



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

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## Notes

THE recent broadcast of "They" must have delighted many Kipling lovers. Personally, I found the Miss Florence of Marie Ney highly revealing, and the Driver of James McKechnie fully rewarding. Surely, the difficulty is to preserve the underlying spirituality of Kipling's theme in this semi-dramatic shape. The transition from the realism of the motor drive to the child-haunted garden cannot be easy, but the voices answered to the test and the tale lost nothing in the form it received from Giles Cooper, the dramatiser, and Hugh Stewart, the B.B.C. producer. The little brushing kiss in the centre of the Driver's palm had fuller meaning when an actual voice testified to its reality. "They" gave us a very delightful half-hour on that August evening. Mr. William A. Young and others were no less appreciative of the "They" broadcast, and said so in the *Radio Times*.

### Punch on a Parody

A quarter of a century ago I heard Owen Seaman talking upon *Parody* at the Authors' Club, in Whitehall Court. The then editor of *Punch* quoted the familiar line by J. K. Stephen, 'The Ruddyards cease from Kipling,' his purpose being to recall that Stephen's couplet was itself a parody of the hymn :—

"When the wicked cease from  
troubling  
And the weary are at rest."

Seaman added that the J. K. Stephen lines were themselves parodied by a young Oxonian, in the Cambridge *Granta*, when he asked how long it would be before—

The Ivans ceased to Caryll,  
And the Rubens Paul no more?

For the benefit of a generation which does not know the Old Gaiety, it may be recalled that Caryll's Christian name was Ivan, and he was responsible for such minor masterpieces of vaudeville as *The Shop Girl* and *Little Christopher Columbus* (for May Yohe). Caryll was a bearded Belgian whose real name was John Tilkins. He used to drive to the Gaiety in a pair-horse Victoria, with a couple of footmen on the box. Paul Rubens was the Winchester Boy who wrote *A Country Girl* for George Edwardes at Daly's. His swan song was "I love the moon, I love the sun, but best of all I love you," for Phyllis Dare.

### Some Kipling Parodies

Some day a student of Kipling will look into the contemporary parodies of his work in *Punch* when Owen Seaman was editor. They are numerous. I recall some *Songs of Simla*, one of which was devoted to Mrs. Hauksbee. When *The Five Nations* was published in 1903, *Punch* employed a trusty agent to ferret in Kipling's waste-paper basket, impelled by the good fortune which attended the exercise when it rescued *Recessional*

from destruction. This materialised in 1903:—

MARCHING ORDERS

'Ere's luck to the bloomin' reg'ment !  
 'Ere's luck to the 'ole brigade !  
 'Ere's luck to the British Army !  
 Fix bay'nits, 'oo's afraid?  
 We're goin' on active service, wot-  
 ever the papers say,  
 So give us a cheer an' toss off your  
 beer, We're off to the front  
 today !  
 Up boys, off boys, fourteen thousand  
 strong,  
 Fourteen thousand 'orse an' foot,  
 singin' this ghastly song !  
 'Tisn't a 'bloomin' anthim, 'tain't  
 what you'd call refined,  
 But Tommy's all right, 'E's tipsy  
 tonight, An' 'e don't mind !

The *Chantey of the Nations*, with a picture of a stalwart Kipling reciting the lines, will also bear examination. Its date is *Punch*, June 25th, 1902.

### A Samuel Richardson Shrine

The Grange, North End Crescent, Fulham, once the home of Samuel Richardson, is threatened with demolition. *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison* were all written at The Grange, which is an early Georgian house dating from 1714. Boswell mentions that Dr. Johnson often visited Richardson at his country house; other friends were Hogarth and Bartolozzi, who lived nearby. The Kipling associations arose from the fact that, after 1867, it was the home of Edward Burne-Jones, and Kipling frequently saw his relatives, the painter's family, there. Kipling stayed in the house for a month each year with his aunt, Lady Burne-Jones, during the unhappy years when, as a boy, he lived at the 'House of Desolation' at Southsea, as he tells in his autobiography, *Something of Myself*. The exterior of Burne-Jones' studio, with its amusing columns, can still be seen as they were in Kipling's time. Mr. Cecil Roberts, in a letter to *The Times*, August 19th, 1952, put up a

strong plea for the preservation of The Grange against the threatened demolition. A very little re-arrangement would allow the old house, with the garden surrounding it and the fine 18th century gates, to be preserved and still allow the proposed flats to arise.

### Miscellaneous Fancies

Macmillans and Methuens became and remained the recognised Kipling publishers when his fame established itself, though one recalls an earlier London production in the Wheeler edition of *Wee Willie Winkie*, *The Man who would be King* and *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*, which Sampson Low issued from Fetter Lane. Kipling, however, enjoyed a nodding acquaintance with the famous publishing firm of Heineman. When Somerset Maugham opened an extension of the firm's Windmill Press near Reigate recently, it was recalled that Kipling contributed the water lilies to the Windmill lake, when the printing works were established a quarter of a century ago. The lilies still flourish.

General Ridgway, the American C-in-C. in Europe, is a Kipling fan. He quotes continually. That may be why 'the way Matt Ridgway acts and talks' forced one of his staff to say, 'One might almost think he was a British officer.' Can this be regarded as the highest praise and testimony to the worth of the Kipling stuffing?

A correspondent submits the following "Note":—

In the Viscountess Milner's *My Picture Gallery—1886-1901* (John Murray, 1951, 18s.), there is a paragraph about the Kiplings. Lady Milner's home, Great Wigsell, is not far from Burwash and she saw a good deal of them during part of the 34 years they were at Batemans. Lady Milner tells the story of the South African War, 1899-1901. This alone

would make the book an outstanding one for those with Kipling interests.

Bermondsey enjoys the possession of a Kipling Street and a Rudyard Place. They were originally Nelson

Street and Hamilton Place, and the re-christening came about the time of the Boer War.

ERNEST SHORT.

## Sir George MacMunn

THE Kipling Society has sustained a great loss in the passing of Lt.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O., who died at Sackville College, East Grinstead, on August 23rd. Sir George was one of the founders of the Society, and was, from its inception up to quite recently, our Honorary Treasurer and one of our most active members. He was the eldest son of Dr. J. A. MacMunn, one time surgeon of the Royal Artillery, who had served in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny. He was born at Chelsea, where his father was P.M.O. to the Royal Hospital, on August 14th, 1869. He went to Kensington School before passing into the R.M.A. From Woolwich he was gazetted to the Royal Artillery in 1888 and his battery was sent to India shortly afterwards. He served in Upper Burma in 1892 and displayed great gallantry in leading a small party to the invested hill-post of Sadon in the face of determined opposition, receiving a slight wound and being recommended for the Victoria Cross; he was awarded the D.S.O.

After a distinguished professional career, which included appointments such as Commander-in-Chief in Mesopotamia (1919), he became Quartermaster-General in India. He retired from the Army in 1925. In his younger days Sir George wrote

much upon strictly professional subjects and won the gold and silver medals of the Institution of the Royal Artillery and the gold medal of the United Service Institution of India. Later, he wrote a number of books relating to India—including *The Religious and Hidden Cults of India*. Two of his books are entitled *Kipling's Women* and *Rudyard Kipling, Craftsman*.

From the Society, the following letter was sent to Lady MacMunn by the Hon. Secretary:—

Dear Lady MacMunn,

I am writing on behalf of the Kipling Society to express to you our deep sympathy on the death of your husband and of our oldest and best friend.

As you know, he was one of the founders of the Society and was, from its birth up to quite recently, our Honorary Treasurer and a most active member. I myself was particularly fond of him. He was an outstanding example of the charm and public spirit of the fine old English gentleman of the Victorian age, and my Council and I always found it quite undescribably refreshing to meet him, striding through this third-rate bedraggled era, debonair and so gay, untouched and unvanquished by it. We shall all miss him for what he represented and for what he was.

Yours sincerely,

C. H. LYNCH-ROBINSON,

*Hon. Secretary.*

## Mr. Somerset Maugham's Choice

### A Choice of Kipling's Prose.

Selected and with an Introductory-Essay by W. Somerset Maugham. Macmillan & Co. Ltd., London, 1952. 15s.

ALL Members of our Society, as well as those "Beyond the Pale," will look first of all at the list of stories chosen, as this is ever a fruitful subject of debate; some of us, including myself, may not wholeheartedly agree with the choice. There is a preponderance of the earlier Indian tales, for thirteen out of the sixteen selected were published before 1900; Mr. Maugham confesses to a predilection for this first big group, but he explains his liking by stating his opinion that they show Kipling at his best; here he is in agreement with the late Capt. Martindell, with whom I often discussed this subject. At the same time, Mr. Maugham, in his exceedingly well reasoned introduction, gives a comprehensive view of the Kipling output from beginning to end; once again, I must disagree with some of his *obiter dicta*. Anglo-Indian (I use the term current in Kipling's day) society was of necessity limited and to a certain extent narrow; this defect may be seen today in any garrison town or regimental depot, or for that matter in a London suburb or small cathedral city, but we must not assume that all who had to submit to conventions of this kind were necessarily unhappy—human nature in general rather likes 'grooves.' If men adopt a particular way of life they must obey the unwritten laws belonging to it; Kipling shows us the limiting effect of these conventions, though he, being somewhat exceptional, did not hold himself bound by them; in fact, Anglo-Indians often con-

demned him for his association with natives and 'common' soldiers.

### School Life in the '80's

Nor do I take Mr. Maugham's view of *Stalky & Co.* School life in the 'eighties was in every way rougher than it is now; like some other 'good old ways,' it was gradually toned down. Kipling shows us in his narrative that things were better at the U.S.C. when he left than when he first went there. Cornell Price was not a "harsh disciplinarian"—George Beresford ("M'Turk") gave me a very different picture; as to the other masters, they were both good and bad, as now, with the good in greater number; note the tribute paid to them in the poem at the beginning of the book. Then, too, it may be questioned if there was anything unusual in Ortheris breaking into the Lays of Ancient Rome; I seem to remember these being in use at a large number of schools of all classes. Lastly among objections, Pycroft really ought not to be described as a "sot-tish petty officer"—I like him better than any of the Soldiers Three and wish there had been more of him. He was no teetotaller, but he knew how to carry his liquor and when to refrain altogether; in "The Horse Marines" he is made to say that it is "Too early to drink to him," the time being soon after breakfast.

However, Mr. Maugham does not allow any of his adverse remarks to influence him in his estimate of the genius of his subject:—"It is curious how small a hint, how vague a suggestion, will be enough to give the author's invention the material to work upon and enable him in due course to construct a properly dis-

posed story." Here we have a tribute to Kipling's great gift, that of being able to visualise a scene or a character from a casual remark and, backed by his own extensive reading and knowledge of the surroundings, to give a vivid picture of something that either happened or might have happened.

Though he puts the Indian tales in the front rank, Mr. Maugham can also appreciate the beauty and cleverness of stories such as "They" and "Wireless"; rarely have these two pieces received such intimate and sympathetic criticism. For "William the Conqueror," which is correctly described as "unfortunately named," he has high praise, as also for "Love-o-Women," another and quite different form of love story that is "finely and vigorously told." Among later work we are glad to note Mr. Maugham's liking for "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat," which is one of those included in this collection; "here the comedy is rich, the victim deserves his punishment, and his punishment is severe without being brutal." The detail in this story, it will be agreed, is extraordinarily good and does not hinder the narrative.

### Technicalities

Mention of details reminds us that many critics have taken exception to Kipling's fondness here and there for technicalities; Mr. Maugham, too, says that "their value is small" as entertainment in fiction, but is this correct? Mr. C. S. Forester's "Hornblower" books teem with technical detail, all the more difficult through being further removed from the present day, but this has not prevented his work being deservedly a 'best seller.' The mechanical technicalities employed by Kipling endeared him to

men whose love of reading was small—no mean achievement.

Although he rightly attacks the narrowness of Anglo-Indian life, Mr. Maugham gives Kipling full marks for portraying the self-sacrifice of "the obscure men and women who devoted their lives to the service of India. They made many mistakes, for they were but human. Many were stupid. Many were hidebound with prejudice. Many were unimaginative. They kept the peace. They administered justice. They built the roads, the bridges, the railways. They fought famine, flood and pestilence. They treated the sick. It remains to be seen whether those who have succeeded them, not in high place, but in those modest situations in the hands of whose occupants the lot of the common man depends, will make as good a job of it as they did." One can only hope that these words will be read and heeded by certain sturdy 'democrats' of today before any more harm is done.

### A Great Service

Mr. Maugham has done a great service to lovers of Kipling and to all those who like the *conte* as distinguished from the novel. Without adulation, he has brought out the points which make Kipling great; he has not glossed over weaknesses, nor has he concealed his dislikes. He has kept before us the main essential, the perfect definition of the short story, which (he quotes from the Oxford Dictionary on the word 'anecdote') is "the narration of a detached incident, or of a single event, told as being in itself interesting or striking." That Mr. Maugham considers that Kipling succeeds is apparent from his concluding remarks:—"If in this essay I have not hesitated to point out what seemed to me Kipling's defects, I hope

I have made it plain how great I think were his merits. The short story is not a form of fiction in which the English have on the whole excelled. . . . Rudyard Kipling is the only writer of short stories our country has produced who can stand comparison with Guy de Maupassant and Chekhov. He is our greatest story writer. I can't believe he will ever be equalled. I am

sure he can never be excelled." This tribute from an author who has found fame in the same form of literary expression is, I think, convincing proof that Mr. Maugham is to be acclaimed both for his choice of stories and for his admirable introduction. His book has been issued in pleasing binding and type, a welcome change from war-time austerity.

B.M.B.

## Rudyard Kipling and "The Friend"

by Norman Croom-Johnson

*[The first part of this article appeared in the July, 1952, issue of the "Kipling Journal."]*

**T**HERE are two other items which have no direct connection with Kipling. One is the torn-off end-piece of a letter signed, rather pathetically, "H. S. J. Joubert, Widow of the late C. Genl. R. J. Joubert." The other is a small bundle of three fragments, one signed, in the handwriting of Julian Ralph. Of these, one is a single sheet of eleven lines headed "Rudyard Kipling, a Biography," which was apparently never used; another, a footnote to "A Song of the White Men," published on the 2nd April.

It reads:—

"The poem by Rudyard Kipling which is published in this issue was written some time ago to be read at a dinner in Canada, and then published in the *Toronto Globe*. It has never been read in public, and it has never before been published."

But it is when one comes to the authentic handiwork of Kipling that the exciting, and indeed unique, nature of the small collection appears. There are eight of these pieces, four manuscripts and four corrected proofs.

### In the Manner of Aesop

Of the manuscripts, the most important is unquestionably that of

"King Log and King Stork," the first of the "Fables for the Staff" which Kipling contributed to *The Friend*, and, except for "St. Patrick's Day," his first original contribution. It appeared in the issue of the 24th March. These Fables, six of them, were short apothegms, in the manner of Aesop and with the Aesopian sting in their tails, hitting off with an acid shrewdness and a marvellous economy of words the peculiar problems of an inexperienced army fighting an elusive foe in an unknown and hostile land, and they may be read in full in "War's Brighter Side." I know of no original manuscript of any of them except this, and Julian Ralph thought a corrected galley-proof of one, "The Elephant and the Lark's Nest," sufficiently interesting to reproduce in his book. There are corrected galleys of two others of the Fables in this collection.

### A Perfect Example

The manuscript next in interest is not original Kipling, but it is a perfect example of his whole-hearted devotion to his honorary job. An important, if not the main, function of *The Friend* was to keep the troops amused and interested, and the temporary editors



were not backward in soliciting contributions from outside sources, especially the troops themselves, with the urgent plea that contributors should write on one side of the page only. One Trooper G. Simes, of Roberts' Horse, submitted a poem of five four-line stanzas entitled "United We Stand"—and a very creditable poem it was, which the curious may read for themselves in Julian Ralph's book. Unfortunately, the author omitted to follow the rules and wrote on both sides of a single sheet. The poem came into Kipling's hands and he went to the trouble of copying out in his own hand on a separate sheet the last two verses, without altering the text. He attached this to the original script, which he endorsed "Tomorrow, R.K.," and it duly appeared in the issue of the 28th March.

To dispose of the actual Kipling MSS, there are two other small chips from his workshop, written on odd scraps of paper. One is a short, biting note headed "Foreign Comment on British Success" which I have been unable to trace. The other is a slip headed "Add to Kopje Book Maxims." These were pithy, cynical, single-sentence wisecracks struck out from time to time by Kipling, Landon and Gwynne and served up together as occasion offered. They were unsigned, and, unless there are in existence other similar scraps to this of mine, it is impossible to say, or except from internal evidence to deduce, who wrote which. The two Maxims in Kipling's handwriting on my slip which are almost certainly his are "It is always the next shell that will do the trick" and "Five under cover is fifty in the open." They were the last two of ten printed on the 31st March.

Then, finally, there are four galley and other proofs. The most important is the proof, corrected by Kipling and

initialled "R.K.," of his poem on the death of General Joubert. This is in remarkably good condition, but it appears to be the one actually used by the compositor. At any rate, the poem as printed on the 30th March (I happen to have this particular issue) is identical with the marked proof.

Next comes a proof of "Fables for the Staff—V: Fortune and the Soldier." This also appeared on the 30th March, as corrected, except that for some reason the sub-title was dropped and no other substituted. In this case the proof corrections were not in Kipling's hand, but he initialled them.

### Various Material

And the collection closes with two long galley-proofs of various material, not all written by Kipling but all corrected and initialled by him.

The first is made up of a long section of a signed article by H. A. Gwynne and some "Ten-a-Penny's." "Ten-a-Penny" was the soldier slang for a pom-pom gun, and it was used as the heading for some short notes of general and anecdotal interest to the troops. These notes, however, appeared only in one issue of *The Friend*, that of the 28th March. They are reproduced in full in Ralph's book. At the foot of this galley Kipling wrote in his own hand one of these notes. It reads:—

"A linesman describing the arrival of a Guards Brigade at Bloemfontein after they had covered forty-one miles in twenty-two hours:—

'An' they come in the last miles like a lot of bloomin' Park hacks, steppin' 'igh an' dressin' most particular.'

The second, and last, galley incorporates the note just quoted; yet another of the "Fables for the Staff," "The Persuasive Pom-Pom" (28th March); and a set of fourteen "Kopje Book Maxims." Neither this particu-

lar set, nor any individual item in it, was mentioned or reprinted by Ralph, and it may have been scrapped.

I think it will be agreed that this little collection is of some interest and

importance, especially to explorers of the by-ways of Kipling bibliography; and if any member would care to see it I shall be delighted to show it to him.

## Some Current Kipling Scholarship

by Geoffrey Wagner

[The writer of the following note is a Kipling lover at present studying in America. His alma mater was Christ Church, Oxford, and he served in the Welsh Guards during the war.]

ANYONE in doubt as to the respectability of contemporary studies in serious scholarship should consult the indices of doctoral dissertations issued annually by Oxford or Cambridge. It seems paradoxical that a university like Oxford, which, until quite recently it seems from the evidence of its curriculum, defined "contemporary" as post-1830, should have a record of such interest in current literature on its doctoral levels. Since 1925 there have been Oxford Ph.D. dissertations on Yeats, Eliot, Lawrence, the criticism of I. A. Richards, as well as on other subjects peripheral to modern poetry. Spender and Auden were studied doctorally at Oxford as early as 1937 by A. C. Chakravarty.

### In the Universities

It is therefore encouraging to find a sudden lively interest in Kipling in the universities today, particularly in America. Between 1912 and 1938 the Library of Congress catalogue lists no dissertation, published or unpublished, on Kipling. Between 1938 and 1950, three are listed: these are Dr. William Schneider's study, *Rudyard Kipling and Imperialism*, from Chicago, dealing with Kipling's development up to 1920; Sister Carlin's *The Mind of*

*Rudyard Kipling*, from Western Reserve; and a somewhat minute exegesis by Israel Kaplan from Cornell.

It is now most interesting to see, in the 1950 *Research in Progress* issued by the Modern Language Association of America, six new studies occurring. And in the following 1951 report, yet four further works are recorded. Kaplan has followed up his graduate interests with *Kipling's 1889 Visit to America*, and Shanti Sharmah is working—appropriately from Allahabad—on *A Study of Indian and Anglo-Indian Life in the Prose Works of Kipling, Steel, Edward Thompson and Forster*. Joyce Tompkins has reported her two studies from the Royal Holloway College, London, and William Weld Jr., working in comparative literature at Columbia, which is fortunate enough to have the advice of that great authority on contemporary French literature, Professor Justin O'Brien, has now completed an excellent study of *Kipling's French Vogue*.

There has been, as most Kipling scholars would expect, a steady serious interest stemming from France, and work of a characteristically high standard on Kipling has become well nigh traditional there. M. Léaud presented his admirable doctoral dissertation, *Rudyard Kipling*, at Paris in 1938, alongside M. Trilokekar, working from the same university, on *Kipling et l'Inde*, and Thibault-Chambault on

*R. Kipling et les Bêtes de la jungle.* Perhaps, indeed, the ground has been too well covered in France, for the latest reports suggest a slight decline in active French interest in the academe. Daniel Godfrind's doctoral dissertation from Liège seems to be presently the only French graduate study on Kipling proceeding, though M. Leaud, now at Poitiers, is reported going on to a full survey of Kipling's poetry which, coming from this scholar, should prove definitive.

### Heartening

At the same time, however, three studies are reported from Pennsylvania, another from Western Reserve,

in America, and one from Nottingham by S. Husain (entitled, significantly, *A Revaluation of Kipling*) in our own country. So Hilton Brown's belief, in 1945, that his work was only the first in a coming vital reassessment of Kipling in the Anglo-Saxon-speaking countries would seem to be substantiated. Scandinavian scholarship on Kipling, ever since that now famous and exhaustive study of his word formation, has been small but steady.

All this news should be most heartening to Kipling lovers, especially in that it shows that not all American scholars, specialising in the contemporary field, are concentrating on James Joyce.

## A Scholarly Book

**Rudyard Kipling in New England.** By Dr. Howard C. Rice, Jr., of the Princeton University Library.

IN 1936 Kipling students and readers, especially those who desired more knowledge of his life in Vermont, were enriched by Dr. Rice's scholarly and interesting "Rudyard Kipling in New England." This delightfully written little volume has been enlarged and improved by him in a revised edition, containing additional illustrations which have increased the understanding of Kipling's life in the United States.

To our American readers, this writing is of particular interest, although this should by no means be confined to Kipling's admirers in the

United States. Dr. Rice's work is written in a highly pleasant and informative vein. While no attempt is made to gloss over Kipling's feelings as to the lack of privacy which beset his life in America and the highly unpleasant family quarrel and the attendant publicity, one feels that before the Beatty Balestier incident, and the loose talk of "hereditary foes," Kipling's growing understanding of the American way of life and thought presaged long years of happiness in New England.

The only fault (if any) to be charged to Dr. Rice's revised and scholarly book is its brevity.

CARL T. NAUMBURG

(New York).

"RECOLLECTIONS OF RUDYARD KIPLING." *The National Book League* have invited Mr. B. S. Townroe, O.B.E., D.L., to give a lecture at No. 7 Albemarle Street, London, W., on November 25, at 7.30 p.m. The subject will be "Recollections of Rudyard Kipling." Mr. Townroe will describe his personal memories of the interest which Rudyard Kipling always took in Anglo-French relations, and will say something of his meetings with Kipling in Paris, London, and Lancashire. Members wishing to attend should notify the Secretary of the National Book League at that address.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY SALES DEPARTMENT is able to supply the following to Members interested : POSTCARDS of Batemans, Rudyard Lake, or Kipling's Grave, 9d. per doz. ; BOOKPLATES, 1d. each ; Members' List, 6d. ; and extra copies of *The Kipling Journal* at 1/6 per copy—except for certain rare numbers. Enquiries should be addressed to The Secretary, Kipling Society, c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund, Greenwich House, 11/13 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

## The Janeites

by Sir Stephen Allen

(President of the Auckland, N.Z., Branch)

*[This is the second and concluding part of an address to members of the Auckland, N.Z., Branch. The first part appeared in our last issue.]*

THE officers of the Battery were just such a group of men as one can remember in similar situations during the first war : middle-aged men, unfit for the more strenuous life of an infantry officer, but shrewd and educated, as was necessary in a formation where mathematical calculations were needed. They accepted as natural the strange life of the trenches, but, from the sedentary nature of their unit, were able to live in some measure of comfort. In fact, they seem to have lived rather well, under the ministrations of Macklin and Humberstall. We know about Humberstall already. Macklin had evidently been a college don, or a schoolmaster, with a great weakness for drink. He took charge of the officers' mess, with Humberstall to help him.

The three officers were Major Hammick, in private life a leading Divorce Court lawyer ; Captain Mosse, the head of a private detective agency ; and as the story opens they are joined by a subaltern, Gander, an actuary by profession. Of the rank and file, except Macklin and Humberstall, none are mentioned expressly other than the Battery Sergeant-Major, whose name is not given. The unfortunate Sergeant-Major, a worthy and conscientious soul, never quite understood the vagaries of the officers, and was the unlucky target of Macklin's wit.

They were a happy family together, such a happy family as one remembers from time to time during the first war, and the officers had one bond in common, admiration for the works of

Jane Austen. As soon as he joined the Battery, Gander proved to be a kindred spirit, and this called for another round of port, while the discussion of Jane proceeded. At this stage Macklin made his startling interruption. Of course, he was drunk—"bosko absoluto" says Humberstall—or he would not have joined in the officers' conversation, but join in he did, and gave them a lecture on Jane Austen for a quarter of an hour, while he tried to prove that Henry James was her legitimate successor in literature. Whether Henry James is entitled to such distinction, whether his writings are comparable with hers, whether in any way he reaches her standards, is beyond the scope of this paper, which is only concerned with Kipling's story. As far as Macklin was concerned, the result was that his condition was overlooked, and all Major Hammick said, as Humberstall relates it, was "Take him away . . . 'E's suffering from shell-shock."

Humberstall was impressed. The effect of such knowledge of Jane Austen opened up a new prospect to him. It reminded him in a way of how Freemasonry had opened the path of friendship to him in the past. So he bribed Macklin to initiate him into the mysteries of Jane Austen. First, Macklin gives him what he calls the Password, "Tilniz and trapdoors," the judicious use of which brings the reward of a dozen Turkish cigarettes. The phrase "Tilneys and trap-doors" occurs in Chapter XI of *Northanger Abbey*, where Catherine Morland, with half her attention devoted to Mrs. Radcliffe's thrilling "Udolfo," and half to her dawning affection for Henry Tilney, "meditated by turns on

broken promises and broken arches, phaetons and false hangings, Tilneys and trapdoors," as she was driving down Pulteney Street in the gig with Mr. Thorpe, just before she caught sight of Henry Tilney and his sister.

Encouraged by his first success, Humberstall seeks further light, and, from his skilful tutor Macklin, learns about Jane Austen's books. He read them, learnt passages from them, and, despite lack of education, became really interested. The every-day characters, so naturally drawn, appealed to him. Finally, in his new enthusiasm, he names the guns after the people in the books who seemed to resemble them. With chalk he wrote "The Reverend Collins" on the nine-point-two. The cut-down Navy Twelve was "General Tilney," and the ten-inch Skoda "Lady Catherine de Burgh," but he made a mistake in spelling the last name, to which Gander made a timely correction.

### Well-Chosen Names

Regarding the names, I should think they were well chosen. The imposing figure of the Skoda, and its important voice, would naturally recall Lady Catherine. The Nine-point-two, waiting with obsequious respect for the bigger guns to speak, might well be Mr. Collins, and the worn-out, cut-down Navy Twelve—General Tilney. Like Gander, I might have doubted about General Tilney, but full marks were deserved for the others.

Chalking names on the guns brought on a crisis. The Sergeant-Major thought Macklin had done it, and, having suffered many things at his hands, "crimed" him accordingly. When the charge came to the Orderly Room, of course it was dismissed. It transpired that Humberstall and not Macklin was the culprit. The Sergeant-Major was mollified with port,

and went away happily, and Humberstall was subjected to a close and strict examination on Jane Austen. Apparently he passed with credit, because he was rewarded with another hundred cigarettes.

Alas, the happy family was soon broken up. The German attack of March, 1918, came with disastrous results. The whole Fifth Army front crumbled and disappeared so swiftly that in the confusion whole units were lost or forgotten. Orders, if issued, failed to reach them, because wires were cut and messengers were killed. Some Headquarters were wiped out so suddenly that disaster came before an order could be given, and units were left to shift for themselves. So it happened with this Battery. Caught at the worst possible time, when they were resting and refitting, and the engine that moved them was away for repairs, they knew nothing of what was happening, until a motor-cyclist by chance crashed through their camouflage screen into a gun pit, and before he died told them the front had gone. Then a Staff Officer casually appeared and said they had better move. Hammick decided to stay and dig in, and he might have been successful in avoiding attention from the Germans if it had not been for the nice little bald-headed old gentleman with his battalion of raw soldiers, who insisted on forming a defensive flank, a manœuvre dear to the British Army, on paper, in those days, but sometimes misused in practice. I have myself suffered on such an occasion.

Gander had said, and Gander was an actuary, skilled in calculation, that the expectation of life in the Battery then was only six weeks. They had had a long spell of immunity, and casualties were overdue. The casualties came. The German bombers found the Battery position. When Humberstall

came to, the Battery had dissolved. He says : " The Reverend Collins was all right." Remembering that gentleman's character, of course he would be. The other guns were destroyed. " Dig, you ox, dig ! Gander's under," said one of the men to Humberstall, but Gander was dug out dead. Mosse was never found. Hammick and Macklin were believed to have been blown up by the first bomb. Humberstall was the only Janeite left.

Jane Austen was still to be of some service to her remaining devotee. After a lift in an overcrowded lorry, and a long walk, Humberstall reached a point where a hospital train was just filling up. A grey-headed sister told him they had no room on the train, but she talked so much and so inconsequentially that Humberstall laughed; it reminded him so strongly of Miss Bates. The Matron came up, and he said, " Make Miss Bates, there, stop talking or I'll die." The Matron herself was another Janeite, and said, " You're coming on this train if I have to kill a Brigadier for you."

So the story really ends . . .

One question remains. In the short poem, " Jane's Marriage," which, according to his custom, Kipling tacked on to the story, Kipling says that " Persuasion " tells the story of Wentworth and Jane. Whether it is so or not, readers must judge for themselves. It is a pretty piece of imagination, and one can only guess at its truth. In the book, Captain Wentworth was in love with Anne Elliot, but went away because her father was cold and disapproving, and the old family friend, Lady Russell, was opposed to Anne's engagement. After some years, he returned, a comparatively rich man, renewed his suit, and the story ends happily with their wedding. If Kipling is right, Anne Elliot must represent Jane herself. It

may be that there was someone, early in her life, whom Jane loved, but who also went away. If there were such a one, he never returned.

The whole story is interesting, as showing Kipling's wide knowledge and taste in literature. If he erred in over much praise for Jane Austen, at least he did so in good company.

It would be interesting to know just how this story came to be written, and the cause of Kipling's enthusiasm. It may have been the result of thought and consideration, or perhaps the story may arise from a sudden impulse, due to a chance reading over again of books long laid aside. Kipling's writings show a very wide range of knowledge, and his memory was stored with unusual bits of information. His historical tales disclose an understanding of remote events, though perhaps no deep learning. His tales of the Army and Navy, his stories of India and of the sea, show how well he understood the minds of simple soldiers and sailors, of officials and common people. His portrayal of character by a few deft touches reaches a high artistic level, and is one of the distinguishing marks of all his work. In his reading, as in his writing, I think he was more interested in character than in events, and this will account for his great esteem for Jane Austen. Like Kipling also, she was a great story-teller, and both were able to build up, out of nothing, imaginary persons and characters, and to play an elaborate game of make-believe. Her great accomplishment, delineation of character, combined with her clear and easy style, probably was what attracted Kipling so strongly. Whether he wrote " The Janeites " on a sudden impulse, or after deliberate thought, whatever the immediate cause of the story, it was due clearly to genuine admiration.

## Fifty Years Ago

### " The Great Interpreter "

[In our issue of April, 1952, No. 101, we published under the title "Contemporary Reviews of Kipling's Works in the 'Nineties" critiques from, the New York Times of June 15th, 1890 (Plain Tales from the Hills) and from The Spectator of July 15th, 1893 (Many Inventions). We continue this series by including a tribute to Rudyard Kipling which appeared in The Spectator of March 4th, 1899, at the time of Kipling's serious illness in New York.]

"THE Great Interpreter" is the title of a notable tribute to Rudyard Kipling paid by *The Spectator* of March 4th, 1899. At the time this was written, Kipling was lying seriously ill in New York, and as will be seen from the following extract, his illness was regarded, "both here and in America, as a national event of the first moment." R.K. was then only 33 years of age.

#### THE GREAT INTERPRETER

"While Mr. Kipling has been lying, as he has been all the week, between life and death, the solicitude and anxiety of the nation have literally known no bounds. This intense longing for his recovery has, we most firmly believe, been based upon something a great deal deeper than the mere selfish desire to draw further and deeper draughts from the enchanted cup of his genius,—to read more stories of Mowgli and the jungle, more tales of the great deep, more songs and ballads like "The Flag of England," or "M'Andrew's Hymn of Steam." Again, the sympathy of the public has not been based merely on the sense of sorrow for a man of genius struck down in the flower of his youth. The eternal pitifulness of sickness and death overshadowing so splendid and so youthful a career has, doubtless, counted for a great deal; but it could not alone have produced the popular anxiety of the last few days. Unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less strongly, the nation has felt that in Mr. Kipling it would lose a great force in our public life, and a great force for good. His absence must leave us all poorer in respect of what a people

always needs most,—an influence which while bright, living, concentrated, attractive, is also an influence that makes for national righteousness, which helps to build up the national character, and makes us think less of the material and petty things of life, and more of the great and lasting issues. The country has felt that if it lost Mr. Kipling it lost its chief interpreter,—the man who best of all the present generation can make it understand itself, its duties and its high destiny. He is not an interpreter who merely cared to unriddle the shadowy and the vague, but one who dwelt among plain men and in contact with plain things, and yet by the alchemy of his genius drew forth from the common, and what some may have even thought the unclean, the true gold. Mankind find too few such interpreters, and having one in Mr. Kipling, they realise how ill he could be spared,—how, in fact, the world would be darker without the light he offers us. For three special acts of interpretation we must all be eternally grateful to Mr. Kipling. He has interpreted so that we may understand the common soldier, the man in the ranks, the man behind the gun and behind the bayonet,—the tortoise on whom in the last resort the globe of our Empire rests. Next, he has interpreted India, or at any rate made partly luminous the iridescent and mysterious mist in which the Englishman in India moves. He has interpreted for us "the head of the district," the native policeman, the men of the Hill tribes, the Baboo, the Rajpoot, and a hundred other of the types with which the Englishmen come in contact. Lastly, he has interpreted for us the white men of the Empire, and made intelligible the speech and thought of the native-born,—the men of Canada's snows, of Australia's sun-baked downs, of South Africa's uplands. Most interpreters have been able to translate only one tongue, but Mr. Kipling's range of view is not thus restricted, and like a new Mezzofanti there seem no limits to the things he can first understand himself and then make clear to us.

By acting as interpreter between the public and the common soldier he may be said, almost without exaggeration, to have given the nation back its Army. To the generation which grew up between the close of the Indian Mutiny and the first Nile Campaign the Army had become an unreal abstraction. It was understood to be gallant, but it was also supposed to be composed of the off-scourings of the land—the men whom nobody wanted in any other capacity—the veritable leavings of the nation. But for this feeling the Army was, as we have said, hardly more than an abstraction,—something which appeared in the Estimates and fought when required, but was as dim to the ordinary Englishman as, shall we say, the shunters on our railways. Mr. Kipling, by a stroke of his pen, changed all that. By his pictures of Mulvaney, Ortheris, Learoyd, and by his songs of 'It's Tommy this and Tommy that,' 'Gunga Din,' 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy,' and the rest of the 'Barrack-Room Ballads,' the public were made to realise that it had an Army, not of War Office dummies, but of 'hungering, thirsting men,' who were well worth all the love, honour, respect, and pity that the nation could spare. And Mr. Kipling did this, not by preaching to us, or by putting up an ideal man of straw and labelling him the British private, but by showing us the soldier in his habit as he lives. A mere realist could no doubt have produced as accurate a model as Mr. Kipling, and might even have made him talk as the soldier talks, but the country would not have understood. Like the eunuch of the Queen of Egypt in the Acts, we had the book, but there was none to interpret. Then came Mr. Kipling, who expounded for us, and made us see that when the interpreter was at our side the common soldier and his talk were well worth our study. Even more magical was Mr. Kipling's interpretation of India. No man has been, or ever will be, able to tell us all that the East dreams as she lets the legions, Greek, Roman, English, thunder past her. From her deepest reveries we are all shut out. Mr. Kipling, like the rest, can only say that there is always something behind we shall never know. But at least he has interpreted for us the writings that run round the porch-

pillars of the closed doors of Indian life. In that wonderful letter which the agent of the native Prince writes from London to his friend in the Central Provinces, we are made to understand how the English strike the native mind, and what is the value they set upon what we esteem man's happiest lot,—plenty of steam-engines and representative institutions. Again, what a picture of passion, as it stirs the man of Eastern blood, is to be found in the story of the Afghan horse-dealer and what he told his English friend. How profound, too, is the interpretation of a part of the physical side of Asian life to be found in the 'Jungle-Books.' As works of pure genius they stand alone in Kipling's writings. By means of an imaginative medium of the highest kind we are made to see and understand the jungle and its life, and to see through the very eyes of the animals of the forest and the hillside, the battle of life that is perpetually being fought out amongst the wolves, the tigers, the panthers, the elephants, the monkeys, the wild dogs, the apes, and even the snakes and the 'little people.' By some deep sympathy of comprehension Mr. Kipling seems to have got to the heart of the mystery which once peopled, and indeed still peoples, India with animal gods, and to have used that mystery to show us the life of the jungle. We cannot profess to trace the connection between Mr. Kipling's talking wolves, monkeys, elephants, panthers, and snakes, and the brutish gods of the Hindoo mythology, but we feel that it is there. The something in the animal life of India which inspired, and still inspires the worshippers of the brute creation touched him also, and inspired him to interpret it for us in the lower terms of Mowgli's jungle friends. And so well was his task accomplished that it seems no more than natural that the bear and the great black panther should be wise and fatherly, and that 'Kaa,' the python, when he hunts, should do his work as if he were incarnate destiny,—that which is inexorable, intolerable, and fascinating to destruction.



Save Mr. Kipling, almost every other man who has understood India has failed to understand the West. Mr.



Kipling has been as useful to his country in interpreting the West as the East. As we pointed out in these columns several years ago, *a propos* of his poem, "The Native Born," he has winged with a touch of passion and imagination the lesson that the inhabitants of our great Colonies in Canada, Australia, and South Africa have, and ought to have, a keen and thrilling local patriotism, and that this patriotism, if properly understood, need not in the least interfere with or exclude the greater patriotism which we all owe to the Empire as a whole. As we read that wonderful poem we realise that Mr. Kipling has entered fully into the spirit of the Canadian, the Australian, and the South African. And gradually the lesson Mr. Kipling there taught us is penetrating the national mind. When it has finally caught hold of us, a greater benefit will have been done to the Empire than could be wrought by a hundred Imperial Federation Leagues. We shall have learnt not to call colonists 'disloyal' because they think strongly and speak passionately about their native

land, or because they do not happen to admire this or that self-advertising patriot who has labelled himself an Imperialist, and professes to have patented and made a private monopoly of the welfare of the Empire and its expansion and consolidation.



What we have said today must not be taken as in any sense an adequate appreciation of Mr. Kipling's work as a man of letters,—as a poet or as a creator of character. We have not even alluded to his writings about the sea, or to the fact that he, almost alone of Englishmen, has succeeded in writing the true short story,—the real *conte*. All we have attempted to do is to explain how natural and right was the instinct of our people and our race both here and in America to regard his illness as a national event of the first moment. An Imperial nation is always an army on the march through an unknown and hostile country, and under such conditions to lose one's best interpreter would, indeed, have been a grievous loss."

## BRANCH REPORT

AUCKLAND, N.Z.

DURING the summer we received the sixteenth Annual Report from this Branch, covering the period 1951-1952, and we congratulate the Chairman, Mr. D. W. Faigan, the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. E. M. Buchanan, and other members on their activities. We note, with deep regret, the loss the Branch has sustained through the death of Dr. Hilda Northcroft and Miss Cecil Hull, "two enthusiastic and scholarly members who were scarcely ever absent from a meeting, though both engaged in exacting professions."

Among most welcome visitors to the

Branch have been Mrs. Brett, an intimate friend of the Kipling family; Mr. C. R. H. Taylor, Librarian of Turnbull Library, Wellington, who lectured on rare editions of Kipling in his care, and the artfulness of forgers; Mr. Ronald Williams, New Plymouth, who read *Seven Years' Hard* from Kipling's Autobiography, and Dr. Phillipps, who entertained members with some of Kipling's most famous poems.

We, on our part, have had the pleasure of entertaining in London two of the Auckland Branch members: Mr. F. H. Leonard and Mr. Gillespie.

## R.K.'s GREAT IDEALS

MEMBERS who wish to support our efforts to keep the memory of Rudyard Kipling green, and to bring his great ideals before the coming generations of young people, may do so by remembering the Kipling Society in their wills. Such legacies afford proof of a desire that our work should go on beyond the span of the donor's life-time, and afford great encouragement to those who believe that the creed of Kipling is everlasting.

The following simple form of bequest should be used:

"I bequeath to The Kipling Society, Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, the sum of (£ \_\_\_\_\_), free of duty, to be applicable for the general purposes of the Society. And I declare that the receipt of the Hon. Treasurer or other proper official for the time being of the Society shall be of a good and sufficient discharge to my Executors.

## Letter Bag

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

### R.K.'s Fame

Mr. Raymond Mortimer, the author of the review of Somerset Maugham's *A Choice of Kipling's Prose* in the *Sunday Times*, is fifty-five years old and was educated at Balliol College, Oxford. He is old enough and well-educated enough to write something more worthy of his theme.

The very title, 'Mr. Maugham to the Rescue,' is an insult. Rudyard Kipling's fame does not call for rescue from anyone. It calls for a minimum of understanding and truthfulness, and Mr. Mortimer's opening cliché, 'Oh no! We never mention him; his name is never heard,' assured his readers that this minimum would not be forthcoming. The statement is blatantly untrue, as is the statement which follows:—

'When he is not forgotten, he is commonly disliked.'

This may represent the attitude of the Little Englanders. It is not the attitude of the world of men and women. They can appreciate the creator of "Only a Subaltern" and "William the Conqueror," stern-lipped only because they are bent upon doing worth-while jobs, worthily.

Happily, the man in the street does not enjoy sneers at a woman in a plague area who prefers to wear her hair short, and has character enough not to interfere with her menfolk when they are about their lawful businesses. 'A sap masquerading as a sapper' is not a decent description of the man who wrote this noble plague story.

And what shall be said of Mr. Mortimer's closing thought, 'Kipling was for long the idol of the public and a stumbling-block for the fastidious. In future, this situation may well be reversed.' If this means anything, it implies that Rudyard Kipling is on the way to acceptance by the fastidious. Such idolatry would be a strange fate and one which lovers of Kipling will not welcome. The 'sap masquerading as a sapper' is assured of the love of the manly and the womanly who remember with real affection "They," "The Maltese Cat,"

"An Habitation Enforced," "The Drums of the Fore and Aft"; yes, and "The Brushwood Boy."—Ernest Short, The Mill House, Ashton Keynes, Wilts.

### The Albatross's Eye

May I, as one of the few ornithologists in the Society, correct Mr. T. E. Elwell, on the subject of deep-sea birds' eyes being other than black when he thinks Kipling was wrong in making the eye of an albatross appear red. *The Birds of South Africa* records most of them as 'brown' or 'dark brown,' but the Mollymawk has a "hazel-brown" eye, the Giant Petrel and one of the Storm Petrels have "hazel" eyes (which might well look red in the field), the eye of the Blue Petrel from Kerguelen is "hazel-brown," and quite a number of the larger deep-sea birds are not described, *often because no competent naturalist has handled them when freshly killed.*

Though naturalists are normally unbelieving people, I would back Kipling's acute observation in this case. Also, a great many birds' eyes look different to the observer from what they are when actually shot. I should be very unwilling to think he made a mistake, especially as in a long voyage in the South Atlantic in 1943, with 40 or 50 albatrosses constantly close to the ship, I found they were very rarely close enough to note this feature with accuracy.—J K. Stanford (Lt.-Col.), Coneybury House, West Amesbury, Wilts.

### "Proofs of Holy Writ"

I have been told of a distinguished Empire-builder who has read everything that Kipling ever wrote, that he once read in a magazine a story by Kipling the theme of which was that the best bits of the New Testament were really written by Shakespeare.

He has failed to find the story in any of Kipling's collected works.

Perhaps some of your readers may be able to throw some light on the origin of this somewhat fantastic

story.—J. W. Balfour Paul (Lt.-Col.), 14 Belgrave Crescent, Edinburgh, 4.

[The story mentioned is "Proofs of Holy Writ." It first appeared in the Strand, April 1934, and subsequently was reprinted by that magazine in December, 1947. Both have illustrations.—Ed.]

### Sinistrality

Referring to the Note "Sinister Fiddlers," in the July number of the *Journal*, there are "sinistral" violinists. Being much interested in the problem of dominance, since I am myself a shifted sinistral, I am alert for all matters of this kind.

It is surprising that the "dextral" violinist does what, to a non-player, seems the most difficult part, fingering the strings with his left hand, bowing with the right. Naturally, the sinistral player does just the opposite.

My authority in this matter is the author of a book, *The Wilderness Road*. Naively, I had thought that all a left-handed player would have to do would be to reverse the order of the strings. Not so. To carry the extra strain on the case from the G-string the internal bracing has to be reversed. Any student of handedness, viz., dominance, is familiar with the catch of the reversed print; but this matter of dominance in violin-playing is quite real, although probably rare—rarer than it should be, probably, as is the case with left-handed writers. The author of *The Wilderness Road* is Robert L. Kincaid, publishers Bobbs-Merrill Co., New York.

Incidentally, the source of my information as to the change in construction of the instrument for a sinistral comes, not from Dr. Kincaid, but from a musician, who told me that there were several well-known sinistral violinists. Whether R.K. made a mistake in *Captains Courageous* I don't know; I recall no particular interest elsewhere in sinistrality. But the reversed fiddler is a reality, perhaps as often suppressed as is, or was, sinistrality in general. I hope soon to have an article on sinistrality published; there has not been enough attention paid to its curious qualities.—J. Davis Reichard, 33 Central Avenue, Staten Island 1, New York.

### Critics Wrong

In view of the tendency of modern

writers about Kipling to harp on his illnesses and emotional experiences, the following quotation from a well-known reviewer seems singularly apt:

The current fashion of viewing the famous through a list of their ailments seems to me of dubious value, though preferable to condemning them posthumously to the psychiatrist's couch.

As far as R.K. is concerned, there is the author who would have us believe that his whole outlook was coloured by the five or six hard years he endured at Southsea as a child. Another urges that his life after 1896 was embittered by ill-feeling against his brother-in-law, Beatty Balestier, finally, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, in an article published in 1950, refers to the duodenal ulcer that troubled him for the last 20 years of his life, and suggests that the pain made his work obscure and at times unintelligible.

Now, it is obvious to people who really read Kipling that these critics are wrong. None of them knew him, and none of them explains how it was that:—

- (a) He came to write so many cheerful stories at all periods of his life.
- (b) He was always a charming host in his own home.
- (c) He was heartily welcomed at his clubs whenever he could be induced to appear there.

We know perfectly well that he had two very happy homes: first with his parents and then, from the age of 26, with his wife and later his children. Surely there never was an English author who lived a more normal family life with his own people?

He had a keen sense of humour, and it is not impossible that he was wryly amused at having to scamper from the U.S.A. to avoid his 'brain-storm' brother-in-law.

Someone said Kipling's life at school was ruined by his bad eyesight, but neither Dunsterville nor Beresford would hear of that. They said he was philosophical about it, and glad of the excuse to escape compulsory games. Let us get back to the writings of Stalky and M'Turk, if we want to know whether Kipling was happy. I knew these two, and am sure their view was right.—M.O.C.

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