



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

SIR Gerald Kelly is President of the Royal Academy and as P.R.A. he was the honoured guest of the Authors' Club towards the end of last month. He talked about "Technique in the Arts," that is to say, about technique in relation to the theatre, the dance, sculpture and the rest, as well as the art of painting with which Sir Gerald is particularly associated. His main proposition was that a man of letters, whether poet, novelist or historian, is not called upon to undergo that intensive training in the technique of his craft which the dancer, sculptor or painter must undergo.

"It isn't fair," said Sir Gerald, with an angry shake of his head, as he recalled the years he spent in learning the trick of mingling the handfuls of coloured earths which are the raw material of a painter, or the job of wielding a brush which constitutes so big an element in his trade. "You authors can learn your craft at school or university. It isn't fair."

Naturally enough, Rudyard Kipling was cited immediately by a dissident author, who saw at once where Sir Gerald's logic was at fault. The technique of a writer differs markedly from that of a man who practises one of the pictorial arts. The stuff upon which an author works is not words, as Sir Gerald assumed, but the raw material of life, which he has to translate into dialogue or the descrip-

tive matter of prose and verse. The difference is not one of degree, but of kind.

Consider the case of Kipling, as he has been re-presented to the world in recent months through the Essay and Selected Stories in Somerset Maugham's volume. Maugham has described Kipling as 'immensely precocious,' and so he was, but Maugham, with his personal experience behind him, added that, as a rough generalisation, it takes an author until he is thirty-five or forty years of age to learn what Kipling made a point of calling his trade. These are the years which Sir Gerald Kelly chose to ignore when he grumbled, "It isn't fair."

When Kipling Learnt his Trade

My personal opinion is that Somerset Maugham exaggerated when he wrote that Kipling was in full possession of his powers almost from the first. Technically, there *is* a writer's fault in the *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and it lies in their very triviality. It was in *Life's Handicap* of 1901 that the fully-equipped author of *The Plain Tales from the Hills* came to his own; in *Without Benefit of Clergy*, not in *Three and an Extra*, with Mrs. Hauksbee and the Cusack-Bremmils.

Momentarily, like Sir Gerald at the Authors' Club, Maugham chose to ignore the vastly deeper hold upon

experience which a full technique added to the precocious cleverness of the journalist who wrote *Departmental Ditties*, *Barrack Room Ballads* and *The Plain Tales*. The technique of Kipling continued to ripen for at least ten years after *Life's Handicap*, and *Kim*, in 1901, was the product.

A painter, a sculptor, or a dancer can get on with his trade without the close acquaintance with men and matters which an author must possess. Sir Gerald under-estimated the difference between the arts of representation and those of the poet and novelist. *The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat* was even riper technically than *Kim*, and *The Village* only came in 1913. If the ability to use words with telling effect represented the whole craft of an author, Kipling might be regarded as fully equipped when he wrote of Nafferton in 'Pig,' but that was not the writer whom T. S. Eliot and Somerset Maugham studied in their invaluable essays and which drove Kipling himself to say of his trade ;

" I write of all matters that lie within my understanding and of many that do not. But chiefly I write of Life and Death and men and women and Love and Fate, according to the measures of my ability, telling the tale through the mouths of *one, two* or more people. Then, by the favour of God, the tales are sold and money accrues to me, that I may keep alive."

Just in the same way monies accrue to Sir Gerald, when he sells a picture, that he may keep alive, and monies accrued to Michelangelo and Rembrandt in their days and generations.

Doubtless, knowledge of Life and Death means something to a master in the pictorial arts, but knowledge of men and things do not have the dominating importance which Kipling's search into the fortunes of men and women, Love and Fate, neces-

sarily had in his craft skill. His stories derive their significance not merely from the skill with which words are used, but the skill with which the writer plays with the fortunes of imagined men and women. These things the painter or sculptor can derive from the books of other men. .

Where I Trained Myself

In *Something of Myself* Kipling tells how he reported the openings of bridges, which meant a night or two with the engineers, " or floods on railways—more nights in the wet." These were the experiences which made the author of *The Day's Work* the writer he is, rather than a consummate ability to write the King's English, which Sir Gerald Kelly mistakenly assumed to be the essential technique in the technique of Kipling's trade.

Regulus, as a story, began its life in the schoolboy days of Westward Ho ! but it was written years later with the craft skill gained from a full knowledge of statesmen and soldiers, due to personal experience of politics and war.

Some Spectator Correspondence

Incidentally, a review of Mr. G. S. Fraser's *Modern Writer and His World* in *The Spectator* early in October brought forth a letter from D. W. Brogan recalling the *Regulus* of Westward Ho ! days. About the same time *The Spectator* published an interesting discussion, in which Mr. Donald Davie of Dublin had a part, upon Kipling as a writer of hymns. Mr. Fraser had suggested that hymn writing, and the rhetorical method arising from the religious element in hymns, interfered with the freedom of the poet. " We feel that the poet is trying to get behind our critical

guard," said Mr. Fraser. It will be admitted that *Recessional* entered into Britain's national life as fully as any piece of verse written in the last hundred years, and, doubtless, the hymn element was a factor in Kipling's success, but surely it lives primarily as experience deeply felt, and that was how it was written.

The author's reply to the painter's gibe is that Kipling's uncanny skill in the use of words persuaded Henry James, in the early 'nineties, that here was 'the Star of Our Times,' as it persuaded Robert Louis Stevenson that Kipling was 'too clever to live.' But the man who is the most quoted of all modern writers owes his vogue to the development of his insight into the way of men and things. As C. E. Carrington wrote in a recent review in the *New York Times*, "Kipling splashed his observation like a searchlight with uncanny accuracy upon the world around him." That was his trade-mark.

From Vancouver, British Columbia

A review of Maugham's *Kipling Essay* in a Canadian newspaper brought forth an amusing anecdote

about a reporter who failed to meet Kipling -at the Vancouver railway station years ago. Knowing his trade, Sam Robb, the reporter, pursued his quarry to his hotel and found Kipling in bed. He had left strict instructions with the hotel porter that he was not to be disturbed.

It was Sam's job to disturb visiting celebrities, and Sam persuaded the porter to carry up a note to the bedroom. He told Kipling that the *Winnipeg Free Press* and *Tribune* had carried Kipling interviews, and the *Vancouver World* expected its reporting staff to be no less energetic. The note also hinted at possible dismissal if Sam Robb was not equally enterprising. There resulted this note :

Dear Mr. Robb,

I am very sorry to disappoint you but the Winnipeg interviews you mention were the product of the fertile imagination of the Winnipeg newspaper men. As a humble worker in the field of fiction, I have no doubt I shall read with interest in the *World* tomorrow of your interview with me—tonight !

Yours truly,

Rudyard Kipling..

ERNEST SHORT.

R.K.'s GREAT IDEALS

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

The following simple form of bequest should be used :

" I bequeath to The Kipling Society, Greenwich House, 11/13 Newgate Street, London, E.C.I, 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."

Kipling's Later Tales

THE THEME OF HEALING

by J. M. S. Tompkins

(By courtesy of Professor C. J. Sisson, General Editor of the 'Modern Language Review,' and of the author, we reproduce below the first part of an article by Dr. J. M. S. Tompkins, which appeared in the January, 1950, issue of that Journal.)

THE later work of Kipling is at last attracting some of the critical attention it merits, but there is still much to be done, and some misapprehensions to be dispelled. Some of these are due to Kipling himself. The persistence from his earlier work of themes, characters, and traits of style and handling has obscured what was new, led the casual reader to expect the mixture as usual, and betrayed him to disappointment when the result seemed more confused and ambiguous than of old.

There is, moreover, a genuine difficulty about some of the later tales; they are often dense and intricate; it is not always easy to follow with assurance the statements they make or the questions they ask; and sometimes what appeared at first to be a straightforward statement comes to look more and more like a question, of which the dubitative quality has been masked by the brilliant definition of the details. This is surely the case with the ironically named *As Easy as A.B.C.* They have on occasion been dismissed too easily. They have been thrust or humoured into pigeon-holes made for the classification of the earlier work, or they have been raided to provide collaborative detail for an interpretation of Kipling's psychological development. They have not been sufficiently considered as works of art or questioned as to their content; indeed,

allusions to them are often curiously hasty and inaccurate.

The Dominant Theme

It is with content that the following pages are concerned, since analysis must precede evaluation, and the first task is to establish the nature of the material on which judgment must one day pass. What is undertaken is an inquiry into the theme of healing which, emerging strongly in previous collections, became dominant in Kipling's last two books. It will be found that it provides a harmonizing principle, within which tales, widely divergent in kind, period, handling and achievement, are seen to be closely interrelated. As for his art, the only sides that will come up are the orderly, interlaced disposal of his close-packed matter, and the proud, exacting, sometimes mischievous craftsmanship that left so much for the reader to do.

Like other themes that move into prominence or take fresh colouring in the work Kipling published during and after the 1914-18 War, that of healing was not new to him. Bodies and minds had been subjected to breaking-strain at all times in his tales; the disciplined or unsteady posture of the soul had been tested by prolonged exactions; and, where there is survival, he had sometimes dwelt in brief particularity on the way of recovery. Thus Kim, 'overborne by strain, fatigue, and the weight beyond his years,' is drenched, massaged and fed back to life by the Sahiba, in a packed page in which the sense of wonder, so strong all through the book, sweeps

in the ancient curative methods of the East; while, when the little boy of *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, after his years in Hell, returns, not without scars, to the security of his mother's love, we see in the last page a sample of her dealings with him.

In *Rewards and Fairies* (1910), in which the theme emerges strongly, we have two tales, *Marklake Witches* and *A Doctor of Medicine*, that are concerned with bodily healing, and one, *The Wrong Thing*, in which a disease of the mind, an obsession of inferiority and hatred, is dissolved by a gust of laughter, shared with the enemy, and evoked by a situation which they both, as artists, understand. Healing involves both body and mind, and in *A Charm*, the introductory poem to *Rewards and Fairies*, the spiritual healing drawn from 'English earth' is expressed in physical imagery:

It shall sweeten and make whole
Fevered breath and festered soul;
It shall mightily restrain
Over-busy hand and brain;

while the English flowers

shall cleanse and purify
Webbed and inward-turning eye.

Already in *An Habitation Enforced*¹ George Chapin had been cured by English earth of the fevered breath and the over-busy brain, and later Frankwell Midmore in *My Son's Wife*² was to be cured by the same agency of the festered soul and the webbed vision. Moreover, already Kipling's long-standing interest in the uncanny had tilted to the absolution of evil, the restoration of health, and in *The House Surgeon*³ the house that is haunted by a bodiless mood of despair is cleansed. The tales in *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917), the next collection to be published after *Rewards and Fairies*, seem, for all their variety and accomplishment, to have been composed during an ebb-

tide of Kipling's genius, before it set forward on the last magnificent flood. The book is full of uneasiness and anxious self-reassurance; it is flavoured with the sour and the sinister, and there is none of his true elevation and pathos in it except in *In the Presence*, where once more he turns to India.

Into the Shadows

But in two tales, *In the Same Boat*⁴ and *The Dog Hervey*⁵, healing is carried into the shadows surrounding and filling the minds of men, and tormented, hungry and broken spirits are led back to peace. In *Debits and Credits* (1926) the theme is central in *The Eye of Allah* and to be found, in positive or negative aspect, in most of the tales in the book, while *Limits and Renewals* (1932) contains, in addition to subsidiary references, *Unprofessional*, in which a team of scientists work on the problems of cancer, and four tales of the healing of men whose war-service has left open wounds in their minds, *The Woman in his Life*, *Fairy-Kist*, *The Miracle of Saint Jubanus* and *The Tender Achilles*. But a bald enumeration gives little impression of the pervasiveness of the theme, which at one point clasps that of revenge and at another passes into tender fantasy. The title, *Limits and Renewals*, is exactly appropriate to the content of the book; the limits are of many kinds, passable and impassable, and the renewals are of this world and of another.

As in *Debits and Credits*, the theme

¹ *Actions and Reactions* (1910); first published 1905.

² *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917); written 1913.

³ *Actions and Reactions* (1910).

⁴ First published 1911.

⁵ First published 1914.

of disease occurs outside the tales of healing—in *Dayspring Mishandled*, for instance—and, within them, there are marginal figures that are not so lucky. In *Fairy-Kist* Wollin is saved, and the interest of the tale is focused on his saving, but Jimmy Tigner, standing unsteadily in the surf, is casually washed back to sea. 'He's been tried too high—too high,' says Keede. 'I had to sign his certificate a few weeks later. No ! he won't get better.' And the fleeting image is fixed in the verses, *The Mother's Son*, that precede the tale. The wide black sea of human misery washes round these green islets of healing and throws its spray ashore, and the writer looks out over it with spiritual hunger and compassion.

These tales hook into each other in all directions ; if you lift one for inspection, several others come up attached to it ; but the closest links are not always those that are at first apparent. Thus *Unprofessional* has been related to *A Doctor of Medicine* because in both of them we have to do with astrology, but the closer link is with *Marklake Witches*.

The two stories from *Rewards and Fairies* are, in the first instance, companion pictures, presented to the children, of medicine old and new, and in them no imaginative act of faith in astrology is required. Nicholas Culpeper's successful handling of the plague-stricken village is not, as he thinks, due to his reading of the stars, but to common sense, devotion and a lucky chance. Puck takes his astrological expositions very lightly and puts down the victory to 'a high courage tempered with sound and stubborn conceit' ; and the concluding poem, dismissing with amusement the world-picture of the introductory *Astrologer's Song* as one of the 'enormous and manifold errors' of

our fathers of old, leads us to praise their 'excellent hearts,' that wrought so well with such faulty tools. In *Unprofessional*, however, the influence of the stars is taken seriously and the 'tides' they wake in human cells traced and logged with the latest scientific devices.

Like *Marklake Witches*, it deals with an advance of science, and with these two tales we may associate *The Eye of Allah*. *Marklake Witches* is simplest, as befits one of the tales that children were to read 'before people realized that they were meant for grown-ups.' René Laennec, French prisoner on parole, discusses his invention, the stethoscope, with the shrewd local wise-man, and meets the hostility of fear and superstition in the village folk and of conservative professional obstruction in Dr. Break. It will not deter him, but his science will not save the high-spirited girl who tells the tale, in ignorance of its meaning and of her own disease, nor the outer ring of momentarily seen sick—old Gaffer Macklin and young Copper—nor yet himself. This is a straightforward tale ; *The Eye of Allah* is complex.

Problem of Scientific Advance

It tells of the possibility of a great scientific advance that looms for an hour and is declined, because it is untimely ; Abbot Stephen destroys in the presence of Roger Bacon the microscope that John the artist has brought from the Moorish parts of Spain. But though the problem of scientific advance in a world not ready for it is central, the tale, like many of Kipling's later ones, is doing several things at once. The pure scientist is contrasted not only with Abbot Stephen, the administrator, but with John of Burgos, the pure artist 'to whom men were but matter for

drawings.' John makes no protest against the breaking of the Eye of Allah; he has used it to get 'patterns' for the devils he has limned, and has finished with it; his trade, he says, is the outside of things—a remark in which we may hear either simple truth or irony, as in Kipling's own remark that he had dealt with 'large, superficial areas of incident and occasion.'

The image of birth knits the themes together. John's Jewish mistress dies in childbed. He himself brings his stored conceptions triumphantly to birth. But when Abbot Stephen destroys the microscope under Roger Bacon's hungry eyes, a birth is aborted. 'The choice lies between two sins. To deny the world a Light which is under our hand, or to enlighten the world before her time.' When the little group of monks, ruler, artist, scientist and working physicians walk on the leads to get

foul water to put under the Eye of Allah, they see, in one of Kipling's marvellous compressed sentences of landscape, atmosphere, period and symbol—

three English counties laid out in evening sunshine around them; church upon church, monastery upon monastery, cell after cell, and the bulk of a vast cathedral moored on the edge of the banked shoals of sunset.

The moored cathedral is a ship-of-war, not yet wrecked on shoals in the blindness between one day and the next. The whole principle of order of their world lies in beauty and visible menace round them. It is not only that the audacious scientist will face the fire, but in the struggle what order there is will be shaken or debased. The Eye of Allah would but bring 'more division, and greater darkness in this dark age.' Western man is not yet ready to see with it.

(To be continued)

Some Criticisms of Kipling's Work

by Basil M. Bazley

[The first article in this series appeared in our last issue.]

WE have been looking at some of the critics who lived in a more leisured age, but there are many others of later date whose work must not be by-passed. One of the best of these studies is Mr. Patrick Braybrooke's "Kipling and his Soldiers"; the author tells us in his preface that he chose this title because "Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written more accurately of soldiers than any other writer." This is a daring assertion, for many authors have excelled in military description, but Mr. Braybrooke justifies his statement with

chapter and verse: "Kipling has probably done more to give the regular soldier his proper place than any other living writer." This book is not confined to 'Tommy'—it covers a wide range. Take this admirable summing-up of Maisie: "The type of woman a man throws away his soul upon, only to find that the angel of the house has very little idea as to what a soul is"; *The Vampire* expresses this in verse. How good, too, are his comments on *Captains Courageous*, which "may be the work by which Kipling will achieve immortality, for it treats of three eternal," one of which is the sea, "a savage,

untamed animal." Although I cannot agree with him on Kipling as a writer for children, he is right in pointing out that *Stalky & Co.* is a book for adults, and in noticing Kipling's dislike of superficiality.

Important Appendices

Mr. Thurston Hopkins has written several books which treat of our subject, mostly on his connection with the County of Sussex; but there is one, called "Rudyard Kipling: a Literary Appreciation," which, to put last things first, has a series of appendices of great value. The critical part—the book itself—is a most embracing compendium of Kipling's writings; the personality of the author is not allowed to obtrude itself in an estimate of his work, which, by the way, was Kipling's own view. On Kipling's love of independence—nothing to do with St. Andrews—we read: "He is only considering how to get to the goal he has marked out—to be master of the elastic, elusive and delightful English language. He is following in the tracks of the muzzy Scotsman, the shopkeeping pamphleteer, the gaoled tinker, the German Jew and the French thief—all searchers after the essential word. He is a prince, a vagabond, a highwayman or what you choose to call him, but you cannot afford to ignore him." This example conveys the best idea of the way in which Mr. Hopkins has dealt with his problem.

We must not omit to notice two volumes, though, correctly speaking, they cannot be classed as criticisms: I refer to "A Handbook to the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling," by Ralph Durand (1914), and "A Kipling Dictionary," by W. A. Young (1911), first editor of the *Kipling Journal*. Both give brief but lucid summaries; in this

sense they may be rated as critiques.

Mr. Cyril Falls, in his "Rudyard Kipling: a Critical Study," gives us a series of flashes, instead of an ordered resume of prose and verse, which make agreeable reading; certain works, like *Kim*, receive copious treatment, and there is a good chapter entitled "Style" on Kipling's powers of compression: "Mr. Kipling has that power, given to but a few, of imparting by means of a single word a peculiar form and significance to his sentence, so that there are certain sentences which if read aloud to any who knew the rest of his work would be instantly recognized." This is a book which lovers of Kipling will read with sheer joy; although it gives a good deal of unstinted approval, it is by no means a paean of adoration. Mr. Falls is in no doubt about Kipling being a permanent force: "But he is so very much an Englishman, has in him so deeply embedded the love of the most typical English traits, that the neglect of his teaching will not last long. If England remains the old England, and does not become the home of cosmopolitanism and internationalism, Mr. Kipling will always be read as an authority on Englishmen. In all probability, should his years reach the normal span of life, he will himself witness his return to the position of national seer. In any case, he will remain for posterity the great fount of information as to the characters and fashion of Englishmen, soldiers, sailors, colonizers and administrators, in the closing years of the Nineteenth Century."

Sir George MacMunn, equally famous as soldier and author, has given us two first-rate books. "Kipling's Women" (1933) is a refutation of those who said he could never describe a real woman. Sir George rightly draws attention to the Gypsy

Queen in *The Naulahka*—a seductive lady rather neglected by readers; of Maisie he says: "There is not the least reason why she should waste herself on Dick"; but he points out what may ensue from this detached attitude: "A type one often meets, the high schools are full of them teaching hard. I once saw one face down on a sofa in later years, sobbing her heart out that she had let the real world go by when it offered, for the glamour of a latch-key, and the lure of a career." These two samples are sufficient to show how well this difficult subject has been treated. In "Rudyard Kipling: Craftsman" (1937)—a title which I had the great pleasure in suggesting to Sir George on account of its interesting double meaning—we have a more ambitious and comprehensive book, which gives a survey from beginning to end of Kipling's literary life, and a masterly survey it is, ranging as it does over all the moods and tenses of an author gifted with phenomenal breadth of vision. It is especially useful in that it explains many of the later tales which "many readers—critics or otherwise—find obscure.

One of the Best Books

"Rudyard Kipling: a Study in Literature and Political Ideas," by the late Edward Shanks (1940), is one of the best books that the great writers of our own country have produced. Like Sir George MacMunn's second book, it covers much ground, though far more briefly, and takes us right to the end. One of the best things in it is the note on the Lama in *Kim*, for Kipling was so often accused of brutality that it is sometimes forgotten that he could create saintly and loveable characters: "The severest test, it has been said, to which

a novelist can expose himself is the portrayal of spiritual goodness. It is, to be sure, one to which wise novelists do not often expose themselves. But of those who have it would be difficult to remember many who have come through it with more success than Kipling did in his picture of the Lama. For this is goodness without anything either superhuman or insipid in it."

With some regret I must only give brief mention of these two books, as they are almost entirely biographical, containing little covered by the scope of this article: "Nothing Quite Like Kipling" (1944), by Coulson Kernahan, and "Rudyard Kipling: a New Appreciation" (1945), by Hilton Brown, though both these may be perused with profit by those who wish to know more of Kipling. Two other little books, dating back to World War I, fall within the orbit: "Merlin's Isle: a Study of Kipling's England," by W. Worster, and "Rudyard Kipling," by John Palmer (Writers of the Day Series). The first, though more extensive than its title, is very charmingly written; it is only a tiny book of 75 pages, but it is packed with good things. Here is one: "But Kipling's men—the men of the class and type here considered—exhibit in their dealings with those under them something more than a consciousness of power—to wit, the consciousness of responsibility. *Noblesse oblige.*" Could Kipling's ideal for the British Empire have been expressed better? Here, too, *Stalky & Co.* is understood; so, too, is England: "But England as he sees it, and the characters of his Englishmen, are things that have endured and will endure. This is the essence of the 'Puck' stories, wherewith he enters into full possession of his kingdom," Mr.

Worster reminds us that Kipling, the 'trumpeter of the far-flung Empire,' can be just as truthfully, and far more cheerfully, a part of rural England as A. E. Housman of Shropshire Lad fame: "Kipling, too, had visions of the England of the past. And, instead of lamenting, he turns to it joyously, and makes it live again." Mr. John Palmer's small tome is pleasantly easy to read and quite informative; there are one or two errors—the character of Mrs. Hawksbee (*sic*), and "these things (battle details) are disagreeable, not because they are horrible fact, but because they are deliberate fiction." But is this latter correct? Kipling used to associate with soldiers who could, and did, give him the real "horrible facts." In this book the Indian realism, military, civil, or native, is condemned, but the realism of the machines, so often derided by other critics, is here lauded to the skies. *Chacun à son goût.* Of the later service men (1918) we read: "No living author is better qualified than Mr. Kipling to give the world a glimpse of our soldiers and sailors as they go about their business. . . . They live for us, not primarily as sailors and soldiers, but as men with a task."

Four Frenchmen

Head and shoulders above all these mentioned thus far—and, so far, to come—are four Frenchmen, among many others of that land, who criticize Kipling analytically, in the French manner, and find him good. First of these is André Chevillon's "Three Studies in English Literature" (1923), a book of 262 pages, the first 152 of which are devoted to Kipling. Never have we had so complete an understanding: "His attitude towards the various religions and more obviously towards questions of sex is not that of his compatriots,

and this somewhat scandalised the Islanders in years that still belonged to the Victorian age. They had yet to know him as the rigorous poet of Duty." Although not an Englishman, Chevillon sees clearly the ideal of high patriotic devotion, beginning "at that school which aimed at making men who should be masters of themselves and servants of the Empire. All Kipling's poetry reiterates this strong religion of duty. This, rather than the worship of energy, is the basis of his brilliant work." Almost alone amongst the reviewers, Chevillon discerns Kipling's ideal of the British Empire: "In these poems (*The Seven Seas*) . . . the theme of Empire was first sounded. Let us understand clearly what was meant by the term: it tends to create a wrong impression, and therefore attempts to substitute for it the word *Commonwealth* have often been made. The Empire is the comity of English nations; Imperialism is the consciousness of Empire." This was said by a foreigner; compare the sayings of the anti-Empire group here! And Chevillon has read and inwardly digested poems like "The Settler." This is his comment after the Transvaal War: "The spiritual union of the English peoples is accomplished, needless now to quicken the sense of it by extolling the Empire. The stirring music that was to awaken pride of race is stilled. It is a notable trait in the so-called Imperialist poet that the war provoked him to no martial gesture, no word of hatred or defiance to the enemy (cf. *Piet*). Of the sturdy, patient adversary (General Joubert) he spoke gravely and respectfully." There is much more, but you must read this 'study' for yourselves.

A Methodical Review

When we turn to the "Rudyard

Kipling" of Mr. Marcel Brion (1929), we find a methodical review, very thorough as to facts but less analytical than the previous one, though the author is no less in tune with Kipling's methods and has an equally keen eye for situation and character; *Kim* greatly appeals to him: "He well deserves the name of 'Little Friend of all the World,' this child who begs for his friend the Lama, is the bearer of secret messages, and so delightfully entertains the train passengers during the leisurely progress across the plains of Bengal. The multitude of scenes, characters and incidents that fill this book render analysis of it impossible. In it all the colour of India is collected into an extraordinarily vivid and motley scene." Unlike many English critics, *The Light That Failed* strongly attracts him, especially the character of Dick Heldar at the end: "Stronger than love or artistic pride is this call to adventure—this fine male comradeship composed of boldness and sacrifice." Mr. Brion has no doubt about the future of Kipling's work among the discerning: "Where will posterity place Kipling's novels in the hierarchy of modern works? Without falling into error it is very hard to forecast the taste of 'posterity,' and the strictness or lenity of its judgments. The tendencies manifest among young English writers of today are a long way from *Kim* or *Captains Courageous*."

In his "Poets and Prophets" (1936) Mr. André Maurois has much to say that is apposite; after remarking on the wonderful vogue for Kipling in France—which still persists—he seems to think that he (Kipling) has been neglected owing to political trends:

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are:—LONDON: Mr. H. L. Butterworth, Mr. G. Edgar, Sir Edward J. Reisd, Mr. H. S. W. Edwards, NEW ZEALAND: Mr. M. E. Hankins, Mr. H. G. McGowan, Mrs. E. F. McGowan. SOUTH AFRICA: Mr. Wm. Davis,

"When the passage of time has stripped his work clear of associations, it will be seen that Kipling was not only the greatest English writer of our generation, but the only modern writer who has created enduring myths." Once again, though not in this case about the Empire, we have to go to France to get a clear statement of a Kipling ideal: "Many liberal critics have supposed that, because Kipling exalted the virtues of asceticism and discipline, he was hostile to the idea of liberty. That is mistaken. But he does believe that liberty is not lawlessness; on the contrary, that it is fundamentally dependent on respect for the laws and on obedience to the chief." Nor is there any loss of personality in this obedience: "But although Kipling may have little respect for the electors in the mass, he has plenty for the man of the people (Hobden) regarded as an individual worker." Possibly this plea for a man, as against men in bulk, accounts for the dislike felt for his work in Socialist circles! Lastly, in "Le Roman anglais de notre Temps," Mr. Abel Chevalley gives a short but illuminating sketch: "Brièveté, condensation, intensité, art de suggérer autant que d'exprimer, acrobatie, s'il le faut, du style, telles sont les qualités de la forme que le jeune Kipling impose à la nouvelle anglaise. Elle n'y était guère habituée. Cette rapidité suggestive emporta le public. Ce fut une révolution."

Here I must end. There are many more criticisms of interest, including adverse ones, scattered in reviews and newspapers. Some day I may be able to return to this absorbing subject and round it off with some things that are "not in books."

Annual Luncheon

THE Society's Annual Luncheon was held at the De Vere Hotel, Kensington, on October 6th last, when our President, Lieut. - General Sir Frederick Browning, was in the Chair. The Guest of Honour was Sir Archie Michaelis, late Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, Australia, and a long-standing member of the Melbourne Branch, who was accompanied by Lady Michaelis.

In proposing the toast, "The Un-fading Memory of Rudyard Kipling," Sir Archie said Coronation Year was a wonderful year to be in Britain. Rudyard Kipling would indeed have been a happy man to see the improvement in the outlook; even "flannelled fools at the wicket" had some part in this. Our present position in the world was largely due to Kipling's influence on the generation before the wars. How fortunate it was to have had such a genius, for he was one of the few English writers whose influence was comparable to that of Shakespeare and Charles Dickens. It was fashionable nowadays to laugh at 'If,' but the effect of that poem with its noble ideas on so many people was incalculable. Kipling, above all, believed in the mission of the British race. His teaching, as shown by so many of his works, was that to do one's job well was the most important thing in life.

Of Kipling's prophetic genius the speaker referred to "With the Night Mail" (1914) as a striking example, and from "Some Aspects of Travel" (1914) he quoted:

"The time is near when men will receive their normal impressions of a new country suddenly and in plan, not slowly and in perspective; when

the most extreme distances will be brought within the compass of one week's—one hundred and sixty-eight hours—travel; when the word 'in-accessible' as applied to any given spot on the surface of the globe will cease to have any meaning.

"Conceive for a moment a generation wholly divorced from all known smells of land and sea travel—a generation which will climb into and drop down from the utterly odourless upper airs, unprepared in any one of its senses for the flavour, which is the spirit, of the country it descends upon. Everything that we have used till now has allowed us time for a little mental adjustment of horizons—time and contact with the changing earth and waters under us. In the future, there will be neither mental adjustment nor horizons as we have understood them: not any more of the long days that prove and prepare, nor the nights that terrify and make sane again, neither sweat nor suffering, nor the panic knowledge of isolation beyond help—none, so far as we can guess, of the checks that have hitherto conditioned all our travels."

Sir Archie concluded by congratulating the Kipling Society on its good work. "The vital thing," he said, "is to spread the ideas Kipling stood for among the younger generation." He hoped to give practical effect to this upon his return to Australia, by helping to bring Kipling's works to the notice of youth organisations, such as the Boy Scouts, where he felt there lay an ever-increasing field of usefulness.

* * *

High tribute was paid by the President to the officers of the Society for their successful work during the past year, and to Mr. Carl T. Naumburg for his admirable administration of our organisation in the United States,



THE PLAQUE AT KIPLING TERRACE, WESTWARD HO !

fixed at the foot of the steps leading to! No. 7, formerly the Headmaster's house, unveiled on September 17th, 1953. (photo by James A. Insley)

Kipling's Old School

A Commemorative Plaque Unveiled at Westward Ho !

THE unveiling of a commemorative plaque at Kipling Terrace, Westward Ho! in September last, by Lieut.-General W. G. H. Vickers, President of the United Services College and Imperial Service College Society, marked the completion of a plan whereby the buildings originally occupied by the United Services College, Kipling's old school, could be identified by visitors.

The first step was taken earlier this year when Northam Urban District Council, at the request of the U.S.C. and I.S.C. Society, re-named the old school buildings—now private dwellings—Kipling Terrace, in honour of Rudyard Kipling, the author and poet, who was a pupil there from 1878 to 1882.

The plaque, which was accepted, on behalf of local residents, by Mr. John Heywood (Chairman of Northam Urban District Council), was subscribed for by Old Boys, their relatives, local residents and members of the Kipling Society, and was designed and executed by Mr. R. C. Fox, of the Bideford School of Art. It is of Welsh veined slate and bears the School crest of a Bible—on which

appears the motto, "Fear God, Honour the King"—super-imposed on a crossed sword and furled anchor and flanked by the military and naval crowns, all carved in bas relief.

Alongside in incised Roman lettering appears the inscription: "This terrace of twelve houses was occupied by the United Services College, September 1874 to March 1904. Rudyard Kipling was educated here January 1878 to July 1882, under Cornell Price, Esq., M.A., B.C.L., first headmaster."

The following prayer was offered by the Rev. L. O. Mott, an Old Boy of the College :

O all loving Father, we remember before Thee all those whose school life for the most part was spent in these buildings. Nor do we forget the Masters of the old United Services College and Sergt.-Major George Schofield, who gave such loyal service for so many years. We remember with deep gratitude all who laid down their lives in the Boer War and the two World Wars, and thank God for their splendid example of courage and fortitude. Furthermore we crave God's blessing on all those now at Haileybury and Imperial Service College so that, on reaching manhood, they may give loyal and faithful service to God, their Queen and Country. We ask this in the Name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Among those present at the ceremony were close relatives of the originals of four characters who appeared in *Stalky & Co.*: Mrs. E. Bambridge, daughter of Kipling ("Beetle"); Miss A. M. Willes, of Westward Ho! daughter of Rev. G. Willes, the School Chaplain ("Rev. John Gillett"); Miss V. Schofield, daughter of Sergeant-Major Schofield ("Foxy," the School Sergeant-Major); and Mrs. Trevor, niece of Major-General L. C. Dunsterville ("Stalky"), with Mr. J. H. C. Brook-

ing, Founder of the Kipling Society, and Mrs. Brooking, and several Old Boys of the College, some of whom are members of the Kipling Society.

Originally the buildings were known as Kingsley Terrace, and although Kipling, in his prelude to *Stalky & Co.*, refers to his old school buildings as the "Twelve bleak houses by the shore," and in his *The Song of the Exiles* writes of "That long white barracks by the sea," there was nothing to identify them with their occupation by the United Services College.

Miss Ponton's Little Book

Rudyard Kipling at Home and Work. By Dorothy Ponton (a former Private Secretary). Privately printed, 1953. Paper covers, 60 pp., 5s.

KIPLING hated publicity where he himself was concerned, so Miss Ponton's booklet is very welcome. In company with the late Sir William Rothenstein, most of his admirers, while respecting this modesty so unusual in an advertising age, will be glad to learn something about him from the pen of one who lived with the family from 1911 to 1913, and from 1919 to 1936. Miss Ponton begins with a short sketch of Bateman's and its two adjoining houses—the Mill House, scene of several tales, and Park Mill Cottage, where she had her rooms. We are given some delightful personal accounts of the Kiplings: the Author, Mrs. Kipling, Elsie (Mrs. Bambridge) and John; the last-named also became her pupil, with happy results for him, though Miss Ponton was originally engaged solely as governess for his sister. In this capacity she travelled with them when visits were made to Switzerland and France; she gives an amusing narrative of her stay in Paris, where Elsie was left in her charge, and of the latter's dislike for the curious habits of a German governess who was staying with another pupil in the same flat. We gladly read about the doings of John—so little of him is known to the uninstructed and popular world.

Kipling's amazing rightness as a

prophet seems to have impressed Miss Ponton more, perhaps, than his other qualities, though she confesses, rather by implication than by direct statement, to a high appreciation of his work in general. It is particularly fascinating to read of the tranquil life at Bateman's, and to gather how so many of the details of that life came to take their place in the tales and poems. As Elsie had grown up—John, alas! was no longer with them—Miss Ponton returned to Burwash as secretary to both Mr. and Mrs. Kipling; in this second capacity she informs us that our Author, though casual and imperturbable in most matters, was tremendously careful lest any manuscript, or even a typescript corrected by his own hand, should be sent out of the house—he had vivid recollections of the Rottingdean cheques! One of the best among many good chapters is that entitled "Kipling's Farm," from which we understand the spirit, though not then founded on practical experience, which runs through the "Puck" stories and those beautiful verses of the English rural scene—the original of Hobden in "The Land"—appears to us in the flesh. This is a wonderful little book; though it gives us so much about the domestic life of our Author, we are left with the happy feeling that nothing unpleasant has been dragged out of secret cupboards—because there was nothing to drag.

B.M.B.

[Copies of the book may be obtained from the Kipling Society's Office. Price 5/- post free.]

Mary Postgate

[The following note is contributed by
Lt.-Col. Barwick Browne.]

" MARY Postgate," a story in *A Diversity of Creatures*, comes in for occasional criticism as being too callous; it has even been described as the wickedest story ever written, but that opinion was inspired by personal spite and is anyhow quite absurd, since, for a story to be wicked, it must represent wickedness in an attractive light, which this story certainly does not. But it has also been mentioned slightly in the *Kipling Journal* recently, which makes it seem worth while to analyse the matter further.

The story is a very careful presentation of the governess-companion type of woman produced in England at the close of the Victorian era, and few will, I imagine, deny that the portrait is very skilfully and truly drawn. This woman is then represented, in the very early days of World War I, as being so shocked and her heart so filled with hatred by the sight of a little girl in her quiet village being ripped up and killed by a bomb from a German plane that she not only refuses to succour the German airman who has been tipped out of it, but is ready to shoot him with a revolver if he does not die of his injuries, which, however, he does, and she ends the day contentedly and looking, her employer tells her, " quite handsome."

Now, Kipling tells the story quite objectively, without comment and without implying praise or blame. If we consider her conduct horribly cold-blooded and callous, we still have no just complaint against the story, for we most of us enjoy crime novels and the like: we can only find fault with it if we consider that a woman of Mary Postgate's sort would never have done that kind of thing: we cannot say that her conduct was too horrible to be made the subject of a story. So, in order to judge her conduct fairly, let the old ones among us try to project ourselves back to 1914, before two world wars, large racial massacres and the establishment of a

multitude of torture chambers in Europe, had blunted our capacity for indignation: before the bombing of the civil population had become a commonplace of warfare: before anti-aircraft fire, deadly fighter planes and balloon barrages had made bombing raids among the most dangerous operations in war: also when, for over two hundred years, European nations had, by tradition and treaty, done their utmost to spare civilians in wartime. Now let us look at the German raid in the story. At that date the anti-aircraft defence of London was limited to one three-pounder gun in each of the two towers of the Crystal Palace and to two very slow-firing howitzers somewhere between Chatham and London. I was myself at Gibraltar at the time and was given an obsolescent field-gun dragged to the top of the Rock as anti-aircraft artillery! And the few fighter planes were only armed with rifles in the hands of their pilots and navigators. So the German plane had nothing to fear from enemy action—the only risk was falling out of one's own plane, a quite possible accident at that time. And then the Bosche dropped a bomb on a quiet village and blew a little girl to pieces, an event witnessed by Mary Postgate with her own eyes. It is nice to think that we have people among us able easily to forgive the perpetrator of such an outrage and to feel no sympathy with Mary Postgate when it made her see red.

As far as I know, no one has noticed that Mary Postgate's action is closely paralleled in " Sea Constables " in *Limits and Renewals*. There, Maddingham refuses to do anything towards getting the neutral within reach of medical help when he is dying of pneumonia on his ship. The neutral had failed to get his oil to German submarines, which had been his intention. He is careful to point this out to Maddingham, hoping that the fact might count in his favour, but Maddingham is adamant in his refusal to do anything for him. He is surely, therefore, more callous than Mary Postgate, since her airman *had* killed a little girl.

Letter Bag

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

Blunders

Mr. Elwell must not be allowed to get away with numbering the central incident of "Bread upon the Waters" as one of Kipling's blunders. It is a matter of how certain men would behave under certain circumstances, and no matter of ignorance of rank and etiquette in the Merchant Service, and I emphatically prefer Kipling's reading of the likely conduct of the men concerned to Mr. Elwell's. I do not believe that, under the given circumstances, McPhee would have touched his cap, clicked his heels, and said "Don't you think that we had better put our lights out, Sir?" Certainly no army colonel would have resented similar conduct to McPhee's on the part of his second-in-command in a sudden emergency.

As to blunders in general, a friend who had had an engineering training told me that "Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the plumber-block," from the Ballad of the Bolivar, was a mistake, though I forget in what way. Perhaps some engineer would enlighten us.—(Lt.-Col.) BARWICK BROWNE, Bournstream, Wotton-under-Edge.

At Pevensey

I do not know whether you have visited Pevensey Castle lately. If not, you may like to hear the following:

I was there on September 18th, and found that the old caretaker there knows his "Young Men at the Manor" and "Old Men at Pevensey" by heart. What is more pleasing is that he said a very large number of people who go to see the place at once ask "Where is the well?" Which looks as if the young do read Kipling after all.—(Mrs.) P. GRAEME, Sutton, Wansford, Peterborough.

Bird Knowledge

If the late Captain E. W. Martindell was, as usual, right when giving the first printing of *The Devil and the Deep Sea* as in *The Graphic* Christmas No. for 1895, then De Lancey Ferguson is wrong. I have a copy of this *Graphic* and the colour of the

boats is "robin's-egg blue." This was no "concession to British readers," but a genuine mistake. To an ornithologist visitor to Bateman's Kipling regretted his lack of bird knowledge.

Guy Innes, in his "Kipling Steps Aside," is also in error. It was not the "Aglain's" but the "Martin Hunt's" boats that were blue.—T. E. ELWELL, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

Kipling Indexes

On page 19 of *Kipling Journal* No. 61 (April, 1942) appears a letter giving some particulars of the various glossaries, etc., required or which would be desirable for use by the Society.

A fire in my study in 1947 destroyed nearly all the work done at that time. However, now again some little progress has been made, and it is time to report to the members, if you can find space for such a routine matter.

(a) A Readers' Guide was described in the *Journal* No. 107—October, 1953.

(6) Dictionary of Names of People and Places mentioned by Kipling in his Prose. A member, who has since resigned, made a splendid start with this Glossary. He spent a lot of time and considerable money, too. I wonder if any other member is prepared to complete this lengthy job?

(c) Dictionary of Names of People and Places mentioned by Kipling in his Verse. This I have just finished. I shall be happy to look up a reference for any member. It is noticeable that Kipling, having mentioned a place once, nearly always refers to it in a second poem.

(d) Hindustani words used by Kipling. I have what is probably a complete list of these. I know there have been quite a number of such lists published; few have been even approximately complete.

(e) *Kipling Journals*. These should all be indexed in full, quoting each poem and story mentioned and all other details. I have such an index but it is in pencil and it is not in a very convenient form.

- (f) Kipling Summary. The writer has had some pleasure and much work in bringing up to date two or three copies of that most useful of all Kipling reference books, "A Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling," compiled by (Admiral) L. H. Chandler, U.S.N. (The Grolier Club, New York, 1930)—in particular, the copy in the office of the Society in London.
- (g) Concordance—Verse. I have done quite a bit of this terrible job.
- (h) Concordance—Prose. I do not think this will ever be attempted.
— "HERON."

Kipling Handbooks

In agreeing with Mr. R. E. Harbord as to the coming necessity of the Kipling handbooks he suggests, I would propose the following methods of producing them :—

1. That publishers, Macmillan's for preference, be approached as to their willingness to print them were the contents supplied free of charge. If they, or other firms, do not agree, then—

2. After ascertaining what the books would cost if printed by the Kipling Society, all members would be

asked, in a *Journal* note, if they would purchase copies at a given approximate price. This is the old, safe method of publication by subscription. If an insufficient number of members subscribed, then—

3. Have them printed in parts, *Journal* size, by its printers and sell to members at cost. This is subscription by instalments, as no more parts would be printed than would supply those who said "Yes" to Method 2. By each method the object in view would be attained, and, given one of them to be decided upon, the research of willing members could be apportioned.

If none of the above methods are thought feasible, the idea awaits a benefactor of the English-Speaking world, who didn't consider monetary loss—there would be no other kind.

As to selection and classification without thought of present publication, a re-opening of that "veritable mine of information," the *Journal*, could be undertaken at once. Traverse all its workings from No. 1 to the current issue, extract the paying lodes, refine the ore, and one paying handbook would be the result. The old workings of this mine are too often ignored.—"KIPLINGITE."

Annual Conference of the Society

THE Annual Conference of the Kipling Society was held on the 29th September, 1953. The Annual Report and Accounts for 1952 were approved, after which the President, Vice-Presidents and Honorary Officers of the Society were re-elected for the forthcoming twelve months. A very cordial vote of thanks was passed to our Honorary Auditors for all their work and help during the year under

review. Finally, Major F. R. Barry was elected to the Council. Major Barry is taking the place of Mr. Harbord as the Society's representative on the Committee of the National Trust which deals with Burwash.

Rudyard Kipling at Home and at Work

Recollections of Kipling by his
Private Secretary

By DOROTHY PONTON

5/- post free from the Kipling Society
Office

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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