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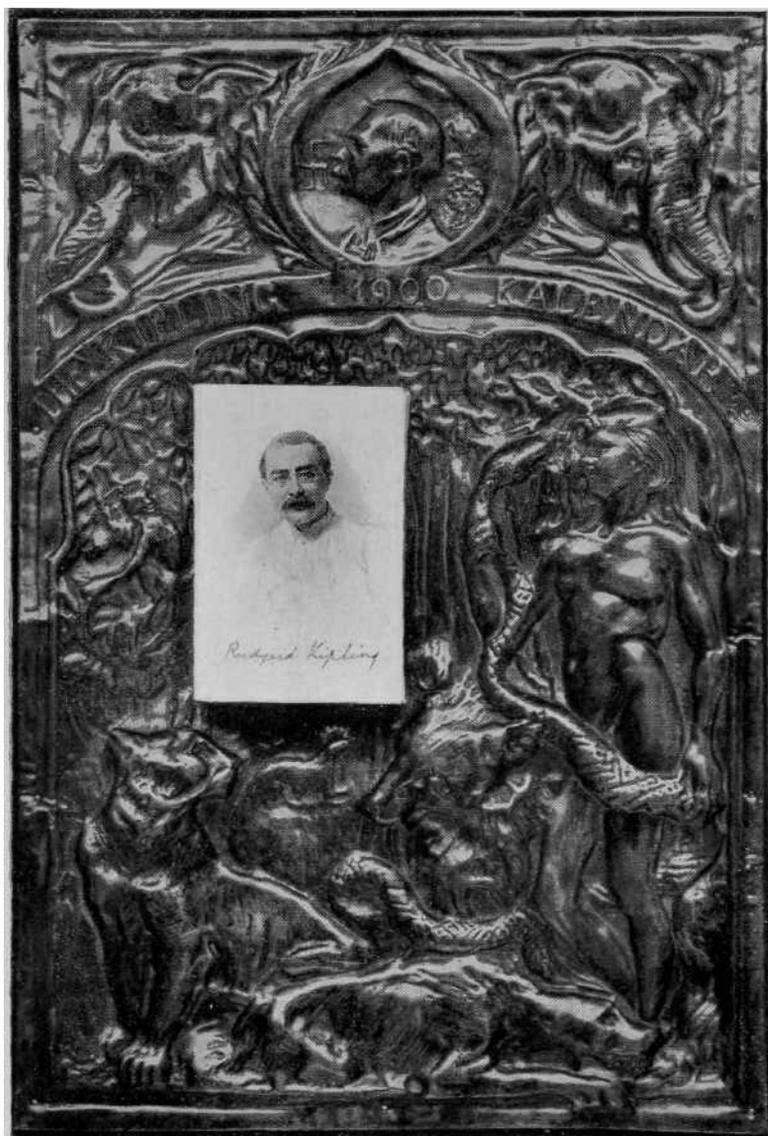
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Rudyard Kipling

The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No. 34

JUNE, 1935

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News and Notes

WE owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. James Grierson, by whose generosity and enterprise we are enabled to give the beautiful and interesting plate in this number. This "Kipling Calendar" was copyrighted by Mr. Kipling in 1899 and the design is by his father, the late Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling ; the photograph is by Mr. Fleming of Bury Street. The calendar was catalogued recently at £20 and is the first and only edition. In honour of His Majesty's Silver Jubilee, we give a second plate, from a sketch by Miss F. Ardley, showing Kipling as the Poet of the Empire.

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About 120 members and guests were present at the Third Meeting of the Session, on the evening of Wednesday, 10th April, at the Hotel Rembrandt. Lord Moynihan, K.C.M.G., C.B., LL.D., was in the Chair and briefly introduced the Lecturer, Commander O. Locker-Lampson, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.N.V.R., M.P. :—" I am suffering from a very serious grievance. It is always the happy privilege of the Chairman when a distinguished visitor is going to speak to be able to perform certain operations upon him. In the absence of an anaesthetic I should be only too happy to perform a post-mortem *in vivo* upon our guest to-night. But that very happy privilege is denied to me ! The greatest of poets has said : ' Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.' What the great

poet omitted to say is that there are some men of whom all these three things collectively might be said. Our Lecturer to-night is one of them. He was born great, because his name is one which, before he bore it, was already illustrious in the realms of literature. He acquired greatness by his very distinguished services during the War. He had greatness thrust upon him by becoming the *voxpopuli* by having a seat in the House of Commons thrust upon him. Do not blame him for that! He has certainly proved that he deserved it." Before beginning his Lecture, Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson acknowledged the Chairman's introduction :—" May I thank Lord Moynihan for those charming words about me ? It is quite clear that he ought to have abandoned his stethoscope long ago for a seat in the House of Commons, where he could have outclassed not only me in my humble efforts, but many of our great orators in that House. He has recently been honoured, and we all know how late that honour came, when he became a Peer recently, and is now in the House of Lords. We shall look forward with greater interest henceforward to his speeches in that illustrious assembly. I prophecy his speaking career in the House of Lords will be as remarkable as anything he has done in his life. I thank him very much." The vote of thanks to the Lecturer was proposed by Captain J. O. Tyler:—"If I may claim your indulgence for one minute I should like to refer to a remark made about the B.I. boats. I am no lawyer, and, thank God, I have never been a damned ' sea-lawyer,' but I am very suspicious that it was not a very libellous statement. When I had the pleasure of serving in the B.I. boats, they were perfectly clean. I want to say another word about the ' Anchor Song.' There was a prize essay by a schoolboy some ten years ago in which he stated that this was a most garrulous fantasy and a lot of bally rot. I speak as a sailing ship master mariner : it is perfectly honestly technically correct and there is not a single word to be thrown at it, but I agree that nobody but an old sailor could appreciate it. I am very sorry that, representing the part of the Sea Service that you did—the R.N.V.R.—you did not refer to the Sea Constables. I think it is one of the very best units. I met them in the War with their M.L.'s. They came from Banks, Insurance Companies, God knows where—some of them were even doctors ! I am glad you referred to 'Captains Courageous,' and I would ask you to remember in this book the incident of old Disko Troop coming down to the singsong in the cabin. This old song, ' To the west of Bilbao,' is a genuine old song I heard 40 years ago. I had my growl before, that Commander Locker-Lampson did not talk

about sailors so much as the sea, but I most thoroughly enjoyed his interesting Lecture, as we all did ; I propose a very hearty vote of thanks and hope we shall see him here again." In seconding the vote, Mr. C. A. Cusse said :—" I find that I have the pleasure of seconding the vote of thanks to our very excellent Lecturer. I come from Sussex, county of counties, Kipling's own county. Anybody who does honour to Kipling does honour to Sussex."

During the evening Mr. William H. Brown, who has a delightful voice, sang in spirited fashion " Brookland Road " (Martin Shaw) and "Men of the Sea" (Percy Grainger). These were followed by Baroness Van Heemstra's most attractive recitations, " The Nursing Sister " and " Lukannon." Miss Daphne Bettger charmed all with her artistic renderings of the " Love Song of Har Dyal " (Davies Adams) and " A Tree Song " (Florence Aylward). After the interval Miss Bettger gave Percy Grainger's setting of " Dedication " and the whimsical " Old Mother Laid-in-Wool " (Martin Shaw). Baroness Van Heemstra then recited "The Answer" and "The Liner she's a Lady;" as always, her recitations were much enjoyed. Mr. Brown sang in lively swinging manner, " The Egg Shell " (Martin Shaw) and Edward German's " I keep six honest Serving Men." A cordial vote of thanks to the artists was proposed by Mrs. Dreschfield and seconded by Mr. Mackenzie-Skues; the Meeting then concluded with "God Save the King," played by Mr. Norman Franklin, who proved himself a most sympathetic and efficient accompanist.

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At the extra evening Meeting on June 12th, a large and unusually representative audience assembled to hear Major-General Dunsterville give his annual address, on the subject of " Kipling and the Empire." Introducing the President, the Chairman, General Sir Alexander J. Godley, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C, said :—" Before I say anything about the Lecturer, I should like to say how very pleased I am at last to be able to come to a meeting of the Kipling Society. I have belonged to it ever since it was started, and I have never been able to get here before, as I have been abroad all the time. I need hardly introduce the Lecturer to you. We know him as Stalky, we know him as Dunsterville, we know him as a soldier, we know him as an author and as President of this Society, and I know of nobody with his gifts as an administrator or soldier. Nobody can be more qualified to couple the name of Kipling with the great subject of Empire." The President

received an especially hearty welcome; after his serious illness in the Spring, all present were very glad to see him about again.

The programme was in the capable hands of our talented member, Miss Clarke-Jervoise, who began with charming renderings of the two Seal Songs set by Liza Lehman. Mr. Nicholas P. Harrison followed with Elgar's "The Lowestoft Boat" and "Fate's Discourtesy," in both of which his fine, resonant voice was heard to advantage. Miss Clarke-Jervoise concluded the first half of the programme by reciting with great feeling "England's Answer" and brought out the full humour of "My Rival." After the interval Miss Clarke-Jervoise opened with "Blue Roses," set by A. Clarke-Jervoise, and gave a delightful rendering of German's "There was never a Queen like Balkis." Mr. Harrison then gave "Tiger, Tiger," set by Miss Clarke-Jervoise, and as an encore "The Smuggler's Song" to a setting by M. Kernochan. Mr. Norman Franklin played the accompaniments in his always efficient and sympathetic manner, and Miss Clarke-Jervoise concluded the entertainment with a very moving recitation of "The English Flag"

Mr. Fox proposed a vote of thanks to the Lecturer :—"Our President said that the subject of Kipling and the Empire had been dealt with several times before ; though some of us might have thought that it was rather difficult to find anything new to say, we knew perfectly well that it would be as fresh and original as Kipling himself. We shall all agree about his very amusing asides—they would make a good book ! You may not all know that Our President has been going through a severe illness, though you would not believe it to look at him, and I was thinking, while he was speaking, how interesting it would have been if the B.B.C. could have taken a gramophone record of some of his asides to the doctors and, more still, to the nurses ! It would have sold throughout the Empire ! We are very thankful that he is restored to health, and I end by quoting four apposite lines from our Poet :—

So, when thine own dark hour shall fall,
Unchallenged canst thou say :
' I never worried you at all,
For God's sake go away !'

The Vote of Thanks was seconded by Mr. John Sanderson.

The Vote of Thanks to the entertainers was proposed by Commander O. Locker-Lampson, M.P : "We must all be very grateful to the entertainers for their magnificent support this evening. We have learnt that the Services are eloquent when we have heard General Dunsterville,

and now I am not expected—even though I am an M.P.—to make a speech at so late an hour. I shall leave you instead to pass a very hearty vote of thanks. A better entertainment I have never heard at a Kipling gathering or anywhere else." Mr. W. F. Gemmer seconded:—" Two years ago, when you honoured me with a similar task, I said that whereas with the words of songs the less you hear of them the better, in the case of Kipling and W. S. Gilbert the words matter more than the music ; this has been beautifully brought out to-night."

A Vote of Thanks to General Sir Alexander Godley, who took the Chair, was proposed by Lt.-General Sir George MacMunn ; the evening then ended with the singing of " God Save the King," played by Mr. Norman Franklin.

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In our No. 33, the President sent a message of greeting to the newly-established Victoria B.C. Branch of the Society. It is good news to hear that this, the first Branch, is like a healthy child, "doing well." Much credit is due to the Founder, Mr. Cornwell, who is also Secretary to the local branch of the Royal Society of St. George. We offer Mr. Cornwell our hearty congratulations on the success of his efforts, and hope that other Overseas Members will " go and do likewise."

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" Sentinel " in the *Morning Post* has recently given us two magnificent essays on the spirit of true patriotism, in both of which Kipling looms large. One, " Radio-Activity of the English Spirit " (25th May 1935), takes up the cudgels for the ideals expressed in the introduction to " A Song of the English." These sentences may be commended to the Little Englander :—" Freedom as a commonsense combination of liberty and legality—that is a practical conception, demonstrated *urbi et orbi*, which is the Englishman's best gift to his fellow creatures. Who can deny his right—his divine right, if you will—to have painted a quarter of the world's map the colour of his blood, when his unique services to humanity are considered. For all he has won for himself and those he protects has been bought with his life." Kipling's share in the building of " the vast still-growing Commonwealth " is thus described :—" But no other poet, living or dead, has ever appealed as powerfully as Kipling to the people of the Dominions. From the time when his ballad of the English flag appeared (to be proudly praised by Tennyson) he has been inspired to express their secret thoughts in verse which unlike that of the ' Georgians ' and their successors, has the quality of

memorableness. His unique position as the living voice of a world-wide commonwealth has been recognised not only in America but also by French and German critics. A Canadian friend tells me that when ever he is thinking over any problem of Imperial statesmanship he consults Kipling's poems, because he possesses 'the harp that couldna' lee' (like True Thomas the Rhymmer in his Last Rhyme'), and must be considered our one and only poet-statesman." The other essay is equally striking ; it is called "Unknown Statesmen of the Empire," (4 May, 1935) and sets forth Kipling's tribute to men in subordinate positions and poorly paid, who live up to the ideal of the British Empire : "Who are the keepers of the King's peace in fair lands afar ? The answer to that question can be found in Kipling's poems, which are so often inspired by thoughts of the men who secretly, silently build their lives into the still-growing fabric of our world-wide Commonwealth. They are men of works, not words, who have exchanged their motherland for a mistress-land." As our readers will know, Kipling's work is full of character sketches of men of this type who "know not the politician's arts of self-advertisement, they do not court Demos, they seem to shun the most profitable publicity." Men of this kind are described in tales like "On the City Wall," "Little Foxes," and many more ; they get no praise if all goes well, and they take all the blame if the least little thing goes wrong.

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So it seems that the oft-promised Kipling films are really going to be shown (released is the term, we believe) in the near future. Parts of "Soldiers Three"—60,000 feet of film—have already reached England, so the *Film Weekly* informs us, and adds : "Kipling himself has helped to prepare the film story. His assistance has been given unofficially, but Walter Forde is hoping that in the end, he will be able to feature the author's name on the credit titles as collaborator on the screen adaptation." We can well understand that Mr. Kipling was interested in the book of the film, or something like the following (culled from another paper) might have appeared in the script :— "Arthur Hornblow (Junior) looking pleased with himself yesterday. Reason not far to seek, being that over the weekend he'd been in a huddle with Rudyard Kipling, and got the complete and final okay on the script of 'The Light That Failed.' One shudders to think of one of Kipling's beautiful and appropriate language being translated into something like the above, which type still appears in certain films.

From an excerpt dated 24 March we gather that *The Freethinker* does not approve of Kipling's religious views, on which some strange comments are made :—" Of all the hundreds of gods created by men in their own likeness, the Anglo-Indian deity of Mr. Kipling is the most astonishing. . . . Mr. Kipling will live as a literary artist, but his attitude as a philosophical thinker is unimpressive. In plain language, his intellectual position is simply that of acquiescence with current theology and conventional morality. . . . In religious speculations Mr. Kipling never launches out into the deep." There is much more in the same strain ; we wonder if the writer of this article has ever really read Kipling, for the last thing to say about him would be that he is acquiescent of current theology and conventional morality. One would have thought that the little poem, " The Two-Sided Man," was sufficiently broad in outlook to acquit its author being conventional.

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In London recently there was sold one of the few Kipling poems that was rejected by a paper. The *Journal* in question was *Blighty*, a magazine distributed free to the troops during the War. The poem was probably too amusing for the excellent committee who ran this paper, so they asked Mr. Kipling to make a number of alterations ; he very naturally refused, so the poem, " Sons of the Suburbs," never saw the light. There was no harm in it, though plenty of innocent fun ; doubtless the proprietors of this paper were of the same type as the hospital visitors who distributed virtuous but not very thrilling literature to the men catalogued by them as " the soldiers !"

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One of our Life Members, Mr. Alexander Woolcott, who is described as the King of Story Tellers and the greatest journalist in America, has lately been writing for the English Press. We of the Society owe him a welcome, not only on his merits as a writer, but as the author of a remarkable broadcast in New York about the Society and its doings.

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Kipling's works are still prime favourites in France. Another translation has just been brought out—" Rewards and Fairies "—under the excellent title of " *Le Retour de Puck.*" The English name of the book is a quotation and from its nature quite untranslatable. As its well known, French literary critics place Kipling at the top when discussing English literature. The *Liverpool Daily Post* of May 13th

gives some striking evidence of this :—" M. Claude Farrère, another Academician, has read Kipling's ' Kim ' ten times every year for the last thirty years. And M. Francis Carco declares that the English are wrong in not placing Kipling on the highest summit of all." *The Evening News* of April 11th gives an even more decided opinion from M. Henri Bernstein :—" It always amazes me thatt English people, especially the most distinguished English writers and critics, find it so difficult to say who is your greatest living writer, and then mostly name the wrong one. All over the Continent, among those with whom I come into contact, I get an immediate answer when I ask who is the greatest living English writer. It is Rudyard Kipling, and I cannot imagine how you yourselves do not know it. Apart altogether from his immense literary skill, he is a great man, a prophet. It is amazing that because he is the prophet of the British Empire his own country should regard him less highly than we do." Mr. Kipling has pointed out in one of his poems that it is the lot of a prophet to be undervalued in his own country.

We must look to ourselves here in England in this matter, for even in Soviet Russia Kipling's children's books are very popular.

Kipling and the Sea.

BY COMMANDER O. LOCKER-LAMPSON, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.N.V.R., M.P.

IT is the fate of lecturers to apologise for the inadequacy of their equipment and to plead ignorance of their subject. I should occupy my full allotted time if I fell a victim to this convention. Yet in passing I cannot but observe with bated breath, that in aspiring to lecture about "Kipling and the Sea" I lack not merely the necessary critical detachment : I have besides no fundamental acquaintance with the liquid portions of the globe. Alas, my 'sea service' in the War was done in the air and on the ground, and only casually along the wet highways of the world. So that I can bring little expert knowledge and almost as little first-hand experience—unless it be of sickness—to my study of the sea.

Yet my essay need not, therefore, be of no account. The unambiguous reactions of the amateur may be more authoritative than the sifted impressions of the professor. Highbrows are too chilly to give back first-hand experience with natural force. Surely you, whom I address to-day are not highbrow. Nor, of course, can you be low-brow. You appear to occupy a more blessed midway state of intelligence

and feeling : and in saying that I am not only telling the truth—a rare virtue in lecturers—but taking the advice of a canny friend who tells me to get on the good side of an audience—by a little early flattery.

And now, brother bigots of the Kipling cult, fellow faithful of the Law and Jungle, let us clear our minds of cant and see where we are. Kipling the student of sea-goers is not a different writer to Kipling the student of shore-goers. I find his basic attitude to both to be derived from identical points of view, from similar prejudices, if you will. He reveals in both cases his aggressive contempt for the dilettante and mere dreamer, his hatred for the lounge through life. And remember that this response at the outset was personal. For he happened to be born into the artificial age of Aubrey Beardsley and was a relative of the very Burne-Jones whose dieaway darlings were filling the expensive walls of contemporary London, Kipling was a living witness of the languorous and scented generation of Oscar Wilde : and I chuckle over his early protest against decadence in the sea-poem, " The Mary Gloucester :"

" Harrer and Trinity College : and I ought to ha' sent you to sea.
But I stood you an education, and what have you done for me ?
For you muddled with books and pictures, and china and etchings and fans,
And your rooms at College was beastly, more like a whore's than a man's."

No wonder Wilde thought Kipling vulgar.

I like occasionally to creep up to the modern young aesthete and to whisper those salutary words in his ear.

Now if Kipling hates the drifter and do-nothing, it follows that he loves work. And note that Kipling prefers work even to the worker. Men matter more than man. Humans are of more account than humanity. Why, he calls one of his books " The Day's Work," and story after story and song after song tells the glory of discipline and labour. That is why some critics have thought of him as the Philistine philosopher of force. Yet at its worst his is only a summons to duty and to stoicism under trial and shame and obloquy. And were not these qualities wanted by a frivolous world dancing its Jadarene gallop down the swine slopes into the World War? And if these qualities are necessary to Kipling's characters whose venue is land, how much more essential when it is water. For to sailors the background is not the relatively safe and immobile earth, but the ruthless, shifting sea, the cannibal of the elements who devours her most loyal and brave.

Now Kipling goes to sea more and more as he advances from the **early** rôle, which he set himself of champion of the Services. He

first glorified the soldier or civil servant or engineer ashore, and turns later only to sailors and their medium. It is later that he sings the significance of steam and oil. as once he sang that of horse and wheel *i* and here I offer one general observation. The body of Kipling's poems does not stand upon so high a level as the prose. There is more prose which carries the radiium of immortality. The "jungle Books," for instance will survive all but a few verses : and when it comes to the sea, then even his best rhymed seascapes will not outlast some prose legends of the sea. Not that any sea story is quite up to the best of his fiction. None approaches perhaps "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat, or "They" in spiritual import. But in the case of the traditional wonder yarn, which beguiled before Homer, and will as long again, because it is 'marvellous,' then some sea fables cannot be beaten upon their ground. And here let me admit this : I prefer the earlier sketches. The most ambitious of Kipling's books is a later sea story, "Captains Courageous." This all but one attempt in long storytelling deals only with the sea. While the theme is again the ugliness of sloth and the glory of hardship and work ; it is lush with jargon and slang and technical terms packed together like hard cake. It has miraculous moments, and there are descriptions from it and from "Letters of Travel," which are unforgettable :—

"A man in blood-red jersey and long boots, all shining with moisture, stands at the bows holding up the carcass of a silver-bellied sea-otter from whose pelt the wet drips in moonstones."

Yet it falls short of the unconscious and Homeric simplicity of other records of the sea. There is nothing about the sea in "Plain Tales" I think ; but there is indeed in "Many Inventions." Oh, why have all of us read so much Kipling already ; and got him by heart ? You know already what I am leading up to. If we might all come new to this volume and record its first impact. There is not an Arabian Night more full of witchery than "The Finest Story in the World," nor a true tale as likely as "A Matter of Fact." On rising from their perusal we feel it all happened. Just as the talk of the Roman legionaires on the wall in "Puck" might have been overheard and taken down by a contemporary reporter : these stories really must be the words of an eye-witness. It is the cold truth. The fabulous has never yet been made so actual.

Kipling, as we all know, is omniscient and ubiquitous : and from early days was fascinated by previous incarnation and galley life. His

blame him ?) wantonly adopted doggerel in which to meet or express understandably the popular sentiment of the moment. He stood out first as the interpreter of India ; then he became M.P. for England : and last, he was the Oracle of Empire, the bard of the Epic of Overseas. He was called upon to lead—as no man of letters ever led—a land in song ; and he spoke even for the White World in sea poems like " The White Man's Burden." He spoke for more than the White world, for the Wide World in the " Recessional."

When politicians funked Prussia and diplomats begged us not to offend the Kaiser by speaking the truth, this manful patriot knew no fear. With lonely vision he challenged in a sea song, " The Rowers " (1902) the British alliance with Germany, " the open foe," and he followed it by " The Declaration of London " (1911), in which he foresaw the reality of contraband conditions for our merchant shipping in the war. He was forever preaching preparedness afloat ; and we were impregnable (*at sea* at any rate) in 1914, not because a Liberal Government held the helm, but because Rudyard would not cease from Kipling at whatever cost.

And now I must bring my casual comments to a finish. Kipling is not all that he might be. Who is ? Still less is he all that some bores want him to be. He does not picture life in eccentric cubes and circles. His notion of woman does not happen to be that of Rima in the Park, nor is his conception of God an anthropoid subman. He has, therefore, his limitations. They complain that he never grew up and remains a boy speaking to boys. There cannot be an imaginative writer of merit of whom this might not be true. Scott never grew up nor Dumas, nor Dickens nor Homer. It is by virtue of their eternal boyhood that they survive.

Nor is the charge that Kipling remains immune to modern thought movements more on the mark. Homer was not democratic or introspective, and Kipling will not strip for his feelings in public to afford fashion another kick, or ransack only the nasty cupboards in our minds. He stands for a state of soul above sex, and for a natural manliness and love of life which transcend the trivial, although more than any recent author of standing he transmutes the lowliest to the loftiest purposes of an art which at its best challenges comparison with the best.

DISCUSSION

In opening the discussion after the lecture, **Lord Moynihan** said:—
" I have had a great disappointment to-night ; I can find so little in what

Commander Locker-Lampson has said with which I can quarrel. His tastes seem to be so approximate to my own that the divergence is infinitesimal. I liked very much what was said about the creative imagination, but I quarrel with him when he says that Kipling was not there. Of course Kipling was there ! Not physically, but the material part of us is surely the most insignificant. The real things in life are the things of the spirit. In the finest song that ever was written, you remember how he tells of Ozimandias, King of Kings. Of great Ozimandias nothing now remains but a few broken fragments crumbled to ruins. It is the spirit that is immortal. It is the spirit in the finest story in the world, and Kipling's spirit was united in that finest story in the world—it is "The Brushwood Boy." Of all the stories ever written that is the one I read oftenest and love most. It contains the truth of all the stories ever written. I just tickled all over when I read that. I tickle still ! But that is the great charm of Kipling. You can love nearly everything that he ever wrote and you may differ in opinion from those whose taste and judgment is finer than your own. I have been agreeing with everything that Commander Locker-Lampson has ever said, and yet differing—and it is just that difference which makes that appeal to me. I must take this chance of thanking him from a most appreciative heart for his address to-night. I shall glory in the reading of it, and I am sure I can allocate to myself a collective responsibility and for all of you listening here to-night say ' Thank you very much.' "

Mr. J. C. Beresford. " I am afraid I cannot bear witness that the Kipling at school was anything like the wonderful heroic colour we have in the grand self-sacrificing ideas which he has set forth to the world. He was rather the other way round. He must have explored in his life the really lazy aspect of things. He never strained himself to undertake any task to which he was not inclined. As a boy, up to the age of 16, he was a kind of chrysalis, not a bit like the butterfly. I suppose it was all brewing inside him. I should like to be able to bear witness that he was a very strong, outside sort of schoolboy. If he had been, he would have been Head Prefect and Captain of Games. As a matter of fact, he was a very non-commissioned officer. He was exceedingly strenuous about his own literary side, studying the masters ! School tasks were always put on one side and were not much good. The strenuous side of School life, games and sports were put on one side. He was always thinking what Burne-Jones would say, what William Morris would say and took his cue from them. When he got

to India he was something very different. He did not think the aesthetes were a good egg at all. He thoroughly explored the self-indulgent side. That gives his preachments, his stoic preachments so much force."

Major General Rimington, R.E. " I cannot say very much about Kipling. I do not altogether agree with what Beresford has said. Kipling distinguished himself in the School by running the School Magazine, and he used to write excellent stuff for that. That was a very literary business, and I think our School Magazine became famous—some of you may have seen copies of it. It was rather high-class when Kipling was editing it. He certainly was not keen on games, and I never thought in those days that Kipling would become the Imperial Poet that he became afterwards."

Mr. B. M. Bazley, Hon. Editor. " There was a remark made about two meetings ago that we learn a good deal from our Lectures, and, however well one knows Kipling or his works, one always gets a new point of view ; without flattery, we have had that to-night. It is a very refreshing aspect, even though we do flatter ourselves we know Kipling rather well, though not perhaps as well as we should like to ; the more you learn the less you know ! I thought our Lecturer spoke more of men than of man, and I daresay that war-time poem will occur to you—"The game is more than the player of the game, and the ship is more than the crew !" I think this came out towards the end of the War. As to his sea poems, it is always an arguable point as to whether Kipling's poetry will be more important than his prose. You cannot tell. Fashions change. I am more inclined to agree with the Lecturer that the prose is the more important—until I read something new and say, ' Nobody else could have written this.' The poem Commander Locker-Lampson quoted, " The Long Trail," has the real swing of the sea, and if you have ever been at sea in a small old-fashioned ship you will feel it all. One thing more : the uncollected item ' Ibbetson Dunn,' where he describes wonderfully—especially for a boy—a wreck of a biggish smack on the coast ; little details of how they realise that the end is near. The sea is getting up ; the boy is crying as he begins to unlace his boots. I must join issue with Commander Locker-Lampson about ' Captains Courageous.' The first time I read it I did not care for it so much because of its very technicalities—all those bits of jargon and sea language ; but the more one knows it, the more one appreciates it. As for descriptions of the sea, see when they are in the fog, when they are nearly run down by a liner, how graphic the description is.

Harvey hears the foghorn close at hand. He sees above him the column of Roman figures,—the first thing you notice when beside a big ship—they were Roman figures in those days. Perhaps Kipling over-elaborates as he gets older. He is more inclined to polish things—so was Shakespeare. 'The Manner of Men' is wonderful, but the technical sea jargon of two thousand years ago rather hangs the story up. 'A Matter of Fact,' where the old Swedish Bosun says the ship seems to * run downhill,' shows Kipling's wonderful realisation of detail. In 'The Finest Story in the World,' when the galley is going down, the water seems to hang for an instant before it actually comes over the bulwark of the ship, looking 'like a banjo-string drawn tight.' Now I come to my main point of issue : I was hoping to hear something about my friend Pyecroft. Marvellous as Mulvaney and his friends are, they are not a patch on Pyecroft. 'A Tour of Inspection' which appeared in December, 1904, describes not only the sea but the seaman. Pyecroft is always delightful. He appears first in 'The Bonds of Discipline ;' Pyecroft is asked by the narrator of the story what he will drink ; he replies :—' Only water. Warm water, with a little whisky an' sugar an' per'aps a lemon.' "

Viscountess Downe " Don't you think that is one place where Kipling failed ? He never made a life-like woman, did he ?"

Lord Moynihan. " He has the most charming daughter !"

Kipling and the Empire.

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

I MUST apologise to you for my appearance here to-night to address you on a subject to which, I feel, I am not qualified to do justice. I have no wish to thrust myself into prominence in any sort of serious literary society; I read and appreciate, but I am by no means a student. I am not dismayed at my ignorance of the subject, because I have found, like many others, that ignorance does not interfere with eloquence ; I noticed not long ago an example of this when Mr. Lansbury told us all about India.

I had hoped (*I hadn't really*) that I might be able to give you some typically bombastic quotations from Kipling that would afford the unusually stupid who accuse him of Jingoism some excuse for the libel. I failed, but hit on these verses :—

Our Empire is the finest thing
 That ever has been seen
 So let our loud Hosannas ring—
 We'll shake the world, I ween.

We'll crush who dare our might oppose ;
 None can our power resist,
 And fiercely to our trembling foes
 Apply the mailed fist.

I did not believe that these lines could be fairly attributed to Kipling. He would never have used " been seen " nor the expression, " I ween." As a matter of fact, I wrote them myself, just to show you what I can do when put to it; they indicate a tone that can always be heard in Central Europe—my wireless allows me to hear such resounding phrases on foreign stations. But the people to whom such phrases are addressed never see how funny they are ; if any of our men addressed an audience in this way, he would be saluted with bricks and tomatoes. You would not like me to say, for instance :—" British blood in British veins has carried Britain's flag throughout the world." No, thank God ! in this Empire that is one of the things that *is not done*. And that brings me to my point, which is that though Kipling's works throughout breathe the spirit of sane and sober pride in Empire, he does not appear to have written anything that could possibly be described as flag-waving. On the contrary, in " Recessional " and many other pieces he warns the nations of the Empire against any such tendency.

His message has not been to flaunt the banner of pride and defiance in the face of other nations, but to make the Empire understand itself—to help the various peoples under the British flag to know and appreciate each other. In this respect he goes beyond the confines of our Empire, writing in the same strain in regard to our cousins in the United States of America, visualising a common outlook on world affairs between all who speak the language of Shakespeare. That very beautiful story " An Habitation Enforced," is an example of this. I am glad that to-night I speak to Members from various parts of the Empire and from the U.S.A.—a group of English-speaking peoples. In bringing us all together like this, on the common ground of admiration for our great writer, our Society is performing a function which, I consider, even transcends its literary merits.

Kipling has always stressed the need for those within the Empire getting to know each other better ; speaking to the Canadian Club of Winnipeg in 1907, he said :—" *I have*, I confess it now, done my best for about twenty years to make all the men of the sister nations within the Empire interested in each other. Because I know that at heart all our men are pretty much alike, in that they have the same problems, the same aspirations, and the same loves, and the same hates : and when all is said and done, we have only each other to depend upon." For myself, I am just as far as Kipling from any desire to wave our glorious flag in the face of other less-favoured nations. I have looked at the matter from their point of view and, in my regard for their feelings, almost felt a desire to wrap the Union Jack up for a bit and hide it in a bag.

During the Boxer War *in* China, 35 years ago, I was with the British contingent of the international army which took the field. I had several friends among the officers of the German contingent, one of whom freely unburdened himself to me of his dislike for our flag : he described how, on the voyage out, wherever they called or saw land, there was always the Union Jack flying—Dover, Gibraltar, Malta, the Suez Canal, Aden, Colombo, Singapore and Hong-Kong, ending with the British concession in Tientsin. Another thing that annoyed him was the badge of my regiment, which carries, referring to the China War in 1860, the words " China, 1860—Taku Forts;" not being aware at first that this was about our fifth expedition in China, he thought it referred to the present operations, in which Taku had again been taken. He said that we were very smart at advertising our military power ; I asked him to look at the date !

At Tongku I was in charge of the railway and senior British officer, so my duties were varied and complicated ; being international, these involved a great deal of alcoholic refreshment, at which I was able to keep my end up without difficulty, though no discussion on international affairs took place without much health-drinking. I wonder if the numerous round-table conferences of the League of Nations are conducted on the same lines ? As most of them prove abortive, I can only imagine that the proceedings are conducted on a basis of lime-juice, a beverage that is not likely to conduce to harmony. I would refuse to sign any agreement with anybody on such a foundation.

I have already stressed the point that Kipling's aim has been, not defiance of other nations but a proper understanding among ourselves, and this we know is being steadily achieved. But the English people have never been Imperial-minded ; in the heart of this great Empire

service abroad is actually taken to count against a man—those who have never gone outside these small islands being preferred for employment above those who have gained experience overseas. I leave you to think out examples for yourselves.

At the Banquet of the Royal Society of St. George this year Mr. Kipling gave us a splendid speech, but as this was an exclusively English gathering he made no direct reference to Imperial matters except in the stern warning as to the necessity for an immediate increase in our armed forces, that they should be ready as ever, not to go to war for the sake of war, but to maintain peace.

In conclusion let me tell you a little story, which may excuse my own shortcomings as a lecturer. The private soldier often expresses things very neatly. I remember at a Soldiers' Concert a man making three efforts to sing. The accompanist had to keep on beginning again. At last the fellows at the back began ragging him, and he lost his temper ; he took two steps to the front of the stage and said :—" If any of you — think you can do this better than I can, you can *jolly* well come up and do it !" I say the same ! !

DISCUSSION

Mr. G. C. Beresford : "Of course, Kipling is a Jingo, but by the definition, ' We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do ! ' A Jingo is quite a respectable person. He is not a Chauvinist. A Jingo is a person who will prudently defend himself against aggression. Kipling, of course, does not rush people on. He only appeals by suggestion. He is a Jingo and a Patriot by suggestion, by implication, attitude and atmosphere. He does not say so himself in words. Like Agag, he walks delicately. The reason is, of course, because he began rather the other way round. He was under the influence of Burne-Jones who was rather a ' Little Englander,' a Pro-National in Ireland and would have been a Pro-Boer if he had lived. Kipling had the huge advantage of looking at the other side of the question. He knew it in all its moods and tenses and knew what the answers were. He does not rush in where Jingos fear to tread. He does not use the words ' glory,' ' pain ' and ' honour ' very much, and he never refers to Waterloo ! If you want to know the other side of the question you had better read Newbolt who revels in fame and glory. Kipling is a more delicate person and much more artistic. The secret of his influence over a restrained people like the English is that he goes very quietly and gets it over by looking at both sides of the question. If you read Kipling's work in

that spirit you will understand him more than you ever did before.

Mr. B. M. Bazley: " I think our President has given us pretty much Kipling's idea, but in his own words. The ' Little Englander ' attacks Kipling because he has the gift of the right word, and you cannot waive him away. These people have never read some of Kipling's quieter stuff where he gives us very much the same kind of thing as our President, said to-night. He begins in ' Stalky and Co., ' with that lovely story ' The Flag of their Country, ' the rebuke to the talker. That is the particular point that he drops on. ' The Absent-Minded Beggar ' is screamed at, and yet the second line of that is a most delicious hit at the loud and vulgar and merely talkative patriot. ' When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth. ' Kipling's type of man did not do this.

With regard to the Empire and what the President has told us all to-night, of course, in some way we were there first. While our Empire was expanding Europe was going through various phases and started a little late. Some of our French friends—M. Davray and M. Maurois—have told us that for a long time they did not bother about these things—Empires and things like that—and yet the French Empire now is not very much short of the British. Germany late in the day began to recognise her Colonies. Germany has got what we have not got—a set of postage stamps illustrating four of her state colonisers. Italy is equally busy. There is some gift—and Kipling notes this—that holds the Empire together ; we are lucky in having a writer like Kipling. The main thing, I think, is absence of talk. The President has given to-night one or two remarks in which he comments on that undue amount of talk. Well, of course, one thing we have got and I believe only one other race has it—the Chinese—a delicate sense of humour. We see the ridiculous side of a thing very quickly, where certain other nations do not. They are rather too serious. I cannot imagine any other nation producing a ' Bai-Jove-Judson. ' It is a very lucky thing that at the time when Kipling was writing during the time of Empire expansion when Queen Victoria was on the throne, that her name was not the same as the late Empress of Japan. Her name was *Jingo* ! !"

Mr. J. H. C. Brooking : " I think I am speaking for everybody here when I say we all appreciate not only General Dunsterville's speech and information about Kipling and the Empire, but also his own experiences all over the Empire. I feel sure a number of people must know that General Dunsterville has written a number of books—' Stalky's

Reminiscences,' 'More Stalky Reminiscences,' 'Still More Stalky Reminiscences.' If those of you who have not read those books have enjoyed his remarks, I am sure you will still more enjoy his printed remarks. He mentioned among other things incidents in the "Dunsterforce." This is supposed to be a record of war. It is really the record of some gigantic practical jokes General Dunsterville played upon the Turks.

Lieutenant-General Sir G. F. MacMunn also spoke and told several very amusing anecdotes.

The Annual Conference and Luncheon.

MINUTES of the Ninth Annual Conference of the Society, held on Thursday, 13th June, 1935, at 12 noon in the Rembrandt Rooms, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, S.W.7., Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. (President), in the Chair.

1. *Report.* The President mentioned that the Report had been circulated to all concerned, and it was adopted as read.

The Live Register comprised 724 Members, including 490 in the United Kingdom and 234 overseas. Life Members numbered 71, and "Donor" Members 42. Although the Society continued to hold its own the upward trend was slow. While they may not desire to make it a large society, it was desirable that membership should be increased to say 1,000. Since the printing of the Report the Victoria (B.C.) Branch had increased its membership to 15; they hope soon to reach 20.

Council had decided to increase the number of meetings next Session, making five Ordinary instead of four.

2. *Election of President and Members of Council Retiring by Rotation.* The President announced that, in accordance with the rules of the Society the conference was asked to elect certain officers of the Society who were retiring by rotation, and the first of these was the President.

(a) *The President.* Lieutenant Sir George MacMunn proposed that the retiring President, Major General L. C. Dunsterville, be re-elected for the year.

"We are," he said, "extraordinarily lucky to have him with us today. It is said that old soldiers never die, and here he is again as full of life as ever and in quite his old form. I think it would be a disaster if we did not have him this year and for many years after." Mr. Austen **Hall** seconded the resolution, and it was unanimously carried.

2 (b). *Members of Council.* The following members of Council who retired in rotation on 31st March, 1935, offered themselves for re-election :—Sir Francis Goodenough, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking and Mr. J. R. Turnbull. Mrs. Frizelle seconded Mr. Grierson's proposal that the retiring members be re-elected, with effect from 1st April, 1935, and the proposal was carried unanimously.

(3) *Confirmation of Appointments.* (a) *Vice Presidents.* The following having been co-opted as Vice-Presidents of the Society under Rule VIII were to be confirmed in that office, *vis* : The Right Hon. Lord Amptill, the Earl of Moray and His Excellency Mr. Robert Bingham.

(b) *Member of Council (ex-officio).* The President said, with reference to Rule VIII (d), the Council desired confirmation of their action in having deemed the words " on Council for Library questions only " after " Hon. Librarian " to be in abeyance during the period that Mr. W. G. B. Maitland holds the appointment as " Hon. Librarian."

(c) *Executive Officers.* The executive officers as appointed by the Council under Rule VII (d) for the year commencing 1st April 1935 to be confirmed in their appointments. They were :—

The Hon. Treasurer—Lt.-General Sir George MacMunn.

The Hon. Librarian—Mr. W. G. B. Maitland.

The Hon. Editor—Mr. B. M. Bazley

The Hon. Solicitor—Mr. C. A. Cusse.

The Secretary,—Colonel C. Bailey

Mr. A. E. O. Slocock said he had great pleasure in proposing the confirmation of all the appointments under (a) and (c) as co-opted, or made, and the action taken under (b) by Council, and mentioned that the administration had been difficult work ; this was seconded by Mr. F. W. Mackenzie-Skues, and carried unanimously.

(4). *Accounts for the year ended 31st March, 1935.* The President said that these had been circulated and also that the remarks contained in paragraph 10 of the Annual Report had also been read. He invited the Hon. Treasurer and others to make any remarks they wish to make. The Hon. Treasurer, Lt.-General Sir George MacMunn then said :—

" Your accounts are, for the present satisfactory. You have £300 invested and since the Report was printed another £119 has also been invested in Government paper. Your investments, however, only cover the money that has been paid in advance by Life Members and those who had paid a year or so ahead ; of this between £40 or £50 as you will see in the Accounts, is recredited each year to make up your

income from subscriptions. Unless, therefore, your subscribers increase, this amount will slowly be amortised. If you get more Life Members it rises again. In the meantime you have plenty of assets, while you try and increase your membership. You will note that the cost of your lunch is shown in full on one side, and the value of the tickets sold in full on the other. By changing our Printers the cost of the Journal and the Secretary's Printing and stationery is considerably reduced. Your sale of Bookplates brings in a profit."

(5) *Proposed Amendments to the Rules.* The President asked the Secretary to read the proposed amendments. The proposals were discussed, and the Secretary explained when necessary and replied to queries. It was then proposed by Lt.-Colonel E. A. Breithaupt, and seconded by Mr. A. A. Hutchinson, that these amendments be approved : this was carried unanimously.

No further remarks having been made by any member present, the President thanked Sir George MacMunn for helping the Assembly understand the Accounts, which, as Sir George explained, showed the Society as rather more prosperous than it really was, but he said that we were not in the category of a public or Limited Liability Company. He read paragraph 1 of Rule II, and pointed out that the accounts had been audited by Messrs. Milne, Gregg and Turnbull, who are satisfied as to the actual correctness of our figures. He did not consider it necessary to make any alteration in the method of presenting the accounts, though the Hon. Treasurer's remarks should be borne in mind. The President then moved that the Annual Report and the accounts as circulated and audited, be taken as read and adopted. This was seconded by Mr. John Sanderson and carried unanimously.

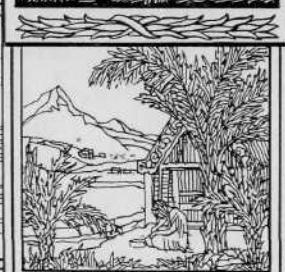
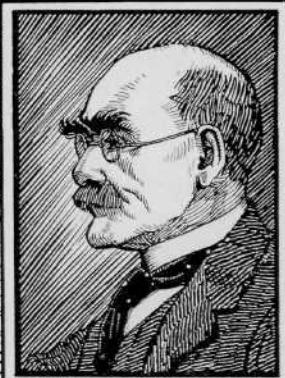
(6) *Miscellaneous Business.* The President proposed that a vote of thanks for services rendered to the Society should be recorded to all who had helped in any way during the year.

Referring to Mr. B. M. Bazley, who continued his excellent work as Hon. Editor of the *Kipling Journal*, Major-General Dunsterville said many letters were received from overseas in appreciation, and they were all very grateful to him. Mr. W. G. B. Maitland had done keen and efficient work as Librarian, and was always ready to come forward and help the Society in other ways. Then there was Mr. A. E. O. Slocock, a " Life " Member. They were extremely grateful to him for the help he had always given by his generous donation to the funds of the Society.

In the United States there was Mr. Carl Naumburg, who deserved particular thanks for his unselfish work on behalf of the Society, carried

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

CANADA INDIA AUSTRALIA



SOUTH AFRICA NEW ZEALAND NEWFOUNDLAND

RUDYARD KIPLING & THE EMPIRE
ROYAL JUBILEE YEAR 1935

on under strenuous circumstances, and thanks were due, too, to his several helpers in the U.S.A. In addition, the President said, he could not praise too much the work of the Hon. Treasurer and Chairman of the Council, Lt.-General Sir George MacMunn. They were all grateful to him for his work and interest in the Society. Then there was the Secretary, who worked very much harder than the members could realise, and all thanks were due to Colonel Bailey. As President of the Society he thanked all who had helped in any way. The vote of thanks was seconded by Mr. G. E. Fox, and carried unanimously amid applause.

Under the heading " Any other business " Colonel Milburn asked the Council to consider whether it would be desirable for the next annual meeting to make arrangements for one or more speeches after the luncheon to be broadcast. He thought it would be greatly to the advantage of the Society.

The President thought the idea a good one, and such a broadcast would be of advantage to the Society and to the world in general. This idea will be considered by Council.

Major-General J. D. McLachlan then proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman of the Conference. This was passed unanimously, with much applause, and the gathering broke up.

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

THE LUNCHEON

THE Society's ninth annual luncheon was held at the Rembrandt Rooms, Thurloe Place, S.W.7., on Thursday, the 13th of June, 1935. The guests being received by the President, Major-General L. C. Dunsterville.

Although the gathering was not quite so large as last year, it was evident that the same enthusiasm for the aims and objects of the Society reigned. Few Westward Ho! members and guests were able to attend, and this fact accounted for the decrease in numbers. However, distinguished guests sat by the president as in previous years, including :

Monsieur Erik Colban, the Norwegian Minister;
The Right Hon. Lord Amphill, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. (Vice-President);
Baron C. Leijonhufvud, Counsellor of the Swedish Legation;
The Right Hon. Lord Rennell, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O. (v.p.);
Lieut.-General Sir Sidney Clive, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps;

Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O. (V.P.);
 General Sir Alexander J. Godley, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C.(v.p.);
 Mr. C. E. Aagard, Attaché at the Danish Legation;
 Commander O. Locker-Lampson, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.N.V.R., M.P. (v.p.);
 Sir Francis Goodenough, CBE (V.P.);
 Major-General J. D. McLachlan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (V.P.);
 Colonel C. H. Milburn, O.B.E., D.L., J.P., M.D. (V.P.);
 Mr. J. H. C. Brooking (Founder);
 Colonel Sir A. Holbrook, Bart., KBE, J.P., D.I., V.D. (V.P.);
 Lady Cunynghame (V.P.);
 Mrs. Alec Tweedie (V.P.).

Luncheon was served at 1.15, and the Rev. H. P. Kennedy Skipton, F.S.A., F.R.Hist.Soc, said Grace. When lunch was finished the President proposed the toast of "The King."

Lord Rennell, in proposing "Rudyard Kipling," said:—"When I was invited by your indefatigable secretary to make what should be, but I am afraid will not be, a rhetorical effort worthy of this occasion, my first reaction—I believe that transatlanticism is generally accepted—was an inclination to ask to be excused in favour of some younger and more competent enthusiast who had all the apposite quotations on the tablets of his memory. But on reflection I came to the conclusion that it was probably the last opportunity that could ever be afforded to myself to offer a testimony of my regard, and, I hope I may say, affection, to one who, though I seldom see him now, remains always with me as an inspiration, a philosopher and a friend.

The friendship is really an old one. It began a little over 40 years ago, in fact it was in 1894 that I first met Rudyard Kipling on one of those rare occasions when he could be induced to take part in a social function at an extremely interesting dinner party given by—as they were then—Lord and Lady Granby. The small company included a certain number of interesting personalities associated with my early years—Arthur Balfour, George Curzon, Harry Cust, and a number of the most brilliant figures in London. I had only just recently returned from stirring times in East Africa, when Uganda was three months walk from the coast, and when the future of that great continent was still undetermined. Now in our rapidly contracting world, when there is so little left for exploration, when the conquest of the air is lifting the last veil of mystery from the unknown world, I suppose it will not be so easy for the younger generation to understand the eagerness with which we then tried to escape from a convention which was much firmer than it is to-day, and try and find something to do for the country at the ends of the earth. Youth of to-day would hardly understand that, because the adventurous spirit has to find other outlets. We have

finished building our house of empire in which he played so distinguished a part.

Its foundations are, I hope, well established, and, such as it is, we must live in it now and hereafter without much prospect of any further exploration. But I well remember, and looking round I see there are many here to-day who also must remember, what it meant to us to realise that the soul of an adventurous and rather inarticulate people had found a Voice which they subconsciously felt expressed their feelings. It is perhaps those very people who are least articulate themselves who can respond most quickly to the voice that expresses for them those feelings which they convert into action. At any rate, I think it has been given to few to speak so directly and so stirringly to so many of his countrymen.

You will all still remember a former Jubilee when Kipling was stirred to write a great psalm for the Nation, a national psalm. He has lived to see another Jubilee after one of the greatest epics in our history, in happier times. Perhaps there might not have been occasion for another stirring message from Kipling's pen. At least, when I look around the world and see in other lands from boyhood upwards the youth of the country being trained with gliders and so on, and the children being trained in patriotism and devotion, and when I see so much of our energies being devoted to collecting ballot papers saying that we prefer war to the League of Nations, I sometimes wonder if we do not want another stirring message. But, as Kipling says himself, that is another story.

It is not only to his own countrymen that his wide humanity appeals ; I think almost everywhere where his language can be understood he has a wide public. I have been surprised to find how extremely popular his books are in the Latin countries. Of course you don't expect a foreigner to understand why we consider Kipling holds a high place among the big poets of his own land. In the present phase of events perhaps even we of the older generation find it difficult to derive the same pleasure from the subtle expressions of fugitive thought gravitating towards obscurity, and the abandonment of form in modern poetry. We prefer the lucid sanity and the mystery of craft of Rudyard Kipling. I think one must admit that every generation will have its own poetry, and perhaps the poetry it deserves, but out of all these successive phases the works that survive will be, I think, always those which have the quality of imagination and the virtue of humanity. Critics are still very busy separating the Romantics from the Realists

and the former are spoken of with a slight accent of depreciation like the Age of Chivalry as an interesting survival out of touch with the modern world. But they forget that the true poet must have vision and never lose hold of his grasp on life. These are the two qualities which seem to me to be pre-eminent in Kipling's verse.

I have already detained you far too long. There is so much to be said about him that I am quite sure nothing else I say is going to be of use. I have just tried to put before you in very simple language, without hyperbole, one or two of the characteristics of Kipling which have always commanded my homage, and I will therefore ask you in conclusion in our own parabolical way to drink to the health of the apostle of Empire, the interpreter of the British, and the great artist who, in his own language has drawn " the things as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are !"

Lieutenant-General Sir George F. MacMunn proposed " The Guests: "—" It is my great privilege once again to welcome our guests as I have been privileged to do in the last two or three years. This year we have first of all as our principal guest my old friend and comrade General Sir Sidney Clive, who, as you know is Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, an appointment on which perhaps depends the good feeling of the diplomatic circle as much as any other. We had asked also this Jubilee Year the Dominion Premiers, but they have either gone back or were unable to come. But we have asked to meet you to-day the representatives of three great Northern Countries. We have Monsieur Erik Colban, the Norwegian Minister ; Baron Leijonufvud, representing Sweden, and we have Mr. C. E. Aagard, representing Denmark. Many of you will remember those charming lines of Tennyson written when the late Queen Alexandra came to this country as bride of the Prince of Wales—" Norman and Saxon and Dane are we." I had almost said 'and Norwegian' for they are all almost out of the same box. We also have as guests the Headmaster of the resuscitated Westward Ho ! and Mrs. Tollemache. Last but not least we have several of our very good friends, the representatives of the press. They realise as we do how Mr. Kipling writes as a great apostle, not of the arrogance of Empire, but of our friendship with the world, and no one realises that more, I am happy to say, than the British Press.

I now ask you to drink to the health of our Guests, to the Press, and to couple it with the name of Monsieur Erik Colban, the Minister for Norway."

Monsieur Erik Colban, Norwegian Minister in London, responding, said:—" Lord Rennell spoke about Kipling as the man who had given voice to the intimate feelings of the British race and nations. One would have thought that only you here in Great Britain and in the countries overseas belonging to your Empire, would be able to understand and appreciate Kipling, but, as the last speaker pointed out, we from the northern countries of Europe also belong in a sense to the same group of peoples, and we also understand and appreciate your Kipling. And we also, like you, love him and think a great deal of him. He has given to everyone of us, from childhood onwards, impressions, something to think about, something to be mysterious about, something to dream about. And the older we grow, the deeper we cut into his soul and find such wonderful treasures there.

May I, on behalf of your other guests—and I think that I dare also include those who are not from foreign countries—thank you so much, Mr. President, for having invited us to spend a short while with you to see how fully you are occupied with this idea of perpetuating the name of Kipling, and of making it if possible still more familiar to the world at large. I may tell you that in my own country, and I am sure it is the case also in Sweden and in Denmark, of late we have once more started reading Kipling, and the President of the Norwegian Parliament (what you would call Mr. Speaker) has himself undertaken a translation of some of the most beautiful poetry of Kipling, so that I hope that even as a poet Kipling will no longer be a foreigner in my own country. (Cheers).

Once more, the heartiest thanks on behalf of all of us for giving us a glimpse into your work, and for allowing us an opportunity of telling you how firmly we believe in the success of the bright, the glorious, the yeoman, and the nationalistic ideas of which Kipling has been for so many, many years first spokesman."

Lieutenant-General Sir Sidney Clive proposed the final toast, " The Kipling Society and its President :"—

" Mr. President, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen—While I am very sensible of the honour you have done me in asking me to propose the toast of the Kipling Society, there is perhaps another reaction which it causes in my mind for which I must thank you very cordially. Like my fellow guests I have enjoyed an excellent luncheon in very delightful company, but to me you have given—shall I call it ?—a *sauce piquante* to the menu in the shape of a thrill of excitement. For I think that anyone, even the most hardened politician, would experience a thrill of

that sort when asked to speak to an audience with whom he is unacquainted on a subject of which he knows nothing ! (Laughter) And so, knowing nothing, I should like to introduce the toast by referring to the impression that drives itself into my mind, and that is its unique character. Is there any other writer, musician, artist, the value of whose work has been so appreciated while he was still in the full flower of his middle age, in such a way as to suggest the formation of a society such as this ? Then on reflection one sees the *raison d'etre* of this society, which is that the writings themselves have a timeless character, and so one receives the impression that this society seems to be a denial of the ordinary sequence of the Past, the Present, and the Future.

Mr. Kipling has depicted in his inimitable art of black and white the British character. He has given us a series of pictures in which he has set forth that character in relation to other forms of humanity. His stories appeal to old and young alike, and it is that to my mind which distinguishes his writings from those of anybody else. They are indeed the idylls of the British race, and we hope that what he has depicted will be as true hundreds of years hence as they are to-day.

The progress of the Society is remarkable, not so much for the numbers of its members as for the fact that they are spread over nearly every country in the world.

I am told that when the Society started, Mr. Kipling himself was rather against it, but he did not carry his opposition so far as to create an anti-Kipling Society ! If he had possibly your numbers would have been greater than they are. In any case, I understand that your membership at home is 724, and I respectfully ask to correct that figure to-morrow and say that the membership is 725.

This toast for the prosperity of the Kipling Society I should like to bring to your notice, and also to drink to the health of your President, Major-General Dunsterville as representative of the founders of the Society. Those founders have gained distinction in many walks of life, in fighting, in writing, and in thinking, but I venture to say that one, and not the least, of the claims they have on the regard and gratitude of the Empire is that vision which enabled them to see the value of Mr. Kipling's works for the world at large, and of the benefits which this society would confer on their fellow citizens of the Empire. I give you the toast of the Kipling Society and its President, Major-General Dunsterville."

The President replied as follows :—" We have all had the pleasure

of listening to some very interesting speeches, and that part of the programme has now come to an end. This is in no sense a speech ; I have merely to read out to the conference the notes that the Secretary tells me to, and he is very careful to see that I omit nothing. He pushes papers into my hand, and I do as I am told. (Laughter).

First of all, may I thank the last speaker for his kind references to the Society and to myself, and to be especially grateful for having so lucidly put before you the claims for our existence. He has explained to you exactly why we need a Kipling Society. Kipling himself, as you may know, wrote to me when we started, and asked, ' Why don't you wait till I am dead ? ' Well, we could not wait. He is the solitary example that I know of where fame as a writer has been achieved and continued for half a century. It is fifty years since I first knew him, and he is still with us.

General Sir Sidney Clive made one slip. He spoke of ' founders ' in the plural, which you know is entirely wrong. There is only one Founder—Mr. Brooking. He is responsible for my position as head of the Society to-day, and I may say that what he did in the early days was done in the face of considerable opposition. Mr. Kipling was opposed to it, but Mr. Brooking was not to be gainsaid. And here we are, an institution. The membership of our Society is 725, which is a good figure, a slight increase over last year's. We had hoped to-day to have some of the Dominion Premiers here, but that was not possible. It is a matter of regret that old boys of Westward Ho ! are not with us in such numbers as they usually are.

We have had some very good bookplates printed, in accordance with Colonel Milburn's suggestion, and they are much appreciated. Our first Branch has been opened in Canada, in Victoria, B.C., and at the present time it has 15 members under the guidance of Mr. Cornwell. General Sir Julius Bruce in his cable to us from Australia sends his best wishes for an enjoyable afternoon. The Library is open after the Luncheon for those who wish to make use of it.

One point I must comment upon, and that is the absence of Mr. Kipling. I heard last night, and no doubt I could have heard to-day if I had had time to go round and listen, the question asked, ' Which is Mr. Kipling?—Is Mr. Kipling here? ' Of course it is quite absurd to imagine that Mr. Kipling ever could be here. What would it be like for us ? I should not dare to speak, nor would anyone else in the room, and if he were here he would have to endure our adoration. I thank Lord Rennell for his phrase, ' the importunities of the indiscreet. '

Well, we have not been indiscreet so far, and have not really importuned.

I would like to correct a common error. In the early days people were always speaking about Kipling, and I myself used to say, Mr. Kipling hates and loathes us. Of course, I did not mean all that. I meant that it was rather embarrassing for him to have a society like this in existence. But he realises that we behave extremely nicely towards him, and no doubt had it not been for the Kipling Society a large number of people would have been knocking at his door at Burwash and asking questions such as, why China across the Bay? On the whole (I will say it for him), he likes us really.

Last year there was a complaint made that this Society was too military. There was apparently a fear in the minds of some members that we might turn into a military organisation. But I can assure you it is not the case. I am very glad to have my brother officers around me, but it is only by chance that we have such men as General Sir George MacMunn and other distinguished soldiers with us. This year the complaint is that we are not literary enough. I will not comment on this, but merely remind you that you are not being sufficiently literary. Will you please try and be more literary. We want to be a little more highbrow! One individual wanted it—I don't know why. Personally I am not in favour of it. I think we are carrying out what we set out to do as laid down in our little pamphlet, which is to do honour to Rudyard Kipling and make his works known all over the world. That I am sure we are accomplishing.

It is interesting to note that we have only one honorary member on our list, and this is Consul Alfred Holm Laursen, of West Jutland, Denmark. We made him an honorary member for his very wonderful poem 'Lines from a Danish Sailor to an English Poet,' which appeared in our No. 3 Journal.

I have telegrams from the United States, from the American Society, offering greetings and heartfelt wishes for the afternoon, and another from the old boys of Westward Ho! wishing us the best of good fortune."

Reviews and New Books.

In this section there are two important items to be chronicled : a new Kipling poem and a speech. Following the wonderful " Hymn of Breaking Strain " (*The Engineer* ; 15th March—also in the *Daily Telegraph* ; 16th March), our author broke water with " Our Lady of the Sackcloth " (*Morning Post* ; 15th April) ; this poem is described in a subtitle as " Ethiopic Version ; founded on British Museum MS. Orient, No. 65/2, Folio 9." It is a very beautiful paraphrase of an ancient legend, told in simple language and style, with something of the same kind of appeal that we find in " Eddi's Service." Two days afterwards, the *Morning Post* published a letter about this poem, from which we take these remarks :—" I never thought that tears would be loosened in my eyes again since I lost my Labrador. I am not notably religious and I loathe ' poetry,' but I thank the Master for this most beautiful thing, and you for publishing it." It is impossible to do justice to this exquisite poem without giving the whole of it, but one verse will suffice to show the beauty of the general style :—

She passed in the white hot noontide,
 On a wave of the quivering air ;
 And the Bishop's eyes were opened,
 And he fell on his face in prayer.

The speech, delivered at the annual dinner of the Royal Society of St. George on May 6th, has evoked some interesting comment, some of which, to put it in Mr. Kipling's own phrase in one of the later Stalky stories, was " not without heat." Two Socialists, who had ' listened in,' both remarked on the beauty of the language and the excellence of the delivery ; the latter remark also appeared in a letter in the Press—" I may add that the manner of its delivery made it a joy to listen to." Perhaps the finest part of the address came in the peroration, in the reference to our Royal Family :—" The abiding springs of the English spirit were not of yesterday or the day before. They drew from the immemorial continuity of the nation's life under its own Sovereigns. . . . One has but to look back over the last century of our past to realize how that Royal relationship set itself—through Mother, Son and Grandson—to consolidate and prepare for our future, and to meet the hazards of our present. Three generations of our Ruling House have accepted whatever burden of responsibility, whatever merciless demand for effort, whatever of personal risk, the honour or the needs of their people laid upon them. Each generation

in turn has bowed the neck to unbroken sacrifice, devotion, and patience." During the evening, the Chairman, Lord Queenborough, read out this message from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales :—" Please convey my grateful thanks to members of the Royal Society of St. George for their good wishes, which I warmly reciprocate. I am sure that with Mr. Kipling as your chief guest you will have an enjoyable and most successful dinner."

It may safely be assumed that the matter of this speech, as well as the manner, has received general approval. But there are some people in England who begin a study of foreign politics by saying that England is always wrong—" Slang your own country first," they would say ; that any country which is in general agreement with England is also wrong : San Marino and Andorra have not yet, we understand, been pilloried by the Little Englander, but they must be careful not to express overt admiration for England's part in international affairs, or they, too, will be condemned by folk whose idea is that universal peace may be best promoted by rude remarks on the domestic matters of other nations. Now Kipling does not believe these doctrines ; he stands up for England, as a good Frenchman stands up for France, or a good German for Germany. The reasoning of the Little Englander is never very clear ; out of several we give this little squawk which, appropriately enough, is headed (it is from a letter to a Leicester paper) " Discordant Note," though the discord seems to be more prominent in the ideas of the writer :—" After our beloved Monarch had in his broadcast address to his subjects prayed that Peace may rest upon his lands, how dare this poet and writer so prostitute his genius as to advocate that we prepare ourselves for, and glory in, any further orgy of mass-murder." Most people, Mr. Kipling among them, seem to think that we have gone far enough in the endeavours to persuade other countries by practice as well as precept that peace is the best policy. No sane person wants war, but every person outside an asylum believes in protecting himself from violence. This attitude of those who disliked the speech was summed up in a satirical verse by " Hamadryad " in the *Saturday Review* (May 11th) :—

You were the bard of an Imperial nation ;
 But we have done with all that nonsense now.
 We cut and run from Indian agitation,
 And scuttle when the Irish make a row.
 Purged of the patriot ardour that immerses
 The barbarous folk who brandish mailed fists,
 We are—or hope to be—the universe's
 Prize internationalists.

Kipling's own summary, in the form of a syllogism, is the best rebuke to the England-always-wrong group :—" All pain—whether it comes from hitting one's head against a table or from improvising a four years' war at four days' notice—is evil. All evil is wicked. And since, of all evils war gives the most pain to the most people, wickedest of all things is war. Wherefore, unless people wish to be thought wicked, they must so order the national life that never again shall war in any form be possible. Granted the first premiss, the rest of the reasoning is unanswerable —on paper ; but why the entire commination service should have been addressed by ourselves to ourselves is a little obscure." The above passage was omitted or mutilated in many of the principal papers, but those who desire to read the speech in its entirety will find it reprinted in the June number of *The Nineteenth Century and After*, under the title of "An Undefended Island." History almost always repeats itself. Those of us who are old enough can remember that there was considerable outcry against Kipling's poem, " The Islanders," published in January, 1902 ; we can also remember how his prophecies were justified ;—

Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled, unmeet—
Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them raw from the street.
And what did ye look they should compass ? War-craft learned in a breath,
Knowledge unto occasion at the first far view of Death ?

* # # #

For the low, red glare to southward when the raided coast-towns burn
(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time to learn.)

Punch (26th June) contains a splendid coloured plate of Kipling, called "The Singer of the Empire." This is the last work of Mr. Raven-Hill before retiring, after forty years with our leading comic paper.

Letter Bag

A year or two ago a friend told me that in one of Kipling's stories—he thought it was on ".007"—the phrase, " the scream of tortured metal " occurs. I have read this story through carefully, but cannot find it. I shall be most grateful if any reader can tell me precisely where this is.

BERNARD COLLITT. (No. 1127).

Montreal. _____

I want to know the rhyme, reason and object of " Gow's Watch " in "Debits and Credits." Is Act. IV, Scene 4 a similitude to "The Prophet and the Country ?" Of course, both Acts, in that book, may be a representation of the previous stories, but I want to be sure.

L. H. PRESTON.

Penrith, N.S.W.

It may interest you to know that Clifton Road (my address) runs into Hauraki Road, and that a small area at the top of this road is sometimes known as Hauraki. But there is no 'hotel for superior sailors' at Hauraki (Kipling's Women). When Kipling wrote "Mrs. Bathurst," I doubt if there were any buildings at this spot at all, but it is only three miles from Devonport, the New Zealand naval base. Possibly it is Devonport that Kipling disguises under the name of Hauraki, name derived from gulf of that name.

R. B. PHILLIPS, Lieutenant-Colonel.

Auckland, N.Z.

Dear Sir,

I assume that most readers of this journal have read "Proofs of Holy Writ," perhaps the most characteristic in style, scholarship, and humour, among Kipling's recent works. For the benefit of such readers (though they hardly deserve it) as may have neglected to read that admirable little tale. I sketch it here in outline :—

Ben Jonson is spending a summer afternoon with Shakespeare at New Place. To them enters a messenger, bearing a letter in which the Reverend Miles Smith, one of the scholars appointed by the King "to sit" (Ben's phrase) "upon a clutch of Bibles" (The Geneva, the Douai, the Rheims, the Coverdale, and others) invites William Shakespeare, gentleman, as having some skill in words, to aid in hatching from these varied embryos the final perfection of a passage in Isaiah. Which final perfection (it is the great opening of the great sixtieth chapter) "Will" does there and then proceed to hammer out, line by line, with some help (and some hindrances) from Ben, and, as he will have it, at the inspiration of "his Demon," while he strides in the grass of his orchard.

I have just read, for the first time, in a book of essays, called "Pastiche and Prejudice," by A. B. Walkley, published 1921, the following :—

Sir Henry Irving used to tell how he and Toole had gone together to Stratford, and fallen into talk with one of its inhabitants about his great townsman. After many cross-questions and crooked answers, they arrived at the fact that the man knew that Shakespeare had "written for summat." "For what?" they enquired. "Well," replied the man, "I do think he wrote for the Bible."

Yours etc.,

E. DAWSON.

Cairo.

I was ill in bed at the time when No. 32 *Journal* arrived, and I have only just had time to read and enjoy it. General Sir George MacMunn's Paper on Kipling's use of the Old Testament is extraordinarily interesting and Mr. Bazley's remarks in the discussion exactly express my own feelings. I do not quite follow Mr. Beresford's remarks. Kipling, of course, did not walk about with a Bible in his pocket, nor did he ever 'bang' the Bible in our study; but that does not necessarily mean that he was not, in his own quiet way, absorbing its contents and enjoying the beauty of its language—in fact it is quite certain that he was doing this all the time. Mr. Beresford said:—"Kipling never spent Sundays in school, so we never knew how he spent them." I cannot understand this. My own recollection is that he spent every Sunday in school, and I can recall many of them, as it was rather a favourite occasion for adventure. There certainly was never any mystery about his Sundays, and if he disappeared for an hour or two from our midst he was probably revelling in the contents of the Headmaster's library.

20/6/35.

L. C. DUNSTERVILLE

Secretary's Announcements

- (1) *Meetings*—Council have decided to hold five ordinary and one special meeting next Session making a total of six meetings instead of five. The extra one will probably be an afternoon one—Provisional dates will be published in the September Journal, No. 35.
- (2). Members requiring copies of the photographs taken at the Annual Luncheon on 13 June should apply direct to Messrs. Swaine, Ltd., 8, Clifford Street, London, W.1. (1) Luncheon (taken at 2 angles). (2) Staff (Vice-Presidents, Council, etc.)
Price—Mounted 6s. 6d. each; unmounted 4s. 6d. each.
- (3). With this number goes (a) a copy of the Rules of the Society as amended up to date of the Conference, 1935, (b) to overseas members only, a copy of the Report and Accounts for the year ending 31st March, 1935.
- (4) *Journal Binding*. New members are informed that (See Journals No's 16, 27, and 30) 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.

C. BAILEY, Colonel, *General Secretary*.

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t " Life " Member.

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Correction—In Journal No. 33, page 32.

1321 Miss Margaret Ensor, U.S.A. should be as now stated.

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