



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY



DECEMBER, 1954

VOL. XXI No. 112

PRICE 2/6

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES—Ernest Short	1
THE CHRONOLOGY OF "STALKY & Co."—Roger Lancelyn Green	3
FINE LITERATURE	6
Two ESSAYS—B.M.B.	10
LIBRARY NOTE—THE WOLFF COLLECTION—W. G. B. Maitland	13
SOME ACADEMY EXTRACTS	15
LETTER BAG	17

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, 25s. ; Overseas Members, 15s.
per annum, which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly.

Correspondence should be addressed to :—

THE HON. SECRETARY, THE KIPLING SOCIETY,
c/o AIRBORNE FORCES SECURITY FUND,
GREENWICH HOUSE,
11 NEWGATE STREET,
LONDON, E. C. 1.
Tel. : City 8295.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

VOL. XXI. No. 112

DECEMBER, 1954

Notes

Kipling's Wild Lone Cat

THE Cat that walked by his "wild lone" is a myth which, no doubt, goes back to times when all animals were wild, but the Cat of which Kipling wrote in the *Just So Stories* was the wildest of all, and the mythical story is, no doubt, depicted upon the flat blade bone which forms the initial 'H' to Kipling's opening, "Hear, and attend and listen!"

What brings the Cat to mind as I write is a letter from Miss Gertrude Chamberlain of Plumstead, Cape Province, enclosing an article in the *Cape Argus*. This pictures the destruction of the house in Great Westerford where rumour tells that the Cat first came to life in Kipling's imagination.

Just So Stories date from 1908 and Kipling's South African experiences were largely associated with the South African War, at the turn of the century. The house, with its jumbo trees displaying their yellow fruit and out-size pips, was 200 years old, ancient history so far as domestic architecture in the Cape Colony is concerned. An insurance office is to replace the old homestead.

Mr. Elsworth, one-time secretary of the South African Kipling Society, would welcome evidence that the legend associating the Cat with Great Westerford is well-founded. Not only Kipling's story, but the pictures signed by himself, add interest to the little problem.

Kipling as Medical Student

Sir Zachary Cope addressed St. Mary's Hospital's Medical School a short time back, and revealed that about 1880 Kipling was thinking seriously about medicine as a career. He played about with the idea on the outskirts of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and picked up a good deal of that half-knowledge in medical matters which Sir Zachary described as a rather "dangerous thing."

These early years must have been in Kipling's mind when he distributed the prizes at the opening of the new session of the Medical School of the Middlesex Hospital (October 1st, 1908). Every member of the Kipling Society should look out for a copy of the 30-page booklet, in which the address was re-printed. One telling sentence informs the young doctors that they will belong to the only class that "dares to tell the world that we can get no more out of the machine than we put into it," and Kipling adds: "If the fathers have eaten forbidden fruit the children's teeth are very liable to be affected."

In the days when the ideal "work" is so often forgotten, it is well worth remembering that the wish which Kipling passed on to his medical audience was:

"Enough work to do and enough strength to do your work."

Kipling as Public Speaker

These addresses of Kipling are well worth collecting. One of the best

dates from 1929 when the poet-novelist opened Milner Court, Sturry, which was to become the junior school of King's School, Canterbury. The Sturry property, which Viscount Milner owned, once belonged to the famous Abbey of St. Augustine, founded by King Ethelbert in A.D. 605, about the time King's School, Canterbury, itself came into existence.

Lady Milner decided there could be no more worthy memorial to her husband than the gift of their home to King's School, and her decision gave Kipling an opportunity for a fine tribute to the great Proconsul. With the subject, "A Man's Work," Kipling associated man's play, his thesis being that men seldom do anything for the first time in their lives, *except at school*. As he said, "a man is a boy-product."

"Locomotion"

"Peterborough" in the *Daily Telegraph* on September 15th, 1954, devoted two of his paragraphs to what he called Kipling's locomotion. A Mr. A. F. Kent, of West Wickham, had told him that in the summer of 1902 he collected a steam-car from the Rottingdean house and delivered it to Cowdray Park. Mr. Kent was a young employee of a Brighton firm who held the Sussex agency for this make. He had cause to remember the journey from Rottingdean to Cowdray, because the car nearly caught fire owing to the asbestos packing which surrounded the fire-box falling off in the course of the run, a not unusual occurrence with the type of car in question.

"Baa, baa, Black Sheep!"

John Connell gave an interesting address upon the Child's View of Home which was published in *The Listener* of August 26th, 1954. Naturally, the sense of grim desolation recorded in "Baa, baa, Black Sheep" did not escape attention. As Mr. Connell said, Rudyard's Kipling's work is steeped in the sense of this highly significant experience. Mr. Connell went on: "There are some sentences in his autobiography, *Something of Myself*, written only a few months before he died, that freeze your bones as you read them. I know that for me, too, there is one house in an English seaside town that is for ever haunted by the ghost of the frightened, humiliated child that I was. The sense of strangeness and the sense of isolation were intolerable, but they had to be borne; and I never lost them, even after I moved to extremely happy surroundings among people who were loving and kind."

Lady Burne-Jones saved young Kipling from this sense of intolerable isolation, but John Connell's point was "that the tragedy of 'Baa, baa, Black Sheep' is all too common."

General Booth and R.K.

This is what the founder of the Salvation Army said to Kipling:

"Young feller, if I thought I could win one more soul to the Lord by playing the tambourine with my toes, I'd—I'd learn how."

It was a characteristic General Booth pronouncement—and the more memorable by being addressed to Kipling.

ERNEST SHORT.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are: LONDON—*Dr. R. W. Emanuel, Miss P. M. Rogers, Mrs. G. Done;* NYASALAND—*Mr. D. T. Fawcett;* AUCKLAND—*Mr. D'Arcy Anderson, Mrs. D'Arcy Anderson, Mr. W. K. Jagger.*

The Chronology of Stalky & Co.

by Roger Lancelyn Green

MANY essays and a few books have been written about the order in which the late Mr. Sherlock Holmes accomplished his sixty authentic cases, and at least two authors have concerned themselves with the dating of Allan Quatermain's numerous African adventures: why should not the exploits of Stalky, Beetle and M'Turk be ordered in the same way?

In the case of *Stalky & Co.* the investigation is complicated by our later knowledge that the three characters are modelled on real people—L. C. Dunsterville, Rudyard Kipling and G. C. Beresford—who were really at the United Services College, Westward Ho! and may really have taken part in some at least of the adventures credited to them in the stories. Kipling came to Westward Ho! in January, 1878, and left in July, 1882: naturally we try to fit the adventures into his time at the school. But a glance at "The Last Term" proves that Kipling himself never intended this: that Last Term was a Winter Term—and Stalky expressly states that they had all three been at the school for seven years!

The Evidence

In an investigation of this kind it is customary to tie ourselves strictly by the evidence contained in the stories themselves: let us do so with the Stalky stories, and see then how the result compares with the outside evidence given in the reminiscences of Dunsterville, Kipling and Beresford, and in the general facts of their real careers at Westward Ho!

The internal evidence falls into two

parts: that contained in the original *Stalky & Co.* of 1899 (with which I include the story "Stalky" which was published in the periodicals as a part of the book, but omitted from the actual volume), and the four stories added at various later dates and only published in one volume with the earlier stories as *The Complete Stalky & Co.* in 1929 (to which edition all page references are made in this essay).

To begin with *Stalky & Co.* itself, we are concerned (setting aside "Slaves of the Lamp, Part II") with nine adventures taking place in a period of seven years. We can next say that all but "Stalky" happened between their fifth summer ("In Amibush") and their Last Term; we can also say that *An Unsavory Interlude*, *The Impressionists* and *The Moral Reformers* happened (in that order) all in the same Summer Term, indeed all in the same July.

In *The Impressionists* comes a reference to *Slaves of the Lamp* (Part I understood, except where otherwise stated) as "that other night"—we can at least be certain that it had already happened, and the nearest possible time would be the previous Winter Term—December, as Dick Four had already passed his Army Preliminary Examination and hoped to enter Sandhurst next Spring" (p. 71).

The Difficulties

Now the difficulties begin: in *Slaves of the Lamp* it is stated that Stalky, Beetle and Turkey had gone through the school together for "six

chequered years " (p. 80), and only a week earlier Stalky had confessed to Mason, the new master whom they were deceiving with their false confessions, that "he'd been a thief in regular practice for six years, ever since he came to the school." But in *An Unsavoury Interlude* Stalky reminds Beetle "you've been here six years" (p. 103): Beetle's "five years" on the same page may seem contradictory—but, of course, it was five years since he'd ceased to be a "water-funk," his first term being the summer term of six years ago.

We can only assume that the references to "six years" in *Slaves of the Lamp* mean "nearly six years"—*i.e.*, they were nearing the end of the second term of their sixth year. This, of course, means that the following July they were in the first term of their seventh year—but would naturally still speak of having been six years at the school.

The simplest thing to do now would be to place *The Last Term* at the end of the year which saw *An Unsavoury Interlude* and its two following adventures in July. This would square with the reference (p. 391) to "Pussy Abanazar or Dick Four of a year ago," and just to the reference to "seven years" (p. 392), though for Beetle at least it would only mean six years and two terms. This, however, leaves no room for *A Little Prep* (Easter Term, p. 265) and *The Flag of their Country* (Winter or Easter, p. 297)—unless we place the former the term before *An Unsavoury Interlude*. As for *The Flag of their Country*, we can either place it the same term as *Slaves of the Lamp*, or in the Last Term. It could take place in an Easter Term, but the events in both almost certainly preclude it from sharing a term with *A Little Prep*—which would have

solved most difficulties. Of course, the absence of any reference to Dick Four & Co. does not necessarily mean that they had left the school, though, after their intimacy with Stalky & Co. in *Slaves of the Lamp*, it seems natural to assume that they had, or else that the story preceded it.

As far as *The Flag of their Country* is concerned, we have one more reference which should help to date it: on p. 308 Turkey says of the volunteers, "They're goin' up for Sandhurst or the shop in less than a year." This places *The Flag of their Country* in either the Easter Term preceding *The Last Term* or in the previous Winter Term. If we put it in the Winter Term (with *Slaves of the Lamp*), and *A Little Prep* the term following, we have a possible chronology—without rearranging Kipling's story-order too considerably.

Dates

It is always easier to tabulate events if we can put actual dates to them—and in these stories there are two indications of actual date. On the negative side, Beetle read Mrs. Oliphant's *A Beleaguered City* in the term before *The Impressionists*—and that book was published in 1880. On the positive side, we are told in *The Flag of their Country* (p. 316) that "the island was then entering upon five years of Mr. Gladstone's rule; and the General did not like what he had seen of it." This can only have been Gladstone's second term of office—from April, 1880, till June, 1885—and so we should place *The Flag of their Country* in Winter, 1880, or at latest in 1881.

To recapitulate, then: Beetle came to Westward Ho! in the Summer Term of 1875; the adventure called *Stalky* took place in the Easter Term of 1878 ("after three years," p. 13);

they were *In Ambush* and visited Colonel Dabney in the Summer Term of 1879—their "fifth summer" (p. 31), but only the first term of their fifth year. *The Flag of their Country* took place in October to November, 1880—the first winter of Mr. Gladstone's second Premiership; that same term ended with the performance of *Aladdin* described in *Slaves of the Lamp*; they had now been for some time in occupation of Number Five Study, and could refer to the fact that they had been at the school for six years, though in reality they were one term short of that—or Beetle at least was: Stalky and M'Turk seem to have preceded him by a term. This is borne out by a remark in the original magazine version of *Slaves of the Lamp* in *Cosmo polis*, April 1887, omitted in the book: says Stalky, "Member when Blundell major came in and tried to slap M'Turk's head for cheek at call-over? That was our second term."

"Your second, my first," said Beetle.

The Easter Term of 1881 was taken up by the happenings recorded in *A Little Prep* and Beetle borrowed *A Beleaguered City*, published the previous year, from the Reverend John. July, 1881, a full month indeed, witnessed the exploits narrated in *An Unsavoury Interlude*, *The Impressionists* and *The Moral Reformers*: this dating receives additional proof from the Reverend John's remark to King: "Go back a couple of years. . . . Have you forgotten Colonel Dabney?" and by the suggestion that Beetle was eleven when he came to school and is now sixteen (p. 176). He must surely have been seventeen by the following *Last Term*—which was a year after Pussy Abanazar and Dick Four had left, and made exactly seven years at Westward Ho! for Stalky and Turkey, and six years and two terms for Beetle.

(To be concluded)

The First Hundred Members

MR. J. H. C. Brooking, who recently received the congratulations of his friends on the occasion of his 84th birthday, has been looking back to the time, nearly thirty years ago, when he founded the Kipling Society. He was anxious to know how many of the first hundred members who enrolled in 1927 were still on the Members' Roll.

He finds that only ten remain, to each of whom he wrote a letter of greeting, expressing the hope "that our time of membership may be extended to the happiest limit, to enjoy the unique pleasures provided by the greatest and most patriotic of our poets and authors."

The names and Roll Nos. are:—

F. Kensington, 16; H. P. Hollins, 18; N. Croom-Johnson, 20; Miss S. D. Housden, 43; P. C. Jones, 47; P. H. Alder-Barrett, 49; Col. G. A. Scealess, 57; Rev. W. A. Kirkman, 69; W. G. B. Maitland, 75; Mrs. R. F. Thorpe, 81; J. H. C. Brooking, 86 (who forgot to register himself earlier).

Of these ten original members, most, to date, have replied. "Their letters," writes Mr. Brooking, "not only show the enthusiasm of these Kipling disciples, but have given me much interesting information." He thanks them all "for the pleasure it has given me to read and re-read their letters."

Mr. Brooking's address is Rudyard Cottage, Burwash, Sussex.

Fine Literature

(From "A Layman's Love of Letters," being the Clark Lectures delivered at Cambridge October-November, 1953, by G. M. Trevelyan, O.M., Master of Trinity College 1940-1951, formerly Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Reproduced here by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. Ltd.)

IN September, 1952, I had an unpleasant surprise in turning over the *Sunday Times*. Mr. Raymond Mortimer (for whose work as a critic of life and letters I have high respect) made an attack on Kipling so one-sided that it seemed to me to have lost the balance which we expect to find in serious criticism, and do find in Mr. Mortimer's customary work. Now, as I had the temerity in my first lecture to argue against positions taken up by Matthew Arnold, I shall be similarly courageous today in challenging an opinion of this eminent living critic, with most of whose opinions I am heartily in agreement, more often indeed than with Matthew Arnold's. It is not this time a question of the relative worth of great poets. We are now to move on a humbler level, not along the summits but round the slopes of the mountain of the Muses. And yet the issue is perhaps not unimportant, for it concerns the right of any lay lover of letters to enjoy the work of a famous author without being cast out of the literary synagogue.

I will first read to you the opening of Mr. Mortimer's article :

Oh, no ! we never mention him : his name is never heard. Kipling still has admirers, of course, who have been staunch for forty, fifty, sixty years. But to be re-read is one thing, to attract new readers quite another ; and I wonder how many of his books are now in de-

mand except as presents for children.

When he is not forgotten, he is commonly disliked. One cause is his view of life, which was not far from Fascism. His contempt for educated Indians was silly and vulgar : he lowered our reputation in the sub-continent, and the evil that he did lives after him. He left India, it is true, at the age of twenty-seven, and knew little of the country outside Simla and the Punjab. Yet how could so inquisitive a man swallow—and retain—the prejudices of a suburban mem-sahib? The answer has often been given : he was a boy who never grew up. Throughout his writing, moreover, we find a morbid interest in cruelty. This seems to me nastier far than his political fanaticism, for which, I suspect, it was chiefly responsible (so writes Mr. Mortimer).

Kipling's Name

Is Kipling's name never to be heard? Why should we not "mention him" ? I protest against this insinuation of the idea that it is bad form or "childish" to read and enjoy an author who was greatly admired (of course, with reservations) by most of the best judges of his own time, because a debunking order has recently been issued.

To use the language of our day, I am not a " Kipling fan." But I enjoy reading most of his stories, and love many of them ; of not a few I clearly see the faults. I differed from him in politics as much, I think, as Mr. Mortimer. So did my father and many Liberals of the Victorian and Edwardian days, who nevertheless took great pleasure in reading his stories as fast as they came out, while occasionally revolting against his crudities, political and other. I admit that we must recognise the strain of over-emphasis, of vulgarity,

and occasionally of brutality that peeps through. Even when he was most in fashion half a century ago, there were always some people for whom his faults outweighed his merits. The youthful Max Beerbohm published during the Boer War a series of fierce cartoons entitled "Second Childhood of John Bull" (a rare volume that I possess and value); in it the protruding jaw of John Bull's favourite, Kipling, fared badly. But the Boer War is over long ago (though not, I fear, all its consequences) and much has happened to John Bull since then. It is no longer the duty of a good citizen, as Max courageously felt it to be at that time, to strike the idol of the day in the House of Rimmon, and denounce the excessive adulation of Kipling as leader of the vulgar Jingo chorus.

To judge the totality of an author's work by his politics and by his occasional faults of taste, as Mr. Mortimer seems here for once to do, is not the way to judge a great writer of the past. By such a test we should feel called upon to deprive ourselves of the pleasure of reading *Gulliver*, *The Drapier's Letters* and *The Examiner*, because Swift was a savage and unscrupulous controversialist; because he told extravagant lies about the metallic value of Wood's halfpence; because he wrote a beastly poem, *The Salamander*, accusing Cutts, the bravest man in Marlborough's army, of filthy vices, for no reason but that Swift, being a parson, was jealous of soldiers; while he wrote another poem styling the Duchess of Somerset a murderess, being incensed against her because he thought she advised Queen Anne not to make him a bishop. No, these are not the standards by which we judge the value of Swift's writings. And similar standards of condemnation

(*mutatis mutandis*) are equally inapplicable to Kipling, or to any other author whose writings are in question. And, in fact, there is much less to say against Kipling in such matters than against Swift.

Understood Indian Life

Before I come to Kipling's positive merits, I should like to say something in mitigation of these political and moral failings, which seem to me to have affected overmuch Mr. Mortimer's opinion of his work as a storyteller. The complaint that he did not like the Indian political classes is true, and I regret it. But there were some sides of Indian life, not ignoble ones, into which he had a keen and sympathetic insight, not unworthy of Sir Alfred Lyall in his day and of Jim Corbett in ours. Mr. Mortimer tells us that he himself thinks *Kim* and *The Jungle Book* to be Kipling's best work, but he finds even in them no more than 'an urchin of genius captivating us with day dreams.' I should have thought they contained much penetrating observation. Indeed, I wonder that Mr. Mortimer should have read *Kim*, and that other beautiful tale in *The Second Jungle Book* entitled *The Miracle of Purun Bhagat*, of the Prime Minister of an Indian State retiring to end his life as a hermit in the Himalayas, and yet not perceive that Kipling had imaginative sympathy with much that is peculiarly Indian. Mr. T. S. Eliot has recently written of Kipling: "In his Indian tales it is on the whole the Indian characters who have the greater reality, because they are treated with *the understanding of love*." And again—"The first condition of understanding a foreign country is to smell it, as you smell India in *Kim*."

To thrust all this aside, as does Mr.

Mortimer, because you disapprove of Kipling's attitude to Indian politicians is strange; one might as well say that Sir Walter Scott had no sympathy with the Scottish common people, because he took, as I think he did, an ignorant and panicky view of the Radical disturbances in Glasgow in 1819. Scott understood the Scottish burgher and peasant, but not the Scottish factory hand. Kipling understood with intimacy and love many things in Indian life, but not the Congress movement. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. Let us judge a man by his best, not by his worst. In literature, above all, surely is the rule. Are we to be prevented from enjoying the fun of *Cashel Byron's Profession*, *Candida*, *Major Barbara* and *Arms and the Man*, because of the immense amount of nonsense on all sorts of subjects that Shaw has elsewhere uttered?

Similarly, are we to forgo the unique pleasure of reading George Borrow's *Lavengro*, because his judgment of men and things, though occasionally shrewd, is often a heap of self-contradictory prejudices, violently expressed, and because he is always talking as if he were a great philologist, whereas he was only a great linguist? But how superb are his gifts of observation and description, and of giving life and power to dialogue! The fact is that genius does not always wear the white robe of blameless common-sense and fair-minded judgment, without which we little people cannot decently appear in public. Some men of genius have had all-round judgment and common-sense, but by no means all of them. We must take them as they are, grumble, and be thankful to have them all the same.

As to brutality and descriptions of cruelty that smudge a few of Kip-

ling's stories, I admit their existence here and there, but they seem to me occasional only, quite outweighed by the vigour and vitality of his storytelling in general, and of less account in our proper conception of the man than the frequent beauty and sympathy of his imagination, particularly in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, to which I shall presently return.

Indeed, as regards descriptions of cruelty, I am surprised at Mr. Mortimer's complaint, for there are plenty such in more recent writers which pass muster as up-to-date realism; to complain of them would argue one an old Victorian fogey. But Kipling apparently is protected by no such licence.

R.K.'s Modesty

I knew Kipling a little towards the end of his life. What struck me about him was his modesty, a quality not universal among the most prominent literary figures after the First World War. This modesty took, in particular, the form of unquenchable interest in the special work and trained capacity of the person to whom he was talking, whether engineer, craftsman, agricultural labourer, or professional man. He was pleased when I told him that his stories in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* showed a marvellous historical flair. Because I was an historian he valued the compliment and beamed at me. He was what is (I believe) now called "an extrovert," that is to say he was not entirely wrapped up in, himself.

This constant interest in other people's jobs was of great value to him, because, as Sir Desmond MacCarthy said, one of the reasons of his just popularity is that his stories tell of people's daily work, not merely

of their personal relations. Take, for instance, his tale called *William the Conqueror*. The interest is not in the heroine's love affair, which is very like any other, at any rate as such things happen in books. The interest and novelty to the reader lie in the realities of an Indian famine and the way it is dealt with by individual members of the I.C.S. Among the stories of English work in India, the one I like best is *The Tomb of his Ancestors*. It concerns a man's hereditary influence over a primitive hill tribe. The story is concerned only with the life of these attractive little folk and an Englishman's work among them, not at all with his love affairs—such a relief sometimes! And far the best of Kipling's poems is about the relations of a Scottish engineer to his engines.

Among great writers, Kipling is not perhaps highly distinguished as a creator of characters that live for ever in the heart and memory of mankind, like Uncle Toby, Dandie Dinmont, Mr. Micawber and Alan Breck Stewart—yet there are Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd. But he is a vary great story-teller. He is occasionally offensive, often overstrained, but never dull. And besides the excitement and realism of his tales, there is often a hint of the uncanny spiritual powers working below. He is not a mere realist. *The Finest Story in the World* and *The End of the Passage* are realistic but they are something else besides.

Genius is not so common a thing that we can afford to reject it because of its alloy. I enjoy his stories, and I object to being told that it is bad form for a grown-up to be found reading them, that "we never mention him," that "his name is never heard." It will be heard for a very long time to come.

Exotic Blossoming

Perhaps it is because I also have never "grown up"—(should one wholly and in all respects "grow up," I wonder?)—but in any case I confess that the work of Kipling's that I like best of all is *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. His return, from the East at an early age was, I think, a most fortunate event. In the hot-house of India his genius had been forced to a premature, exotic blossoming, and he was already the most popular author of his day. But he was still young enough to strike fresh roots. In the open air of the English countryside he found a new subject and purer imagination. When he fell under the charm of rural Sussex, its folk like old Hobden and their traditions, he had a sudden vision of the whole length of our island history. *Puck of Pook's Hill* is natural, beautiful, gentle—if you like, childlike. In a setting of fairyland and childhood the very opposite of brutal, he tells us tale after tale of the ancient history of England, as he imagines it, with a marvellous historical sense, I think. The language and the psychology of Romans, Saxons and Normans is frankly modern—"subalterns again," if you like—but as no one knows how the people of those far-gone ages thought or spoke, there is no good using "tushery," and Kipling's way of making them talk is as good as another. But we know a good deal about the historical social surroundings in which they moved, and these Kipling has carefully studied and reproduced. Above all, the tales are alive and they are beautiful. The story about Drake, called *Simple Simon*, and the story about Harold called *The Tree of Justice* in *Rewards and Fairies* are very striking. As a

piece of historical imagination I know nothing in the world better than the third story in *Puck*, called *The Joyous Venture*, in which the Viking ship coasts Africa to find gold and fight gorillas in the tropical forest. I can see no fault in it, and many a merit. The poem attached to it, called *Harp Song of the Dane Women*, has the rare quality of sympathetic historical imagination.

Kipling has so entered into the situation and the sorrow of the wives of the Vikings, when their husbands go off for their summer piratings across the Northern Ocean—"the old grey Widow-maker." If you come

to think of it, it must have been so. That is how the Viking raids, on their human and domestic side, must have been launched each year. But only Kipling has thought of it without prompting.

(Here follows the poem beginning)

What is a woman that you forsake
her,
And the hearth-fire and the home-
acre,
To go with the old grey Widow-
maker?

That may not be great poetry, but it is fine literature, sound and sympathetic history, certainly not the work of a brute of an "urchin" who never grew up.

Two Essays

Two essays: **A Study of Kipling's use of Historical Material in "Brother Square-Toes" and "A Priest in spite himself,"** by Ann M. Weygandt (a Paper delivered at the University of Delaware on January 11th, 1954); and **Rudyard Kipling and the Imperial Imagination,** by Michael Edwardes (*The Twentieth Century*, June 1953).

COMPARISONS are proverbially odious; in this case they are impossible, as the treatment of the subject is entirely different. The first is a careful and thorough examination of the wonderful way in which Kipling bases the incidents of his stories on historic facts. Miss Weygandt points out that real people are introduced, correctly as to place and character: Captain Bompard (a name famous today) of the French frigate *l'Embuscade*; Toby Hirte, of course; Genet, the first ambassador of the Revolutionary Government to the United States; Talleyrand in exile; Sieyès; and Washington, who really had large hands. We learn that slight

liberties are taken with the two Seneca Indian chiefs, necessarily so for the action of the plot; but the account of the Delaware countryside is as vivid as if it were Kipling's native Sussex: "The atmosphere Kipling gives to the Philadelphia of 1793 and the country back of it is partly distilled from Ritter's book and partly from Kipling's memories of Pennsylvania—apparently the first countryside in America in which he stayed with friends, so that he thoroughly absorbed the feel of the neighborhood."

Talleyrand and Napoleon

Our attention is called to the accuracy of the Talleyrand study; the French statesman did sell buttons and was notorious for his gambling propensities; he was always an advocate of Anglo-French friendship. There is merely a thumb-nail sketch of Napoleon, but we get a hint about his ruthlessness; however, we do

know that he attached great value to Talleyrand's support and opinion. Miss Weygandt doubts the veracity of Kipling's account of the relations between them—"He may represent Talleyrand as a little more contemptuous of Bonaparte than he actually was at this date"—but she gives a reference to the French historian, Emile Dard, who suggests that there is some foundation for this. Chapter and verse are also given for the outline of Washington—what he was and what he did. Space will not permit a complete summary of all Miss Weygandt's researches, but her work is of enormous value in estimating Kipling's methods of construction—accuracy, without allowing the narrative to become overloaded with too much detail: "Kipling took more pains with his history than many of them (other writers) did, and was, on the whole, more careful to write about parts of the world with which he was familiar. . . . And while Thackeray was careful, it is fair to say that Kipling was more scholarly, more concerned with verifying details than many of his predecessors." Miss Weygandt mentions earlier that Kipling had personal knowledge of the American countryside which he describes so well; the details given are such as would strike a visitor—they do not give the impression of having been gleaned from a gazetteer. And though too great an emphasis on correctness may impede the action of the story, how often is the atmosphere spoiled by glaring errors of time, locality, or characterisation! Kipling steers a course safely through the various shoals that beset an author; as Miss Weygandt says, "There is no explaining genius, but it is comforting to see genius hard at work. Kipling combined energy with genius; I know of no better way to make the

past live." It may be that the prohibitive cost of printing in Britain is an obstacle to the production here of booklets or pamphlets like this; we ought to be very grateful that America, in the person of Miss Weygandt, one of our Members, has given us this comprehensive study, in which we get an outline of Kipling's remarkable accuracy in the use of historical and geographical sources.

Contradictory Statements

In the second essay there seems to be some confusion of purpose. Are we to add it to previous—and vain—attempts to 'debunk' (horrid but expressive word) Kipling, or must we take it as a lecture *ex cathedra* on the 'wickedness' of British rule in India? It is perhaps rather early to condemn Kipling's views on Indian politics; we must await the verdict of time on Mr. Nehru's section of the great Asian peninsula which, at the time of the 'take-over,' might have been likened to what agents of house property describe in their advertisements as a 'made garden.' Such was India when it ceased to be under British control. One wonders what would have happened if the British had not interfered. Would the country have been taken over by the Dutch or the French, or would it have retrained in its pristine state of charming anarchy? About the Kipling criticisms in this essay—the political views can be disregarded—all that need be said is that they are incorrect and abusive. Some statements are contradictory: "His principal characters in these stories (*Plain Tales*) are 'Civilians'—something to be laughed at." But were they? "There are, for him, no genuine heroes out of uniform, and even then, few above the rank of lieutenant. It is the

soldier-administrator, the man who holds all the portfolios and throws in District Magistrate as well, we must admire." This last seems a *non sequitur*. There is a curiously old-fashioned atmosphere about this article, including a flash-back to the 'nineties: "What is the essential quality of Kipling's work? It is, un-

doubtedly, vulgarity." This, and several other *jeux d'esprit*, suggest that the author's knowledge of Kipling's work is somewhat superficial; he might find that Kipling's studies of the people of India are not of the type usually attributed to 'Imperialists.'

B.M.B.

A Reader's Guide

WE are glad to learn from Mr. R. E. Harbord, who, with the co-operation of a devoted circle of helpers, has begun work on the preparation of a Reader's Guide to Kipling's Works, that the project is making steady progress. For the information of new readers, Mr. Harbord suggested some time ago that an up-to-date series of handbooks was needed, to serve as a Guide to readers of Kipling, on the lines of Ralph Durand's *A Handbook to the Poetry of Kipling*, published by Hodder & Stoughton in 1914. As we have mentioned before in this *Journal*, to subsidise the preparation of such a work is beyond the means of the Kipling Society, but, thanks to Mr. Harbord, a beginning has now been made to collect the necessary data. The work of preparation must necessarily be

slow, and early results cannot reasonably be expected.

"To prepare the Notes," writes Mr. Harbord, "on the 700 or so prose items alone must be a task of some years. Then we shall have to consider 900 more in verse. Here are two typical questions outstanding from the story, "At the End of the Passage," in *Life's Handicap* (see page 201, line 12). What is meant by:

'knocked the doll-head bolt of the grip up'?

and on page 204, line 5:

'A blind face that cries and can't wipe its eyes.'

Is this a quotation?"

We wish Mr. Harbord and his helpers every success in their arduous task, which requires so much patience, scholarship and skill.

Annual Conference, 1954

THE Annual Conference of the Society took place on Thursday, October 14th, 1954.

After the adoption of the Annual Report and Accounts for 1953, the President, Vice-Presidents, and the Honorary Officers of the Society were re-elected for the coming year. To fill the places on the Council vacated under Rule VII of the Society's Constitution, the following were unanimously elected to the Council:—Colonel Ian Munroe, Dr. P. F. Wilson, Mr. A. Seymour Philips, and Dr. A. P. Thurston.

Rule VII of the Constitution was

amended whereby any member of the Council who, at the date of his retirement under this Rule, is also Chairman of the Council, may, if re-elected for a second year's term of office as Chairman, continue as such for a fourth year of service on the Council.

The Honorary Auditors were re-elected for the ensuing year, with the meeting's warm thanks for their service during the past year, and for all the advice and help they have always so generously placed at the Society's disposal.

Library Note

THE WOLFF COLLECTION

by W. G. B. Maitland

THE late Colonel M. A. Wolff, whose death is reported elsewhere in this number, most kindly bequeathed his Kipling Collection to the Society: a conservative estimate of the value of this generous gift would be well over four figures. The magnitude of the bequest can best be gauged when it is realised that it contains nearly 200 items, including many first editions, about 65 American copyright issues, autographed limited editions, privately printed volumes and a number of "pirates."

Notable amongst the rarer items are *Schoolboy Lyrics*, *Echoes*, *Quartette* and *Turnovers*. There is also a set of the *United Services College Chronicle* and the very scarce *Horsmonden School Budget* containing Kipling's letter of advice to its editors on schoolboy etiquette.

Schoolboy Lyrics and *Echoes* have both been described in past numbers of the *Journal*, but *Quartette*, *Turnovers* and the *U.S.C. Chronicle* deserve special mention. *Quartette 1885* was the Christmas Annual of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. It contains sixteen pieces which were written by Kipling himself, his father, J. L. Kipling, his mother and his sister Beatrice (later Mrs. A. M. Fleming). Of these sixteen pieces, eleven were by Rudyard Kipling, but six of these have never appeared in any of his collected works.

" Turnovers "

Turnovers from the *Civil and Military Gazette* consist of Vols. VI and

IX, which between them contain twelve stories by Kipling. The title, *Turnovers*, was derived from the position where it always appeared in the last column of page one and continued over into column one, page two. Three of the five stories by Kipling in Vol. VI. appeared later in *Life's Handicap*, and one, *The Wreck of the Visigoth*, was reprinted only in certain American editions of *Soldiers Three*, although it was subsequently included in Scribner's *Outward Bound Edition*. The fifth story, *IT*, was reprinted in *Abaft the Funnel*, as were the seven stories in Vol. IX., but as this book is in the "Wolff Collection" it will be dealt with at a later stage.

The Horsmonden School Budget contains a letter from Kipling dated Cape Town, Easter 1898. It acknowledges the receipt of a letter from the schoolboy editors requesting him to send them a contribution, and goes on to give them some 'Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette.' The letter, a real gem, has, as far as I know, never been reprinted.

Another item in the "Collection" which calls for a special mention is *Departmental Ditties*. This is the rare first edition of 1886. It is made up to resemble a Government Docket and is addressed "To all Heads of Departments." Colonel Wolff's copy is in exceptionally fine condition. It is a great prize. (Incidentally, Kipling refers to this particular edition in his story *My First Book*.)

When describing *Turnovers* reference was made to *Abaft the Funnel*.

This was originally a 'pirate' volume published by Dodge & Co. of New York in 1909. As this was an entirely unauthorised publication, Kipling ordered Doubleday, Page & Co. to bring out an exactly similar volume at a cheaper price. Both the Dodge 'pirate' and the Doubleday, Page authorised volumes are in the "Wolff Collection." The items in Vol. IX of *Turnovers* are included, with others, in *Abaft the Funnel*.

The set of the *limited Services College Chronicle* consists of 24 issues ranging from No. 7, December 5, 1881, to No. 72, December 15, 1900. The actual numbers are: Nos. 7, 10, 11, 13, 15, 17, 20, 27, 29, 33, 34, 37, 40, 42, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 53, 55, 56, 58, 72, but only six contain contributions by Kipling—that in No. 72 has a long letter in which he refers to the Cadet Corps: "... I am very glad to hear about the Cadet Corps. I fancy the real reason why our first Corps failed was because the Sniders were 'plugged'—under no circumstances shootable. Boys don't mind being deprived of even blank cartridges, but they have imaginations, and must be able to see through the rifle at least." He refers also to the school: "... we prized almost savagely our independence from other schools, in manner, habit and outlook. ..."

It may be of some interest to learn from an old "Class List" that Dunsterville, Beresford and Kipling were in the "Upper Third" in Sep-

tember, 1878—Beresford was top, with Kipling and Dunsterville holding sixth and ninth places respectively in a class of 15 boys.

Copyright Issues

The collection of copyright issues, some 65 in number, represents what must be one of the finest of its kind in existence—usually only about ten, or even less, are printed for copyright purposes, thus to find such a **large** quantity in one library is exceptional.

There are also a number of the A. H. Wheeler Indian Railway 'Rupree' books. All are in original wrappers, including the rare Allahabad 1891 editions of *City of Dreadful Night* and *Letters of Marque*.

Limited editions include *First Assault upon the Sorbonne*, which was limited to fifty copies when published by Doubleday, Page & Co. in 1922; *Collah-Wallah and the Poison-stick*—this copy has a misprint in the title on the front cover which makes it of special interest. The story, which appeared in *St. Nicholas Magazine*, February 1893, has never been collected except in the *Sussex Edition*. An autographed copy of *The Feet of the Young Men* is one of an edition limited to 377 copies.

The above description is by no means a comprehensive review of this magnificent Collection, but the writer hopes to continue his examination in the next number of the *Journal*.

MEMBERS ARE NOTIFIED that the Society now has a complete set of copies of the Kipling Journal for sale at the usual price of fifteen guineas plus carriage. As stocks are running out of many issues of the Journal, this is a comparatively rare opportunity of purchasing the complete range from No. 1 to No. 111. Enquiries should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, The Kipling Society, Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

Some "Academy" Extracts— 1897-1898

(We are indebted to Mr. T. E. Elwell for the following extracts relating to Rudyard Kipling, taken from 'The Academy'—a journal devoted to "literature, learning, science and art"—of various dates from, 1897 onwards.)

20/3/1897

CONCERNING Mulvaney's death, still unrecorded, a girl living in Arizona has written to Mr. Kipling. She tells him that the return of Mowgli to the "man pack" of civilisation (more or less) was an outrage to her sense of the proprieties, and she implores the author at any rate to arrange for Mulvaney to die "a worthy death on Indian soil and not go back to England"—and respectability. This request is one in which all who know and honour Terence Mulvaney (and who does not?) will join.

Mr. Kipling wrote in reply. He began by saying that he had done all he could for Mowgli in making him a married man and a servant of the Government (see *In the Rukh*), and continued: "But as to Mulvaney, his fate cannot be altered. If you remember the curse of Shielygh laid on him by old Mrs. Sheehy, he was to 'die quick in a strange land seeing his death before it came and unable to stir hand or foot.' Some day I may tell how that came upon him." Mr. Kipling added that he couldn't write stories by sitting down at a table and dipping his pen in the ink-bottle. "Stories 'happen along,' as they say in this part of the world, and, unlike the cattle on your ranch, they cannot be hurried."

21/5/1898

Just at this moment the most illustrious periodical in the world is the *School Budget*, a tiny and infrequent sheet circulating among the scholars of Horsmonden School, in Kent. A week ago it was not heard of; today a copy is worth its weight in platinum, and all because Master Medhurst and Master Chinnery, its owners and editors, had the happy thought to write to Mr. Rudyard Kipling for a contribution.

The story, as told by the *Daily Mail*, is that the editors sent a copy of their magazine to Mr. Kipling, drawing his attention to an article on "Schoolboy Etiquette" in its pages, and asking for a contribution. Their rate of remuneration, they explained, was threepence per page; and, says our contemporary, this quotation seeming to have touched their consciences for the moment, they went on to observe that they knew they ran the risk of being considered cheeky, but he ought to make good his statement:

"The song I sing for the good red gold
The same I sing for the white money;
But best I sing for the clout o' meal,
That simple people given me."

In case Mr. Kipling should not be amenable to argument and reasoned appeal, the editors undertook to stifle his next book in its birth by an adverse critique in the *School Budget*.

Either the threat was too much for Mr. Kipling, or he had hints on schoolboy etiquette which had only been awaiting such an opportunity of publicity, for he replied at once. This was his letter:

"Capetown,
Easter Monday, 1898.

To the Editors, *School Budget*.

GENTLEMEN,—I am in receipt of your letter of no date, together with copy of the *School Budget*, February 14; and you seem to be in possession of all the cheek that is in the least likely to do you any good in this world or the next. And, furthermore, you have omitted to specify where your journal is printed and in what county of England Horsmonden is situated.

But, on the other hand, and notwithstanding, I very much approve of your 'Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette,' and have taken the liberty of sending you a few more, as following:

(1) If you have any doubts about a quantity, cough. In three cases out of five this will save you being asked to 'say it again.'

(2) The two most useful boys in a form are (a) the master's favourite, *pro tem.*, (b) his pet aversion. With a little judicious management (a) can keep him talking through the first half of the construe, and (b) can take up the running for the rest of the time. N.B.—A syndicate should arrange to do (b's) imposts in return for this service.

(3) A confirmed gesser is worth his weight in gold on a Monday morning.

(4) Never shirk a master out of bounds. Pass him with an abstracted eye, and at the same time pull out a letter and study it earnestly. He may think it is a commission for someone else.

(5) When pursued by the native farmer, always take to the nearest

ploughland. Men stick in furrows that boys can run over.

(6) If it is necessary to take other people's apples, do it on a Sunday. You can then put them inside your topper, which is better than trying to button them into a 'tight 'Eton.'

You will find this advice worth enormous sums of money, but I shall be obliged with a cheque or postal order for 6d., at your earliest convenience, if the contribution should be found to fill more than one page.—
Faithfully yours,

RUDYARD KIPLING."

And now there is not a post but brings Mr. Kipling a request for a contribution from some schoolboy editor; and cheek is enormously on the increase.

Colonel C. A. Wolff

THE late Lt.-Colonel C. A. Wolff, whose death occurred earlier this year, was a keen collector of Kiplingiana and amassed a very fine library including many first editions and other rare items which he most generously bequeathed to the Kipling Society. At his request it is to be known as "The Wolff Collection." A description of it appears in this number and will be continued in the next issue of the *Journal*.

We are indebted to Dr. R. W. Emanuel, a nephew of the late Colonel,

for the following details of his uncle's career.

Lt.-Colonel C. A. Wolff took a B.Sc. degree at the age of 21 and spent some years mining in China, Bolivia and Chile. When the 1914-18 War broke out he was in Vancouver. He enlisted in the 18th Battn. Canadian Seaforth Highlanders with which regiment he served in France where he was wounded.

In 1920 he joined Tube Investments with whom he remained until his death.

The Society's Annual Luncheon

THE Annual Luncheon of The Kipling Society was held at the De Vere Hotel, Kensington, on October 26th, 1954, at which our President, Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning, was in the chair. The Guest of Honour was Mr. Noel Annan, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, whose recent broadcasts on Rudyard Kipling have aroused much interest, and from whom a further contribution will

appear in an early issue of this *Journal*.

Messages of greeting were received from Major-General Sir Julius Bruche, of the Melbourne Branch of the Society, and from Mrs. Maud Barclay, of the Victoria, British Columbia, Branch, which were much appreciated.

The President paid high tribute to the Hon. Secretary and officers of the Society for their work during the past year.

Letter Bag

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

The Heel of Achilles

I am afraid that Mr. H. A. Thomas (whose letter under this heading appeared in the April, 1954, issue of *The Kipling Journal*) has been guilty of the most heinous crime that a Kiplingite can commit—the skimming of a Kipling story. Let him re-read *The Prophet and the Country* slowly and carefully, weighing and pondering each sentence, and then, even if he disagrees with Kipling's conclusions, he will at least rate his letter on the subject as "the least satisfactory" that he has ever written. The parable of "the two-inch spring of finest steel" has the mark of genius. The lovely descriptions of sunset and sunrise on the Great North Road, which begin and end the story, could only have been written by Kipling and will appeal to all who have had to spend nights in the open. That Prohibition was forced through by "the old women of both sexes" in the absence of the fighting men is a matter of history. I would remind Mr. Thomas that it is all liars, not all drunkards, who have their part in the lake of fire, and that lying on the part of the ancient and honourable profession of medicine is the first result of Prohibition as I have seen it in its last remaining stronghold. There is no form of wickedness that this

piece of presumption does not propagate, and nothing that Kipling prophesies about it in the story is too strong. Of course these prophecies will not now be fulfilled in America because the sin of Prohibition has now been abolished, but that they might have happened had it not been, anyone who has seen the mild aftermath of this wickedness will agree as most probable. As to the persecution which drove Mr. Tarworth from his home and country, well that is happening in America now under Senator Macarthy!—BARWICK BROWNE (Lt.-Col.), Wotton - under - Edge, Glos.

The Prophet and the Country

The Reverend H. A. Thomas in his letter in the April, 1954, *Kipling Journal* expresses the opinion that this is Kipling's worst story. It is a novel idea to choose a 'worst' one and although I don't agree in his 'choice' I will gladly keep the record (along with my records of 'best' stories) if a sufficient number of members write to you or me expressing their opinions on this point—their least liked story or most disliked one.

I will only ask Mr. Thomas whether he has ever been in America?—HERON.

Come and Talk About Kipling

WE all have our views on Kipling—and our puzzles, too—but members do not often have the chance to discuss these questions amongst themselves.

To those of us living within easy reach of London, an opportunity will be provided on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 18th, 1955, when a meeting will be held at the De Vere Hotel, Kensington, for the purpose of talking about Kipling. Full details will be sent out shortly, and it is hoped that many members will keep

the date free, and come if they possibly can.

The meeting will be conducted on the lines of a Brains Trust, with everyone present on the panel.

The charge for admission will be 5s., which includes tea.

Members who are able to attend are asked to notify the Hon. Secretary, The Kipling Society, Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, as soon as possible, stating the number of guests and enclosing a remittance of 5s. per head.

VISITORS FROM OVERSEAS.—We have been very pleased to welcome in London Captain and Mrs. J. D. Prentice from Victoria, British Columbia, and Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Jones, from Chile.

The Kipling Society

FOUNDED IN 1927 BY J. H. C. BROOKING.

President:

Lt.-Gen. Sir FREDERICK A. M. BROWNING, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O.

Vice-Presidents:

C. L. AMES, U.S.A.
Lt.-Col. R. V. K. APPLIN, D.S.O.
Mrs. GEORGE BAMBRIDGE.
Countess BATHURST.
Maj.-Gen. Sir JULIUS H. BRUCHE,
K.C.B., C.M.G., Australia.
Mrs. EDITH BUCHANAN, New Zealand.
Mrs. W. M. CARPENTER, U.S.A.
M. JULES CASTIER, France.
Lt.-Gen. Sir SIDNEY CLIVE,
G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.
Maj. Sir BRUNEL COHEN, K.B.E.
Sir ALEXANDER GIBB, G.B.E., C.B.

Gen. Sir A. J. GODLEY,
G.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C.
THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF GOWRIE,
V.C., G.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.
M. EDOUARD HERRIOT, France.
Sir RODERICK JONES, K.B.E.
Sir CHRISTOPHER LYNCH-ROBINSON, BT.
Sir ARCHIE MICHAELIS, Australia.
CARL T. NAUMBURG, U.S.A.
THE RT. HON. LORD WEBB-JOHNSON,
G.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O.
Sir CHARLES WINGFIELD, K.C.M.G.
THE RT. HON. LORD WOOLTON.

Council:

Chairman: NORMAN CROOM-JOHNSON.

Major F. R. BARRY, M.C.
B. M. BAZLEY.
J. H. C. BROOKING.
E. D. W. CHAPLIN.
R. E. HARBORD.
Sir C. LYNCH-ROBINSON, BART.
W. G. B. MAITLAND.

Lt.-Col. ION S. MUNRO, C.B.E.
A. SEYMOUR PHILIPS.
PHILIP RANDALL.
Dr. A. P. THURSTON.
J. R. TURNBULL, M.C.
Dr. P. F. WILSON.

Hon. Treasurer:
R. E. HARBORD.

Hon. Editor:
E. D. W. CHAPLIN.

Hon. Auditors:
MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL.

Hon. Solicitor:
PHILIP RANDALL.

Hon. Librarian:
W. G. B. MAITLAND.

Joint Hon. Secretaries:
Sir CHRISTOPHER LYNCH-ROBINSON, BT.
B. M. BAZLEY.

Offices:

c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund,
Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.
Tel. City 8295.

Auckland (N.Z.) Branch:

President: Col. Sir STEPHEN ALLEN, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.
Hon. Secretary: Mrs. BUCHANAN,
79 Victoria Avenue, Remuera, Auckland, N.Z.

Melbourne Branch:

President: Sir ARCHIE MICHAELIS,
41 Lonsdale Street,
Melbourne, C.I.

Hon. Secretary:
J. V. CARLSON,
33 Mathers Avenue, North Kew,
Victoria, Australia.

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada):

President: GODFREY BURR.
Vice-President: C. H. LITTLE.
Hon. Secretary: Mrs. MAUD BARCLAY, 506 Niagara Street, Victoria, B.C.
Hon. Secretary, U.S.A.:
CARL T. NAUMBURG, 210 West 90th Street, New York 24, N.Y.