



The
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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927 by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field Marshal the Earl Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership. The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district.

The subscription is: Home Members, 15s. (*Journal* 10s. extra); Overseas Members, 15s. per annum, which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly.

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Notes

THE Coronation, and the gathering of Commonwealth leaders associated with it, has revived interest in Great Britain's position as a power with a world-wide influence. What may be described as Imperial Imagination was a vital problem, and Rudyard Kipling was a disturbing force in days when his influence was at its height. The recent essays of T. S. Eliot and Somerset Maugham did not stress this aspect of Kipling's genius but Michael Edwardes, in the *Twentieth Century* (June, 1953) examines Kipling in his relationship to Imperial Imagination in an interesting article, written from the standpoint of British India. Rightly, or wrongly, Mr. Edwardes describes the British Empire in India as "one with Nineveh and Tyre." Kipling, we are told, saw the first coalescence of the force of Imperial decline. Maybe, maybe not! It is possible that a troubled world will once again look to the guidance which Britain was able to give in the second half of the nineteenth century. It did ensure a period free from world-wide wars.

Within the Law

Kipling's years in India were those

of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, the Viceroy who believed implicitly in the divine mission of Britain. Dufferin saw the British nation undertaking the supreme government of a mighty empire "through the mysterious decrees of Providence." Following George Orwell's essay upon Kipling in *Horizon* in 1942, Michael Edwardes emphasised the importance of Law in relation to Empire politics. The Law took over the task of government from the soldiers when they had done the necessary fighting. To emphasize Kipling's attitude, Mr. Edwardes quotes from the *Recessional*:—

"Such boastings as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds *without the Law*,
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget."

It is worth while asking whether the world is the better for forgetting what Kipling had in mind when he thought of the Law in life. It has still to be decided whether India can do without the sense of personal rule which compelled respect for the Law in the times of accepted imperialism.

Kipling in 1902

It is amusing to turn back to the pages of *Punch* when Edward VII was crowned. The Coronation number of fifty years ago attributed a mock *Chantry of the Nations* to Rudyard Kipling, and its first three stanzas were dedicated to Great Britain.

" I am Kipling, I'm the Voice,
 I'm the Chosen People's Voice ;
 I'm the Words and Music also, I'm
 the Drummer and the Drum.
 What I have said I have said, and
 pretty often too,
 Hinting of the heritage that goes
 with British birth ; . . . "

Nation's Law

Kipling's brand of imperialism always tended to have an uncomfortable kick in it, but may we not hope that it can suffer a revival, in which the use of a lethal weapon is somewhat less obvious. Owen Seaman, more than forty years ago, when the Edwardian standpoint was still to the fore, made a plea for a kindlier approach to the imperial imagination, in a poem which he called "The Survival of the Thickest," but the climax of his poem was a reminder that there is a good deal to be said for "blood, in place of ink and mud."

" To-day, our champions play a softer
 game ;
 Each on his own they grind their
 little axes ;
 But not for carving skulls ; yet all
 the same
 Seldom we see that Nature's hand
 relaxes
 That law on which primeval races
 thrive :—

The thickest heads survive."

Across the Seven Seas

A very early member of the Kipling Society, Miss Ewing of the Victoria

Branch in British Columbia, sends us a couple of delightful sketches by Mr. Edward Goodall, picturing *The Old Charming Inn* at Oak Bay, Victoria. With the pictures comes the pleasant news that the latest copy of *The Kipling Journal* is always displayed in the *Inn's* rooms for the benefit of guests.

A French visitor to London, M. Robert Wieder, Secretary General of the Association France-Grande Bretagne, addressed the National Book League on April 30th upon Kipling as "the great force in France" for English literature. "His name is magical," said M. Wieder, "and he has a place in the heart of every French child."

Somewhat less pleasant and certainly less accurate is an item of Kipling news from the exclusive women's club in New York known as "The Colony," in Park Avenue. Its exclusiveness can be judged from the fact that its annual subscription is equivalent to £70. Dr. Nicholas Nyaradi, one time finance minister of Hungary, who has settled in America and is teaching in a college in Illinois, was lecturing to the members of "The Colony." He recalled a story about the life and death fight between a python and a tiger. Dr. Nicholas Nyaradi, speaking to this American audience, added, "this story comes from the works of your great-American poet and novelist, Rudyard Kipling."

This is carrying the Anglo-Saxon imperialism somewhat too far. There can be a common sentiment without Britain annexing Walt Whitman from the United States, or the United States annexing our Kipling.

ERNEST SHORT.

Afterthoughts on "Stalky & Co."

by B. W. Allen

IT is over half a century since "Stalky & Co." first saw light and it is still very much alive. It is read and enjoyed or derided and denounced and argued over. This might be a suitable time to take stock of the book in all its aspects.

Most students of Kipling cannot but feel a certain sense of curiosity as to why it should have occurred to Kipling to write such a book, which is in an entirely different vein from all his other works. The genesis of "Stalky & Co." has never been disclosed and one can only conjecture. One can start with the hypothesis that he wrote the book at the age of thirty-four when his income depended on his pen, and he had a wife and family to support. Now a quality in Kipling which is sometimes ignored was his remarkable astuteness. Other writers have made a sizeable income by following one particular line (for example "thrillers") and turning them out by a system of mass production. Who was it that asked at the book-stall for "the three o'clock Edgar Wallace"? But this would not do for Kipling. His principal stock-in-trade was his versatility and, moreover, he was always prepared to strike out on a new and unexpected line.

What may have happened

Now in the *fin-de-siècle* era school stories were cut to a regulation pattern and were seldom well written. With the exception of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" no school story had become a classic. So Kipling saw his opportunity and took it. What might have happened (and it is hoped that the suggestion is not too fanciful)

may be something like this. One pictures Rudyard Kipling seated at his writing table, his pipe going and his open bank-book beside him. He doodles on his blotting-pad and ponders on these lines. "What shall I try now? India and the Services have had a good run, better give them a rest. Another children's book? They sell well in the States. The two Jungle Books went well and a third might not be so good. What is it that chap Anstey wrote? 'the public never forgives a disappointment.' Better not risk it. A detective story? No. Conan Doyle has cornered the market. Shouldn't be surprised if he resurrects Sherlock Holmes." Then on his bookshelf a battered copy of "Tom Brown" catches his eye. "I've got it. A school story. Something to make 'em laugh. And, by Jove, I've got enough copy from *my* Westward Ho! days to fill a whole book. Better send it to one of the popular sixpennies with illustrations by one of those *Punch* chaps." And so "Stalky & Co." came into being in the *Windsor Magazine* with delightful illustrations by Raven Hill.

In serial form "Stalky" was an immediate success". The writer of this article was eleven years old at the time, and remembers how his parents and elder sisters fought for the monthly *Windsor* and read the latest "Stalky" story with shrieks of joy. But it was essentially a book for adults or adolescents. Schoolboys failed to appreciate it. References to Ruskin and De Quincy were above their heads. As to the humour, somehow "we were not amused" at the idea of smoking on the sly, which was

a serious offence. We felt that Prout had some right on his side when he upbraided the occupants of No. 5 Study for frousting in their study on a fine summer afternoon. At our own school we did not talk about "the honour of the house," but a boy knew he could either watch a house-match or be summoned to the prefects' room after prayers to be dealt with by a muscular head of the house.

In due course "Stalky" was published by Macmillan in book form, in a rather austere crimson binding and without illustrations. Then the trouble began. The dear old British Public failed to regard the work as Kipling obviously intended it, a light-hearted school yarn to amuse. On the contrary it took it very seriously indeed. Furthermore it was regarded, not as a work of fiction, but as an autobiographical fragment of Kipling himself. The book was slated both by the intelligentsia, by the Old School Tie Brigade and even by the "pukka sahibs." Mr. E. F. Benson denounced it as "vulgar." When, two years later, "The Islanders" appeared with the reference to "flannelled fools and muddled oafs," Sir Owen Seaman of *Punch* brought out an imaginary interview with Kipling as "The Director-General of Empire," who confessed that he never played games himself, but "spent his spare time in loafing and scoring off masters."

After many years

Now after many years we have Mr. Somerset Maugham on the warpath. He writes: "A more odious picture of school-life has never been drawn," and that "Westward Ho! was a third rate school." This statement needs to be challenged. Westward Ho! was not, strictly speaking, a public school. It specialised for the Army, and was a 'limited company paying four per

cent.' But the teaching, judging by the Army and Indian Services examination successes, appears to have been remarkably sound. In games the school took ruggie seriously and played it outstandingly well. What more does one want? Then Mr. Maugham denounces the boys as being "odious." This seems scarcely fair. The "bloods" are depicted as a fine lot. "Abanazar," "Dick Four," Flint, Dawson and Venner ("a sixth not to be handled without gloves") had a fine sense of loyalty to the Head and to the school and were capable of handling the rank and file. Apart from the two bullies Sefton and Campbell, the remainder seem a fairly representative type of public school-boys of all time. The school was well run, and the boys well fed and looked after, and the evidence points to the school having a high moral tone. What more does one want? Come, come, Mr. Maugham.

What may have come as a surprise to his readers was the fact that Kipling viewed public school life from an entirely novel and unexpected angle. Stories of the Talbot Baines Reade type invariably stressed the *mens sana in corpore* motif. Kipling, on the other hand, realised that the unathletic boy exists, and put his case clearly and sympathetically. He also appreciated the fact that growing boys are often remarkably sensitive. He brought this point out in the incident where the "jelly-bellied flag-flapper" lectured to the sons of Army men on patriotism (of all conceivable subjects), with the subsequent disbandment of the Cadet Corps which reduced even Stalky to tears. Camaraderie between boys and masters is a commonplace nowadays, but was a new thing to the late Victorians. Some of the Old School Tie Brigade of the period may have been rather



THE OLD ELM OF WESTWARD HO !

One of several photographs, sent by Mr. David Bowen, of 8 Kipling Terrace, Westward Ho !, Devon (formerly the United Services College, and now divided up into private houses), taken after the felling of the old hollow elm in the front garden. This tree, besides shading the old schoolrooms, must have witnessed many of the adventures of Stalky & Co. The picture recalls Kipling's own lines :

" Ellum she hateth mankind, and waiteth
Till every gust be laid,
To drop a limb on the head of him
That anyway trusts her shade."

shocked at the idea of the Headmaster taking his after-dinner cheroot to Flint's study and talking football shop. In those days smoking by masters was expected to be indulged in in private.

Merits and defects

What are the merits of the book? Here are a few. There is Kipling's knack of selecting exactly the right phrase, or more often a single word, best capable of stimulating the reader's imagination. King looking " lovingly " at the canes under Foxy's arm. Stalky's " maddening politeness " when he says to Prout, " If you order us to go, Sir, of course we'll go." Beetle " returning with interest " a purloined butterfly net

to a tearful fag. Then there is the smoothness and slickness where Kipling switches from fun to seriousness, without interruption of the narrative or undue sentimentality. An example of this is in "A little Prep," where we have the Head in the rôle of " father confessor and agent general " to the old boys. There is a perfect little vignette in the same story where the death in battle of " Fat Sow Duncan " is told in staccato sentences by Toffee Crandall to an enthralled audience of nightgowned boys. All this is Kipling at his best.

But there are defects. The practical joke motif and the leg-pulling of masters which appears in every story is

at times overdone. Indeed the author's sense of humour verges at times to something like cruelty. If M'Turk had only winged the cat instead of killing it outright, the poor brute would have crawled away and died in agony. Again there is nothing particularly funny in Manders Minor having his head cut open when Rabbits-Eggs rocked King. Critics have accused Kipling of piling on the agony in the description of the boys' handling of Sefton and Campbell in "The Moral Reformers," but there they may be wrong. Kipling depicted

the two crammer's pups as being not only bullies but belonging to that most unpleasant type of schoolboy (a type which still exists) the embryo "man about town," and the reader feels they got what they deserved.

What may be the final judgment on *Stalky & Co.*? Perhaps just this. It is a book to be kept and dipped into again and again and thoroughly enjoyed, but not to be taken too seriously. After all it is a work of fiction and not a historical document.

Bottes, Bottes, Bottes

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Kipling : Poèmes choisis par T. S. Eliot.
Traduit de l'Anglais par Jules Castier. *Robert Laffont: Paris.*
200 fr.

THE ingenuity of M. Jules Castier's French translation of Kipling's verse is, at times, almost startling. Not only is the sense accurately conveyed, but as often as not the metre itself is retained, or at least closely matched. Painters at work will sometimes hold up an unfinished picture to a looking glass to consider its form and colours from a new angle. Translation has a somewhat similar effect. An author's—even a whole country's—idiosyncrasies are suddenly revealed in a different light. Here, for example, what fascinating trains of thought are evoked by the changes required to turn Kipling material into a medium intelligible in France.

How would you render "gentleman-ranker"? Few of us would have thought of "le troupier fils de famille," with its suggestion of such a different kind of social exile; while The Absent-minded Beggar as "le mendiant distraité" becomes a sad, almost pierrot-like figure. In "The 'Mary Gloster'" the phrase "for I lunched with his Royal 'Ighness" is expressed by "j'ai reçu

le ministre à déjeuner" which has a far more practical air about it than the royal luncheon. The "flannelled fools at the wicket" and the "muddied oafs at the goals" develop, in addition to their thoughtlessness, a kind of ludicrous male vanity:

*"De vos crétiens sportifs exhibitant
leurs flanelles,*

*De vos oisifs boueux qui surveillent
les 'goals.'"*

"Mandalay" loses some of its nostalgia, but in matters of love the French tongue will not accept emotional *gaucherie*:

"Plucky lot she cared for idols
when I kissed her where she
stud!"

is transformed to:

*"Elle sfi'chait bien d'tout's les idol's,
quand j'l'ai eu embrassée tout
d'bout!"*

"M'Andrew's Hymn" falls completely into place:

"Lord, Thou hast made this world
below the shadow of a dream,
An', taught by time, I tak' it so—
excepting always Steam."

*"Seigneur, Ton monde d'ici-bas, c'est
l'ombr' d'un rêv' trompeur.*

Comm' l'expérienc' me l'enseigne—

sauf, toujours, la Vapeur."

But M. Castier can tackle more difficult problems than M'Andrew, the sonorous tones of which find an obvious parallel in certain kinds of French formal verse. Look at this :

"So one shall Baltic pines content,

As one some Surrey glade,

Or one the palm-grove's droned
lament

Before Levuka's Trade.

Each to his choice, and I rejoice

The lot has fallen to me

In a fair ground—in a fair ground—

Yea, Sussex by the sea ! "

"Pour l'un, les pins de la Baltique,

Pour l'autre, un bosquet du Surrey,

Ou bien le frôlement discret

Des longs palmiers sous le tropique.

Chacun sa voie—

Mais c'est ma joie

D'aimer sans nul destin amer,

Le sol charmant, où tout rougeoie—

Le Sussex bercé par la mer."

We may regret the removal of Levuka's Trade, but how neat is the rest. Is there even a touch of Lafargue in the fourth line ? However, here and there alliteration and the pounding of the metre has proved too much, as in "The Song of the Banjo," where something has undoubtedly been lost :

"But the word—the word is mine,

when the order moves the line

And the lean, locked ranks go roar-
ing down to die ! "

*"Mais je suis le signal, après l'ordre
banal,*

*Quand les rangs vont en plein vers la
Mort qui les happe! "*

Rather in the same manner :

"Daughter am I in my mother's
house,

But mistress in my own."

becomes a trifle flat as :

*"Je suis l'enfant en maison
maternelle,*

Mais je suis maîtresse chez moi!"

While in "Tomlinson" :

" 'And this I ha' got from a Belgian
book on the word of a dead
French lord.' "

" *'Et puis, ceci encor, j'ai appris
tout d'abord*

*'D'un Belg,' qui l'tenait d'un
Français.' "*

is a rendering that misses the apparent reference to the Divine Marquis, though the final line of the poem is excellent :

" 'And . . . the God that you took from
a printed book be with you,
Tomlinson ! " "

" *'Et . . . ce Dieu chapardé dans un
livre imprimé,*

Qu'il te protège, Tomlinson! "

In the same way perfect ease is found in :

*"C'est Tommy-ci, et Tommy-ça, et
Tommy, fous-moi l'camp ;*

*Mais c'est 'Merci, monsieur Atkins'
dès que l'concert reprend."*

*"O Blanc, reprends ton lourd
fardeau—"*

*"A la tienn,' Fuzzy-Wuzz, à ton
pays, l'Soudan!*

*T'es un bougre d'paien, mais un fier
combattant! "*

"J't'ai battu, rossé, en effet—

Mais, par Dieu vivant qui t'a fait,

*Tu vaux mieux qu'moi, mon vieux, et
j'te l'dis, Gunga Din! "*

" Sir Richard's Song (A.D. 1066),"

" Harp Song of the Dane Women,"

and " If—" all pass almost effortlessly

into French through M. Castier's skill.

Perhaps "Recessional" is best of all :

*"O Dieu de jadis, ô Dieu de nos pères,
Seigneur tout-puissant des combats
lointains,*

*Sous le main de Qui nous tenons,
prospères,*

*Le sol des palmiers et le sol des
pins—*

*Dieu des Armes, sois avec qui Te
prie,*

*De peur qu'on n'oublie—hélas, qu'on
n'oublie! "*

ANTHONY POWELL.

Literary Judgment and Common Sense

by Basil M. Bazley

(The first part of this article appeared in the April 1953 issue of "The Kipling Journal")

PART of the antagonism displayed against Kipling was due to his having "the common touch"—he could get down, right down, to the non-literary man; he could interpret things great and small, mundane and trans-lunary, to the men he always admired: the men who do things without talking about them. Such men, though they buy, read and keep his books, are unable or unwilling to rush into controversy—probably they never meet the 'debunkers' (horrid word!) in their orbits. Yet we find this in Lunn's *Loose Ends*, a school story which idealises many of the things for which Kipling is attacked:—"Kipling has his ear on the keyhole and picks up the slang of the sea. Conrad gives you the soul of the men that go down to the sea in ships." In spite of this, I think we may say, without fear of contradiction, that the former is far more widely read in marine circles than the latter—among merchant seamen and marine engineers. Conrad is a great writer, albeit he is not often mentioned today, but Kipling has sufficient knowledge of the sea to give foundation and the power to tell his story, verse or prose, to the men who live on the sea; he is more concerned with men than psychology, more interested in storms of the sea than storms of the brain.

Following a fashion ?

What are we to think of things like this? In 1891 the late Sir Edmund Gosse wrote a fine appreciation of

Kipling in the *Century Magazine*; later, his enthusiasm waned, for we find no more from his very able pen. Or was he following a fashion? At the other end of the scale we have a young man, quoted by the *Liverpool Echo*, who, given a Kipling book to review, said that he thought himself entirely adequate for this, as he had never read a word of Kipling and could approach him from a quite unbiased standpoint! Somewhere between these two comes Mr. Harold Laski who, in 1930, stated that Kipling "will be referred to as the symptom of a mood which England threw off like a baleful fever," with much more in the same strain, mingled with some damning with faint praise.

All the above and much more. Unfortunately, some detractors, in their anxiety to annoy or damage Kipling, did great harm to their country; people—even in the armed forces of the Crown—were led to belittle his warnings of future dangers, as in 1935, and to discount his patriotic efforts. He personally suffered little; the sales of his books rose to astronomical figures, and he himself was acclaimed with honour on his rare public appearances. He was screamed at as a war-monger; his least utterance was twisted into a clenching of the mailed fist. A specimen of this wilful fallacy was the taking out of its context of a couplet from "The Islanders":—

"Idle—except for your boasting—
and what is your boasting worth
If ye grudge a year of service to
the lordliest life on earth?"

E. V. Lucas wrote to him, asking if

the phrase, " the lordliest life on earth " referred to the Army. Kipling replied : " But don't the lines following on ' the lordliest life on earth ' make it clear what that life was ? They run :

'Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on
cycle set—
Life so long untroubled that ye who
inherit forget
It was not made with the mountains,
it is not one with the deep.
Men, not Gods, devised it. Men,
not Gods, must keep.'

By that I meant to picture the ordinary English life that they were born to— not the life of a 'year of service,' which they grudged." What seems so evil is that a poem should be dubbed bad literature because it is patriotic ; love of one's country was a deadly sin in the minds of many of the high-brows.

To repeat my previous remark, all these outbursts of spite did no harm to Kipling who replied with zeal, as in " The Quest," a little-known poem :—

"And here is my lance to mend
(Haro!),
And here is my horse to be shot !
Ay, they were strong, and the fight
was long ;
But I paid as good as I got !

Lastly, there was that beautiful leg-pull, contrived with the collaboration of Charles Graves and others, " The Fifth Book of the Odes of Horace." E. V. Lucas alone amongst the critics—the high-brows were silent—gave a hint when it appeared, and an account of it after Kipling's death; the high-brows suspected that Kipling, who steadily ignored all those who ranted about his work, had laid a trap. For once, their judgments, unlike their utterances upon him as a writer, were sound.

Tenderness and humour

No reviling can destroy the tenderness and delicate humour of stories like "An Habitation Enforced" (*Actions and Reactions*), " Without Benefit of Clergy " (*Life's Handicap*), or "The Miracle of Saint Jubanus " (*Limits and Renewals*)— here are three : early, middle and late ; nor can speaking of his poems as ' jingles ' detract from the grace and haunting charm of lines like these from " The English Flag," in spite of their patriotic note :

"The South Wind sighed:—From
the Virgins my mid-sea course
was ta'en
Over a thousand islands lost in an
idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the
coral and the long-backed
breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the
lazy, locked lagoon.' "

Quare fremuerunt gentes? Kipling's fame lives, though his critics are all but forgotten; no one quoting some phrase of his today troubles to give the author's name—it is assumed that such should be common knowledge wherever the English language is spoken.

Inter alia, not all of Kipling sounds the patriotic note. Have his critics ever read his tales and poems of the English countryside? Has the eerie loveliness of " Brookland Road," to name only one, escaped them in their eagerness to find fault? Literary work should be judged on its merits; not because one does not like the author or his views. The late Professor Saintsbury held Swinburne's " Song in Time of Revolution " to be a great poem, in spite of its abominable sentiments ; in other words, literature is made by the manner in which the subject is treated ; content should not enter into its appraisal.

Kipling's Youthful Characters

by Rhoda E. Brown

Vice President of the Melbourne Branch (Australia)

(This is the second and concluding part of Mrs. Brown's paper, read to members of the Melbourne Branch. The first part appeared in our last issue)

The ill-starred children

UNDER the ill-starred children I include Tota (*Without Benefit of Clergy*), the half-cast child of Ameera and Holden, whose birth is celebrated by the birth-sacrifice of two goats. But the child, though precocious, is frail and unable to withstand the onset of the seasonal autumn fever. Ameera, little more than a child herself, dies shortly after of cholera. Much the same fate overtakes little Muhammad Din—"a tiny, plump figure in ridiculously inadequate shirt which came perhaps half way down the tubby stomach. It wandered round the room, thumb in mouth, crooning to itself as it took stock of the pictures."

The child had no companions, but used to amuse himself by trotting about the garden, building dust palaces and adorning them with an old polo ball, faded marigolds and other odds and ends. The finding of a gay seashell delighted the little builder and "his crooning rose to a jubilant song." But the wonder palace was never completed—fever claimed the child.

The tragedy of Bisesa, in *Beyond the Pale*, shows what may happen when a man seeks to know too much. "Bisesa, a child-widow, living in the walled house of her mother's brother, was good to look upon." "She was as ignorant as a bird" and "her distorted version of the rumours from the outside world amused Trejago almost as much as her lisping attempts to pronounce his name—Christopher."

She heard that Trejago was flirting with a lady of his own race; trouble ensued. Bisesa stamped her little feet and sent him away after kissing his forehead twice—a most unusual gesture.

After an absence of three weeks, Trejago went down again to Amir Nath's Gully to make up the quarrel and rapped at the window-sill. "From the black dark Bisesa held out her arms into the moonlight. Both hands had been cut off at the wrists and the stumps were nearly healed." How or why did it happen? He never knew

Little Tobrah

"'Prisoner's head did not reach to the top of the dock' as the English newspapers say." I suppose there must still be in existence copies of a picture executed many years ago with the title, if I remember aright, "The Witness for the Defence." It represents a ragged, dirty, half-starved little London street-arab, standing forlorn and scared in the dock in a police court. He and Little Tobrah were twin brothers in adversity, except that we know the story of the latter's misery. The outbreak of small-pox in the village, blinding the little sister and killing the parents; the struggle to gain a livelihood with the elder brother at the oil-press; the death of the bullock; famine in the land; the disappearance of the elder brother with their sole remaining five annas; the pushing of the little blind sister into the well and the capture by the Englishman's groom—all these disasters are too great a burden to fall upon the shoulders of one "weak as a fowl and small as a day-old colt." But his

troubles slip from him now he is to be a riding-boy and is well fed. "I, who was empty am now full—and I would sleep." The groom's wife spread a cloth over him while Little Tobrah slept the sleep of the just.

Philadelphia Bucksteed (*Marklake Witches*) is a young miss of the Hanoverian period, who can be a tom-boy or a very dignified young hostess, as the occasion demands. "Una saw 'a curly-haired girl, not much taller than herself, but older. . . . Her cheeks were pale except for two pretty pink patches in the middle and she talked with little gasps at the end of her sentences, as though she had been running.' When she tries to dance, she has to stop after a few steps, with a stitch in her side, and she has 'a little spitty cough' which, she declares with the disastrous hopefulness of the doomed consumptive, 'will disappear in London air.' She gives a racy account of her dealing with Jerry Gamm, the Witchmaster and René Laennec, a young Breton doctor, prisoner of war, Dr. Break, Sir Arthur Wellesley and her father. And she is proud of her triumph when she sings to the four men after dinner, accompanying herself on the harp. The men, knowing how only too true is the line 'And the time of our parting is near' are 'overwhelmed'—accablés, as René says. "My dear, if I hadn't seen it, I shouldn't have believed that I could have drawn tears, genuine tears, to the eyes of four grown men."

The war victims

Michael Turrell (in *The Gardener*) is the reputed son of Helen Turrell's brother, George; the father being dead and the mother said to be indifferent to the boy's fate, Helen brings him up. At the age of ten, something or somebody gave him the idea that his civil status was not quite regular, but he is

not upset about that. "But don't you bother, Auntie. I've found out all about my sort in English Hist'ry and the Shakespeare bits. There was William the Conqueror to begin with, and—oh heaps more and they all got on first rate"

He goes through the usual course of public school life and, just as he is going up to Oxford with a scholarship, the war claims him—and a shell splinter puts an end to his life. Helen goes to his grave and seeks information from a man, evidently a gardener.

He rose at her approach and without prelude or salutation asked: "Who are you looking for?" "Lieutenant Michael Turrell—my nephew," said Helen slowly and word for word, as she had many thousands of times in her life. The man lifted his eyes and looked at her with infinite compassion before he turned from the fresh-sown grass toward the naked black crosses. "Come with me," he said, "and I will show you where your son lies."

Two victims

Wyndham Fowler and little Edna Gerritt, aged nine (*Mary Postgate*) were two victims from different types of families. Wyndham was killed while on a training flight and Edna while playing in her father's stable, her body ripped and shredded by a bomb loosed from an enemy plane. When Wyndham's death was reported, Miss Fowler, who had brought her rowdy young nephew up, said: "I never expected anything else; but I'm sorry it happened before he had done anything."

"Scarce had they lifted up
Life's full and fiery cup,
Than they had set it down un-
touched before them.
Before their day arose
They beckoned it to close—
Close in destruction and confusion
o'er them."

Now the last : two characters from *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*. "A brace of the most finished little fiends that ever banged drum or tootled fife in the Band of a British Regiment. They ended their sinful career by open and flagrant mutiny and were shot for it. Their names were Jakin and Lew—Piggy Lew—and they were bold, bad drummer boys." Even the Colonel, good, easy man, said the little devils were more trouble than the rest of the Regiment put together.

But there came a day when the Regiment, soft from too long living in barracks, marched out to war "all gallant and gay," as Lew said, against a crafty, cruel, yelling foe—"six-foot fiends . . . upon whose tongues is a roar of wrath, and in whose hands are yard-long knives." The Regiment broke, the Band fled with it, Jakin and Lew being left behind. Screened by an overhanging rock, they drank a quantity of canteen rum and, under its influence,

Jakin is possessed of a splendid idea. He proposes to play the Regiment back again into action. "Come on, Lew! We won't get hurt. Take the fife an' give me the drum. . . . The two little red dots moved forward in the open—the day stayed to watch the children. Jakin halted and beat the long roll of the Assembly, while the fife squealed despairingly."

"They are coming anew!" shouted a priest among the Afghans. "Do not kill the boys! Take them alive and they shall be of our faith." But the first volley had been fired, and Lew dropped on his face. Jakin stood for a minute, spun round and collapsed as the Fore and Aft came forward. The two little bodies were buried in the big grave under the heights of Jagai.

So we take leave of those for whom the bell tolls and the Last Post is sounded.

"They shall grow not old . . .
Age shall not weary them, nor the
years condemn."

From Auckland, New Zealand

THE seventeenth Annual Report of the Auckland, New Zealand, Branch of the Society has reached us, and we congratulate all concerned upon their activities.

The Branch has held nine meetings during the season 1952-1953, with an average attendance of twenty-two members. The readings and discussions were based mostly on stories from *Many Inventions*. The Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Buchanan, writes:—"Dr. R. B. Phillipps (attached to the Indian Army, first World War) of Cambridge, New Zealand, gave a consecutive study of England's relations with India through Kipling's poems selected for that purpose. We welcome Mr. Somerset Maugham's important book *Choice of Kipling's Prose* and accept with delight the concluding sentences of his discriminating essay.

"He is our greatest story teller. I can't believe he will ever be equalled. I am sure he can never be excelled."

We are indebted to Mr. Basil Bazley, Chairman of the Council, for his letters to us, full of news, and particularly for some rare books relative to Kipling's works: we are most grateful to him. Throughout the year we look forward to letters from Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, Founder; Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson, Honorary Secretary; Mr. Maitland, Honorary Librarian, and to Mr. Chaplin, Editor of the *Kipling Journal*. Copies of the *Journal* are sought for by various public libraries in New Zealand.

We are all looking forward to the honour of the visit of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to New Zealand in December next."

Parodies of "If"

RECENTLY our member, Mr. J. S. I. McGregor, of 7 Meade Street, George, Cape Province, South Africa, kindly presented to the Society a folder containing 53 parodies of Kipling's "If," which he had collected over the years. In thanking him for this welcome addition to the Kipling Society's Library, which is much valued, we hope that members who possess parodies will help to add to Mr. McGregor's collection by sending him copies. He writes :

"I was astonished to find when going through my Kipling scrap books, of which I have about twenty, that practically all my parodies date

between the years 1921-1952. The first publication of "If" was in 1910 and I only have one copy of a parody during those years, published in the *Navy*—organ of the Navy League—December, 1915. There must have been quite a number written between 1910 and 1921; possibly some of our members may be able to help."

Mr. McGregor has written a short essay on the two versions of "The Light That Failed"—Lippincotts and the first Macmillan edition—copies of which he has also kindly presented to the Society's Library.

Library Note

The Roman Wall

THE *Melbourne Age* dated November 22, 1952, sent to us by Sir Julius Bruche, contains an interesting article by J. D. G. Medley which re-opens a controversy which has long exercised the minds of many of our members.

Did Rudyard Kipling, when writing *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*, place the 7th Cohort of the 30th Legion on Hadrian's Wall by accident or by certain knowledge gained by careful research? Excavations in 1911, the year *Puck* was published, disclosed plenty of evidence of other Legions' service on the Wall, but none that the 30th were ever there.

It seems that on being informed of these discoveries Kipling did not take too kindly to having his data questioned. However, as Mr. Medley points out, Kipling was later to be vindicated, for subsequent digging operations round the walls of a storehouse brought

to light a small stone bearing an inscription stating that repairs had been carried out in 280 A.D. by a working-party in charge of a centurion of the 7th Cohort of the 30th Legion.

Kipling, on being informed of this by Mr. Medley, telegraphed an invitation to visit him in Sussex.

After satisfying himself that he was not the victim of a leg-pull, Kipling produced the notes he had prepared before writing the story, and from which it was clear he had written down the first numbers which came into his head. Mr. Medley writes that Kipling and he decided that this particular centurion had probably been transferred from his pleasant command at Strasbourg to Corstopitum as a punishment for some misdemeanour. All of which seems to throw further doubt as to whether the 30th was ever stationed on The Wall.

W. G. B. MAITLAND

OVERSEAS VISITORS.—We have been very pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Rickerby from our Auckland Branch who are on a visit to England, also Mrs. Morton from our branch in Melbourne.

That "Worst Slip Again"

A FURTHER contribution to the "Worst Slip" question comes from Mr. T. E. Elwell, of Ramsey, Isle of Man, who writes:—

"The late Mr. Innes, re Mr. Edward Short's 'Notes' in the *April Journal*, seems, as so many commentators did before him, to have ignored part of Kipling's statement on page 212 of *Something of Myself*: 'Luckily the men of the seas and the engine room do not write to the Press.' Therefore the error is confined to a story or poem about a steamship, and nothing ashore should be considered.

The most likely story is 'Bread Upon the Waters,' which bristles with 'ships,' such as a chief engineer virtually taking command on the bridge, with the master meekly assenting—no stranger thing ever happened at sea—or standing in for telegraphed orders,

when orders were aboard in sealed envelopes—two among other unlikely manœuvres, but the 'worst slip' is to see a ship's sidelights when following her. This is just not possible, and no worse error, nautical or non-nautical, could be made.

In passing, the story 'The King's Ankus' in the first English edition of the *Second Jungle Book* was unfinished by about 400 words, yet no critic or reviewer noticed this for nearly fifty years. Apparently the author and publisher alone were ever aware of the emission. Here was a glaring lapse within the province of those who *do* 'Write to the Press'; it's their job, but it got by, though it is, of course, no subject for derision, but merely an oversight, yet one that cried aloud for comment. No one commented."

A Commemorative Plaque

IN conjunction with the Northam Urban District Council, the United Services College and Imperial College Service Society proposes to place a commemorative plaque on the old School buildings, now known as Kipling Terrace, at Westward Ho!, there being at present nothing to identify them with the School. The amount of money required for this plan is about £75, and it is hoped that as many Old Boys and others interested in keeping

alive the memory of Rudyard Kipling will identify themselves with the memorial. It is likely that the plaque will be ready for unveiling by mid-September. Contributions are invited, and may be sent to Miss M. Willes, The Little Mount; Westward Ho!, N. Devon, or to Colonel H. A. Tapp, OBE, M.C, Thorn Acre, Brockenhurst, Hampshire. Particulars of the short unveiling ceremony will be sent to those who write expressing their interest in this project.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are: LONDON—Mrs. R. S. Wade, Mr. John B. Risk, Mr. H. F. Smallwood, Mr. E. Leahy, Dr. D. R. Shepherd, The Rev. Professor A. E. Cock; CANADA—Mrs. M. Ritchie; VICTORIA, B.C.—Mrs. C. H. Dunbar, Miss J. Ewing; AUSTRALIA (MELBOURNE)—Mrs. D. Underhill, Dr. Bruce Hunt; NEW ZEALAND—Mr. I. R. Buchanan, Mrs. John Loti, Miss C. Clarke; U.S.A.—Mrs. Robert Hare Davis, Cornell University (Ithaca), Mr. D. R. Cameron; GERMANY—Niedersächsische Staat-u. University.

Ian Hay's Early Tribute

WE are indebted to Mr. W. O. Steuart, of Edinburgh, for the following transcription from Ian Hay's novel, *A Knight on Wheels*, which contains a tribute paid by that writer to Rudyard Kipling. The date of the reference is approximately 1914 or 1915.

"I must introduce you to a kindred spirit." And he led Philip to a shelf filled with a row of books. Some were bound in dark blue, and consisted mainly of short stories; the others, smaller and slimmer, were dark red and contained poetry.

"There," said Mr. Mablethorpe, "are the works of the man whom I regard as the head of our profession. Wire in!"

Philip spent the next three days learning "M'Andrew's Hymn" by heart.

There were many books in the library upon which Philip browsed voraciously. . . . But he came again and again to the shelf containing the red and blue volumes, and the magician who dwelt therein never failed him. There were two fascinating stories called "The Ship that Found Herself" and ".007." After reading these Philip ceased to regard his car as a piece of machinery; he endowed him with a

soul and sense of humour. There was a moving tale of love and work called "William the Conqueror"; there was a palpitating drama of the sea called "Bread Upon the Waters"; and there was one story he read over and over again . . . called "The Brushwood Boy."

Only one book upon this shelf failed to please him. It was a complete novel, and dealt with a love affair that went wrong and never came right. The hero, a cantankerous fellow, became blind, and the unfeminine heroine never knew, so went her own way and left him to die. This tragic tale haunted Philip's dreams. It shocked his innate but unconscious belief in the general tendency of things to work together for good. He considered that the author should have compelled these two wrong-headed people to 'make allowances for one another,' and so cотре together at last.

He even took the opinion of Mr. Mablethorpe on the subject. Mr. Mablethorpe said: "His best book, Philip. But — I read it less than any of the others."

Then he introduced Philip to "Brugglesmith," and the vapours were blown away by gusts of laughter.

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 lifetime, 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 their letters as short as possible)

Where Kipling walked

I consider myself privileged to have walked where Kipling walked at the Cape. The house is still as beautiful as ever, surrounded by the splendid scenery of this part of the Peninsula. . . . It is most refreshing in these degenerate days to know and feel that there are a few people still in existence who treasure the memory of one of our greatest writers, who wrote when Britain was at her zenith. Kipling loved his Africa, and with reason, for this part of the great continent has something of everything, although alas, as with everywhere else, the exploiting hand of man has made itself visible.—SIDNEY E. KNIGHT, P.O. Box 1125, Johannesburg, S. Africa.

"The Dog Hervey"—"But that's Little Bingo"

With reference to M.O.C.'s letter in the December issue of the *Kipling Journal*, I think the connection must be looked for in the previous paragraph—"H with an A, A with an R, R with a —."

Many, many years ago there was a song about a pup of which two lines were :

"He was so dreadfully awfully thin,
And Bingo was his name."

I cannot remember any more of it, but each verse ended up :

"B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O,
And Bingo was his name."

I have an idea that there was another version which went :

"B with an I, I with an N, N with
a G, G with an O,
And Bingo was his name."

This may possibly be the connection.—Captain E. C. KALSHOVEN, P.O. Box 116, Bulawayo, S.R.

"He knew his Ingoldsby"

M.O.C. will find "Little Bingo" printed in black letter in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, first series, at the head of "A Lay of St. Gingulphus." How far the second and the last verse is

Barham's own I couldn't say, but as he was always pulling the leg of "Mr. Simpkinson of Bath," this may well be the case; yet I imagine the first verse to be much older than Ingoldsby.

When I was a child "Bingo" was a frequent game. We danced in a ring, with one in the centre, and sang :—

"There was a farmer had a dog
And his name was Little Bingo;
B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O,

(Spelt thrice by all)

His name was Little Bingo."

Sometimes "Little" became "Collie." At the command of the one in the centre, the dancing stopped, and one of the ring the centre pointed to said "B," the next "I," and the one who said "O" broke away and ran, followed by the centre boy or girl. If caught before doubling and rejoining the ring, the captive became centre, the centre joined the ring, and the game went on. I remember the tune, but as it was original, it would be necessary to print the score.

"'But that's Little Bingo,' someone said, and they all laughed." Therefore Kipling assumed it to be common knowledge, as it no doubt was, from childhood days, before "horrid tumbings down from Heaven" stopped children from amusing themselves.

Kipling, as I pointed out in *Journal* No 58, knew his Ingoldsby. As "The Dog Hervey" centres around its name, and as the "letter or halve it with you" of Masonic ritual occurs later in the story, the allusion to the game of lettering "Bingo" was to one who connected it with another dog, inevitable.—T. E. ELWELL, Regent House, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

Kipling in Canada

In July, 1946, one of our members, Mr. J. McG. Stewart, K.C. of Halifax, Canada, sent me a copy of one of the principal parts of the Ritual relating to the calling of a professional Engineer, by special permission of the Council of the Engineering Institute of Canada, for my personal information (as an engineer) "but on no

account for publication or distribution . . . as a confidential document."

Recently, it has struck me that, without divulging any of the confidential items in the ritual, it might be of interest to some members of our Society to learn how extensively the ritual refers to certain items in the works of Kipling, as follows :—" Cold Iron " is mentioned nine times, usually in connection with honourable qualities ; " Breaking Strain," once. Also, it is decreed that there shall be " said or sung in whole or in part " The Sons of Martha," or alternatively, " The Astrologers' Song," or " The Wage Slaves." I have, therefore, obtained Mr. Stewart's permission to let our members know this.

Mr. Stewart also tells me that he has often been invited to lecture on Kipling, to candidates for admission to the Institute, numbering usually nearly 100, and that there should be a Kipling Society in his region of Canada. He has hopes of taking this matter up. He tells me, too, that it is difficult to get copies of Kipling's works in his part of Canada. If this is still a difficulty, perhaps some of our publisher members may be able to help to remove it. —J. H. C. BROOKING, 2 Badminton House, Amersham Old Town, Bucks.

Information wanted

In an old Kipling scrapbook I have a magazine article—"Are there two Rudyard Kiplings?" by Charles E. Russell. I wonder if any of our members can give me the name of the magazine and date?

It is almost certainly American, with four Kipling illustrations (i) Kipling as a schoolboy at Westward Ho ! ; (ii) from Julian Ralph's " War's Brighter Side " ; (iii) Kipling at the age of 20 (by courtesy of *McClure's Magazine*, 1890) ; (iv) Nicholson's portrait of Kipling, 1900.—J. S. I. MC-GREGOR, 78 Meade Street, George, Cape Province, South Africa.

Variable Statistics

With regard to Poems in the Definitive Verse (*Journal* No. 101), Professor Yeats and J.H.C.B. can make their statistics vary from 500 to 700 items : it depends on what is called an

' item.' I think any separate and distinct item should count, even if it is only a couplet.

If it would interest readers, here are the particulars of all known poems, single verses, Limericks, etc., that have been traced as printed items—with a few which may not have been printed :—

- i. PRINTED IN INCLUSIVE VERSE, 1885-1932. 643
- ii. EARLY VERSE — Macmillan's Edition-de-luxe, 1900 Edition. (Poems not in i.) ... 73
- iii. LINES AND VERSES IN PROSE STORIES (not included in i. or ii. above). 109
- All the above are in the Sussex Edition. 825
- iv. Also in the Sussex Edition are additional poems. 26
- v. UNCOLLECTED VERSES which have been printed in whole or in part in *Kipling Journals*. 16
- vi. UNCOLLECTED VERSES AND POEMS. (I have typescript or manuscript copies of all these.) 138
- vii. UNCOLLECTED ITEMS IN SUNDRY PHANSIES. (I believe these were once printed.) 24
- viii. OTHER UNCOLLECTED ITEMS. (Only titles or first lines known in some cases. A few of these have never been printed.) 115

1,144

—Heron

Members of the Kipling Society who possess press cuttings (new or old), letters, or other literary material relating to Rudyard Kipling and his works, which they think might interest readers of the "Journal," are invited to send particulars to the Hon. Editor, "The Kipling Journal," c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund, Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1. In the case of cuttings or extracts 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" if the matter is used.

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