



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY



DECEMBER 1944

VOL. XI No. 72

PRICE 2/-

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THE HON. SECRETARY,
THE KIPLING SOCIETY,
105, GOWER STREET
LONDON, W.C.1

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Notes

JINGO-LINGO.

THE definitive essay on that challenging word "Jingo" has yet to be written, but Mr. Tingey has "made a contribution," as the politicians put it nowadays, to the desired result. Those who can recall the 'seventies and 'eighties will agree that the word then possessed a vogue it has never had since, even when Exeter Hall ran it hard as a party imputation. Coming, as Kipling did, to London of those days, and setting up his tent right opposite Gatti's inexpensive "gaff," the favourite resort of the Tommy on furlough, it was natural for him to set the word on the palette of his memory. He stored it away for use on suitable occasions, just as he took to the music-hall as the only resort where Tommy found a backing and felt cheerfully at home.

THE ARGUMENT OF EMPIRE.

The scarlet of the army uniforms caught his eye because of the artist in his blood, as well as a reader versed in history and war; and here was the link that led him on by degrees to the argument of Empire. I can well believe that the very ring of such a word as Jingo had its own appeal for a poet of defiant and experimental temper like Kipling, apart from its modernity and its unmistakable lilt and meaning. Barham made a glee out of it with his Ingoldsby lay of "Lyttel Byngo," and conjecture mattered less about its origins and etymology. Swift used it as a pardonable juron, or swear-word, in his lampoon of "Actaeon," and one remembers it somewhere in Praed and Peacock.

POLITICAL SLASHERS.

Then the political slashers of seventy years ago flourished it in the dailies and the *Saturday Review*, and in

this way the word soon made up for a late start by spurting into current speech. Emerson and Russell Lowell and the "Autocrat" have acclimatised it out west, but it makes no figure in Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms" or the slapdash studies of Mr. Mencken. Yet the day may come when some arduous compiler may take a hint from that delightful Indian budget "Hobson-Jobson," and run together a concordance of political slang called "Jingo-Lingo." Who can tell?

SURVIVAL QUERIES.

Our lecture-extract from the "Times Literary Supplement" turns one's thoughts back to another lecture of a few years ago, given by a well-known novelist to the East India Association's members on the fiction of southern India. He gave us an excellent survey of men and women writers who have obtained more or less of a vogue over here, but had to admit that none of them had scored on a scale equivalent to expectation. Somehow or other, there was a feeling that "that fellow Kipling" was always in the way, and it was easy for a lecturer to weave this rueful impression into his context.

THAT SAME PHENOMENON.

Nobody pointed out in the subsequent discussion that if there was anyone who had awakened the English in India to a consciousness that there was a world of their own awaiting attention from their pens, it was surely that same phenomenon, Kipling. Otherwise it would seem that, save for a few accepted romancers like the late Flora Annie Steel and others, the writers who have trafficked in fiction with India for their theme, are hardly likely to survive their generation. By that time I question whether India will afford anything

distinctive or inspiring in the way of a master romance like *Kim* to vie with the facts of "Billy" Hickey's rough and racy diary.

Besides, Kipling's stories are only part of his claim on public appreciation, so that most of his prose and nearly all his verses bid fair to engross and retain attention throughout the English-speaking world. The minor critic and the casual lecturer may lash the echoes of the local institute at Little Pocklington or Jobtown Magna, and prate of Kipling's wealth of reference and allusion as a deterrent for the average reader. But there will always be an England, we are credibly informed, and at the Gadarene pace of poetry today, we stand little chance of finding any other laureate so qualified at many points to sing her qualities and command her best applause.

R. K. AS A JANE-ITE.

Mr. Brooking, our Founder, has a keen eye for a literary slip, and is too honest to allow his passion for Kipling to condone any oversights. In the *Sunday Times* he points out how, even in relation to an author he had read so thoroughly as Jane Austen, R. K. committed an anachronism never pointed out in print before. It was forgivable to take so demure a writer and use her chief

figures to bedeck a masonic • lodge : the incongruity must have tickled him at the time of writing, and amused thousands of his readers since.

As for the poem, *Jane's Marriage*, which accompanies the Jane-ites sketch in *Debts and Credits*, it outstripped all her eulogists in one respect, for nobody so far as we know, had ventured to pair her off into matrimony like this. Many a reader, however, must have remarked the appropriate worthies whom Kipling assembles to welcome Jane into Paradise instead of St. Peter—especially Shakespeare and Cervantes—contemporaries who excelled in her own domain of character and fun. Then there was Smollett, first of our masters in maritime fiction—this in compliment to Jane's naval sweetheart. But when it came to the great Sir Walter—who praises Jane in his delightful Diary somewhat to his own disadvantage—R. K. set him back in the eighteenth century and forgot that he lived well on into the next. Accordingly, as Mr. Brooking implies, Sir Walter could hardly antedate and induct her even into a bookman's paradise; and his letter should take a welcome place among our permanent commentaries on the work of two assured immortals.

J. P. COLLINS.



Library Note

by W. G. B. MAITLAND

AS Librarian, I should like to express my own personal thanks to Mr. Lawson Lewis for his gift to the Society of the three books referred to on another page. All are Limited Editions.

On *Dry-Cow Fishing*, as many members will remember, is a very rare Kipling item and consequently is a most valuable and desirable addition to the Library. The story originally appeared in the *Fishing Gazette* on Dec : 13, 1890, and has only been collected in the expensive *Sussex Edition* (Vol. XXIX). The copy pre-

sent by Mr. Lawson Lewis is one of a Limited Edition published in 1926 by the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, U.S.A. The story of how it was so published is told by him elsewhere in this issue.

Among my Books and Books and I by Paul Lemperry describe in detail his wonderful collection of books, autograph letters, MSS., etc., and how he came to possess them. Both books are a positive joy to the serious book-lover. Space prevents a detailed description—the books have to be read to be properly appreciated.

"Jingoes"

by A. J. C. TINGEY

"We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, and we've got the money too."

THE words at the head of this article are not by Kipling, though I should never be surprised to learn that they had been attributed to him. As a matter of fact the author's name escapes me, but it was not the name of the author, but the odd exclamation "by Jingo," that left its impress on the nation's memory. Thus a new substantive was added to the language.

It will be recalled that in 1878 public opinion in England was alarmed because the collapse of Turkish resistance had brought the Russian armies to the Sea of Marmora and Constantinople itself was threatened. What, then, was wrong with the song? The critics were distressed because the music-hall audiences who joined in the chorus upheld the interests (real or supposed) of their own country in preference to those of any foreign country. Did the song result in war? No, the power to whom it was addressed modified its claims. What harm did the song do? None, from the point of view of the welfare of England or of Europe. To the politically-minded it had a grievous fault; it strengthened the hands of the Foreign Minister of the day. Even then it was a time-honoured principle of English politics that the Foreign Minister should only be allowed the means of carrying out a weak foreign policy, so that, when an international crisis occurred, he could be solemnly attacked in Parliament for not maintaining a strong one. If the Minister was able to take a strong line from the outset this naturally deprived members of the opposition of their debating points.

"JINGO" DEFINED.

What is a jingo? The Oxford English Dictionary devotes a full column to this interesting word, but, for our immediate purposes, it will be sufficient to quote two extracts.

(a) "Derived from the expression 'by Jingo,' in the refrain of the music-

hall song, which became the Tyrtæan ode of the party ready to fight Russia in 1878."

Note the apposite classical allusion to Tyrtæus, a Greek poet of the 7th century B.C. who composed martial songs for the Spartans.

(b) "A nickname for those who supported and belauded the policy of Lord Beaconsfield in sending a British fleet to Turkish waters to resist the advance of Russia in 1878. Hence one who brags of his country's preparedness for fight, and generally advocates or favours a bellicose policy in dealing with foreign powers; a blustering and blatant patriot; a chauvinist."

Chauvinist is a French word which has found its way into our language because there is no exact equivalent in English.

"Chauvinism (O.E.D. again): exaggerated patriotism of a bellicose sort; blind enthusiasm for national glory or military ascendancy; so Chauvinist."

So named after Nicholas Chauvin, a Napoleonic veteran who wearied his contemporaries by continually reminding them of the departed glories of the Imperial régime.

Was Kipling a jingo or chauvinistic writer in the dictionary sense? No, of course not. A patriotic writer, yes; but to those infected with an internationalist ideology even patriotism is a crime.

Was Kipling a cause of jingoism in others? It is impossible to give a categorical answer to this question. Where are the jingoes? Speaking from the experience of my own life, in the course of which I have made thousands of contacts with my fellow men (to say nothing of the 'fiercer' sex), I can honestly say I have never met one, so, unless this experience is exceptional, this part of the indictment of Kipling need not be taken very seriously.

CAPTIOUS CRITICS.

Why was the accusation of jingo-

ism so often brought against Kipling by unfriendly critics? It would appear that these captious scribes had an uneasy suspicion that if it came to a contest of wits, they might easily get the worst of the encounter. It was, therefore, very much simpler for them to set up a caricature of Kipling which they could easily knock off its pedestal whenever they were prompted thereto by their spleen (or their livers). The applause which this performance was intended to evoke, can only have been grudgingly given. There is nothing so flat as a communication sent to the wrong address.

A contributor to *The American*

in 1883 said, "Educated men are supposed to see the difference between patriotism and chauvinism." At last we have found out what is the matter with Kipling's detractors. They are not educated men; or, possibly they have never had the right sort of education.

POSTSCRIPT.

On looking through an old volume of press-cuttings I find that the song "We don't want to fight, etc.," was written and composed by Mr. G. W. Hunt. The first public performance was given by the Great Macdermott at the old Pavilion Music-hall in the autumn of 1877.

Meeting of the Twain

IT is useless to speculate on how Kipling's view of the Indian scene would have been affected by the threat to that Empire of Japanese aggression; but it is to the point to ask an Indian patriot how the old problems are affected by the new Fascist menace to the rights of men and the rights of nations. That the British Commonwealth is aware of the fresh implications is evident in its planning for far-reaching changes in international and social affairs in the world after the war; it was evident, indeed, so far as India was concerned, in the changing attitude of English writers and statesmen—witness the distance from *Kim* to *A Passage to India* and *An Indian Day*—before Fascism attacked mankind; it is not so clear what effect the menace of the "New Order" in Asia and Europe has had upon the outlook of some nationalist thinkers—an outlook which some may feel is as dated as the "hang-over" of the Victorian era" that Dr. Mulk Raj Anand finds in the stories of Rudyard Kipling.

Dr. Anand was both arresting and provocative in his lecture to the East India Association on "English Novels of the Twentieth Century on India." Dr. Anand acknowledged Kipling's mastery of narrative, but contended that he remained a pernicious influence on English writers for a long time, since they shared his ideas and found a model to follow. The Victor-

ian "hang-over" persisted to the 1914-18 war. Mr. E. M. Forster was praised as firmly rooted in the traditions of Jane Austen and George Meredith. Dr. Edward Thompson's work was also commended and he was described as more positive in his belief in justice and humanity than Mr. Forster.

A subsequent speaker (Dr. Ranjee Shahani) was tempted to ask whether Dr. Anand's criteria were literary or political. In a written criticism Mr. Forster held that the test Dr. Anand applied to novels was much too simple. It considered them as social and political statements. But this view ignored that people enjoyed writing books, and often wrote them in the hope of causing enjoyment to others. This enjoyment in writing was the root of the impulse called art. In Mr. Forster's view Kipling enjoyed writing *Kim*, and this made it a good book, whatever its sociological or psychological limitations. He added "I hope Dr. Anand does not think pleasure wrong. The worst of our Western curses has descended on him if he does." This last reflection may suggest that the idea that the twain can never meet is a mistaken notion of the "Victorian hang-over" which Dr. Anand has overlooked in his examination of Kipling.

*From *The Times Literary supplement*—reprinted by permission.

Kipling's "On Dry-Cow Fishing"

By N. LAWSON LEWIS.
CLEVELAND, OHIO, U.S.A.

[The Council of the Kipling Society recently acknowledged with deep appreciation a welcome gift of three rare books for the Society's Library in London. They are Kipling's "On Dry-Cow Fishing as a Fine Art," and Paul Lemperly's "Among My Books" and "Books and I." "On Dry-Cow Fishing as a Fine Art" originally appeared in the "Fishing Gazette" in December, 1890, in the form of an article, and the Rowfant Club, with Rudyard Kipling's permission, first reproduced it as a privately printed volume in 1926. Its title page is reproduced on page seven. In the following note the Secretary of the Rowfant Club, Mr. N. Lawson Lewis, tells the story of the origin of the Club and describes Paul Lemperly's connection with R.K.]

THE Rowfant Club of Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., was organized in February, 1892, by a group of about twenty professional and business men for the purpose of getting together collectors and lovers of books, and also to publish, from time to time, privately printed editions of worth-while books. The moving spirit in the group was Paul Lemperly whose admiration for Frederick Locker, England's leading book collector and authority on rare books, caused him to have the club named Rowfant after Locker's beautiful Elizabethan home at Crawley, Sussex.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH R.K.

Mr. Lemperly, who was then already well started on his career as America's outstanding association-book collector, had a remarkable, even prophetic, gift for estimating the future success of young authors and, of those of 1892, Rudyard Kipling was by far his favourite. He never was tired of telling his friends that Kipling showed promise of becoming one of the very greatest literary geniuses in the history of England. He bought everything of Kipling's that he could find and had a standing order with a London publisher not to miss any

Kipling first edition. He soon began to correspond with Kipling and they became fast friends. Mr. Lemperly loved to surprise his friends with gifts and especially during the first World War, would occasionally send Kipling a present of a ham, a side of bacon, a package of his favourite American smoking tobacco (*duty paid in advance*) which he had learned to like when living at Brattleboro, Vermont, and other things, hard or impossible to buy in England in those days. Kipling, knowing very well Mr. Lemperly's passion for literary rarities, would reciprocate with some manuscript or other collector's treasure, often worth to an ardent and discriminating enthusiast like Paul Lemperly many hams and many pounds of tobacco.

It is almost needless to add that Mr. Lemperly's collection of Kipling firsts, pamphlets, letters, etc., was a very fine one and in no author's books did he take greater pride.

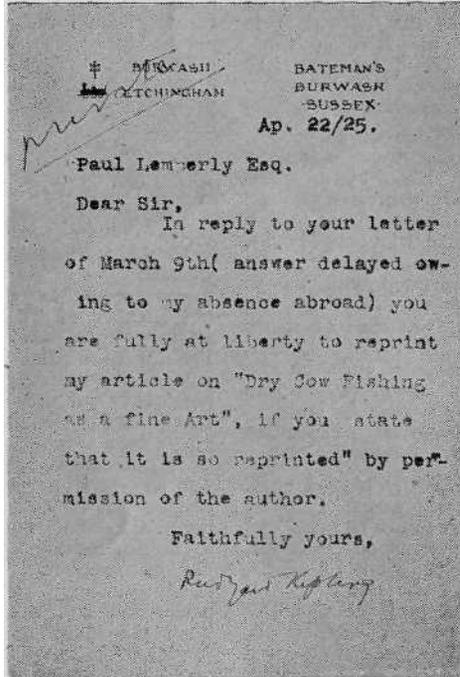
In 1925, quite by accident, Mr. Lemperly, to his happy surprise, came across, in a thirty-five year old number of *The Fishing Gazette*, a story by Kipling, "On Dry-Cow Fishing as a Fine Art." He could not remember ever having seen it reprinted and he soon made sure that it had not been. Here then was a possible treasure for the Rowfant Club publication committee. A letter was soon on its way to Kipling, explaining the circumstances and seeking permission for the Rowfant Club to reprint for the first time the story for its members. Kipling at once most graciously gave the necessary permission and the club issued the book the following year in a small format, beautifully designed and executed by Bruce Rogers who drew an appropriate title page and tail piece illustration of particular merit. In the recent Oxford University Press book on the work of Bruce Rogers, no less than eight full pages are devoted to illustrating progressive

layouts for "On Dry-Cow Fishing" as designed by Bruce Rogers.
KIPLING COLLECTORS' INTEREST.

The edition which was for Rowfant members only was of 162 copies and priced at six dollars and a half. Every copy was immediately subscribed for, and in a very short time Kipling collectors began to hear about it and to ask, to beg, to beseech for copies. Presently, a few, a very few, copies began to change hands and the most fantastic prices were mentioned. The original six dollars and a half, soon became ten, then twenty-five, then a hundred and up and up. The actual highest price definitely known at the Rowfant Club to have been paid for a copy was three hundred and fifty dollars, though an eastern book dealer once offered a copy in his catalogue for five hundred dollars. Whether or not he sold it at that figure we have no record. Those were in the extravagant days of the late twenties and no such prices could, of course, be had now. The latest authentic sale on record was at an even hundred dollars which was paid for the book some time ago by a member of the Rowfant Club.

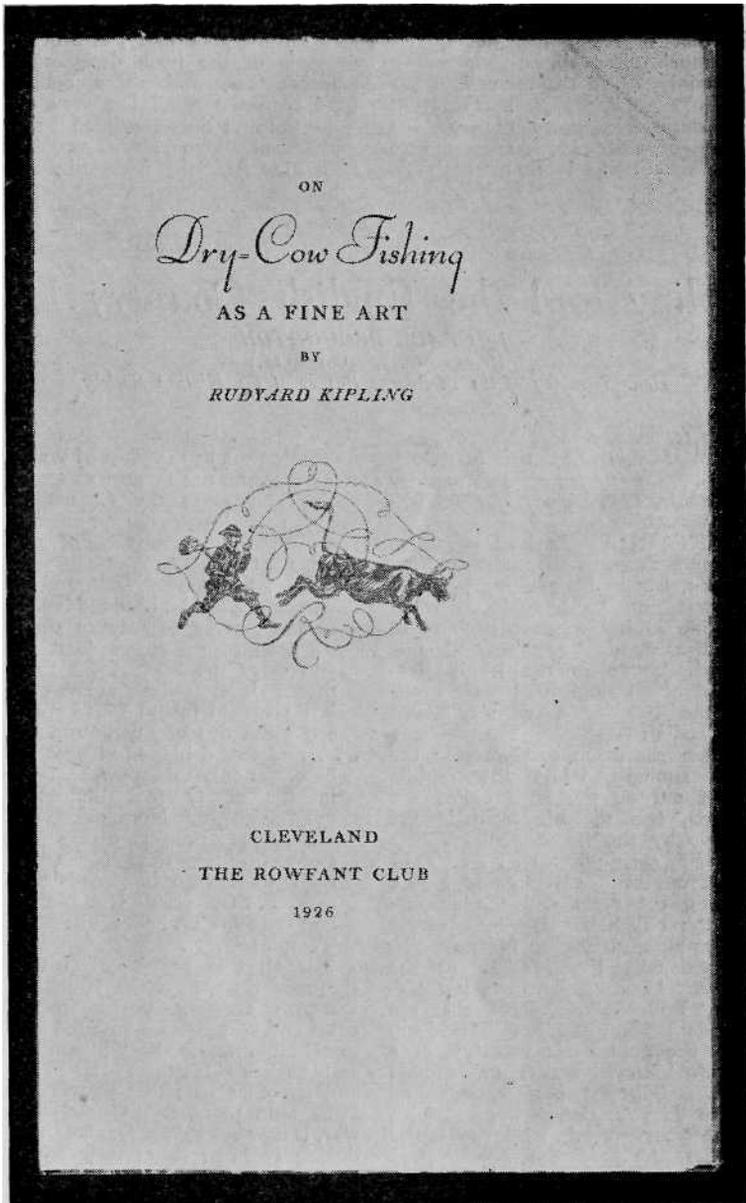
When I was in London in 1928, I was talking to a leading bookseller about "Dry-Cow Fishing." He said he didn't believe there was a copy of it in England, apart from the author's copies sent to Mr. Kipling. I remarked that I knew where there was one and he eagerly asked me where it was. "In my trunk at my hotel," I answered, and he promptly offered me thirty guineas for it. There was no sale and I still have my precious copy, NOT FOR SALE. If another personal reference is not out of place, I might report a minor tragedy that befell me in connection with the publishing of "Dry Cow." Like most of the members of the Rowfant Club, I am on the list of subscribers

for at least one copy of every book published by the club. When I read the notice of the forthcoming publication of "Dry-Cow" I felt it would be something very special, an ideal gift for some of my fellow Kipling enthusiasts in England. So I sent in an order for five extra copies but, as my secretary unfortunately forgot to post the letter, I obtained only one copy. Book collectors will understand what it cost me to be polite and pretend to the embarrassed young



PERMISSION TO REPRINT

The letter signed by Rudyard Kipling in which the author gives permission to Paul Lemperry to reprint his article on 'Dry Cow Fishing as a Fine Art.' By courtesy of the Rowfant Club.



THE TITLE PAGE
of the Rowfant Club's privately printed volume of R.K.'s "On Dry-Cow Fishing
as a Fine Art," a copy of which has recently been presented to the Kipling
Society's Library.

lady that it really did not matter very much after all.

Certainly, of all the many interesting books published by the Rowfant Club during its more than half a century of existence, everyone here agrees that none is more desirable

as a rattling good story, as a beautiful example of the book designer's and printer's art, and as a collector's item than the small but very choice "for the first time reprinted" private edition of "On Dry-Cow Fishing as a Fine Art" by Rudyard Kipling

Kipling and the English Country Life

by GRACE BROUGHTON
(MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.)

Hon. Secretary of the Melbourne Branch of the Kipling Society

(The following is part 2 of a paper read to Members of the Melbourne Branch. The first part appeared in the October, 1944 number of the "Kipling Journal.")

CERTAINLY England was no common earth to Rudyard Kipling, but in his philosophy England was only to be enjoyed when one's job in life was settled, and in *The Brushwood Boy* we find this stressed. There is the lovely description of an English summer evening, the day of Georgie's return from India :—

"They sat down to dinner in the late sunlight while the rabbits crept out on the lawn below the cedars, and the big trout in the ponds by the home paddock rose for their evening meal They went out on the terrace to smoke among the roses and the shadow of the old house lay long across the wonderful English foliage which is the only living green in the world. 'Perfect, by Jove, it's perfect,' said Georgie, looking at the woods beyond the home paddock, and the golden air was full of a hundred sacred scents and sounds 'Perfect, perfect, there's no place like England, when you've done your work.' And the father replies, 'That's the proper way to look at it, my son.'"

R. K.'s *MOTOR RUN*.

The next story in the later writings that holds our attention as descriptive of lovely England is *They*, with its marvellous account of his motor

run westward through Sussex till he reaches the little village of Washington, where he has to turn to get home again, and takes the Chanctonbury Ring, that lovely cluster of beech trees on Chanctonbury Hill as his landmark :—

"I let the county flow under my wheels. The orchid-studded flats of the East gave way to the rich cornland of the lower coast where you carry the beat of the tide for fifteen level miles and when at last I turned inland I had run myself clean out of my known marks I found hidden villages where bees, the only things awake, boomed in the eighty foot lindens that overhung grey Norman churches, miraculous brooks diving under stone bridges, tithe barns bigger than their churches, and an old smithy that cried aloud that it had once been a hall of the Knights Templar"

I saw all this myself when touring through Sussex from Hastings to Burwash running north from the coast and then away across the Downs to Eastbourne and the sea again, and back to Hastings via Pevensey and its old Castle that figures in the Puck stories. Which Castle, by the way, is now several miles inland though during Norman times it was on the sea-coast. All along that south coast of England the sea has gradually drawn away and towns that were seaports are almost inland ones now, you see that best at Winchelsea and Rye farther east.

But the story we go back to again and again as showing the complete way the English country-side can absorb even folk of an alien race is *An Habitation Enforced*. I always picture it as somewhere in Somerset or Devon, for to get to it we are told that they had to leave from Waterloo Station so it must have been in one of the southern counties and farther from the sea than Sussex. It is the story of an American couple who come there seeking health for the man and they fall under the peaceful spell of the country side, and "the climate, a pearly blend, unlike the hot and cold ferocities of their native land, suited them, as the thick stillness of the nights suited George." The descriptions of the land and the people about the country house which they discover cannot be bettered, as in this

"It was a slope of gap-hedged fields possessed to their centres by clumps of brambles At the bottom of the valley a little brook And there stood great woods on the slopes beyond—old tall and brilliant like unfaded tapestries against the walls of a ruined house."

And we see how these Americans become wholly English and completely captivated by the country and its people, as they never could have been in any part of their own land.

AT BATEMAN'S.

I always think that a good deal of the story is Kipling's own experience when he settled at "Bateman's" and had to adjust himself to really country conditions as never before. Anyway the deep love of country life was well born in him when he wrote this story and in the appealing verse that goes with it, "The Recall," he expresses perfectly the call of the country, its scents and sounds when he says—

"Scent of smoke in the evening,
Smell of rain in the night
The hours the days and the seasons
Order their souls aright."

Sussex country-side of course takes first place with Kipling and the descriptions in the introductory parts of *Puck and Rewards* bring that county vividly before us and specially **that part of it owned by him. There**

are far too many to read here but I like most those telling of Dan and Una's adventures in the little brook that meanders all through the valleys round "Bateman's." You can feel the sleepy summer afternoon almost where he says:—

"Even on the shaded water the air was hot and heavy with drowsy scents They grounded comfortably on a shallow and lay beneath a roof of close green, while once in so often the brook rose a fraction of an inch against the wet pebbles 'It's like shadows talking,' said Una, and then Sir Richard Dalyngridge appeared to them again."

And in the story *Hal o' the Draft* we get a lovely description of a mellow old farm house—

"The old farmhouse, weather-tiled to the ground, took almost the colour of a blood-ruby in the afternoon light The bees that lived under the tiles since it was built filled the hot August air with their booming; and the smell of the box-tree by the dairy window mixed with the smell of earth after rain and a tickle of wood-smoke.

* D'you marvel that I love it?' said Hal in a whisper. What *can* town folk know of the nature of house—or land."

That is the Sussex round Burwash, the little village above "Bateman's," all woods, wheat-fields, hop gardens, oast-houses and tidy farm cottages; but later on when the children go to the sea-side (which by the way, they hated) we get a speaking picture of the great Sussex Downs that run almost into the sea, and where the "distances are very distant." Kipling of course knew this country when he lived at Rottingdean, as the old farmer tells the children, complaining that he "couldn't understand why their father ever left the open curves of the Downs and went off to live among them messy trees in the Weald when he could have stayed there and looked all about him and also where sheep could be reared in safety from falling trees." We get all this country described in the story *The Knife and the Naked Chalk*, with the delightful verse:

"The Downs are sheep, the Weald is corn

You be glad you're Sussex born."
AN ENGLISH SCHOOL.

So much for Sussex. Come away now to the West of England to that loveliest county of all—Devon—and the little town of Bideford with its, well, call it a suburb, Westward Ho. In his story *An English School* we get perfect descriptions of that soft west country, which he must have written from memory long after his school-days were over. In his time the School dominated the landscape, a "long row of bleak houses facing the sea." On the left of those buildings was the little village, a coast-guard station, a post office and the immortal tuck-shop of "Troop-Sergeant-Major Keyte." And away to the right of School stretched the long Pebble Ridge from where the boys who could swim were allowed to bathe on the long summer afternoons. He describes the school and its surroundings as follows:—

"It stood within two miles of Amyas Leigh's house at Northam overlooking the Burroughs and the Pebble Ridge and the mouth of the Torridge. Inland lay the rich Devonshire lanes and the fat orchards and to the west the gorse and turf ran along the tops of the cliffs in combe after combe till you come to Clovelly . . . and the homes of Devonshire people who were old when the Armada was new. The Burroughs lying between the schools and the sea was a waste of bent rush and grass running into hundreds of fascinating sand hills called the Bunkers where a few old people played golf."

Those Bunkers have now been transformed into the famous Westward Ho Golf course where many championship matches have been played. And you get this country described in a perfect way in the *Stalky* stories *In Ambush* and *An Affair of Honour*.

(To be continued)



Obituary

DR. J. F. MACKEDDIE

(MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA)

THE members of the Melbourne Branch of the Kipling Society have been deeply shocked at the sudden death of their very popular Vice-President, Dr. J. F. Mackeddie," writes Mrs. Broughton, Hon. Secretary of the Branch. "He had attended the Branch Meeting the previous week and was in splendid health and spirits, and seemed quite recovered from his long illness of last year, but an unexpected heart attack, just as he was leaving home on his professional round, took him off. For many years Dr. Mackeddie has been known as the 'beloved Physician' by all his patients to whom he was friend as much as doctor, and our Branch was very fortunate in having

his help as speaker and leader for the last four years. His deep love for all the writings of Kipling and his understanding of what Kipling means to our Empire have always been an inspiration to members and he will be greatly missed, not only by us but by the whole literary and artistic world of Melbourne. He was Vice-Chairman of our Public Library and National Gallery and organiser of all the lectures given at these Institutions; and also Vice-President of the Workers' Education Association, where his help was always invaluable.

Dr. Mackeddie's wife, who was also a member of our Branch, predeceased him four years ago, and he leaves an only son to mourn his going."

Literary Politics

by BASIL M. BAZLEY

IT is curious to note that many people, of sound judgment in most matters, fall into the error of this simple syllogism: Imperialism is bad, crude, inartistic, immoral and the like; Kipling was an Imperialist; therefore Kipling is bad, artistically as well as politically. We get an example of this from that great artist, Sir William Rothenstein. In the third volume of his recollections "Since Fifty," published in 1939, we read the following:—"Kipling's was a difficult nature to understand. On subjects apart from politics he was illuminating and openminded; but touch on anything connected with the Liberal outlook or with Socialism and he barked. Bernard Shaw was anathema to him. But his own family, through Burne-Jones and his wife, had Socialist sympathies and what of William Morris? It was safer to keep away from controversial matters; above all, the words German or Germany must not be mentioned (most of the people of London would agree with him here!) He could not forget the death of his only son."

WIDE TOLERANCE.

All this shows a complete misunderstanding of Kipling's views and a lack of acquaintance with the facts. Dislike of a political party or group has been manifested by many eminent people, but Kipling did not dislike the human members of such parties—his tolerance was far too wide. And why should he not have disliked Mr. Shaw? Many others share this dislike. It has happened many a time and oft that Kipling's literary value has been washed out because people said that he was writing politically, may not this same criterion be applied to Mr. Shaw and many others?

As to Kipling's anti-German feeling, the death of his son had little to do with it; he gave proof of this feeling long before 1915 or 1914 for that matter. Such judgments about a great literary man are all very well for the half-baked, or for very youthful members of the in-

telligentsia; one is, however, surprised to find them uttered by an artist of the calibre of Sir William Rothenstein who knew and admired Kipling and one to whom we must be ever indebted for a very charming portrait reproduced in this book.

Mr. Richard Church ("British Authors: A Twentieth Century Gallery," published for the British Council by Longmans, Green & Co. in 1943) is a horse of another colour. Here we have a sermon preached from the text of another syllogism: Anglo-Indians have held on madly to an ultra-patriotism; Kipling was an Anglo-Indian; therefore Kipling held on equally madly to an ultra-patriotism. Here the ordinary man who reads Kipling's work because he likes it, must be reminded that in certain high-brow circles (more so than among the "Immoderate Left") patriotism is the Eighth Deadly Sin. Why it should be accounted crude and wicked to love one's country and artistic and high-minded to belittle it, must always remain an insoluble puzzle.

THE VOICE.

Here is Mr. Church's view:—"Born in 1865 he matured through a period when that emotion (Anglo-Indian ultra-patriotism) was at its strongest and threatened to contaminate the outlook of the whole British world. Blatant imperialism shouted with a loud voice round the turn of the century. The voice was Kipling's." Now, the aforesaid imperialism came ten years or so after the publication of such items as *Barrack-Room Ballads* and *Soldiers Three*, to name only two 'blatancies.' Also it is fairly common knowledge that many Anglo-Indians did not agree with Kipling's writings.

"Kipling's verse nearly always interests the reader because of its subject matter. The expression is journalistic, crude, elementary. The music is that of a brass-band or a barrel-organ." We seem to have heard these last epithets before Mr. Church used them. Now the late Professor George Saintsbury held that in litera-

ture treatment was everything, the subject unimportant. Most readers read because they like an author's mode of expression whether they agree with his views or not. As to the 'criticism' quoted, people like the late William Ernest Henley, who introduced Kipling's Ballads to the English-speaking world, see rather higher merit in them, Professor Saintsbury for another.

In spite of some further irrelevant remarks about Kipling and the Empire (the author states that it is changed to Commonwealth!) we must be thankful for small mercies: Kipling, says Mr. Church, has a mystical side shown in the "English" poems

and in *Kim*. "But here too is Kipling the true poet and the writer of genius escaped from the *Barrack Room Ballads*: a master of form, especially of the short story in its more illusive shapes; an artist as temperamental and subtle in his effects as the Russian Tchekhov."

All this sounds rather contradictory and may perhaps best be explained by Mr. Church's dislike of the title British Empire. The essay is adorned with the Philip Burne-Jones portrait, which atones for much. But it is not criticism, favourable or unfavourable; it is merely a parade of views.

Auckland, N.Z., Branch Report

THE following report has reached us from Mrs. Buchanan, Hon. Secretary of the Auckland, N.Z. Branch of the Kipling Society. We congratulate all concerned upon the splendid way in which they have continued Branch activities during a difficult period.

"At the beginning of the war, in 1939, this Branch agreed to hold together if possible under war conditions.

It was difficult during the black-out, but in three years we have held 25 meetings with an average attendance of fifteen members, all of whom are engaged in some kind of work immediately concerned with the war. The meetings have been held at Dr. Hilda Northcroft's house, which is centrally situated for all of us, and her library includes a large collection of Kipling's works. We are very grateful to Dr. Northcroft for the many pleasant evenings we have spent there.

Our Chairman, Mr. Faigan, has

arranged addresses and readings for all the meetings, and at discussion time members have vied with one another in producing the latest books with quotations or appreciations of Kipling by thriller writers, philosophers or biographers, poets or essayists. At this time the *Kipling Journal* is discussed, and all agree in saying how much the Journal is appreciated.

Two of the younger members read good papers that gave evidence of study of Kipling's works and of the Journals."

* * *

Mrs. Buchanan's report contained a message of congratulation to the Society from the members of the Auckland, N.Z. Branch on the occasion of the return of Headquarters to Gower Street, London, and good wishes for the New Year to the President, the members of the Council, and the officers—a greeting which is cordially reciprocated by all concerned.

Members of the Kipling Society who possess letters, press cuttings, photographs or sketches associated with Rudyard Kipling and his works, which they think might be suitable for publication in the Journal, are invited to send particulars to the Hon. Editor, The Kipling Journal, Lincoln House, London Road, Harrow-on-the-Hill. In the case of cuttings from overseas publications, senders are asked to obtain formal permission to reprint from the Editors of the journals concerned, for which due acknowledgment will be made in "The Kipling Journal."

Some Kipling Backgrounds—II

By MAJOR IRVING E. MANSBACK

(EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.)

(This is the second of the series of notes from Major Mansback on the backgrounds of Kipling's two stories, "Brother Square Toes" and "A Priest in Spite of Himself" and the poem "Philadelphia." The first instalment appeared in the July, 1944 issue of the "Kipling Journal." In order to appreciate the value of Mayor Mansback's researches, the reader is recommended to read the stories and the poem, and then the biographical passages in the notes.)

THE Seneca Chief "Red Jacket" was born about 1756 near Canoga, Seneca County, New York. His Indian name was Otetiani, meaning "prepared" or "ready." On his elevation to chiefship, he received the name Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, signifying literally "he who causes them to be awake."

In the American Revolution, the Senecas sided with the cause of Great Britain. His ability and intelligence attracted the attention of British officers, one of whom gave him a brilliant red jacket; this was succeeded by other red jackets, hence his popular name.

Red Jacket was employed in carrying messages and took little part in the actual fighting; he was reproached with being a coward for certain conduct in the field by the great fighting chief Cornplanter. During the invasion of the Seneca country by Gen. Sullivan in 1779, Cornplanter sought to make a stand against the American forces on the shores of Lake Canandaigua, New York. Red Jacket and other Indians returned. Cornplanter attempted to stop the retrograde movement by placing himself before Red Jacket, but his efforts were fruitless.

RED JACKET'S MEMORY.

Red Jacket was reputed to have had a tenacious memory and quick wit. He was a good speaker and a fine defensive debater but from the record he was not broadminded. He was at all times an egotist. Never did he reach the power or standards

set by Cornplanter, with whom it appears he was in constant association. It is commonly believed that he was present at the treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1784. During the years 1786-1794, Red Jacket attempted to thwart the Indian Policy of the United States in regard to the hostile western tribes, but due to Wayne's victory over the Confederated Tribes in 1794, the malcontents were sobered.

Red Jacket attended many conferences and helped in making many treaties. He visited Philadelphia in the spring of 1792 and it was during this conference that President Washington, as a token of friendship and esteem, gave a silver medal, bearing his own likeness, to Red Jacket, who then and in later life showed his appreciation of this gift with the care he bestowed on it and the pride with which he was accustomed to wear it. This medal is now in the custody of the Buffalo, N.Y. Historical Society.

Tedyuskung, "the healer," "one who cures wounds, bruises," was one of the most famous of the Delaware Chiefs during the discussion of the Indian claims following the sales of lands along the Delaware and the Susquehanna to the Proprietors of Pennsylvania by the Iroquois. He was born near Trenton, New Jersey, about 1705 and died April 16, 1763. When about 50 years old he was chosen as chief of the Delawares on the Susquehanna, and from that time until his death was one of the chief figures in the problems the authorities were trying to solve.

Sir William Johnson of Amsterdam, New York was a friend of the Iroquois, but Conrad Weiser of Pennsylvania was prejudiced against the Delaware and the Shawnee. The question the government of Pennsylvania had to answer was how to keep the peace with the Iroquois and at the same time prevent the Delawares and the Shawnee, who were becoming more independent of the Iroquois, from going over to the French,

THE DELAWARES.

The Delawares had been driven from the Delaware River to the Susquehanna, and many of them had been forced west of the Ohio. They, therefore, did not revolt against the English, but against the Iroquois. At this critical time, when the border settlements of Western Pennsylvania were being ravaged by hostile bands of Delaware and Shawnee, and when the English were making plans for an expedition to capture Fort Duquesne (Pittsburgh), Tedyuskung took his stand as a friend of the English and as a patriot of the Delawares and the Shawnee.

Conrad Weiser had told the story of the western Indians at the council at Albany (1794) in order that the Iroquois might know the real situation. At this conference, Weiser found that several agents from Connecticut were present, who were trying to bargain with the Mohawk for land in the Wyoming Valley (in the vicinity of the city of Wilkes Barre, Pa.) At this time, much land was taken from the Indians and they were cheated wherever possible. The incident that rankled the Delawares most was the "Walking Purchase" as crude a piece of chicanery as has ever been perpetrated. The cheating of the Indians by stealing their lands, led to three years of vengeance and bloodshed.

Such was the situation when at the instigation of Conrad Weiser a council was called at Easton, Pa. in July, 1756, Tedyuskung promised to see that white captives were returned. He went to Fort Allen (near Allentown, Pa.) where he and his warriors had a drunken frolic. Weiser says of him at this time, "though he is a drunkard and a very irregular man, yet he is a man that can think well, and I believe him to be sincere in what he said." In the spring of 1758, Tedyuskung went to Philadelphia and after a conference with the governor and council he urged them to complete the work of peace by bringing the Western Indians into friendly relations at once. The treaty of Peace was ratified at Pittsburg in 1759, after much violent debate.

He was the most virile chief of

the Delawares during years of their subjugation to the Iroquois. His effort for Peace did much to win the Ohio from the French.

A REPORT OF 1758.

Excerpt from American Magazine No. 4, April, 1758

By Sylvanus Americanus
Woodbridge, New Jersey.

At page 99—(original source). Extract from a letter from an officer in the provincial service, dated at Tulpehocken the 8th instant.

"Mr. Kern and I have just got to Shearman's and are informed that a woman was killed and scalped last night by the enemy, about three miles from hence; we are now setting off in pursuit of them. The list of the killed, with one prisoner, is as follows, *viz*:—at Swatara, two young men, brothers, namely Schaterly, Michael Souder, and William Hart, killed; a widow woman carried off. In Tulpehocken, one Levergood and his wife killed. At Northkill, the wife of Nicholas Gieger, and two children, and the wife of Michael Titleser, all killed and scalped. The Indians are divided into small parties through the woods.

Last week some Indian messengers arrived at Bethlehem from the Indians who live on the head branches of the Susquehanna, and came from thence here with King Teedyuscung, to acquaint this government that they had heard of the good work of peace, Teedyuscung and other Indians had entered into at Easton of their accounts, with which they were much pleased, and heartily joined in the Unionbelt sent among them.

As his honour the Governor was gone to New Castle, the Indians were received by the president and council, and conference was held with them to mutual satisfaction. After they had received full answers to the several parts of Business, they came about, the President informed Teedyuscung of the mischief that had been done by some enemy Indians on our frontiers, and told him that as he had taken hold of our Peace Belt, and was now become one body with us, he should consider this injury as done to himself, and should immediately go to Bethlehem, and as he had some of his own young men

there, he should send a party of them to range the Frontiers, and endeavour to discover who these people were, whence they came, and bring in some of them, or retake our people, and that he should have a party of our soldiers to go along with them.

On which Teedyuscung immediately answered, that he was sorry to hear the accounts, and should look into this mischief as if due to himself; and that he would go directly to Bethlehem, and send out some of his young men, that he and his people should always be ready to join and assist the English, and that where ever our bones lay, theirs should also lie with them. He accordingly set out next morning, and an order was sent to Captain Arndt (Arndt) to join him with some soldiers.

As many of the inhabitants from the late murders committed on the frontiers, are ready to believe they have been done by the Indians with whom the Government have been treating on a peace, it may not be improper to say that in all the conferences that have been held with the Indians, they appear to be sincere in the interest of the English, and that Teedyuscung has always said he would not engage for the conduct of the Indians on the West Side of the Susquehanna, as they lived too near the French, and were, many of them, too much in their interest. And there is great reason to think that the Indians who were lately on the frontiers, are from Ohio, as the rafts with which they crossed the Susquehanna, have been discovered in that river.

From Virginia, we have advice that that province have agreed to raise 2000 men for the present expedition."

THE FIRST MORAVIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

In 1741, the Count Zinzendorf arranged for the purchase of a lot at the south east corner of Broad and Race Sts. This corner was from this time on, known as Moravian Alley. He purchased this property in order to erect a permanent place of worship for the Moravian Brethren. The foundation was laid during September, 1742.

The building was a picturesque

oblong structure with a hip roof and quaint dormer windows. It was occupied in November. The church congregation was organized Jan. 1743. Services were conducted according to circumstances, in German, English or Swedish. The original church was used until 1819.

One of the early Pastors was Johannes Meder of whom many humorous and human stories are related. He married the daughter of the Honorable William Henry, of Northampton, Pennsylvania. His original will in his own handwriting is now on record at the Northampton County Courthouse, Easton, Pennsylvania.

Conrad Gerhard and his son William, familiarly known as "Billy" Gerhard, were well known members of the first Moravian Church of Philadelphia. A daughter of the latter married a Du Pont of Wilmington, Del; and his son married the daughter of the Honorable John Sargent, and became the brother-in-law of Gen. G. G. Meade, who commanded the Northern Forces at Gettysburg in the war between the States.

Conrad Gerhard had a baker's shop at Second Street near Race Street. Billy Gerhard played a prominent rôle in the life of the City of Philadelphia and became deeply involved in politics.

SNAKE OIL.

Seneca or Snake oil was, until a few years ago, peddled at county and country Fairs and Bazaars in the Eastern States. It was supposed to be a panacea for all ills.

C. Helmbold and John Geyer were printers, Matthias (Mattes) and John Rouch were leather breeches makers; they were neighbourhood pioneers. David Jones, hatter, had a store in the "corner of another passage to the rear of Race and Third Street lots;" that is where the "Buck" Tavern Yard was situated.

William Nichols was Marshal for the district of Pennsylvania, and lived at 117, Race St. In the adjoining lot to the West was a frame tenement in which Cornplanter and his son had their apartment.

Jeremiah Elfrith and Gilbert, his brother-in-law, were owners of much of the soil of this avenue, and it bore the name of Elfrith Alley for many

years. In or about 1780, Mr. Elfrith resided on Second St., about midway to Drinker's Alley. His house stood back; having a garden or lawn in front, the lot was deep and formed an L, opening on to Elfrith's Alley.

Tobias Hirte had an apothecary's shop on Second St., it was well patronized for its natural remedies, roots, simples and prescriptions. Hirte was a bachelor, a hermit, at times, but he travelled extensively in Pennsylvania and Virginia. He was greatly trusted and very friendly towards the Seneca Indians, Cornplanter and Red Jacket often visited him in his shop. In the rear of the shop was a room about 10 by 15 feet which was lined with books to the ceiling, and contained a collection of musical instruments. Hirte had a considerable knowledge of music

and was quite a singer.

The following item was in the Ballard Collection. "Tobias Hirte Advertisement:" Photostat copy of an advertisement which appeared in "The Aurora" for May 2, 1808, announcing the removal of Toby Hirte's apothecary shop from Second Street. (From the Kiplingiana of Irving E. Mansback). Hirte died in April 1833 at Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

Henry Eppley was the owner of Eppley's Tavern at 117, Second St. He was also a keeper of horses and chairs. He conducted a very high type Inn, and the annual assembly was held there. Washington, his officers and staff as well as Cornplanter and Louis Philippe frequented the tavern.

(To be continued)

Kipling and the Modern Generation

By D. R. JOHNSTON-JONES

WRITING from my study in a typical English public school—in much the same circumstances, I like to believe, as "Beetle" himself must have done nearly three-quarters of a century ago—I think it might be of interest to members whose school days are over to consider for a moment how the average public schoolboy of to-day looks upon Rudyard Kipling and his works.

LACK OF TASTE

The first thing which strikes me, as a Kipling enthusiast, is the lamentable lack of taste shown by my fellow sixth-formers for Kipling and his writings. The school library—whose ample shelves bulge with reading matter of every possible description—contains but four volumes of his work. These are a very mauled, coverless copy of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, erroneously entered into the catalogue as *Spain: Tales from the Hills*, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Fringes of the Fleet*, and an illustrated edition of *The Song of the English*. All very well in their way, of course, but what a selection for anyone tentatively "sampling" Kipling for the first time!—No wonder that the ordinary person here goes to Mr. Wodehouse for humour and Sir Rider Haggard for

adventure, when he has no chance of sharing in the escapades of Emanuel Pycroft or Brugglesmith, or Strickland.

A short time ago I conducted a sort of private census of how much the average person here has read of Rudyard Kipling, and the kind of impression he has of him. The result, which I think may be taken as being fairly representative of the general tide of opinion, showed that by far the majority of public schoolboys know him only as the author of certain "India Stories," and of a mass of rather out-of-date verse, the most quoted example being *Gunga Din*. He is also known as the author of *The Children's Song* and *Recessional*, because these appear in the official school hymn-book. The Kipling of *My Sunday At Home*, *Bread Upon the Waters*, *A Walking Delegate*, *Mary Postgate*, *The Smith Administration*, and countless other masterpieces, is entirely unknown and undreamt of. The English master—with whom I have had many a tussle—is very anti-Kipling and, to say the least, unhelpful. The school Literary Society, although agreeably surprised by a reading of *The Children of the Zodiac* which took place last term, are un-

willing to go to any real trouble in "popularising" Kipling's works. Wherever one turns one is faced with a spirit of ignorance and lack of enthusiasm, and it is this refusal to "try anything new" which is causing so much bother. If only, one feels, people could be induced to read some of the later stories and poems, and to get away from the idea of Kipling's being unavoidably associated with India and military matters, then there would be some real hope of his being more widely read and enjoyed. How much harm must have been done, indirectly, by the official school text-book of nineteenth century history, where on page 281—under the heading of *The Rise of Imperialism*—one reads :

Causes :

- (i) Disraeli's colonial policy.
- (ii) The European "race for colonies."
- (iii) The writings of men like Kipling.

No wonder people fail to realise how much of his best work has nothing to do with any of this.

THE OLD INTEREST.

Is there, then, no way of securing a return to the old popularity and interest? For myself, I think there is. There is so much in Kipling that cannot "date," so much which remains as delightful and as fresh to-day as when it was first written that his appeal cannot die out. If an effort can only be made after the war to induce people to turn to his less-read and comparatively unknown works, and to secure a correct and an unbiased interpretation of his works as a whole, the situation may still be retrieved. If only Kipling could become the birthday and Christmas present of the average uncle to his nephew, and—why not?—of the nephew to his uncle, it should not be long before he ousted the modern type of children's story-book, boy's "thriller," and many of the modern novels which the uninitiated read in such great numbers to-day.

Meanwhile the school library is still barren of all but those four books, and my fellow school mates are as unacquainted with them as ever!

Talleyrand and Kipling

MR. R. J. A. BUNNETT, F.S.A., of Harrogate writes: I was recently reading that remarkably able biography of Talleyrand by Duff Cooper, and came across a reference to Kipling as follows:

"Mr. Kipling has devoted one of his short stories to this period of Talleyrand's life, and while there is no reason to suppose that the episode that he imagines ever took place, the story itself probably contains the true answer to the question whether Talleyrand was working for the French Government or not.

Fiction is often an aid to history, and the penetrating eye of genius can discern much that remains elusive to the patient researches of the historian."—"Talleyrand" by Duff Cooper.

Mr. Bunnett adds:

"The period referred to is during Talleyrand's exile in the U.S.A. which he left in 1796 to return to France, a motion for the erasure of his name from the list of emigrants having been passed with acclamation in the Convention the previous year."

TO NEW READERS

THE Kipling Society exists to honour and extend the influence of Rudyard Kipling in upholding the ideals of the English Speaking World. We invite all readers of Kipling who are not yet members to join our Society. The ordinary membership Subscription is One Guinea per annum. New readers are especially invited to correspond with us at 105, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

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