sergeant, for whom the chief has a strong admiration (which I share) who rules because of his technical qualities, even as the hero rules because of his heroic qualities. At the bottom of the scale, lowest in rank but the most useful in emergency, follows the private—the worker. More than any other writer, Kipling understands his importance. To illustrate this point,

I shall now ask the Baroness Van Heemstra to read Kipling's poem, "The Sons of Martha."

When the man who talks claims to control the man who *does*, Kipling becomes fiercely satirical, as in the case of Pagett, M.P., who talks lovingly, with tears in his eyes, of his home; who cannot appreciate any methods of doing which are not strictly of the administrative kind.

Sentimental talk and its consequences is seen in the story, "The Mother Hive." The young bees become contemptuous of the other bees who respect the Law, feed the Queen Bee and have a healthy fear of the Wax-moth. All this ends *in* the loss of the stored honey and the ruin of the hive. But it would be inaccurate to say that Kipling is anti-liberal minded. For him, liberty is essentially the daughter of Discipline and Law. The animals respect the Law; when the wolves forsook it because of the tiger, they met with disaster and begged for leadership again. The Law is the product of hundreds and thousands of years, and can only be changed by the wise and the strong; this view can be seen in "As Easy as A.B.C." and "The Village That Voted The Earth was Flat."

I must now make a few remarks on Kipling's work in respect to women. In the story of the two men who sought to be kings, all went well until the better of the two broke the contract made between them, and looked upon a woman. According to Kipling, woman kills the man of action and also the action itself. Captain Gadsby is thoroughly put out by his wife; and when Charlie Mears, who could re-construct the life of pirates and re-live the past, placed before his friend the "photograph of a girl with a curly head, and foolish slack mouth," it meant that he would write no more. Woman's disastrous effect on man's work is also shown in "The Light That Failed."

But in contrast to this evil side of woman's sphere in the world, enters also the true wife of an heroic leader, who, like him, thinks of action and helps him to succeed in it. Thus is "William the Conqueror," she who dealt with a famine, who can combine love and work; Kipling appreciates the wife of the soldier, who can tend the wounded, who knows how to wait and to be resigned. Nevertheless, even when admiring woman, Kipling cannot help thinking that they are mysterious

and dangerous at bottom and have a sort of understanding between them, as in "The Ladies." (This poem was then read).

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I come to the question of the place accorded by this great artist in this world of heroes to artists. In my opinion, a writer who likes describing men of action is, to a great extent, a man of action who was frustrated and who feels of less account than the type he describes, even as Cleever felt touched and amazed at the admiration vouchsafed him by young boys who had seen "dead men, and war, and power, and responsibility." Did it ever arise that Kipling blasphemed his own Art, to be sorry for it in the morning, as did Cleever ?

Kipling has no place in his world for the man who does not act; the wretched Tomlinson was refused place in both Heaven and Hell, because his sins were miserable crimes of which he had read and so non-existent. This does not mean that there is no hope for the artist. Kipling's view is that an artist can be a man of action without even moving from his own sphere but in this case his art must be treated as real work to be done in austere fashion—the technique thereof to be learned even as that of any other craft; he must respect his art—learn it conscientiously before attempting to express mere personal sentiments and, by talking of beauty, lose it.

(Here the lecture was continued in English). I promised to end as I began—with a few words in English. I wish to sum up my remarks as follows: Literary talent is very widely spread in the world. I have met in my life hundreds of talented men, but the impression of being face to face with genius is extremely unusual. What does it consist of ? It is difficult to analyse. We find ourselves in the presence of a man, and we suddenly feel that he surpasses all others. He has a power of contact with nature, a wealth of invention, a sort of eternal youth that makes him entirely different.

I have had this strong impression only three times in my life. Once at school in the presence of one of my masters, a French philosopher, who, although quite unknown to-day, will sometime be as well-known as Socrates or Plato. Once in the presence of a soldier—Maréchal Lyautey—whom I saw create a new country. The third time was in the presence of a writer. That writer was Rudyard Kipling.

Of course, I would not use the word "genius" if Kipling himself were present. I can imagine him stopping me and saying, " You must

not say these things," but, as he is not present I dare make a prediction that in a thousand years, or in two thousand years, men will still be reading Kipling and will find him still young. That is why your Society in devoting itself to this great writer, has chosen well and chosen the greatest. I thank you for giving me the opportunity of saying this, and for having listened with patience to this long speech in *two* foreign languages.

DISCUSSION.

Mr. G. C. Beresford: " I should like to ask Monsieur Maurois if he can explain why Bernard Shaw is the English author who is read on the East of the Rhine, and apparently Kipling on the West of the Rhine."

M. Maurois: " I think one might say that the main reason why Bernard Shaw is, I will not say unpopular in France (because many of his plays have been staged and acted there) but not an important author for us, is that we already had one Bernard Shaw—that is. Voltaire. What in Bernard Shaw may seem very new to you is not exactly new to us. He attacks things which in France are not to be attacked, because they do not exist. Now in the case of Kipling it is exactly the contrary. We needed Kipling because we have in France the " Kipling " type of man; we have a colonial empire, and it has never been sung by our writers. They have never written about it, or very little. We have not got our Kipling, and that is why we need yours.

Mr. Bazley (Hon. Editor) thanked M. Maurois very much, in French, for his lecture, which had been most interesting, and said that when one went through Kipling's works from the beginning one noticed his great and thorough understanding of French mentality.

In reply to a question as to whether Kipling had a parallel in Alfred de Vigny, M. Maurois said:—" I think it is a very apt point, because it is quite true that Vigny in 'Servitude et Grandeur Militaire' is very near Kipling in his ideal of life but Vigny wrote 100 years ago and he has not dealt with the world of to-day. What is interesting to us in Kipling is that in his books we find the heroic point of view. What Kipling has done is to show that these qualities Vigny found in the officers of Napoleon, still exist now, not only among officers, but among engineers, workmen, sailors and men of all trades. He has shown us that the modern man is exactly the same man as the hero of other times. I once asked Kipling himself, because I had just read one of his stories about the Roman Wall in Scotland, how he managed to describe Roman officers and soldiers, and make them so true and alive. Was it not an

extraordinary feat of literary skill? He replied: "No, it's very easy, I simply listened to the conversations of British officers in India, and gave them as the conversations of Roman officers and that did the trick."

In the course of M. Maurois' lecture and at his request, the Baroness van Heemstra gave an excellent reading of the Kipling poems mentioned,

Kipling and the Indian Soldier

BY MAJOR-GENERAL L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B., C.S.I.

TO speak about "Kipling and the Indian Soldier," appealed to me as being a fairly easy task. I know a great deal about the Indian soldier, and all I would have to do, would be to read up Kipling's references to him. So I began a search through poetry and prose, and wrote to several members to ask for their help. They took great pains to assist me, but what I drew was almost a blank. The truth is, that Kipling never concentrated on the Indian soldier as he did on his British comrade, so I found little in his works to help me with material for this paper. I have hopes that what I say may be provocative and commence by saying that after a not very diligent search, I have found nothing in Kipling's writings, dealing, except by casual reference, with the brave old heroes amongst whom I have spent the best years of my life.

It would seem that, during his years in India, on the staff of the *Civil & Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer*, Kipling never came into close contact with the Indian Army. One man, however versatile, cannot focus on all subjects of interest that surround him; he must choose some and eliminate others. Kipling, I am glad to say, took the British soldier as his study and produced those inimitable stories of which "Soldiers Three" is the best example. I am glad he did this, because the British soldier was little known, and much misunderstood and underrated by the civil population of Great Britain, and sorely needed a champion, whereas stories about Indian soldiers and most excellent character sketches of the warlike classes of India have frequently appeared during the last fifty years, either in book form or in such first class magazines as *Blackwood*; our Hon. Treasurer, Sir George MacMunn, has contributed noteworthy articles in this category.

Perhaps one reason that withheld Kipling from concentrating on the Indian soldier while bestowing so much attention on Thomas

Atkins, is that although the former is a splendid fighting man he in no sense forms a class apart from the civil population, whereas the regular soldier of the British Army does seem to form himself into something quite distinct from the ordinary working man. Our Indian soldiers are almost entirely enlisted from the peasant or yeoman stock, and throughout their service they never cease to be agriculturists at heart, to take two well-known types—the Sikh and the Pathan. The Sikh is in the first place a Sikh; that is, he is imbued with a very strong national and religious spirit. Secondly, he is a farmer, and he regards his pay and pension as capital to be put into the farm. Thirdly, he is a soldier. The Pathan is a fanatical Muhammadan whose religion is the paramount ingredient in his make-up. Then he is partly a farmer, but as the barren hillsides of his homeland give a very poor return for labour expended he has to keep going by occasional bouts of highway robbery. Finally, he is a soldier.

When I say that religion and farming hold the foremost place in a sepoy's heart, I do not infer that he is not a good soldier; he is marvellously good, but he is certainly not, as most of our British regulars are, a soldier and nothing else. The importance of farming in the sepoy's life is fully appreciated by the military authorities; all schemes for training, leave and furlough have to be based on the ploughing and harvesting seasons. A long protracted war bears much more heavily on the Indian soldier than on our men—he cannot help fretting about the farm, which may well be going to ruin in his absence. I have taken the two types best known to me, but the same mentality underlies the character of all our fighting men: Gurkhas, Dogras, Punjabi Muhammadans, Jats, Rajputs and others.

Now although Kipling never produced a complete story on the theme of the Indian soldier, his genius did not fail to give us wonderful lifelike vignettes of these splendid fellows. Take, for example, "Kim." Kim, wandering through the villages as the Holy One's disciple, meets the old retired Indian officer, described thus:—"It was an old, withered man, who had served the Government in the days of the Mutiny, as a native officer in a newly-raised cavalry regiment. The Government had given him a good holding in the village, and though the demands of his sons, now gray-bearded officers on their own account, had impoverished him, he was still a person of consequence. English officials—Deputy commissioners even—turned aside from the main road to visit him, and on those occasions he dressed himself in the uniform of ancient days, and stood up like a ramrod." Many of us in this room

have had the pleasure of doing honour to one of these old heroes, and the whole scene springs to life. Yet East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, as the following incident may bring home to you.

Just before the war, I was visiting such a man as this—all his military glory laid aside and occupied as ever on the soil, yet turning out on state occasions with a soldier's pride in his medals and decorations. My old friend, knowing the 'sahibs' ' customs, had prepared for my comfort: basin, soap and clean towel for my ablutions, and other trifles indicating a wish to show his humble dwelling at its best. At food time, glass tumblers, knives and forks made things easy for us. My host had recently been in England as Orderly Officer to H.M. the King, and these towels, tumblers and cutlery were souvenirs of his wonderful adventure. Some bore the crest and motto of P. & O. ships; others of railways and hotels. None of the articles were of great value, but in law, a theft is a theft, though the motive may only be to collect souvenirs of happy days; I chaffed my old friend about it, explaining that he was liable to be "run in." He was not at all abashed, and excused his behaviour something like this:—"The Government have lots of these things and would never miss a few of them—a great Government surely cannot condescend to count over such trifles. I took a few from most places I stopped at, partly as souvenirs and partly because I knew I would require them some time or another when high officials might honour my humble abode." I did not explain that private companies were not "government"—as the word "sirkar" in his vocabulary would have a wider meaning, covering all forms of transport, board and lodging.

In No. 11 of our Journal, Mr. T. D. Neal has an interesting Paper, in which he quotes Kipling's description of the N.W. Frontier Pathan:—"Neither life, property, law nor kingship are sacred, when his own lusts prompt him to rebel. He is a thief by instinct, a murderer by heredity and training, and frankly and bestially immoral by all three. None the less, he has his own crooked notions of honour, and his character is fascinating to study." This is the Pathan as a private gentleman, whereas I ought to be speaking of him as a private soldier, but the Indian regular has no individual character as such in the way that our British soldiers have. Here Kipling gives the essence of the Pathan character in a few lines; he occasionally met a Pathan during his few years in India, I had always 400 Pathans in my regiment

during some 30 years service, and I suppose I may say that I know them out and out, but I should fail to give you Kipling's life-like picture even in many pages.

Take Kipling's points of Pathan character. He is not to be blamed for lawlessness, as he is of the independent tribes between India and Afghanistan, under the rule of neither. A tribe is guided by a malik, or headman, whose words are generally respected, but his rule is often broken and his advice ignored. About murder, I can give you an exact example. A good old soldier had retired on pension after long and honourable service. A year or two later, I was shocked to hear of his death in this abrupt manner. I had asked how he was and was told that he had been shot. I supposed there was another blood-feud in the family, but was told that his only son had shot him. I said I didn't like that, so my informant said that it didn't matter, as he himself had previously shot *his* father. As to theft by instinct, the Pathan reasons like this : He has something I want; if possible, I shall steal it; if not, I shall knife him. All thieves think like this, but the white thief would hesitate to murder for a trivial article.

Fighting without reason—a point that might be overlooked but for Kipling—is almost equivalent to quick temper. A Pathan officer of my regiment returns from leave, long overdue, and explains by showing me a furrow across his skull, that I could put two fingers into:—" I and my friend were talking when I lost my temper and drew my knife; he promptly knocked me over the head with his small axe; I don't remember anything about it, not even the cause of the quarrel, which was trivial. If our weapons had not been handy nothing would have happened. I bear him no grudge and we are still good friends. But we may quarrel again, and I may be lucky enough to get in first."

As to " crooked notions of honour," I will give a straight one first. During the fighting in Umbeyla, when Sir Charles Brownlow was in command, a Pathan asked for short leave to his home. To ask for this in the middle of a battle sounds Gilbertian, but the oriental mind sees nothing absurd about it. Everything had long been fixed up for a marriage, but as he was on active service the ceremony was still waiting. During a lull in the fighting, a few letters had come in—one with an ultimatum for Sher Ali that if he were not home by a certain date, the marriage was off, and another would take his place. Against the advice of the man's own native officer Sir Charles granted leave, and, as the enemy's efforts had slackened, Sher Ali got through their lines by night and set off on his matrimonial venture. Sir Charles had put

the man on his honour and believed he could trust him, but the native ranks were unanimous that it was a put-up job and that he would never come back. On the night before the day he was due to return, the enemy attacked vigorously, and it seemed that, with the best will in the world, Sher Ali would never be able to get through. To everyone's surprise, and to Sir Charles' delight, Sher Ali leapt over the parapet at dawn and stood before them; he had kept his promise at the risk of creeping through the attacking enemy, and now in his pride stood at attention to salute his commanding officer. "I have kept my word," he began, when a bullet caught him on the head and he fell dead at Sir Charles' feet.

(Saying it was easier, unfortunately, to give examples of the "crooked" notion of honour, the lecturer told a tale of a man who was caught stealing rifles and offered a free pardon if he would disclose his methods. He did disclose his methods and was set free; in spite of the free pardon, he expected at least 5 years hard labour, though he may have had an idea that sahib-log kept their promises in all circumstances).

One of the finest traits in the character of the Indian soldier is his loyalty—his determination to be true to his salt. Stories of the Indian Mutiny abound with cases of such fidelity, men remaining true to the Death when their masters' cause seemed quite hopeless. In his speech at the unveiling of the Indian Memorial at Neuve Chapelle in 1920, Kipling declared that "not since Columbus has there been such a voyage as that of those Indian soldiers going, for a cause they but dimly descried, to a land which some of them believed was peopled with devils and which others believed to be a baleful nothingness, going there from discipline and duty to the flag they followed. The whole war bore no more noble sacrifice than that." Here again, in the fewest possible words, he puts before us a vivid picture of the sepoys' mind; in which each sentence is as clear cut as the facet of a diamond.

How few people, when comparing the respective achievements of British and Indian soldiers in the battlefield, realise the enormous difference of mental conditions! With such an outlook as Kipling so well describes, every Indian soldier became a hero by the mere fact of setting foot in France and confronting the appalling conditions of mud and slush and cold in the winter of 1914—15.

Here is another noble trait, showing devotion to an individual. You know what "caste" is, and that the effect breaking caste rules carries on to the next world. I once wandered over the Rotang Pass into Ladakh with a Muhammadan cook and a Brahmin Dogra orderly; the

former got lost, but, with no suggestion from me, the latter prepared my meal, though meat is abhorrent to a Brahmin—a very trivial incident but an outstanding example of devotion and loyalty.

Now let us take a last picture from "Kim," where the old Ressaldar-Major tells of the glories of days gone by:—"They did not hang medals in those days on all who by accident had heard a gun fired. No ! In nineteen pitched battles was I; in six-and-forty skirmishes of horse; and in small affairs without number. Nine wounds I bear; a medal and four clasps and the medal of an Order." The old man's references to his war services and wounds may seem rather boastful to us, but this innocent and childish pride is typically Eastern, and un-Western; and here Kipling again gives us an insight into the Indian mind.

But I once heard a bad example of this from a more modern and less modest hero. I was once present at a farewell to a native officer who was about to retire on pension. The CO. made a short speech referring briefly to the long and honourable service of the officer, whose record was really not very exciting. The proper reply would have been : "Thank you very much for the kind way in which you have referred to my devotion to duty," which would have been ample. But with this individual the flood of oratory was let loose, and he proceeded to cap every complimentary remark the CO. had made, ending up with, "and I doubt if any more loyal and devoted soldier has ever had the honour of serving the Sirkar"—a remark which, if made by any one of us, would be received with hoots and yells.

DISCUSSION.

In thanking the President for his lecture, the Chairman said:—"I do not think he has made your flesh creep quite enough. I once had a very good orderly a Banilal Pathan from Swat. I had lost my keys and, after seeking them unsuccessfully he said, 'Has your Honour a button-hook ?' I produced one, and he proceeded to undo all the locks in the house with it. I asked where he had learned this; he told me, in the Delhi Police." But this was his favourite story, often related with gusto. As a child he and others played by the side of a stream across which was the land of a clan with which they were at enmity. A hostile small boy strayed across. The other children stretched his throat and cut it with a pocket knife—so much for tender youth.

Mr. J. O. Tyler: "As a sailor I know nothing about the Army, but what about Gunga Din ?"

Maj.-Gen. Dunsterville: " He was not a soldier, but he was a good fellow and a magnificent type ; I love him.

Mr. J. H. C. Brooking (Founder) asked about the story, " In the Presence," where the Indian soldiers kept guard over the coffin of the late King Edward VII ; and Mr. Stokes enquired about the incident in "A Sahibs' War;" both these questions were answered by Lt.-Col. Breithaupt. Col. Bailey (Secretary) told the audience how well Indians had worked in Mesopotamia. Mr. B. M. Bazley (Hon. Editor) mentioned the native officer in "The Man Who Was," the Bhils in " The Tomb of His Ancestors " and the Gurkhas in " The Drums of the Fore and Aft;" Kipling explains his ability to show both European and Asiatic types of mind in his poem, " The Two-Sided Man," where he gets the Indian quite as faithfully as the Sussex peasant.

The Annual Conference and Luncheon

THE Annual Conference of the Kipling Society was held on June 20th, at the Rembrandt Rooms, S.W., with the President, Major-General L. C. Dunsterville in the Chair. The Report for the year ending March 21st, 1934, was read, the live Register showing 708 Members (51 " Life " and 46 " Donor " Members).

The Chairman stated that the number of enrolments improved during 1933-4, but they had fallen off somewhat since April 1st and had not kept pace with the casualties. There seemed to have been another wave of depression all over the world ; Mr. Naumburg reported the same difficulties from America. In consequence, the Society's special advertisements had not been so productive to date as had been expected.

Accounts. These had been circulated. The Hon. Treasurer might have liked to have made some remarks, but he had been detained elsewhere. The Chairman added that he thought the accounts were very rosy considering the times and that it was really remarkable that there was an increase in the balance. Investments had also increased, amounting now to £300. The Secretary stated that cash under all headings during the year was £483, expenditure £443-an actual cash balance in the Bank of £40 after paying everything off. The Chairman then proposed that the Report and Accounts (as audited and circulated) be taken as

read, and adopted; this was seconded by Mr. J. O. Tyler and carried unanimously.

President. Lady Cunynghame proposed that Major-General L. C. Dunsterville be re-elected, saying:—"I am sure I am voicing the thoughts of the Executive Committee, when I say that it would be somewhat like Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark if we had the Kipling Society without ' Stalky ' as our President." Mr. James Grier-son seconded the proposal, which was carried unanimously.

Vice-Presidents. The following (co-opted by the Council under Rule VIII (b)) to be confirmed in that office: H. E. Mons. Camille Barrère, and Lt.-Col. R. V. K. Applin.

Executive Officers for 1934-35. It was proposed by Mr. Russell J. Colman and seconded by Lt.-Col. E. A. Briethaupt, that the Executive Officers, as appointed by the Council, be confirmed in their appointments.

Both the above propositions were carried unanimously.

Members of Council (retired in rotation). It was proposed by Major E. Dawson and seconded by Mr. J. Sanderson that the following Members of the Council, who retired in rotation, be re-elected: Mr. J. S. Griffin Mr. G. C. Beresford and Lady Cunynghame.

School Competition Scheme. The Chairman stated that this scheme, approved by the 1933 Conference, was duly carried out by the Executive Council, who regretted to have to inform the Conference that the response of the Public Schools was so disappointing and inadequate, that they had decided to report that, in view of the experience gained, they did not consider it desirable to proceed further with it. The Secretary added:—" Colonel Milburn was very keen on this scheme. We took it up, and circulars were sent out to 40 selected schools: 25 boys', 10 girls', and 6 secondary schools. We sent a very nice letter with a list of prizes. We received 11 replies in all, only three of which were in agreement without any reservation. The best came from the Headmaster of Harrow, Dr. Cyril Norwood, who wrote a very nice letter, saying that if the boys were allowed to go in for outside competitions of this sort, in addition to their own work, it would be too much for them. So the Council decided that it was not worth while spending money on a scheme which was not welcomed." Mr. J. E. Kempe proposed and Mr. Russell J. Colman seconded that the action and decision of the Executive Council be hereby confirmed and approved; the Meeting agreed unanimously.

Amendments to Rules as approved by the Executive Council. (a) *Rule V. Branches.* The Secretary explained a proposal put forward by Mr. A. E. G. Cornwell of Victoria, B.C.; he said that Mr. Cornwell was a very keen member and had been trying for years to form a Kipling Branch, or Circle, there for years. He had never been able to get more than about 16 members and the subscription in the mentioned Rules made it impossible for a Branch to be formed; he asked for the Rule to be altered. The Secretary added:—"The proposal before you is the result of the Council's decision; this has been communicated to Mr. Cornwell, who has written a letter of thanks." After some discussion, Mr. Kempe proposed that there should be no alteration to Clause 1; that the words, "enjoy all its privileges" should be omitted from Clause 2, and that Clause 3 should be altered as follows:—"The minimum number of subscribing members to form a branch is 10. Each Branch is required to remit to the Secretary on a date to be fixed by mutual consent a contribution of 4/- per subscribing member per annum. If the Branch has less than 20 subscribing members it will receive Journals at the rate of one for every 3 such members. If 20 or more, subscribing members, then each member will receive a copy." This was seconded by Sir George MacMunn and unanimously confirmed.

(b) *Rule III. Constitution.* The Chairman explained that there was a very fine poem to Kipling in Journal No. 3 by a Danish sailor. He suggested that such a man might be made an Honorary Member. Special cases might arise in which it was not possible for an individual whom it is desired to honour, to join the Society in the ordinary way. In order that the Council should be able to invite an individual, in special circumstances to accept this privilege, Sir George MacMunn proposed and Capt. E. W. Martindell seconded that the following be added as Clause 2 to Rule III:—"Under exceptional circumstances, and in order to meet special cases, the Executive Council is authorised, at its discretion, to invite an individual to become an 'Honorary Member' of the Society, and thereby entitled to all the privileges of ordinary membership." After discussion, the Clause was carried as it stood.

(c) *Official Organ.* It was proposed to add the words, "(For Branch Members see Rule V.)" This amendment being dependent on Rule III, it was carried unanimously.

Bookplate. Colonel Milburn proposed and Sir George MacMunn seconded a proposal that a bookplate should be designed which members could affix to their Kipling books; the Council were asked to deal with the matter.

Votes of Thanks. The Chairman then said that he had come to the most interesting part of the Conference—the proposal that votes of thanks be accorded to all who have helped the Society so well during the past year, and particularly to :—

1. Major H. A. Tapp, for most of the year, and latterly Lt.-Col. E. A. Breithaupt, for introducing O.U.S.C. Members to the Society.
2. Mr. Carl T. Naumburg, Local Hon. Sec. for U.S.A.; Mr. Peter B. Vroom, Mr. William B. Stitt, and other helpers for their untiring efforts on behalf of the Society.
3. Mr. B. M. Bazley for his unfailing and ever excellent work as Hon. Editor of the *Kipling Journal*.
4. Mr. W. G. B. Maitland for his keen and successful work as Hon. Librarian.
5. Sir George MacMunn for his work as Hon. Treasurer and our indefatigable Secretary, Colonel C. Bailey.

The proposal was seconded by Mr. H. A. Hutchison and carried unanimously.

As no further business was brought forward, the Meeting was declared concluded, with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

(signed) L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, Major-General
President and Chairman.

THE LUNCHEON

THE Eighth Annual Luncheon followed the Conference: Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, presided, and the Chief Guests were: H.E. Mr. Robert W. Bingham, the American Ambassador in London, and the Rt. Hon. Lord Amptill, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

There was a large contingent of Old Boys of Westward Ho ! and among others present, were:—Rt. Hon. Lord Rennell, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O. (V.P.); Lt.-Gen. Sir G. F. MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O., R.A. (V.P.); Rt. Hon. The Earl of Bathurst, C.M.G. (V.P.); The Dowager Viscountess Downe (V.P.); The Countess Bathurst (V.P.); Lt.-Col. R. V. K. Applin, D.S.O., M.P. (V.P.); Lady Cunynghame (V.P.); Lt.-Gen. Sir H. F. Cooke, K.C.B., K.B.E., C.S.I., D.S.O.; Col. Sir A. R. Holbrook, Bart., K.B.E., J.P., D.L.V.D. (V.P.); Mrs. L. C. Dunsterville; Mrs. Alec-Tweedie (V.P.); Mr.

J. H. C. Brooking M.I.E.E. (Founder); Mr. Guy Innes; Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Courtauld (V.P.); and Mr. Russell J. Colman, J.P. (V.P.).

The excellent Menu of the Hotel Rembrandt was headed with two lines from " Barrack-Room Ballads "—

"So cup to lip in fellowship, they gave him welcome high,
And made him place at the banquet board—The Strong Men
ranged thereby."

Grace was said by the Rev. J. H. Bateson, C.B.E., and consisted of separate lines taken from Kipling :—

" For all we have and are,
Comfort, content delight,"
And " Mercies multiplied,"
Be thanks to Thee, Most High."

After the toast of " The King," Lord Amptill proposed " Rudyard Kipling." " I have to inflict myself upon you, but that is not my fault; it is rather my misfortune. The fault lies with the courteous and energetic secretary of this Society, who acts upon that homely adage so often quoted from the cookery book, namely, ' You must catch your hare before you would make arrangements for cooking it ! ' For nearly two years he has tried to persuade me to come to this luncheon. At last he has succeeded. But no sooner had he got me in his landing net, than he gaffed me with a demand for a speech. I am not much of an angler myself, so I am not quite sure if this is in accordance with the rules of sport.

" Nevertheless, I am right glad to be here, to see that the Kipling Society is evidently such a strong and going concern; I gather that it has spread all over the four quarters of the globe. Certainly, Mr. Rudyard Kipling deserves that everything that can be done for him by the Society, should be done. So that the first thought that is in my mind, is one of hearty good wishes for the Kipling Society, and every hope that it will go from strength to strength.

It is an honour to propose this toast. I imagine there is no Englishman or Englishwoman—except perhaps a few of those literary critics, whose chief claim to notoriety is that their mentality is egregious and arrogant—who would not rejoice in the opportunity of drinking to the health of Rudyard Kipling, and I for one am delighted to have an opportunity of doing so in such a goodly company as this.

" There is a great deal of truth in that old saying, that a prophet has no honour in his own country. I remember that Cervantes' great

work, " Don Quixote " was not appreciated in Spain for many a long year. So I say that really the critics who have given the best appreciation of Rudyard Kipling have not been Englishmen, but Frenchmen—and that is a very wonderful thing. Late in the last century, I happened to be in the smoking room of a country house among some of the older statesmen. The talk was literature. I was asked to express my opinion and I plumped for Rudyard Kipling. They thought that was a very uncultured and juvenile opinion. All these elderly statesmen told me Kipling's works would not live. I won't tell you who they were, but they were some of the best-known men in the country. I am glad to see now, that that juvenile opinion of mine was more than justified. I don't suppose there is anyone here who is not firmly convinced that the works of Kipling will live as long as civilisation.

I cannot claim to be a personal friend of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, but he certainly has been a friend of mine from earliest boyhood, because I have gone to him for advice, for guidance, and for inspiration—that is to say to his works—and nobody, no writer, has influenced my thoughts on all the things I care about so much as Rudyard Kipling. And the things I care about, apart from God and religion, are England, the British Empire, India, the British soldier, and Freemasonry. In all those spheres, I admit with gratitude, that I owe a great deal of the thoughts that help and guide me to Rudyard Kipling's writings, and I feel that he has done the same thing with thousands of our fellow-countrymen, and English -speaking peoples all over the world.

" I don't know what His Excellency is going to say, but I would like to remind him that even in America the people were slow to appreciate Rudyard Kipling. I am told that on one of his visits to the United States an enterprising New York reporter put in his paper, that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was " a wreck in body and mind." I hope that that erroneous impression has been duly discounted.

I have been put in touch lately with some of the French critics who really do appreciate Kipling's works, and I have been enormously impressed. First of all I have read the able translation made by the Editor of the Society of M. Brion's book on Kipling. That has made me realise more than ever what incomparable service Kipling has done for the Empire. M. Brion is not alone. M. André Chevrillon has given appreciations which seem to me to be more to the point, more profound and more true than anything I have seen from the pens of English writers.

English writers in the early days, wrote in the spirit of that saying— ' When the Rudyard's cease from Kipling, and the Haggards write no more ' (laughter). The spirit of that criticism has not quite died out, if I can judge by the quotations I have read in copies of your Journal. I hope one of the things your Society will do, is to extirpate such unfair criticism as that.

Perhaps the thing that appeals to me most of all, is what Kipling has done for the British soldier, Tommy Atkins. Until Kipling came, the soldier was not appreciated or honoured as he ought to have been. In our villages and towns, the calling of a soldier was held in disrepute, but Kipling has given him his due, so that the British soldier is the true missionary of Empire. There is more of the work of Empire achieved by his wonderful good humour, his charming humanity, his love of children and of animals, and his perfect fairness, than the work of all the administrators and governors and viceroys put together (loud applause). It is the humble British soldier in peace time who makes known the good influence of the British wherever the British flag flies. The mistake we make is neglecting him and his achievements in peace, for " When it comes to slaughter, you will do your work on water, an' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it !"

The soldier's best work is done in the piping times of peace across the seas, and Kipling has given us means of understanding and appreciating that. Just two instances come to my mind, two of his songs— " Gunga Din " and " Mandalay." Is there anything to compare with those as illustrating the spirit of the British soldier at its best ? I only wish those songs were better known and more popular than they are. Personally, I sing them whenever I get a drop of juniper, and I find they always go down, because they ring true.

I hope that I have said enough to show you that I am as much an admirer of Kipling as anyone here. There is nobody here who appreciates more sincerely than I what Kipling has been for England and for the Empire. When I talk of Empire, I put foremost the understanding he has given us of India and her people. Nobody has given us a better means of really understanding the people of India than Rudyard Kipling. What is the reason ? Simply because he has not indulged in any romantic or fantastic discourses, but has given us the plain unvarnished truth, and after all, there is more beauty in truth and reality than there can be in anything fictitious.

Those who read his books on India cannot help being carried away towards that land of mystery and romance, towards its peoples with all

their wonderful qualities and also their great failings—which they share with the rest of humanity. Kipling's is a name that should be held in honour, wherever the English tongue is spoken, and which is held in honour by the people who read his books.

Lieut.-General Sir George F. MacMunn proposed the toast, " The Guests:"

" My very great privilege to-day, is to call on you to drink to the health of your guests. First and foremost, we have Mr. Bingham, whom you all know, and who, as Lord Amphill said, represents to us the United States, who claim just as large a share in Rudyard Kipling, as we do ourselves. It is a very great pleasure to propose the toast. Lord Amphill has spoken to you about Kipling. He will remember that many years ago, long before he was Governor of Madras or Viceroy of India, when I was a subaltern, and when Colonel Bailey was a handsome young cavalry man, we were dining far away in the Residency at Jammu one day, and after dinner I have a recollection, I think, of seeing Lord Amphill sitting in a corner, wearing the butler's headdress and playing a native instrument (laughter). We also have among our guests to-day, seven Old Boys of Westward Ho ! old United Service College men, and a large number of Old Boys who are members of our Society. I am sure we welcome them all here very much, as we do also several members of the Press, notably of the Imperial-minded Press of Gt. Britain, the United Press of Australia, and the Associated Press of America.

H.E. Mr. R. W. Bingham, the American Ambassador in London, responded as follows:—" I am very grateful to you for this very kind welcome, and I will have to confess to you that I think I rather needed it after an experience I had quite recently, when I spoke at a dinner here. The next day, when I read an account of it, it ran something like this : ' There was a guard of honour provided by a famous regiment. They were very picturesque, stalwart and handsome men, dressed in the costumes of the eighteenth century. One of them collapsed during the speech of the American Ambassador.' You should realise from that, that I am a little timid about public attention and very happy to have this very kind welcome here to-day. I am sure I speak not merely for myself, but for all of your guests, in thanking you for the honour you have done us in inviting us here to-day. For myself—and I believe I can speak for them as well—there could be nothing more pleasant and nothing more altogether congenial, than to do full tribute and full honour to Rudyard Kipling.

I may as well just declare myself at once. I don't like to deal in superlatives. I generally try to avoid them, but for many years, I have been firmly convinced that in all our generation, the greatest writer of English prose and the greatest writer of English poetry is Rudyard Kipling (applause).

Now, this little story that my brother in Masonry, Lord Amptill, mentioned to you as having appeared in the American press—I want to tell you the real truth about that. That was a quotation in the British press, denied by our press. That was really what happened.

I remember so well years ago, when Mr. Kipling and his children were so ill, going down to Times Square in New York City to get the latest news about their welfare and their health. It was the most extraordinary scene. There were literally tens of thousands of people standing there, watching that bulletin board to find out if there was any improvement in that grave and serious time when all of them were so ill. That was a perfectly spontaneous outpouring of sympathy and interest and admiration for this great master of our tongue. Out of that too, out of all that pain and sorrow and suffering, came, perhaps in some respects, the most moving and touching story in our tongue. I am sure you will all remember—it is called, " They." I believe, for my own part, that I have read every line that Mr. Kipling has written, some of it many times over.

I remember very well, some years ago in '25, I had a very serious illness, appendicitis and an operation, and a rather narrow squeeze as it turned out to be. My first conscious request was to bring me a copy of ' Puck of Pook's Hill.' From my point of view, I think that is the most moving, complete, enlightening, illuminating history of England that has ever been written ! There we have got it all—the noble and glorious tradition, and in a way the oldest of us and the youngest of us can enjoy and appreciate and assimilate so that it becomes a very part of our lives. The next volume I had then was " Rewards and Fairies." It is rather an extraordinary thing, there is a story in ' Rewards and Fairies ' called ' Brother Square-Toes.' It was left to an Englishman to write the most complete and understanding and moving story of George Washington that was ever written by anybody ! And then, just at the end of ' Rewards and Fairies,' is inserted the poem, ' If.' Now I had been told by a dear and Scottish friend of mind, that, that really was written on the theme of Dr. Jameson. But I have always believed, on account of its position, and because it so truly represented him, that Mr. Kipling was thinking of George Washington when he

wrote it ! It is extraordinary how it becomes really a part of the fabric of our very lives, this work of Rudyard Kipling.

And so it goes on through the whole scope of it. Now it happens that so many of us have, as I have, some place in England or Scotland where our people lived, sometimes for centuries, and we go back to those places. We go back to them with a real swell of emotion and feeling. The best story, the most complete description of what that means to all of us is in Kipling's story, 'An Habitation Enforced.' There it is, all that I feel when I go back to the old place in Dorset where my people lived for so many generations, and where my friends, so many Americans who go back to England or back to Scotland with the same feeling, that Kipling tells us of so perfectly and movingly in that story. If you have not read it recently, I hope you will read it again.

You have been told by Lord Amphill of just what he has meant in so many ways, to England, to the British Empire, and to the great Dominions. I know all of that is true. But not in England, not in the British Empire, not in the great Dominions, has he meant more than he has meant to my country and to my countrymen. He belongs, of course, to the great Immortals. What a tremendous tie that does really mean between your country and mine, between your countrymen and mine, that we have this great master of our common speech who speaks to us universally and really eternally.

And I should like to say to you what has been better expressed, than I could ever hope to approach, just what the real situation is. I urge you never to be influenced or affected by mere superficialities. I urge you to think of the real fundamentals. I ask you to remember that we, the English-speaking peoples of the world, are the guardians of Liberty and of Democracy ? "

And Mr. Bingham concluded his speech by quoting a verse from "The Houses," which also appeared upon the toast list:—

" Twixt my house and thy house what talk can there be
Of headship or lordship or service or fee ?
Since my house to thy house no greater can send
Than thy house to my house, friend comforting friend ! "
. (Loud applause).

"The Kipling Society and its President" was proposed by Lady Cunynghame:—"In proposing the toast of "The Kipling Society and its President," I fully realise the cordiality in which it will be drunk

later on. I am sure all those here and absent friends will agree that the founding of the Kipling Society was a great inspiration. Mr. Rudyard Kipling in his works has portrayed to us the lives of men who have held and are holding posts in all parts of the Empire. Now the Society has great satisfaction in realising how far afield it has its members, in all parts of the world. Some out in the wilds, far from cities and with no social rights or amenities, write to the secretary, telling him of how every three months they look forward to the receipt of the Journal, and in many cases, they add how tremendously that Journal cheers them. I might say that besides those in our great Dominions, we have in America alone, over a hundred members. They will, I am sure, when they hear that their representative was present at the luncheon to-day, be glad to know that he stirred them to still greater enthusiasm. Now we come to our President. I think you will all agree that few societies are as fortunate in their President as we are. We all feel that we really do quite intimately know Stalky. We look back to his early days and we honour him as a great Englishman and one who has an honoured name, a name on the battle honour roll of one of the prettiest villages in England. I refer to Castle Coombe. I could tell you a good deal about Major-General Dunsterville. In his early days, when he was ten years old, he found himself at the College at Westward Ho ! with boys, many of whom were older than himself. He withstood all their bullying. Perhaps one of the best assets of the President, is one that is very debatable. He proved that.

There was a very anaemic boy in the school who was ordered a nightly bottle of stout. But the boy very much disliked the stout. So Stalky, with his wonderful smile, came to the rescue and assisted the boy to the extent, I imagine, of quite three-quarters of the bottle ! (laughter). Another patient had to have eggs and rum. That again seemed to appeal to Stalky. And when we look at Stalky, we see that these things helped to build him up. And now I feel rather like the house-master, Mr. Prout, who used to wonder whether this boy, with the sweet smile, was not laughing at him (laughter).

Mr. A. H. Gayer, the senior Old Boy present spoke briefly:—"I am not going to give you a speech. I, by chance, happen to be the oldest Westward Ho ! boy here, and joined the first term in '74. Lady Cunynghame has said General Dunsterville was a little boy at school when there were old ones there. I was not an old one. But what I want to do now, is to impress on you all, that Westward Ho ! wants to uphold Kipling, and we want to cheer Stalky, who has done so much to

bring this society to the place it occupies. Three cheers for Dunsterville and Brooking" (all Old Boys present gave three lusty cheers).

The President then replied to the Toast:—"First of all, I must thank Lady Cunynghame for the kind way in which she spoke of the Society and and myself, its President, and in the second place I must thank my old schoolfellow for embarrassing me, by getting up and proposing those cheers (laughter). However, it was very nice. I cannot comment upon any of Lady Cunynghame's remarks. I can corroborate much that she said, but that stout business and the rum and eggs are solid fact, and it is entirely due to that, that I have preserved my robust health up till to-day—a diet of rum and eggs and stout, paid for by the parents of other boys ! My other remarks will be chiefly confined to a sort of ' mentioned in dispatches on various notes from our secretary. We have to regret the absence of some of our well known and dearest members. Everyone knows Mr. Fox and Mr. Sloccock, who have done so much for the Society. We have had an increase of 67 during the last year, up to April 1934. Our figures on that date were 717, which I think is satisfactory.

His Excellency, the American Ambassador, has already been referred to by Sir George MacMunn. I should like to add what a great pleasure it has been to find myself sitting with him, side by side. I am afraid Mr. Bingham must have found me a dull host from the conversational point of view, because there was no point on which we could disagree (laughter). It is a matter of sincere regret that he was not able to bring Mrs. Bingham. By the way, during the hectic parade at the reception, I met a grandson of Li Hung Chang. Everybody in the room will remember that marvellous statesman, and it was a wonderful thing to me to be confronted with his grandson. I don't know whether he is present. May I congratulate Mrs. Alec-Tweedie on her return from her travels. We are glad to see our Chairman, Sir George MacMunn restored to health after his very interesting tour from one end of India to the other, where he got the latest information in regard to our old friends the Indian soldiers.

I am glad to see so many of our old schoolfellows here. We have 52 on the list. They have just been photographed, and they are a good-looking, very useful lot. I take them about with me wherever I go in case there is an interruption.

Further, we have with us to-day, Mr and Mrs. Tom Jones, who have just arrived from Chile. It is a very great pleasure to have with us to-day, one of our keenest members from that distant country. Several

of our members, too, have sent us their regrets, and we have had a most interesting cable from New York:—•

'Members residing in the United States, extend most cordial greeting to fellow members and Ambassador.'

We have replied to that.

There is one other item. I was told to address you on a subject of which I am quite ignorant. I don't mean at all talking about things of which I know nothing, but I thought on this occasion, I would try to. I proposed to talk to you on the subject of Kipling's references to the Indian soldier, but one member, on whom I had chiefly relied for a certain amount of assistance wrote and said he regretted the title of the paper, because he thought there was already a sufficient military tendency in the Society. I think he was right. I see soldiers all around me and I can't get away from them. This is not as it should be, but it not our fault. In the United Kingdom, the proportion of services to civilians is 1 to 40. And that is the proportion which ought to obtain in the Society. As a matter of fact we have one admiral, one Captain R.N., one Commander; five Generals, three Colonels; one Captain of the Army. Out of a list of 430 members, I found 72 service men, whereas the number should have been 11. But it is the fault of the civilians. To balance the 72 we ought to have 2,880. So all I can do is to ask you to go ahead and get them. With a view of quieting the fears of this member, I should like to tell you that I am the President of the Watchet Branch of the League of Nations Union, and you cannot suspect me of militarist tendencies (laughter). Finally, I have to tell you that the Library at the Hotel Rubens is open, and I hope some of you will go there to see some of the recent additions.

Reviews and New Books.

United Services College 1874—1911 by *Major H. A. Tapp, O.B.E., M.C.* (2nd notice). In our last issue, we gave a brief summary, from an advance copy, of the above work, which now appears in the full light of day. While primarily intended for the O.U.S.C. this record is of considerable interest to all readers of Kipling, for there are many valuable notes and pictures which make clear many of the allusions in "Stalky & Co." This world-famous book, says Major Tapp, "is largely fiction, though it may have been based on real facts, composite characters and incidents. . . . Kipling has never said that the characters of Beetle,

M'Turk and Stalky were founded on the actual experiences of himself, Beresford and Dunsterville. The general public have assumed that to be so, and with that assumption have failed to realise that the book is excellent fiction and not in any sense history, although the fiction may be less far removed from fact than history often is." Our President contributes a short preface, thus giving his imprimatur to this useful record. To the ordinary reader, its chief appeal lies, perhaps, in the inclusion of a speech (not yet collected), by Kipling, on the occasion of the leave-taking of Mr. Cornell Price in December, 1894—a speech devoid of "purple passages" but simple and concise, a fine tribute from the most eminent of his old boys to one of the greatest headmasters of modern times. The book is well produced by Messrs. Gale and Polden of Aldershot, and contains 52 illustrations from contemporary photographs.

The April *Strand*, contains a new Kipling story. "Proofs of Holy Writ," illustrated by A. R. Middleton Todd. Here our author follows his Chaucer story, "Dayspring Mishandled," with a theory about the translation of the English Bible; the tale is told in the form of a conversation between Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, and the plot turns on the latter being asked for more graceful translations of certain verses by Miles Smith, one of the translators appointed by the King. Jonson's comments when he learns that Shakespeare's ideas are preferred to his are most amusing, though the tale is not all comedy; it is a piece of scholarly and very beautiful writing, and the theme is original; the character study of the two great dramatists is very clever. We commend this story to the young critics who don't like what they term the "blood-lust" in, say, "Gunga Din;" it may show them that Kipling does most things in literature better than their comprehending.

About September next, a new Kipling book will be issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., called "Collected Dog Stories." It will be Pott 4to in size, with 113 illustrations by that celebrated delineator of dogs, Mr. G. L. Stampa; the price will be about 6s. in cloth and 10/6d. in leather. The volume will contain the following stories and poems:—Private Learoyd's Story—Garm—The Power of the Dog—Quiquern—The Dog Hervey—Dinah in Heaven—The Woman in His Life—Four-feet—Thy Servant a Dog—Supplication of the Black Aberdeen—His Apologies—and A Sea Dog (the last is now published for the first time)

In "You Can Play and Laugh" Mr. Hubert Phillips writes a quite amusing Kipling "Bridge" parody:—

I'm 'ere in me ole tuxedo, an' a skirt that's a little bit frayed.
A'layin' on to my partner as I know 'ow this 'and should be played;
Me neck is beginning to crickle; I'm all 'ot and cold down the back,
And I'm fightin' a King and three Aces with a couple of Queens and a Jack.

In addition to the three new poems promised for the "Pageant of Parliament," there is to be another new Kipling item in "Printers' Pie," which is to be revived this year after a lapse of several years.

Kipling Prices Current.

THE chief event under this heading has been the sale of the Library of the Comte de Suzannet at Sotheby's in March last. Considering that the times are not yet normal, prices ruled fairly high. Out of some half-dozen Kipling letters, three went for £13, £9/10/- and £6/10/-. Among the books, as might be expected, "Schoolboy Lyrics" brought the top price—£185; "Echoes" was sold for £80, "Quartette" for £62, a First of "Departmental Ditties" for £40, 2 pp. MS. of "The Last Term," for £32, and Nos. 2—44, plus two others of the United Services College Chronicle for £78. Among the book Firsts, "Wee Willie Winkie" realised £7/15/-; "Plain Tales," £23; "Out of India," £7; and "Captains Courageous," £3/15/-.

At the shops, there is not a great deal to be seen, but occasionally good things appear. Hiscoke of Richmond had a First of "The Jungle Book" (shabby but in one piece) for £1, and a First of the "Just So Stories" in nice condition at the same price. Cooper at Kingston-on-Thames had some very reasonably priced items, while, in Charing Cross Road, Marks and both the Jacksons had some cheap and good books. Davey, too, in Theobalds Road, may be visited with advantage to the Kipling collector. An eye should be kept on recent French publications; one of the latest includes "The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood," which has never been collected since its appearance in the *Fortnightly Review* of May, 1890.

Secretary's Announcements.

(1) *Journals.* No. 2 has now been reprinted, and copies are available at 2/- each. The Secretary has one slightly soiled copy of No. 2 (original) which is available for 5/-. For current prices of back numbers, see page 32 of Journal No. 29 (March issue).

(2) *Journal Binding.* New Members are informed that (see Journals No.'s 16 and 27) Messrs. W. & G. Foyle, 121, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. have all details of the "Standard" binding for Journals. This is in red cloth, with emblem and dates stamped in gold on the cover. The usual plan is to bind them, covers and all complete, in volumes of 2 years each. The price for full binding is 3/- per volume. Covers only 1/6 each, or 2/- each, covering postage anywhere. Apply direct to Messrs. Foyle.

(3) *New Book.* It may be of interest to O.U.S.C.'s and others to know that Major H. A. Tapp's book, "United Services College, 1874—1911," which was referred to by the Hon. Editor on page 10 of Journal No. 29 (March), is now obtainable. It contains much that is of interest to members. Major Tapp has kindly presented a copy of the book to the library.

(4) *Enclosure.* With this number, goes a copy of the Annual Report and Balance Sheet for 1933-34 to all overseas members (except those in Europe who have already received it).

(5) Please note that the address of the Hon. Editor is now 11, Castelnau Mansions, Barnes, London, S.W.13.

C. Bailey, Colonel, General Secretary.

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