



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 Ead 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 Rhodes Centenary of 1953 produced a pleasant anecdote from Lady Milner, published in *The National and English Review*. It related to the months Kipling and Rhodes spent together in the troubled war year of 1899. Said Kipling of Rhodes :

"The use I was to him was as a purveyor of words. He would say to me, 'What I am trying to express; Say it, SAY IT!'"

What luck to have a master of English at one's elbow and have only to ask him to find the necessary words. We should all be orators or novel writers under such guidance.

Lady Milner adds that Rhodes once asked Kipling, "What is your dream?"

Kipling's answer was, "Well, you are part of it," which pleased Rhodes greatly.

The Glory of the Garden

Apropos of the Rhodes centenary, the garden at Bateman's Kipling's Sussex home at Burwash, was ablaze with South African flowers in July. There are twenty-five varieties, all of them given to Mr. Parish by the Director of the Kirstenbosch Botanical Gardens, Cape Town. Mr. Parish is the tenant of Bateman's, under the National Trust, and he planted the South African flowers in a sheltered walled garden. They add much to the glory of what used to be Kipling's Garden.

A *Punch* scribe, under the signature *Invidius Naso*, once wrote these lines to be sung to the air of "O ruddier

than the cherry " :

O Rudyard, in the sherry,
I drink your very, very
Good health. I would
That write I could

Like Kipling, sad or merry

Plainly, Cecil Rhodes was aware of literary disabilities akin to those of *Invidius Naso*, but he was luckier.

Two " Kipling " Books

Members of the Kipling Society are continually building up their personal libraries. Here are a couple of volumes which have come under my notice in recent weeks. One is by Dr. Peter Penzoldt and is entitled *The Supernatural in Fiction*, published by Peter Nevill. It is a Geneva University production and includes a very interesting and informative chapter upon Rudyard Kipling, particularly in relation to *The Phantom Rickshaw*.

Dr. Penzoldt is interested in the psychiatry of fiction, and the point he discusses is whether this aspect of Kipling's work may best be regarded as upholding the Eastern view of the supernatural, or the English view, which embodies a much larger admixture of realism. For example, in *The Phantom Rickshaw*, it can be maintained that the visions of the ghostly vehicle are due to overwork and optical illusions. On the contrary, the haunting of Pansay by the ghost of Agnes Keith Wissington may be a spiritual actuality.

The Gift from Allah

The other outstanding example of the supernatural in Kipling is that beautiful children's story, "They." As

Kipling tells the story, the narrator finds himself in an unknown Sussex garden where his blind hostess begs him to take his car round the garden "to amuse the children." Are they real children? As the story goes there is no doubt they are spirits, visible only to those who have "borne and lost," but the beauty of the story lies in the delicate balance between the realism of the telling and the suggestion of the spiritual.

Kipling himself has told him that "he had from Allah" two separate sides to his head. As an artist he developed one from his contact with the visionary East, and the other from the more realistic West of his birth-place. Always, Kipling was pre-occupied with nervous and mental diseases, as can be seen in such a story "Beyond the Pale" in *The Plain Tales*. Here the jealous husband cuts off his wife's hands and she greets her lover by raising the stumps against the moonlight. Grim enough, but characteristic of one aspect of the writer's approach to life. Dr. Penzoldt naturally emphasizes Kipling's obligations to Edgar Allan Poe in such stories as *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *Telltale Heart* and *The Imp*.

Kipling into French

The other book is a French translation of T. S. Eliot's anthology, drawn from Kipling's work. The translations are a tribute to the ingenuity of the Frenchman, who has found telling equivalents for Kipling's soldier slang and ideas which might well have defied transference into an alien tongue. "Bobs," "Danny Deever" and the rest answer curiously to the changed tongue. Here, for example, is the first stanza of "Bobs."

Il est un p'tit bonhomm' tout rouge,—
Et c'est Bobs,—
I'mont' le plus grand ch'val qu'i'
trouve,—

Notre Bobs.
Qu'i' rue, qu'i' s'cabre, l'mors aux
dents,
Bobs le mont'rait pendant vingt ans,
Tout en gardant l'sourir', pourtant,—
N'est-c'pas, Bobs ?
The equally well-known ballad of
"East and West" runs :
Oh, l'Est, c'est l'Est, et l'Ouest, c'est
l'Ouest—onqu's ne s'mêl'-ront
tous deux,
Tant qu' Ciel et Terr' ne s'ront
jugés devant l'grand Trôn de
Dieu;
Mais il n'est plus ni Est ni Ouest,
frontier', naissanc', ni race,
Quand deux homm's forts des bouts
du mond s'rencontrent face à
face !

Dramatising Kipling

James McKechnie and Howard Marion Crawford appeared on the wireless in a dramatised version of Kipling's short story, "Pig," on Saturday, May 29, and the following Thursday. With McKechnie playing Nafferton, Marion Crawford, Pine-coffin and Hester Paton Brown being the Dolly Pinecoffin, James Nay Forsyth's radio version ran for thirty-five minutes, enough to whet one's appetite for more dramatised Kipling. One remembers Beerbohm Tree's amazing impersonation of Austin Limmason at His Majesty's in *The Man Who Was*, dramatised by Kinsey Peile. A wonderful cast for a one-act play, on which the curtain did not rise until 10.30. Fisher White, Dawson Milward, S. A. Cookson, Edmund Maurice, and Constance Collier were some of the fourteen players who supported Tree.

Some Portraits

Readers of *The Journal* might help to compile an anthology of Kipling's portraits. One of the earliest I can recall was that by the Hon. John Collier, shewn at the New Gallery in May, 1901. It pictures him, hands in his side pockets and toasting the back

of his coat, against an open fire. The keen gaze from under the bushy eyebrows is there to the life. From the time of *Soldiers Three* comes the drawing by Spy in *Vanity Fair*. Here Kipling is in kindlier mood, pipe in hand and wearing garments which have manifestly not suffered the trouser press gladly. Philip Burne-Jones's

painting shews the author at his writing-table. I also have a liking for E. O. Hoppe's drawing, based upon a side-view photograph, which was pleasantly reproduced in a Christmas literary annual forty or fifty years ago. There must be many others.

ERNEST SHORT.

Some Criticisms of Kipling's Work

by Basil M. Bazley.

CRITICISM is defined as "the art of judging, especially in literature and the fine arts"; in the unwritten laws which govern English usage—and good taste—it is held to indicate that the judgment shall be fair: "bearing no malice or ill-will" (John Quincy Adams); it ought to be dissociated from mere diatribe. Let me say, first of all, that it seems to me incomprehensible that any critic should blame Kipling for being 'political' and, in the same breath, praise G. B. Shaw for this very habit. As a matter of fact, there has been little serious, and hardly any adequate, criticism of Kipling's work in this, his own country, though there were always odd scraps of abuse from Little Englanders—the type that always reviles the Englishman in the Colonies; of major works there are very few, though there are one or two quite good studies by Americans, which deal with Kipling the man. Here I propose to confine myself to those writers who evaluate his work.

Introducing the British Soldier

Perhaps Kipling's nearly fatal illness in New York in 1899, and the consequent publicity following this, induced the publication of several books about both him and his work in that year or soon after. "The Kipling Guide Book," by William

Robertson, published in Birmingham, though just a small booklet of fifty pages, five inches square, is packed with information, necessarily very briefly expressed; here Kipling's valuable work in introducing the British Soldier to Britain is neatly and concisely set out:—"Whatever other services Kipling has rendered to the Empire and the Anglo-Saxon race, he is the writer, to a greater extent than any other, who has voiced the joys and sorrows, the social life of the British private soldier." The "Guide Book" ends with a useful little bibliography, and one of the first mentions of Andre Chevrillon in this connection. Another good remark is this: "In all Kipling's tales one finds the short, measured gesture of a strong man relating great things in a calm, cool tone."

Rather larger, and more imposing, is "A Kipling Primer," by F. L. Knowles, "originally prepared for the use of American readers; but it is believed that the volume will be found equally acceptable to Mr. Kipling's English admirers." Very true; for this is a handy alphabetical summary of various stories and poems, preceded by a short biography which includes the famous telegram of inquiry about Kipling's health from the Kaiser, and a sound critical essay.

From this latter we cull a few excerpts : "Mr. Kipling's work may properly be called great because he has so much to say, and knows so well how to say it." This is no un-mixed hymn of praise, for the writer of this book does not like everything; he slates the Gadsbys and "The Light that Failed," but he admires "the note of reverence and humility" which "is not opposed to the gospel of endeavor; it is a part of it." This is very much a book to be studied and kept; it ends with a bibliography and a short collection of selected opinions.

The High-brows

Third on my list comes "A Ken of Kipling," by Will M. Clemens, rather more ambitious in size, style and format; the dedication reads : "To 'A Colonial Policy of Expansion,' whereby Great Britain gave to the world a Rudyard Kipling, this little book is solemnly dedicated." Here we get a note on the attempt of the highbrows to laugh him out of circulation : "When Mr. Kipling first emerged from his native jungles and threw his new bright light on the civilization of England and America, the Puritans of literature were momentarily shocked. . . . As usual, after ridicule came recognition, and the critics accepted him as a man of letters, and all too reluctantly bade him 'sit down' and make himself at home among them." In a few years' time, however, this second sentence was no longer true, for, as is well known, a torrent of adverse criticism followed, both in the decade preceding 1914 and in the "drugged and doubting years" before the second German onslaught. Mr. Clemens thought, and rightly, that this campaign of abuse would die away, for he says, almost prophetically : "Mr. Kipling stands today the one writer of English who is proof against criticism—in the sense

of the criticism doing injury to his reputation." It was not for want of trying !

In this same year, 1899, a more important work appeared : "Rudyard Kipling : the Man and his Work," by G. F. Monkshood (English Writers of Today Series). Though it is frankly full of praise, the praise is reasoned, and, to quote a review when it was published, "this well-informed volume is plainly sincere. It is thoroughly well studied; and takes pains to answer all the questions that are usually put about Mr. Kipling." The words of this reviewer are substantially correct : the book is sincere, and it is well studied; it does answer most of the questions that a reader, new to Kipling, would ask : and although obviously written by one who revels in his subject, it does tell the intending reader something he wants to know, something that is often neglected by reviewers of today : what is in the book. Not content with this work, a third edition of which was published in 1902, Mr. Monkshood produced an effective kind of bibliography—"The Less Familiar Kipling and Kiplingiana"—which came out in 1917 and was re-issued, in enlarged form, in 1922. Many of the points mentioned here, though then obscure, are no longer unknown to the ordinary student, but in its time it was an admirable handbook to the 'uncollected' work. This second book is more of a summary than a critique, but it is, none the less, a help to understanding the author, which is what a critique should be.

Another early book is "Rudyard Kipling : a Criticism," by Richard Le Gallienne, surely one of the most unlikely to be chosen to sit in judgment upon a genius so apparently out of harmony with himself. Yet the book was a success, and it is still a

valued and useful volume on our subject, albeit its author was one of the brilliant aesthetic writers of the 'nineties who grouped themselves round the two publishers, John Lane and Elkin Matthews. Le Gallienne does not like some of the things that Kipling does and says so without qualification, but he can appreciate merit, even if the medium be unattractive to him; here is his view of what we may term 'barrack' ballads: "They won us by sheer literary effect. You had but to read them, and they provided their own dance-music. They lose, in my opinion, by being set to music—which is one of the signs of their being real poetry." There is no need of unstinted praise here, as we can judge by this: "Yet one may fairly guess that a poem which begins as begins 'The Ballad of the King's Jest' is going to be dull all through. The lifeless beat of the couplet alone settles it." I do not agree here, for this poem is one of my favourites because of the sheer beauty of its language, but I can see why it might not appeal to all tastes. Again, fault is found with Kipling's employment of technicalities—a justified objection, though their use is a matter of taste and a question of degree—but I do not see how the effect of a shot in the engine-room of the "Haliotis" could have been otherwise described, so as to bring home the scene to the reader; the narrative is plain, vigorous and brief, and it is essential to the plot of the story that the reader should visualise the damage. Le Gallienne, too, writes in the vein of a man who looks back on the Pax Victoriana for nearly a century; he, and certain others with him, could not understand that, for a nation's survival, several bad influences must be combated, so Kipling is apostrophised thus: "As a writer Mr. Kip-

ling is a delight; as an influence he is a danger." This seems to me an honest point of view, just as if Le Gallienne had said, "I don't like your politics, but you do write well."

" Technical Excellency "

With 'the boy of the golden west' we may class two other eminent stylists: George Moore and Oscar Wilde. The former, always a dilettante, applies to Kipling the adjectives rough, harsh and coarse-grained—one cannot imagine him liking some of the more vigorous passages. But he is fair; he discovers in Kipling a "technical excellency," and commends the force of his rhythm, "lacking perhaps in subtlety, like the tramp of policemen, but a splendid rhythm." The author of *Avowals* pays high tribute to Kipling's command of language: "One is tempted to say that none since the Elizabethans has written so copiously. Others have written more beautifully, but no one that I can call to mind at this moment has written so copiously. Shelley and Wordsworth, Landor and Pater, wrote with part of the language; but who else, except Whitman, has written with the whole language since the Elizabethans?" 'The flannelled fool at the wicket, the muddled oaf at the goal' is wonderful language." Wilde takes a different view—that of a poseur who wishes to shine himself while indulging in the gentle art of detraction: "As one turns over the pages of his *Plain Tales from the Hills*, one feels as if one were seated under a palm-tree reading life by superb flashes of vulgarity. The bright colours of the bazaars dazzle one's eyes. The jaded, second-rate Anglo-Indians are in exquisite incongruity with their surroundings. The mere lack of style in the story-teller gives an odd journalistic realism to what he tells us. From the point of

view of literature Mr. Kipling is a genius who drops his aspirates. From the point of view of life, he is a reporter who knows vulgarity better than anyone has ever known it.

Dickens knew its clothes and its comedy. Mr. Kipling knows its essence and its seriousness." (From "The Critic as Artist," 1891.)

(To be continued)

Victor Bonney

M.D., M.S., F.R.C.S., F.R.C.O.G.

WE regret to record the death of a valued member, Victor Bonney, who as a Vice-President and Past Chairman of the Kipling Society, and a contributor to this *Journal*, rendered, over the years, signal service to our cause. Many tributes have been paid to his memory, and, in the *British Medical Journal*, A.H.L. writes :

"The passing of Victor Bonney will leave a void in many hearts. Others will write of his achievements in surgery and gynaecology. His colleagues on committees and councils will tell of his ability to grasp the essence of a problem and the wise judgment shown in deciding issues. As one who knew him for more than half a century I can say that he was a man of transparent honesty of purpose and action, a staunch and loyal friend who could always be relied on in an emergency. He was singularly free from jealousy, professional or otherwise, as was shown by his relations with his colleagues and especially with his senior colleague at the Middlesex, Sir Comyns Berkeley.

"In the early days of our friendship he was engaged in writing the *Textbook of Gynaecological Surgery*, which was first published in 1911 under the joint names of Berkeley and Bonney. I watched him as he made all of the more than five hundred drawings that formed the principal illustrations of the book. In writing the text he was particularly careful in the choice of his words and phrases, so as to make his meaning perfectly clear and at the same time adhering to a high standard of literary English. In the last years of his life he wrote his autobiography, relating

it to the London scene of his younger days and his relations with the great ones of his profession. This, together with a collection of all his contributions to gynaecology and other subjects and contemporary photographs, he placed in a box which is deposited with the Royal College of Surgeons. The contents are available to such as are interested, but the instruction is that nothing in it should be published for fifty years. . . .

"He was a great admirer of Rudyard Kipling, and knew his works almost by heart. He had written several appreciations of Kipling which show that Victor Bonney was at heart a true romantic, and in that respect he belonged more to the latter half of the nineteenth century than to the twentieth. On the artistic side, he had a considerable knowledge of and love for great music and in his earlier years possessed a fine baritone voice. He was a very able draughtsman, as is evidenced by his surgical drawings, and his paintings in oil and water colour were of considerable excellence. His landscapes, in particular, showed a mastery of composition and of colour values.

"To savour the full intellectuality of the man one had to see him in his beautiful home on the banks of the Wye, together with the charming lady his wife, to whom he was devoted; they dispensed a gracious hospitality of the sort which is now a nostalgic memory for those of us who have lived beyond that time. There he could indulge in his favourite pursuit of salmon fishing and sketching the beautiful country around. His wife shared his early trials and labours and later, when prosperity came, fully maintained the dignity of his position. To her goes our deepest sympathy."

WESTWARD HO!—An account of the Unveiling Ceremony of the plaque at *Westward Ho!*, plans for which were described in the July, 1953, issue of this *Journal*, will appear in our next number.

Giants at the Cape

by Sidney E. Knight

(Johannesburg, South Africa)

ON holiday at the Cape recently from the Transvaal, I visited the old homes of two famous Englishmen—Cecil John Rhodes and Rudyard Kipling. Rhodes' seaside house at Muizenberg, a simple whitewashed thatched cottage, stands only a few yards from high-tide mark, but the more pretentious house once occupied by Kipling is tucked away up under Table Mountain among its copses of silver trees and pine and eucalyptus groves, commanding an immense view of the bush-covered Cape Flats and mountain ranges, with the False Bay surf just visible in the distance.

When Rhodes lived at his cottage he complained of the damp, and this year when workmen were making alterations they discovered an underground mountain stream running directly beneath the foundations. This has now been diverted.

The City Council of Cape Town has decided to make the cottage into a Rhodes Museum, and the day I was there heavy crates and packing cases, many of them straight off the incoming mailship, were being unpacked, full of Rhodes' relics from Britain, America and all parts of Africa. To protect the valuable contents against fire originating in the thatched roof, a heavy concrete dome has been built over the four walls at considerable expense. At the entrance is a bronze plaque inscribed: "In this cottage Cecil John Rhodes died, 26th March, 1902."

That summer fifty years ago was the hottest summer known at the Cape for years, and Rhodes' tubercular lungs fought for breath in the stifling

heat, as he prayed for a sea breeze that would not come. But when I walked round the house and garden on a glorious spring day last November, the south-easter was marcel-waving the False Bay breakers into lines of surf as symmetrical as railway lines, rustling the palms, tree ferns and blue hydrangeas, and sporting among the many Cape annuals and flamboyants.

The "Woolsack," where Kipling escaped the English winters from 1900 to 1907, also belonged to Rhodes, and was used as a guest house for visiting artists and writers. It was designed by Sir Herbert Baker on the simple lines beloved by Rhodes: rounded gables in the Cape Dutch style, with plain whitewashed walls and heavy, well-oiled teak doors, gates and window shutters. Huge oaks overhang the patio. Facing east, the vine-covered pillars are flooded at dawn by the sun rising in a flawless summer sky above the purple, saw-toothed peaks of the Hottentots Hollands across the bay from Simonstown, naval base for the South Atlantic squadron. Here Rhodes sat over morning coffee discussing his Rhodes Scholarship scheme, chiefly with Mrs. Kipling, while Kipling romped with the children under the pines, where the doves coo incessantly and the numerous grey squirrels still play hide-and-seek among the branches. An ideal spot for a writer in the Imperial tradition.

The estate on which the "Woolsack" stands, and the house Grooten Schuur, the official residence of the Prime Minister, where General Smuts lived for many years when in office,

was bequeathed to the South African nation by Rhodes. By a strange twist in the whirligig of time the "Wool-sack" is now the official residence of

Mr. Le Roux, a Cabinet Minister in Dr. Malan's Nationalist Government, whose avowed policy is to make South Africa a republic.

A Readers' Guide to Kipling's Works

by R. E. Harbord

AT a meeting of members of the Kipling Society, held in 1946, the late Victor Bonney suggested that the Society should produce a readers' guide to Kipling's works. In *Journal* No. 77 (April, 1946) an article appears dealing with this subject. The reasons which make such a guide necessary may be summarised as follows :

Kipling's stories and poems contain many references to incidents which were important at the time the stories were written, but which will have no meaning for those who are not students of history in a few years' time—indeed, the younger generations have no knowledge of them even now. Again, slang changes and technicalities cease to apply : an engineer does not need to refer to the dictionary for the definition of the word *slip*; a soldier of the early part of this century understood exactly what was meant by *slingers* but the average modern reader is not certain what Kipling meant by those words. A biblical student may know all that is now guessed as to the whereabouts of Javan, and a classical scholar needs no information as to the difference between a *thranite* and a *thalamite*, but most of us would have to search for the meanings in works of refer-
ence.

Many Changes

At the time Kipling wrote most of his references were well understood, but it is 70 years since he started to

write seriously, and there is no need to labour the point that there have been many changes since then.

There are indeed glossaries of his obscure expressions (this applies also to the many Hindustani words and phrases in the stories), but what is now wanted is a book or series of articles bringing the tale or poem and its interpretation together. Short biographical notes, for instance, are desirable on Eddi of Manhood End, Gholam Hyder the Red Chief, and "her that fell at Simon's Town in service of our foes." Medical technicalities, the Hindu Pantheon, Norse Legends and Sagas all need consideration : where do the Latin verses at the end of "A Centurion of the Thirtieth" come from; who was Lalage? There are so many misinterpretations, some so-called mistakes, and a few real slips to be mentioned, and put in their proper proportions and in their context.

Mr. Bonney's further suggestion that "the way of life for which Kipling stood be made clear to the reader," seems a bit beyond the scope of the present notes, but no doubt that consideration would always be in the minds of those dealing with the stories. However, I venture to quote the final paragraph of Mr. Bonney's address, which is given in *Journal* No. 83 :

I have a purpose in reminding you of the many things in Kipling's writings which are in danger of becoming buried under the sands of Time. Our *Journal* is a veritable

mine of information, but it is not accessible enough to form a guide for the general reading public. Taken collectively, this Society has an understanding and intimate knowledge of Kipling's works which far exceeds that of any individual, and I should like to see it produce, as a collective effort, a Readers' Guide wherein would be explained all the references and passages which present difficulty to the average reader of today, and which will present still more difficulty to the average reader of the future, when all of us who belong to the period Kipling wrote about will have passed away. The longer such a Guide is delayed, the more difficult it will be to get the information.

A small committee was formed to consider this matter, and the still further suggestion that all the stories etc., should be grouped and classified. The members met three or four times, but it then became too difficult to assemble, for while one lives in London, another is in Herefordshire, and a third in North Hertfordshire.

What is Wanted

However, it is clear that what is wanted is a series of books like Ralph Durand's "A Handbook to the Poetry of Kipling" (Hodder & Stoughton, 1914). This is a book of 317 pages, which covers the main difficulties in its limited field up to 40 years ago, but only 250 poems are considered, whereas we know of some 1,100 poems and 750 prose items. No one book could conveniently contain all the notes required on these 1,850 works, but a series of three or four volumes would have little chance of commercial success on its own merits. To subsidise such a venture is beyond the means of the Society; as Honorary Treasurer I know that we cannot afford to finance such a publication. However, I do think that something could be done to collect the information and make it available to

members if not to a wider public.

Further, while I do not think that this should be left to desultory and casual letters to the Honorary Editor, we might first of all appeal for suggestions from members as to the best way to start the systematic collection of the material: for we may assume that the answer to every one of Kipling's little riddles is still known to someone in the Society!

To show more clearly what is meant, may I take two stories at random? Let us select them alphabetically by volume; that gives us "Erastiasus of the Whangoa," from "Abaft the Funnel"—not one of the well-known tales. And the last story in the alphabetically last volume is "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" from "Wee Willie Winkie." Here are a few brief notes on these two stories:

ERASTIASUS OF THE WHANGOA

(a) Some will wish to look up *Erastiasus* (1524-1583) and his doctrines.

(b) *A Gatling Gun*. Richard Jordan Catling (1818-1903) was an American inventor, a doctor who never practised. He produced a revolving machine-gun, with a cluster of barrels into which the cartridges were loaded at the breach. (In spite of my Musketry certificate of 1916, this description of the gun may be technically incorrect.)

(c) *Dahlgren Signal-light*. Sometimes known as the "soda-water bottle" to sailors. Named after the inventor, of whom full particulars are available.

(d) *Glassy sea*. Revelation of St. John, iv, 6, ". . . and before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal," but probably better known to most of us from Bishop Heber's hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy" (A. & M. 160).

DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT

(a) The story is a mosaic made up from the disaster of Maiwand, and the fight at Ahmed Khel, both battles in the Second Afghan War, 1878-80. A bar to the campaign medal was given for the latter.

(b) The name is obviously taken from the fact that the 1st Battalion The Gloucester Regiment (the old 28th Foot) earned the right to wear two badges on their headdress, one in front and one behind. They were not, however, at either of these battles.

(c) There are several Masonic references which can be mentioned in more detail, but a book could be written on Kipling's handling of Freemasonry alone.

(d) The Martini-Henry rifle was in use in the Army from 1871 to 1891. It succeeded the Snider rifle. The

Martini was invented by an Austrian of that name (1832-97). It had a block action breach mechanism.

It may be mentioned that in Durand's book the notes on the poem, *The Mary Gloucester*, take up four pages.

In course of time, no doubt, a fully annotated edition of Kipling's works may be given to the world, but as such a publication may not appear for another three decades or so, it is important that in the meanwhile someone should be responsible for the careful recording of available information.

(We welcome suggestions from readers as to the best way to start the systematic collection of the material to which Mr. Harbord refers.—Ed. K.J.)

Mr. Kipling and the Doctors

A Contemporary Note

[From time to time we have published in the 'Kipling Journal' contemporary reviews of Kipling's works in the 'Nineties. The following further contribution to this series is taken from 'The Spectator' of October 10th, 1908.]

AT the opening of the Medical Session on October 1st (1908) Mr. Rudyard Kipling made a speech to the students of the Middlesex Hospital in praise of doctors. It was such a speech as could only have come from a man of genius. His audience must have felt again and again as he spoke a thrill of burning pride in their profession, and the public has read his words with delight. The world, he said, was divided into two classes—doctors and patients. The patients looked on the doctors as non-combatants look on troops fighting on their behalf. He had had the good fortune that after-

noon to meet a number of trained men who in due time would be drafted into that permanently mobilised army which was always in action, always under fire against death. "Death, as the senior practitioner, was bound to win in the long run. But the non-combatants—the patients—consoled themselves with the idea that it was, or would be, the business of the doctors to make the best terms they could on their behalf," and when he insisted in driving the attack home, to see that he did so "according to the rules of civilised warfare."

All sane human beings were, he said, agreed that this fight for life was one of the most important things in the world, and it followed that those who controlled this fight must be among the most important people in the world. "In all times of flood, fire, famine, plague, pestilence, battle, murder, and sudden death it would be required of them that they reported

for duty at once, that they went on duty at once, and that they stayed on duty until their strength failed them." These were some of their obligations at present, and he saw no prospect of their growing lighter. But if the non-combatants were exacting, they were not ungrateful.

Let the doctors consider how tremendous were their privileges. "On presentation of their visiting-cards they could pass through the most riotous, the most turbulent crowds unmolested. If they flew a yellow flag over a centre of population they could turn it into a desert; if they flew a Red Cross flag over a desert they could turn it into a centre of population towards which men would crawl on their hands and knees. If it were necessary to the success of any operation in which they were interested, they could stop a twenty-thousand-ton liner in mid-ocean until that operation was completed. They could order houses to be pulled down or burnt up, and they could call on the nearest troops to see that their prescriptions were efficiently carried out."

They remained now, perhaps, he went on to urge, the only class which dared tell the world facts. "At a time when few things were called by their right names they were going to join a profession in which it not only paid to tell the truth, but in which they would be paid for telling men the truth; and whatever departure they might make from it they would make as a concession to man's bodily weakness, and not his mental weakness." Realising all these things, Mr. Kipling concluded, he would not try their patience by talking to them about the high ideals and the lofty ethics of a profession which exacted from its practitioners the largest responsibility and the highest death-rate of any profession in the world.

" Doctors are Important "

Yes, Mr. Kipling is right; doctors are important people. In action we all acknowledge it. They belong not only to the "privileged" but to the "ruling" classes. "Doctors' orders" to a great extent govern the world of today. In how many departments of life, private and public, are they not supreme? The Judge's sentence upon

the criminal is subject to the verdict of the doctor. Doctors can, and do, give pause not only to ocean steamers, but to the whole machinery of the State. How many Cabinet Councils have been postponed by a general practitioner? Great projects of reform are based upon their evidence, and laws innumerable are made in accordance with their advice and carried out subject to their sanction. In the case of private individuals their rule and governance are no less absolute. Amongst the poor they have more influence than anyone else who comes to them from without. The poor cannot always afford to obey them; but the more respectable they are the more earnestly do they strive to do so. Take any village in the country in which there is an average good doctor; is he not the most quoted man in the parish? Think, too, what the men, and still more the women, have learned about health during the last few years. What clergyman but would be glad to have made such strides in teaching? The rich obey their doctors to an extent which is sometimes positively slavish. They live where they are told, and eat (and sometimes drink) what they are told, and journey off to "cures" at great distances where they are horribly bored, and send their children to this and that school in the most inconvenient places at the least convenient moments, all in accordance with the doctors' commands. Those who scoff at doctors when they feel well are the first to eat their words in time of illness, just as those persons who maintain a conventional attitude of "don't care" towards the thought of death are almost always among those who make the most unremitting efforts to keep alive. As things are, it looks as though the influence of the doctors were likely to increase. For health's sake, as Mr. Kipling says, men will bear to hear unpleasant truths; and now that mind and body are considered to work mysteriously but certainly one upon another, their power will be restricted to no material field. They who have so long been accounted materialists have lately forced upon the attention of the world the mysteries of physical and mental action and reaction—the fact that while health may produce

courage and hope, courage and hope may also produce health. Henceforth their sphere of activities will be widened, will indeed be without limit. The strange thing is that these powerful people belong to a profession which offers few prizes, and the members of which are for the most part, judging by the standards of to-day, very badly off. The public accords to them every privilege which can benefit itself; that is the public's way. If we rule out certain great discoverers in the realm of medicine, all the prizes go to the men who can afford to wait for them. The majority, the vast majority, of doctors work all their lives, many of them with all the heroism which Mr. Kipling has depicted, without hope of anything beyond what the ordinary professional man considers a maintenance. Social ambition and money ambition, those great mental stimulants which drive many men to their duty and a few to distraction, have no meaning for the average doctor. Yet do they work less hard?

" The Great Army in Mufti "

The highest death-rate of any profession in the world! Mr. Kipling's last words have startled, we are sure, the majority of his readers. How often do we hear it said: "Doctors never catch anything! Doctors never seem to take any harm!" An instant's thought would assure any sensible man that it is a sheer impossibility that they should be more immune than other people. In becoming a doctor a man runs more risk of untimely death in the service of the State than he does in becoming a soldier. May they, then, not claim from the world a little of that enthusiasm so readily accorded to their brothers in uniform? Should we not sometimes raise a cheer, in imitation of Mr. Kipling's good example, in honour of the great army in mufti, the thought of whom, as they move

among us without the parade of war, so seldom quickens our pulse? Un-tiringly they defend our homes from those deadly and invisible foes who lurk about the luckiest doors. They bring us hope or sleep in our worst hours of pain or terror, when the door into the unknown stands wide open in front of us, or when we see the fearful reflection of its darkness upon the pale faces of our friends. How many of us owe all that makes life worth living to doctors—the courage which comes of health, the companionship which gives value to every day, the lengthened sojourn of the old to whom love, memory and custom bind us by a threefold cord, or the frail life of a delicate child who embodies every hope and ambition we possess. The doctors see us very often at our worst, and they make the best of us. Taking them as a whole, they have a good opinion of their fellows. They risk their lives for ours without the support of that discipline which, we are often assured, will alone induce men to such sacrifice. They keep our secrets without the fearful oath imposed upon Roman confessors to strengthen their purpose. If a few black sheep exist among them, if cruelty—that worst curse of the moral nature—is wholly absent from no great congregation of men, if a few trade upon the nerves of the community, if a few are tied up in red-tape, that is only to say that doctors are human. After all, we may live long lives and come across none of those; whereas it is hard to find a person who owes no debt of gratitude to some doctor or doctors, and who has not known more than one the mainspring of whose existence was benevolence. The public no less than the profession should return thanks to Mr. Kipling. He has done what only a man of literary genius can do—he has heightened and deepened an almost universal sentiment by its strong and gracious expression.

OVERSEAS VISITORS.—We have been pleased to welcome Sir Archie Michaelis and Lady Michaelis who are on a visit to this country from Melbourne, and, from Canada, Mrs. H. G. Cairns; also, from New York, Mr. F. E. Hasler and, from New Zealand, Mr. M. E. Hankins.

" Kipling Stands Alone

as a revealer of the Worth of the Work to the Worker "

by Llewellyn Rowland

(*South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, U.S.A.*)

I COUNT myself fortunate beyond most others now alive, in that for sixty-five years I have had a friend—Kipling—whose every mood and manner as expressed by both his prose and verse has struck an answering chord in me. During this stretch of time, my admiration for him and for what he wrote has been sharpened by an increasing awareness of a subtle and seldom acknowledged gift of his—the ability to capture the essence of that sentiment which binds men to their work—be the professions what they may. And I suspect this gift of being largely, if not chiefly, responsible for that universal appreciation of him and what he wrote by readers in every walk of life—an appreciation which, I venture to suggest, will outlive and outweigh the recent flood of adverse criticism published by persons unqualified by experience to judge either Kipling the man, or the subjects with which he dealt. As an instance of this appeal to all sorts and conditions of men, I submit the following account of one of several personal experiences confirming my conviction that Kipling stands alone as a revealer of the worth of the work to the worker :

A Marine Engineer

Early in the nineteen-twenties my business brought me into close association with a man of sixty or over, a " Captain "—by courtesy—Wright. By profession he was a marine engineer who, on his retirement from the United States Navy with the rank of petty officer, had

accepted an appointment to superintend a Department of the Government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

On the occasion of my first meeting with the Captain I became aware that he was as tough as a baulk of well-seasoned Burma teak—a hard-boiled product of long service in a disciplined organisation. But, as time passed and the work in hand compelled an ever closer collaboration, I began, in spite of his hard shell and unliancy, to admire him, first as an able and trustworthy associate and then, after two years, as a friend within the limits of our mutual undertaking, beyond which he seemed unable, or at least unwilling, to venture. Therefore, I was surprised late in the autumn to receive a note from him inviting me to spend the coming week-end aboard his command, a small, outdated steam yacht, at that time maintained by the State to facilitate the long-shore inspections called for by the department of which he was the head. Knowing this little vessel and her one ancient, rapid-fire pop-gun well, I did not fancy the prospect of a cruise in her at this season of the year, when boisterous weather might be expected.

But when I presented myself at the Captain's headquarters in the State House, with the intention of declining his invitation on the plea of prior engagements, he made it evident that he had not asked for the pleasure of my company alone, but rather that he was requisitioning me for roy advice and assistance in carrying out his

assignment to act as judge of a match race, to be sailed off Cape Ann on the coming Saturday, between two fishing schooners—the one representing New England, the other Nova Scotia—and that in the circumstances I was to hold myself engaged to be on board the "Aida" at her Boston berth on Friday afternoon at two o'clock and thereafter until Sunday p.m., when—wind and weather permitting—I would be returned to the port of Boston. As he presented his case I had no choice other than to accede to his orders with what heartiness I could muster.

The Voyage to Gloucester

The little voyage to Gloucester on that Friday afternoon more than fulfilled my gloomiest forebodings: for there was a half-a-gale of perishingly cold wind; a heavy sea on the quarter before which "Aida" ran rolling rails under; a sky of low-lying, leaden clouds racing to leeward and speeding the oncoming night, so that we groped our way in utter darkness to a berth alongside an evilly smelling wharf in the old fishing port, only to find that it still lacked an hour of being supper time; and worst of all, the Captain and I were "talked out" and marrow cold; the one deck-hand had been pitched against a bridge stancheon and was nursing a painfully bruised arm; everything in the galley had gone adrift and soured the cook; the engineer-stoker was swearing mad from the smart of several burns he had acquired in that unmentionably condemned engine-room stoke-hold filled with hot coils of pipe, whirling machinery and searing heat; in fact, our case was a regular "lashup" of Job's torments with, so it appeared to me, an interminable stretch of boredom and discomfort in the offing.

Having nothing to do while the Captain was busy administering first-aid, re-ordering his ship and stiffening the morale of his crew, I turned in to my berth for an hour or so in an attempt to thaw out, until at last the cook-steward lit the hanging lamp in the cuddy, slapped the crockery and silver on to the table and beat a tattoo on a tin pie-dish announcing supper. "First Table"—the Captain, the Engineer and I—were soon hard at it stowing away a fried rum steak, boiled potatoes, baked beans, and whisky grog for drink; but for a while the sauce of conversation was lacking and despondency seemed about to gain the upper hand when, in desperation, I said:

"Well!—anyhow, Aida's engine didn't fetch away this afternoon—it must be well 'backed, bolted, braced and stayed"; whereat both my table companions dropped their knives and forks, first to stare at me as I were a ghost and then, as one man, exclaim:

"Do you know it—the song of steam?"

"Know it?—of course I know it—every word of it—do you?"

"You can bet your life we do," replied the Captain as he smacked the table with his palm and nodded to his mate—a signal producing most unexpected results: for without preamble—even the clearing of a throat—these two men-of-their-hands—the Captain leading—broke into song to chant antiphonally M'Andrew's Hymn, from beginning to end, in cadences attuned to the ponderous beat of "my seven-thousand horse-power here," and the number of lines assumed by each so varied as to correctly render Kipling's script: while, as for me, I sat there in the stuffy little saloon enthralled by a music and a perfection

of execution such as only long practice, a complete understanding of the theme and a true spiritual exaltation could achieve.

Thereafter, a meal, which had had about it a Barmecidal flavour, was transmuted by Euterpe's magic into a symposium—a symposium that, running into the small hours of the

morning, was a feast of technicalities sauced and seasoned by songs, recitations and tales of adventure, both comic and tragic, and the whole of it instinct with admiration and love for The Interpreter of those legions of inarticulate souls "that serve and understand."

Letter Bag

(Correspondents are asked to keep their letters as short as possible)

To Interest Young People

The surest way of keeping Kipling alive is to interest *young* people in his work. As an aid to doing this, I should like to draw Members' attention to a book written with that express purpose. It is called "Son of Empire," by Nella Braddy (published Collins). This is by no means a new book, and was admirably reviewed by Mr. W. G. B. Maitland in the *Journal* for October, 1949. When mentioning it, however, to Kipling addicts, I have been astonished at how few have heard of it. They could do no better service to R.K.'s memory than to give it to their children.

As a 'reference' for it, I can only describe its effect on my (then) 11-year-old daughter three years ago. An immediate demand for every story mentioned in it followed (and they are many), and she has read the book itself time and again.

But the real point is that a knowledge of Kipling's worth is now a part of her being, and can never be rooted out.—(Col.) R. E. BAGWELL PUREFOY, 80 Riddlesdown Road, Purley, Surrey.

Courage

Who is Nella Braddy? I have just come across this author's "Rudyard Kipling." It is a good little book. Published 1945, it was printed at The Times of India Press, Bombay, for Collins, price Rs. 5/4.

The dedication is :

"To my brother Robert, whose love of the Poets began with Kipling. I said to him, 'The great thing Kip-

ling did for you was to teach you to love poetry.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'but that is not all Kipling did for me. He gave me courage at a time when I needed it.'"

Many of us can say the same.—W. O. STEUART, 75 Morningside Road, Edinburgh, 10.

Figures for the Prose

If, after the letter giving figures for known Kipling verse items in *Journal* No. 106, you think there are still members of the Society who share my taste for statistics, and would like the corresponding figures for the prose, you may be willing to publish this letter.

There are:—

- 7 Complete volumes, including two Irish Guards volumes counted as one book. 6
(We can ignore the History of England, as Kipling wrote all the verse but little, if any, of the prose.)
 - 19 Vols. of Short Stories, including "Abaft the Funnel"—
Stories 292
 - 2 Vols. "From Sea to Sea" with
Stories 33
Articles 57
 - 2 Vols. "Sea Warfare"—
Articles 13
 - "Letters of Travel"—Articles 24
 - 1 Vol. "Book of Words"—
Speeches 31
 - 31 Volumes 456
- All these are generally col-

lected in the ordinary editions. There are, in addition, the following in the Sussex Edition (80 items) :

- 7 Small books, including "Eyes of Asia," containing additional stories and articles 40

38

Extra Just-So story	1
Stalky " "	1
" Speech	1
Stories not otherwise collected	37
	— 80

Total prose items in Sussex Edn. 536

Then there are the following 207 items which have been published but not collected:—

(a) A story in <i>The Scribbler</i> , 1 ;	
(b) Stories in "Quartette," 2 ; (c) Suppressed stories, "City of Dreadful Night," 8 ; (d) Suppressed story, "Smith Administration," 1 ; (e) Preface to "Turnovers," 1 ; (f) Stories mentioned in Croft's Collection, 17 ; (g) Stories mentioned in the Denham Letter, 14 ; (h) Stories mentioned in the Garth album, 22 ; (i) Prose items in "War's Brighter Side," 9 ; (j) A well-known speech, 1 ; (k) Articles in "War in the Mountains," 6 ; (l) Play, "Harbour Watch," 1 ; (m) Photo-play, "Gate of a Hundred Sorrows," 1 ; (n) Uncollected stories, many of them known to be by Kipling, the others are most probably his, 123 ;	
Total	207

743

SUMMARY—Prose books	6
Printed speeches	33
Articles	133
Stories	571

743

The following have been omitted from consideration in this survey:—"Out of India," "American Notes," also interviews and all letters except those that are really stories like the ones in "The Eyes of Asia."

However, we must not think we have dealt with all Kipling's output; indeed, it is well known that he wrote

much that he did not consider good enough for printing. Some of it may be extant.—HERON.

Tom-a-Bedlams

Tom-a-Bedlams fascinated Beetle, as is related in the Stalky story "Propagation of Knowledge." Aubrey gives a brief account of these unfortunates :

"Till the breaking-out of the Civil-warre, Tom O Bedlams did travell the country: they had been poore distracted men that had been putt into Bedlam, where recovering to some sobernesse they were truncated to goe begging, e.g. they had on their left arme an Armilla or Tinne printed in some workes: about 4 inches long: they could not get it off. They wore about their necks a great Horne of an Oxe, in a string or Bawdrie, which, when they did come to an house for Almes, they did sound; and they did putt the drinke given them into this Horne, whereto they did putt a stopple. Since the Warres I do not remember to have seen anyone of them."—

—(Dr.) R. B. PHILLIPPS, Cambridge, New Zealand.

" Sparrow's Egg "

In your issue of April of this year, you mention as a correction K's change of "robin's-egg blue" to "sparrow's egg" This is not really a correction: it is a concession to British readers. The American robin—really a large, red-breasted thrush—lays an egg of the colour which has given its name to that particular shade of blue. This is one of the minor occasions for international misunderstanding.—DE LANCEY FERGUSON, Falls Village, Connecticut.

Rider Haggard and R.K.

I think my fellow-members will be as charmed as I was with "The Cloak that I Left" by Lilius Rider Haggard. And when I came to the contrasts of R.H. with R.K. I was delighted.

R.K. is described as "A man akin to Rider and in later years so beloved and intimate a friend."

Both men were solitary, and this is the account of their personal friendship, R.K. wrote to Rider, "It

was a chance sentence of yours in *Nada the Lily* that ended in my writing a lot of wolf stories (*Jungle Books*)," and R.K. said that "A Farmer's Fear" would one day become a second "Tusser." As is said in "Something of Myself," we found that each could work with ease in the other's company—a most exacting test of sympathy. The book is charm-

ing—a token of filial piety, the daughter showing her love for the father and at the same time an acute knowledge of his remoteness.

The last meeting of the two men at Batemans in 1918, recorded in R.H. Diary, gives a pregnant account of R.K. and his thoughts.—G. S. WILKINS, BOX 97, Bulawayo.

Branch News

A RECENT report from Mrs. Maud Barclay, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Victoria (B.C.) Branch, shows that the members continue to maintain their excellent record of activities. The meetings have been well attended (average attendance about 75 per cent)—an encouraging example. The Branch carried out a special Coronation Programme, planned by Mr. Symons and Captain Prentice. "I give it here," writes Mrs. Barclay, "so that you may see what the motif was :

- (1) The River's Tale Mrs. Oliver
- (2) The King's Task Mrs. Barclay
- (3) The Anvil Mrs. Little
- (4) Runnymede Mrs. Prentice
- (5) My Father's Chair . . . Mrs. Burr
- (6) The King's Job Mr. Boyes
- (7) Henry VII and Shipwrights Dr. Burr
- (8) The Looking Glass . . . Mrs. Badger
- (9) Together Mr. Little
- (10) James J. Mrs. Cornwell
- (11) Dutch in Medway . . . Mrs. Thomson
- (12) Bells and Victoria . . . Mr. Watherston
- (13) Widow o' Windsor . . . Mr. Oliver
- (14) What the People Said Mr. Symons
- (15) The Dead King Mrs. Dunbar
- (16) The King's Pilgrimage . Col. Goodland
- (17) The King and the Sea Capt. Prentice

"As you will notice, all the different Houses of Royalty are represented in this list, and you will fully agree when I mention that we all wished that we had Rudyard Kipling here now, so that he could have clothed in words all that fills our hearts today. The seventeen years since he 'went hence' have been so crammed with history, some unspeakable and some glorious, that we need a veritable genius to sort it out and give it 'the magic of the necessary word,' and we don't seem to have anybody to take his place."



The Annual Meeting of the Branch was held on May 27th, Dr. Godfrey Burr being elected President and Mr. M. C. H. Little Vice-President, with Mrs. Maud Barclay as Hon. Secretary-Treasurer.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

The following Back Numbers are required :—

- Nos. 41, 60, 67, 71,
- 73, 77, 81, 86,
- 88, 89, 90.

The Hon. Secretary will be glad to hear from any Member having the above Back Numbers for disposal.

Members of the Kipling Society who possess press cuttings (new or old), fetters, 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.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are:—CANADA : Mr. C. B. Fisher, Mrs. H. G. Cairns, LONDON : Mr. B. W. J. Baxter, Mr. H. Boddington, Mr. A. J. Rennell, Mr. H. Wood.

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