



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

Published quarterly by the

**KIPLING SOCIETY**



JULY, 1955

VOL. XXII No. 114

PRICE 2/6

---

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES—Ernest Short . . . . .	1
KIPLING THE CONSERVATIVE—Noel Annan . . . . .	3
" LALUN, THE BARAGUN "—Charles L. Ames . . . . .	6
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MATERIAL IN ' DEBITS AND CREDITS ' —E. V. Gatenby . . . . .	8
KIPLING'S LATER TALES—THE THEME OF HEALING —J. M. S. Tompkins . . . . .	11
BRANCH NOTES . . . . .	16
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. XXII. No. 114

JULY, 1955

## Notes

I AM writing in the *aura* of one of the strangest General Elections of all time. For some weeks before the voting, London was without national newspapers. Millions were without real knowledge of what led to the Election. I will not comment upon the result of the voting at the end of May, but it is worth while asking what the reaction of Rudyard Kipling would have been to an election without London national newspapers, if it had happened. Yet, if a handful of electrical maintenance men, 700 in all, had persisted in their attitude and the Newspaper Proprietors had not refused to be bullied into accepting a grotesque wage increase under duress, that is what the country would have faced.

So far as our poet-novelist is concerned, we must look for guidance as to his attitude to his poem, "The Press." Kipling added it in 1913 to *The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat*. The operative verse runs—

The soldier may forget his sword,  
The sailorman the sea,  
The mason may forget the Word  
And the priest his litany.  
The maid may forget both jewel and gem  
And the bride her wedding-dress—  
But the Jew shall forget Jerusalem  
Ere we forget the Press !

### What would Kipling have thought ?

For four weeks, eight million Londoners and more were forced to forget the Press and forego their daily rations of the world's news. In Kipling's words, we had to admit that we were unable to number the days when the Companions of the Press would once

more "sit down at the heart of men and things" and "the Press, the Press, the Press!" would again be "king over all the children of pride." In the story which preceded our poem, victory went to the newspaper world, and I fancy that is what the combatant Rudyard Kipling would have backed in the recent newspaper crisis.

### Kipling as a Tory

My readers will have in mind Mr. Noel Annan's broadcast upon "Kipling the Conservative," reprinted in the *Journal*. It proves our poet a true-blooded Tory. A few years before Kipling wrote "The Press," *Punch* published an echo of "The Men that Fought at Minden" and the last verse ran—and, maybe, it foreshadows what Kipling would have desired regarding the general election—

The men that fought with Dizzy,  
They were swift to realise  
That a contented force is always best.  
And that's the reason why,  
Now Election times are nigh,  
You must get the good old Party on her feet.

Kipling was interested in the hurly-burly of politics and, in November, 1910, when the Constitutional Crisis was at its height, he made a speech in Brighton recalling that in early days, politicians engaged in encounters with lethal weapons. The speech tempted Owen Seaman to these lines—

A golden time long gathered to the grave  
When for your wild game there was no  
close season.  
When, if you differed from another knave,  
You never had recourse to rhyme or reason;  
You simply took a large and hefty axe  
And felled him in his tracks.

Our politicians these degenerate days  
 Have buried deep the bloodier kind of  
 hatchet.  
 Instead, we have "slander and slush, abuse  
 and gutter-pies and posters stiff with lies."

A national newspaperless election would have reduced the volume of slander and slush considerably, but it is not certain that it would have helped the 33 million electors to a proper vote. Not a few of them enjoy the hurly-burly, as Kipling pointed out.

### Charles Peterson's Kiplingiana

A few weeks ago we chronicled the Kipling Society's acquisition of Col. M. A. Wolff's *Kiplingiana*. A similar private collection of Kipling's treasures has just been given to Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. The University is itself a member of our Society and the actual donor of the letters, Mr. Charles Paterson, is also a member. He is a prominent industrialist in Cleveland, Ohio, and a very interesting gift includes a photograph album, sketches, MSS. and books, which were once in the possession of Kipling.

One of the letters is dated 1934, a year before the poet's death. In it he recalled the fact that he was now 68 years of age. The letter goes on: "They talk about 'peaceful old age,' I would like to have it, wouldn't you?"

Several of the letters reveal Kipling's lasting grief at the death of his daughter in 1899 and the loss of his son during World War I. To one bereaved father Kipling wrote: "People say that kind of wound heals. It doesn't. It only skins over."

In a letter about the death of this well-loved son Kipling expressed anger at a news report describing the boy as "young and delicate."

### Kipling in the Theatre

From time to time, the *Journal* has enquiries regarding Kipling's work for the Theatre. Tree's production of *The Man who Was* and Forbes-Robertson in Miss Constance Fletcher's version of *The Light that Failed* are familiar, but I have lately been reminded of a music-hall version of *The Vampire*, which was given at the Tivoli and the Hippodrome thirty years or so ago. It was a wordless performance of the poem, with a reproduction of Sir Philip Burne-Jones's picture as its background. As the curtain rose the Fool was seen, and to him came the Vampire, a dancer in flimsy scarlet draperies, recalling Miss Maud Allan's sensational *Vision of Salome* dance of 1908. The Fool fell into the Vampire's arms to the sound of sensuous music and, with the fall, the curtain came down.

### Muddied Oafs of the Wicket

The other Kipling surmise of the hour is what our poet's reaction would have been to the Winning of the Ashes by Hutton's lads in Australia? Kipling's social sympathies ranged widely, but they did not include

"The flannelled fools at the wickets,  
 And the muddied oafs at the goals"

of England's ball games. I fancy he would have left the welcoming of a victorious cricket eleven to others and confined his personal endeavours to helping 'The Press' or the Conservatives to victory on more fundamental issues.

For the rest as I write, "the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come" and our poet tells us that there is no heart so sick "But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done." Do not forget this duty which our gardens in June recalls.

ERNEST SHORT

# Kipling the Conservative

By Noel Annan

(Fellow of King's College, Cambridge)

(This is the second part of a Third Programme broadcast, reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Noel Annan and the B.B.C. The first part appeared in the April, 1955, number of this Journal.)

**K**IPLING shared the Conservative devotion to tradition, and it was his sense of tradition that enabled him to pass from the statics of social relationships which are the concern of the sociologist to the dynamics of culture which are the concern of the historian.

In *Puck of Pook's Hill* the stories are deliberately arranged in unchronological order to illustrate the meaning of the history of England. The main theme is that the Sword, which Weyland Smith forged, led men to the Treasure, and the Treasure gave the Law. The two symbols of Power beget and are civilised by the Law. The Norman stories present the picture of an England smitten by rebellion and riven between Norman and Saxon. How had order and civilisation collapsed? The Roman stories provide the answer.

The Wall, the symbol of civilisation, was about to fall because Rome had lost its genius for government. The Norman De Aquila by his cunning and political wisdom is trying to unite the country. He marries his young knights to the conquered and does not hang but uses the rebels Fulke and Gilbert. " 'I am too old to judge or to trust any man,' he said . . . 'De Aquila was right. One should not judge men.' " And this theme is repeated in *Hal O' The Draft* where the shrewd J.P. lets the smugglers go free: he does not want civil war in Sussex and a lot of nonsense talked about traitors.

## Gold

The last story cuts back to Magna Carta, the formal pronouncement of the English Law. Here, with anti-Dreyfusard skill, Kipling introduces the theme of the Jew who alone understands money. Money is the dangerous solvent of society. When the Danes returned from Africa with the gold, all except the landless Thorkild of Borkum were infected by its presence. But the rootless Jew knows that Gold is stronger than the Sword and can make and break kings. "That is *our* God in our captivity. Power to use!" And Kadmiel uses it to benefit his race by getting the barons to include even Jews within the pale of the Law.

Meanwhile the fairy theme illuminates the different orders of reality. Four orders of men appear; those like the Picts, who are slaves by necessity, ground between the grindstones of Rome and the Winged Hats, who are also slaves by nature, "too little to love or to hate"; then there are the craftsmen of England, Hal the Painter and Hobden the Yeoman; the officers or administrators, Parnesius and Per-tinax, who know their province and their people; and Maximus and De Aquila, the governors who play politics. The fairies, gods of a bygone age who have come down in the world and learnt humility through misfortune, were worshipped in the days when man was the child of Nature. But when he discovered iron and believed himself to be her master they fell, and when the Reformation turned Englishmen's religion into hate, they flitted. Now they are gone, but Puck bestowed a gift upon the descendants of the widow

who gave them her blessing and the means to flit : in each generation one of her family will be a simpleton blessed with the gift of insight into the ways of Nature, and thus able to preserve the immemorial wisdom of the country and the rituals which descend from the runes on the sword to the true religion of freemasonry.

### The Children

The presence throughout of the children conveys the hope for the future. For beneath the trappings of Edwardian affluence Kipling scanned the future with anxious eyes. Would the Wall again fall before the democratic hordes of little men and the Prussian Winged Hats? Were not the younger rulers, F. E. Smith and renegade Churchill, tainted by the ambition of Maximus? The financiers appeared to be manipulating trade and industry to their own ends, luxury and money to be corrupting the ruling class and turning their children into flannelled fools at the wicket. What then was the fate of England—an England rent by class warfare and in a few years' time to be meditating civil war in Ireland. Bernard Shaw and E. M. Forster were both to ask this question. *Heartbreak House*, *Howard's End*, and *Puck of Pook's Hill* are the attempts by a Socialist, a Liberal and a Conservative to discern England's destiny.

Kipling, then, so it seems to me, had a mind and one which is more subtle than the critics give him credit for. He responded to a crisis in the interpretation of human behaviour, and the crisis is still with us. Part of modern literature has been exploring the possibilities of language and discovering the value or worthlessness of linguistic conventions. In this search Kipling was not engaged. But he was engaged in another search into the dilemmas of social conventions. These conventions

insist that a man is conditioned by his sub-conscious, his class, his education and his national heritage. In so doing they question the existence of his freedom, rationality, responsibility and dignity. Hasn't this troubled a line of writers from Shaw to Sartre? And hasn't it been straightened by Marxism? Yet the question remains—if Kipling was so aware and so clever, why is he so violently rejected? Why should Liberals be so irritated and enraged by his particular version of Conservatism?

### Two Main Reasons

I think there are two main reasons. The first is that he was didactic—he wanted to teach and preach instead of being content, as a great artist always is, simply to project his vision of life and let it convince by its own power. Of course many of Kipling's contemporaries were also didactic—there were Shaw and Wells, Belloc and Chesterton, and a little later another fine writer of short stories, Somerset Maugham, the *guru* of café society. But that does not lessen Kipling's failure to transform his ideas, his scheme of how society works, into situations which entirely convince us that whatever happens in his stories is inevitable and true. His situations are too often contrived—he contrives them to teach a moral : and we immediately become suspicious and reject the moral.

Perhaps I can give as an example of what I mean in the story, *Mary Postgate*, where a lady's companion refuses to give a dying German airman water because he has bombed the village and killed a child. This could have been a masterpiece of irony and of pity. Pity for Mary's fierce unspoken love for the boy whose governess she was, and who had been killed in the war : irony for the way in which her love had warped her conventional mind.

She could have engaged our sympathy because we would have seen that this bitter act towards a dying enemy was the only way in which such a stunted nature faced with an incomprehensible war could have behaved. But Kipling wanted to preach his social theory : he wanted to argue that the governess was right to act as she did because Germans were beyond the pale of the law and society must defend itself against barbarians—and how can we believe that Britain will disintegrate if one of its members gives water to a dying enemy? Against such an author as Dostoevsky Liberals have no answer ; they can only decline to play his game by refusing to read him because the vision of life is so powerful that it must—in a literary, I do not mean philosophical, sense—be accepted. But Liberals have plenty of answers against Kipling because they suspect him of stacking the pack before he deals.

The second reason why he arouses such antagonism is that he seems unaware of the *consequences* of holding such a theory of human destiny as he held. A Conservative should always be aware of the necessity of facing the consequences of his creed for otherwise he degenerates into a complacent defender of anything that actually exists. He must persuade his reader to accept the existence of evil in the world and reconcile him to the impossibility of

eliminating it. To do this he may turn to the Christian doctrine of Original Sin as a concept which dramatises the hopeless chasm between man's endeavours and his achievements. Or he can draw, like Hobbes or Balzac, a picture of the conflict between naked human egoisms. Or like Stendhal he can revel in the corruption of political life and suggest ways in which he who chooses to live outside it can exploit the exploiters. Or like Scott in the Midlothian novels, he can call on his sense of the past to show how all parties in a great political conflict are to be pitied when we see them historically. Kipling's stories are either destitute of such apprehensions or they reflect them inadequately in the form of fables. For all its qualities, *Puck of Pook's Hill* remains a fable, and the ideas are not really transmuted into fiction. But I must stop, for I am not trying to assess Kipling's position in literature. I merely want to urge that behind his aggressive statements there frequently lie peculiar implications ; behind the imperfectly realised situations there stand a powerful and far from despicable theory of society ; and his mastery of the English vocabulary, his astonishing powers of description, his ability to make words his slaves to carry out his purpose, even if that purpose had limitations—all these are exceedingly sound shares in immortality.

## KEEPING R. K.'s MEMORY GREEN

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

The following simple form of bequest should be used :

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

## " Lalun, the Baragun "

By Charles L. Ames

(St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A.)

RECENT contributions to the *Kipling Journal* setting forth several literary sources upon which Kipling drew, lead me to call attention to one which is probably known to few of his admirers—perhaps to none in America.

Almost at the end of " To Be Filed For Reference " (the last story in *Plain Tales*, when Jellaludin McIntosh is dying, he hands over his bulky and chaotic bundle of manuscript, saying :

" What Mirza Murad Ali Beg's book is to all other books on Native Life, will my work be to Mirza Murad Ali Beg's," and the narrator adds, " This, as will be conceded by anyone who knows Mirza Murad Ali Beg's book, was a sweeping statement."

Of course, one might assume this Mirza Murad Ali Beg and his book to be no more than inventions by Kipling for the purposes of the tale. But I have long been suspicious of such assumptions, and, if such a book existed, it would probably be very well worth reading. Books about native Indian life by educated Indians whose outlook and experiences were not strongly coloured by personal caste approach, are not numerous or easily found. Mirza Murad Ali Beg, if a real person, was obviously a Mogul and therefore a Moslem, presumably from Northern India.

Therefore, about ten years ago I inquired of two or three London booksellers who specialise in Oriental books for any book by this possibly supposititious author of a perhaps hypothetical work. None of them had ever heard of him or could find bibliographic

data about him ; and there the matter rested with my curiosity unsatisfied.

### A Rare Item

Then in the Burwash (and Sussex) edition, in which Kipling added occasional footnotes, dates, etc., I found this skimpy reference : " Lalun, the Baragun." Even then the very competent dealers in Indian material could not flush the bird for me, and again the matter dropped—until, in May, 1954, one of their catalogues listed a copy.

This copy (autographed) of what must now have become a rare item is beautifully bound and abominably printed. It is an historical novel in which the love romance is subordinated to the historical element and contains a detailed and well-authenticated account of the tremendous last battle of Panipat on January 7, 1761, which, as many of us know, broke the power and destroyed the cohesiveness of the Maratha Confederacy, and was one of the great decisive conflicts in Indian history—and at least as important as Plassey to the beginnings of the British power in India. As fiction, *Lalun* is not well written and is mostly tough reading, *but* both the text and the innumerable footnotes prove it the work of an educated man who knew the peoples involved—and who must also have been a person of broad and in general tolerant understanding.

It is dated 1884—*i.e.* about two years after Kipling's return to India. He must have absorbed it very thoroughly, for it was directly 'down his alley.' And we all know his retort to his critics :



"When 'Omer smote 'is blooming lyre,  
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea,  
An' what 'e thought 'e might  
require,

'E went an' took—the same as me ! "

This same he had never hesitated to do long before he was advised by Mark Twain, as mentioned on the last page of "From Sea to Sea" :

" 'That mathematical fellow believed in his facts. So do I. Get your facts first and '—the voice dies down to an almost inaudible drone, —' then you can distort 'em as much as you please.' Bearing this precious advice in my bosom, I left."

That he was indebted to "Lalun the Baragun" for considerable information about peoples and customs appears a safe assumption, but specifically what did he lift and adapt from it? Aside from the reference in the story of the tragic Jellaludin McIntosh, I have thus far identified three items :

The first stanza of "A Song of Kabir" attached to the "Miracle of Purun Bhagat" includes :

" He has gone from the guddee and  
put on the shroud  
And departed in guise of bairagi  
avowed."

This is the theme both of the story and of the poem, and is clearly an adaptation of two lines of a Hindustani song translated by Mirza Murad Ali Beg, which appears on his title page, and reads :

" She has rubbed on the ashes and  
put on the shroud  
And departed in guise of a Jogun  
avowed."

Jogun is feminine form of Yoga or Jago ; Baragun probably of Bairagi ; and either may signify a mendicant singer and dancer and a religious devotee, which is what Lalun was by caste and profession.

Secondly, there is Kipling's long ballad, "With Scindia to Delhi," which is an adaptation of Mirza Murad Ali

Beg's description of the flight of the great Mahratta leader Mohadji Rao Sindhia (of the Gwalior dynasty), after the devastating defeat of the Marathas at Pannipat. Sindhia riding almost alone carries the girl Lalun behind him on his horse until, to save him, she tears herself loose and falls to the ground—to be captured by his Afghan pursuer, and Scindia himself collapses from exhaustion. The flight as told by Murad is historical fact and was told by Scindia to Sir John Malcolm, *but without mention of his carrying a girl with him.* The other circumstances of his rescue, as told by Mirza Murad seem to be accurate, but Kipling altered them for his own purposes, though the rest of his description of the flight follows the book closely enough.

Again : "On the City Wall," the story in which the courtesan, Lalun, maintains a highly-reputed salon :

" So she took her sitar and sat in the window-seat, and sang a song of old days that had been sung by a girl of her profession in the armed camp on the eve of a great battle—the day before the Fords of the Jumna ran red and Sivaji\* (*sic.*) fled fifty miles to Delhi with a Toorkh stallion at his horse's tail and another Lalun on his saddlebow. It was what men call a Mahratta laonee, and it said :

' Their warrior forces Chimnaje  
Before the Peishwa led,  
The Children of the Sun and Fire  
Behind him turned and fled.'

And the refrain runs :

' With them there fought who rides so  
free,  
With sword and turban red,  
The warrior-youth who " earns his fee  
At peril of his head."

This refrain is lifted almost verbatim from a two-page 'laonee' which Murad's footnote states specifically is not a translation, but his own composition. It must refer to an earlier battle as Chimnaje was the father of The Bhao who was C-in-C. of the Marathas

at Pannipat. The first line of Murad's laonee is varied slightly to fit each stanza, but for one of them it reads :

" With them rode he who walks so free  
With scarf and turban red,  
The soldier-youth who earns his fee  
By peril of his head ! "

Kipling has improved it by his two verbal substitutions—but he " took wot he required."

\**Note: Sivaji is an inadvertent slip by Kipling, who obviously intended Scindia.*

## Autobiographical Material in 'Debits and Credits'

Some Pointers

By E. V. Gatenby

" Wherein no soul can aid,  
Whereof no soul can hear"

(From, ' *The Burden* ')

STUDENTS of any famous author are usually on the alert to recognise what may be evidence of the personal experience of the man himself, even when the salient facts of his life are apparently well known. Most readers of Kipling may feel that everything rather than " Something " of himself has been revealed in his work, and doubtless it has, but has it all been recognised? There is rarely any sharp dividing line between a source of inspiration and the resulting creation. Just as Wordsworth stood on Westminster Bridge or Keats listened to a nightingale or Scott read the old records of his country, so Kipling heard, saw, and felt in various environments, and his imagination bodied forth the forms of things unknown. It is easy to see India in *Kim*, or Sussex in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, or the Westward Ho ! school in *Stalky & Co.* We are in no doubt about Kipling's ideas and convictions, his character and genius, and the main events of his career ; and yet—there is a veil. Why is it that his own brief autobiography and the

recorded observation of those who were intimate with him leave us unsatisfied? Because Kipling was too great a man to be understood from superficial examination : mentally and spiritually, when he chose, he dwelt apart. Where he is willing to reveal himself as the foundation of what he built, our appreciation of his work is fuller than when we have no clue to origins ; but sometimes there is no external evidence to connect Kipling himself with sustained reference in his work to a particular experience. In such cases the critic is justified in pointing to the probability of a material cause behind a literary result.

### The Recurrent Theme

After *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917) Kipling did not publish a volume of stories until *Debits and Credits* in 1926. In eleven of the stories and poems of this latter volume the recurrent theme is marital antagonism, love outside the marriage bond, and grief over its loss or non-fulfilment. None of these eleven items, according to dates supplied by

my friend the Hon. Librarian, had appeared in print before 1924. One cannot assume that any experience Kipling may have been drawing on here must of necessity have originated during the period 1917-1924, but these were the years of his maturity (51-59), and it is love with the strength of life behind it that he shows us, not the romance of youth. Furthermore, the yearning, the long-suffering, the sense of loss as expressed in these stories and poems of 1924-26 bear little relation to parental grief over the son who was killed in 1915.

### The Enemies to Each Other

The first story, significantly enough, is *The Enemies to Each Other*, man and wife, with Adam and Eve as prototypes. The stages in the development from the longing for completion, through wonder, admiration and love, to disappointment, exasperation and disillusionment, followed by resignation and toleration, are clearly marked.

"All paired things point to the Unity, and my soul . . . desires unutterably."

"O my Lady and Light of my Universe, who art thou? . . . Of a surety I am thine!"

"Thus they ceased to inquire further into the matter, but were united, and became one flesh and one soul, and their felicity was beyond comparison or belief or imagination or apprehension."

(After the Expulsion) "The faculty of laughter was removed from them."

The trouble begins in middle age when the children have "attained the age of maturity." We find Eve demanding equality with Adam, and "for the sake of peace" it is granted. Eve, however, is not satisfied, and insists that her "altar" shall be in the superior position. "For the sake of refreshment, suffer the change," Adam

is advised. Finally Eve "smote down" Adam's altar altogether, and answered his protest with: "Because it has been revealed that in me is all excellence and increase, splendour, terror, and power." Adam retorts that she is "no sort of goddess whatever. Only for peace sake I suffered thee to build an altar to thyself." Eve will not submit: "... thou art Adam my mate, and by many universes removed from any sort of Godhead . . . Nor for the sake of any peace whatever will I cease to proclaim it."

"And they reproached each other and disputed and betrayed their thoughts and their inmost knowledges . . ."

A kind of reconciliation follows "till the next time and the next occasion," as Eve says. Laughter returns. Adam and Eve agree to differ, insisting that they love each other; but on the one altar at which they now worship is written: "Get ye down, the one of you an enemy unto the other"—which may be a curse or a summing up.

Eve is no longer on a pedestal, and there is a vacancy to be filled.

### The Wish House

In *The Wish House*, preceded by the verses *Late Came the God*, the woman

"Alone, without hope of regard or reward, but uncowed,  
Resolute, selfless, divine"

is not a wife. She is dying of cancer, which she firmly believes she was able to accept at "The Wish House" in order to take upon herself the suffering of her former lover, by whom she had been abandoned, but who is still her all. The emphasis, however, is not on the physical pain. What is brought out is the agony of frustration, the impossibility of holding on to happiness, the destruction of union. It

is worthy of note that it was not Mrs. Ashcroft's first love—"I'd never been like that before." And now all that she has to sustain her is the memories of what had been, what might have been, and the belief that her pain and self-sacrifice in saving the life of the man she loves will be taken into account, and that he will never marry. To lose him to another woman would be more than she could endure. "But the pain *do* count, don't ye think, Liz? The pain *do* count to keep 'Arry—where I want 'im. Say it can't be wasted, like."

(Mrs. Fettle had also had her secret love. When he died: "O' course I couldn't say nor show nothin'. Nor I've no rightful call to go to Eastbourne to see 'is grave, either . . . they'd ask questions at 'ome past endurance."

"But you've 'ad your satisfactions?" Mrs. Ashcroft asks.

"Godd! Yess!" is the reply.)

## Rahere

One is tempted to look on this poem as a self-portrait, revealing in almost every line. Kipling, at the height of his career, with "wealth . . . wit . . . power . . . fame," suffers "man's most immanent distress." "It comes . . . as

it passes . . . to return." Let those critics who assert that Kipling did not or could not describe love meditate upon the last two stanzas:

"'So it comes—it comes,' said Gilbert, 'as it came when Life began. 'Tis a motion of the Spirit that revealeth God to man  
In the shape of Love exceeding,  
which regards not taint or fall,  
Since in perfect Love, saith Scripture, can be no excess at all.

Hence the eye that sees no blemish—hence the hour that holds no shame.

Hence the Soul assured the Essence and the Substance are the same. Nay, the meanest need not miss it, though the mightier pass it by;

For it comes—it comes,' said Gilbert, 'and, thou seest, it does not die!'"

We note the significant reference to "taint" and "blemish" in the loved one. It is almost always prominent in the twelve pieces we are considering.

## Jane's Marriage

The same theme is dealt with: unfulfilled love in middle age, with the hope of reunion and fulfilment in the next world. Kipling, with sympathetic understanding, had seen the truth in *Persuasion*.

(To be concluded)

## MISS FLORENCE MARKS

WE regret to record the death of Miss Florence Marks, an old and valued member of the Kipling Society, who in former days delighted audiences at our Meetings with her readings of Kipling's prose and verse. A correspondent writes:—

"Florence Marks was at one time a member of the Irish Abbey Theatre in its very early days. She had good parts to play, but not star parts, so she could not live on what she earned at it. She then joined Sir Horace Plunkett in his Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, which is rather a milestone in agricultural circles, since it organised the farmers into a Society and built creameries all over Ireland where the farmers sent their milk to

be made into cream, butter and cheese, the profits being shared amongst them. As old age gradually overtook her, she eventually retired on a small pension to a cottage in the Whiteley Village near Walton-on-Thames, where I sometimes used to go down and see her.

"She was a great character and personality; she was always gay and bright, and faced her loneliness with splendid courage. She must have been of a great age when she died, and was well known and liked in that odd Irish literary and dramatic circle which was known as the 'Abbey Theatre' set, which comprised people like Yeats, A. E. Russell, Lady Gregory, Oliver Gogarty and James Joyce, etc."

# 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 fourth and concluding part of an article by Dr. J. M. S. Tompkins from the January 1950 number of that Journal.)

MR. Edwards Shanks\* has given his reasons for considering the Kipling who wrote the tales in the last books an 'old artist.' 'He advanced rapidly to the stage in the growth of the mind which is what we mean when we talk about the very old artist—a stage in which all that is possible has been done and the impossible beckons with an enticing finger.' The old artist is impatient, and his work is enigmatic. He is 'more interested in what he can see than in communicating it to anyone else.' Moreover, what he sees is difficult to communicate, even when he sees it clearly, and sometimes he cannot; sometimes he only longs to be able to see it. This is the sense in which the still younger Shakespeare of the Romances was an old artist; and both, in their last stages, reveal a permitted play of compassionate fancy, restoring, healing, renewing, 'making up' in terms of the imagination for the unsolaced miseries, the irretrievable mistakes, that lie outside the charmed circle.

' In Kipling the circle is sometimes drawn on common earth and encloses common miseries, and the aching imagination that recorded them, assuaged, but even the human chattels within the circle are refined to an unmatched perfection. Thus he joyously elaborates the perfect equipment of a tobacconist's shop, a research laboratory and a Masonic lodge, while, even

in tales that are not concerned with healing, he eases his heart with salvage. In *The Bull that Thought*<sup>1</sup> Apis comes alive out of a Spanish bull-ring and Chisto, the inferior matador, 'a laborious, middle-aged professional, who had never risen above a certain dull competence,' retrieves and achieves for one miraculous hour 'the desire, the grace and the beauty of his early dreams.' Sometimes the charm detaches the author from earth, and in a mood of mercy, veined with mischief, he designs 'with brushes of comet's hair' the landscapes of Heaven and Heil, the impressive Department of Normal Civil Death, with the temporary extension of the war-sheds clustering round its knees, or the vast railway station in Hell, where the damned souls are 'reconditioned for re-issue.' Not all the products of this mood are his best work, but it is difficult to grudge them to an old artist who knows so well what he is doing. Nor does he ever carry us quite out of sound of the sea of human misery; indeed, it is the condition of the charm that it should not be forgotten. In the fantasy *On the Gate*<sup>2</sup> he produces, with relish, one after another, the stale and embarrassing data of the sentimentalist—the deserter before the firing-squad, the mottle-nosed major pushed into Heaven by his mother, the seraph whose sword is broken on a woman's gin-bottle, and several more—and keeps them all light and aerated by the humour that transfers the administrative organization of war to the 'reception' of Heaven, struggling with an inordinate number of candidates for entry. So delicate and gay is this tune played on the bones of death that.

when we read that St. Peter, busy at the Gate, 'caught up a thick block of Free Passes, nodded to a group in khaki at a passport table, initialled their Commanding Officer's personal pass as for "Officer and Party," and left the numbers to be filled in by a quite competent - looking Quarter-master-Sergeant,' it is a moment before we envisage that incident from the earthward end—as we are meant to do. It is not surprising that the heavenly salvage should include Judas, whom Kipling, with perhaps excessive self-indulgence, presents telling stories to children in Heaven, seeing that even for Death himself, the only created being who must die, comfort is found in the words of the wise woman of Tekoah: 'Yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him.'

The Death of *On the Gate* and *Uncovenanted Mercies* is not the skeleton in the pill-box, whom the team in *Unprofessional* saw as their enemy, but the archangel Azrael, whom St. Peter loves, whose function it is to dismiss to the Mercy. This function, as we learn in *The Enemies of Each Other*,<sup>3</sup> was laid upon him because at the beginning of the world he had adjudged Obedience more obligatory than Pity and had wrenched from the reluctant Earth the clays of which Adam was made. By now he has learned Pity. Outside the fantasies, moreover, there is, here and there, a new and strange note in Kipling's references to the most ancient of commonplaces. Mr. Shanks notices the oddity, the curious shock of the last paragraph of *Something of Myself* (1937). Kipling is describing his work-table:

Left and right on the table were two big globes, on one of which a great airman had once outlined in white paint those air-routes to the

East and Australia which were well in use before my death.

The sudden, light glancing blow is delivered in a subordinate clause, and the effect is underlined by the cessation of the book. It is an effect of distancing and chiaroscuro; the desk, with its crowded equipment, and the writing hand are suddenly seen far away as a small illuminated point in a sea of shadow. There is plenty of death in all Kipling's books. In the earlier work, death is the depriver and destroyer. The shutters of the house of life clap to and fro with casual violence. But in his later work it is, at moments, as if the very walls of the house had become transparent, and he had only to lift his eyes to see through them the black ocean of separation.<sup>4</sup>

In *The Enemies of Each Other*, when Eblis reports that our exiled First Parents are rejoicing, in despite of the Curse, in the birth of Qabil, he is rebuked because he has wished to withdraw from the sinners what Alleviation is Permitted. *The Gardener* is a tale, not of healing, but of the alleviation that was permitted, or possible. This beautiful and highly concentrated tale keeps no secrets. The fact that Lieut. Michael Turrell, whose grave Helen Turrell goes to seek, is not her nephew but her son is suggested in the third sentence, and the suggestion is confirmed by everything that happens up to the arrival of the telegram announcing his death, when the postmistress and the Rector's gardener show that they, too, know it. Helen's anxious secrecy is useless, and its cost is high, for, as the whole course of the tale indicates, she is a Magdalen whose burden is the heavier because it is not avowed. When, at last, she would wish the truth to be understood between herself and her son, he keeps the barrier of her lie

upright. When her companion on the pilgrimage to the war cemeteries is moved to confess her own unsanctioned love, in the need to be honest with someone, Helen cannot reciprocate; she can only make a useless movement of sympathy. She cannot now speak, and, if she could, there is no one to speak to. Her past life is a tomb, sealed with the heavy stone of her silence; it is a black grave, like that she visits, 'not yet planted out.' Yet it is clear that such alleviation as was possible came to her, when, for the first time, she heard Michael Turrell called her son, though she supposed it was only the mistake of the Gardener. For one hour of all her days

His Angel saw my tears  
And rolled the Stone away.

The consolation, that she could not ask, came to her; and though she could not recognize it, yet it came. The parallel with the Fourth Gospel which determines the identity of the Gardener, and the point at which it ceases, are vital to the meaning. It may be that the heavy impact of the tale falters on the last page, that the old artist, anxiously straining his sight, yet could not see clearly enough. In any case, the figure of the Gardener is the point to which the whole tale moves. It is not the tale of a chance consolation, but of 'infinite compassion' operating, to the limits of the possible, through what to the blindness of the sufferer still looks like chance.

But the more the theme of healing came to rise superior to other and older themes, the more firmly rooted was Kipling's conviction that for man on earth storm is the inevitable and proper milieu. This conviction is made very clear in *Uncovenanted Mercies*, where the assertion of the

slightly pot-bellied Archangel of the English that it is happiness ('impeccable surroundings, wealth, culture, health, felicity') that gets the best out of people is met by the polite scepticism of Gabriel, Azrael and Satan; and it accounts for the calm acceptance with which in *The Storm-Cone* (1932) he confronted the mustering of a yet deadlier storm over England. But it is already apparent, twenty years before, as a question if not as an established belief, in *As Easy as A.B.C.*,<sup>5</sup> where it provides disquieting harmonies to the aggressive anti-democracy of the main subject. Once these harmonies have been heard, they grow more and more insistent in the total effect of the tale; yet it must be admitted that it is possible for them to go quite unnoticed. The anti-democratic feeling is indeed very strong and not without touches of savagery, and the concrete shapes into which it is cast have all the old absorbing brilliance and variety. Moreover, the tale takes on the framework of *With the Night Mail?* the vast peaceable, organized air-traffic of the Aerial Board of Control in the twenty-first century over a 'tolerant, humorous, lazy little Planet only too ready to shift the whole burden of public administration on its shoulders.' *With the Night Mail* has no disquieting notes; it is an orgy of entertaining detail, composing one of Kipling's minutely-imagined worlds, and the prime impulse to the writing of it was probably the fun of the thing, the delight of the fancy at play; if a single theme does run through it, it is the sameness of human nature in changed conditions. In *As Easy as A.B.C.*, however, human nature is no longer unchanged. What is this tolerant, lazy humanity that is no longer interested in the methods by which it is governed, but can be raised to

frenzy by a suggested infringement of its individual self-owning privacy? It is a humanity so scared by the horrors of the recent democratic era—the age of Crowds and the Plague—that its greatest crimes are Crowd-making and Invasion of Privacy. It suffers from 'inherited agoraphobia'; three thousand people in a public place realize with shame that they are close enough to touch each other, and instantly disperse. ('It's against human nature to stand in a crowd,' says the Mayor of Chicago.) For the rest, there is unbroken peace and universal plenty; the beauty, stature, dignity and longevity of the race are much increased; the birth- and death-rates are so low that to be a Mother is to be one of a small and important class, while of the five Ministers of the Aerial Board of Control, who go to investigate the cause of the trouble in Chicago, only two have ever seen death. The question arises whether these are the conditions in which the human race is at its best. Is not more 'pressure' needed to elicit the characteristic virtues of created humanity? The question is rather breathed through the tale than directly posed. The narrator, the Board's Official Reporter, is conditioned by his period and cannot ask such a question. He is not the Kipling who wrote the story, but, perhaps, the shadow of an earlier Kipling, transplanted in time. He is quite orthodox in his assumptions and sentiments and ends his report full on the anti-democratic keynote, but he had begun it with a question, which, though limited and tangential, should sharpen the ears of the reader to other half-submerged queries. He asks, with the petulance of a writer who knows that his report of experience will fall on incurious ears: 'Isn't it almost time that our Planet

took some interest in the proceedings of the Aerial Board of Control?' He goes no further, but, like a good reporter, he records the utterances of more ranging minds. Old Dragomiroff says: 'We are all rich and happy because we are so few and we live so long. Only I think Almighty God He will remember what the Plane was like in the time of Crowds and the Plague. Perhaps He will send us nerves.' Pirolo, the scientist, answers: 'Perhaps He has sent them already.' And it is obvious that He has, not only from the behaviour of the Chicago crowd and the attempted self-immolation of the Mother, but from the collapse of old Dragomiroff himself when he thinks he is about to see death. Most of the incidents are double-edged. There is no mercy for the Serviles—the anachronistic democratic minority—but the impresario, who gleefully annexes them as a certain draw in his music-halls, does so because 'their voices will make you laugh and cry,' and because the one thing that 'gets under the public's damned iridium-plated hide' is nostalgic reproduction of the old way of life that they have rejected. They pay to be made to feel the emotions that their daily life no longer evokes, and the impresario claims that it is he who keeps the world soft and united. The two aspects are not in logical antithesis, and the 'conditioned' narrator does little to clarify their relationship. Two distinct perils seem to have converged; that man, violently reacting from the violences of democracy, should put his individual peace and freedom above everything else, and that his increased control of his environment should enable him to do so with such success that neither his ambition nor his necessity serves any longer as an adequate stimulus; only his fear of a relapse is



occasionally operative. The basic energy of life is failing in a world where men do not struggle and suffer to their full scope, and the civilization in which men 'take no chances' is presented with a suggestion of vague menace. The tale is not a prophecy, but a fantasy; it is held together by narrative vigour and by a succession of entertaining inventions rather than by the lucid development of a theme; but it is not, as more than one critic has suggested, Kipling's design for Utopia. The world it depicts may be easy to live in, but it is not good.

The depth and complexity of these later tales may well account for the slackening in Kipling's rate of production.<sup>7</sup> There is very little reporting in them. They are, as Mr. Shanks says, each a world, built up with the utmost solidity of inter-related detail. They have the property of enlarging their dimensions in the memory, so that a tale of some twenty or thirty pages becomes a spacious country, receding, plane behind plane, to a great distance. Kipling has been falsely accused of confusion. There would seem to be some overstatement even in Mr. Shanks's sympathetic account of the last stage of his work. 'A region of drifting clouds' may pass, for the clouds drift on currents that can be ascertained, but 'baffling scribbles' seems to ignore the persistence of his

unrelenting sense of form. The clues are all there, and the pattern, though intricate, is coherent. There are no longer tales in black and white, but in shifting and enigmatic colours, and they require, all of them, failures and successes alike, the closest reading. Many of them require an attention to overtones that has not always been bestowed. Of these criticism must take account. It is for want of the keen and patient ear among so many practising critics that the admirers of Kipling still repeat, with perhaps a wider reference than was originally intended, his own rather bitter refrain in *The Fabulists*,<sup>8</sup> when he says of his tales that

though they pleased, they were not heard at all.

\*Cf. *Rudyard Kipling*, 1940.

<sup>1</sup> In *Debits and Credits*.

<sup>2</sup> In *Debits and Credits*.

<sup>3</sup> In *Debits and Credits*.

<sup>4</sup> The last sentence of *The Dog Hervey* has a similar effect. The end of *The Army of a Dream* in *Traffics and Discoveries* is not the same sort of thing; it surprises, but is at once seen to be relevant to the propaganda.

<sup>5</sup> In *A Diversity of Creatures*. First published 1912.

<sup>6</sup> In *Actions and Reactions*. First published 1905.

<sup>7</sup> The 'over-busy hand and brain' that is mightily restrained by English earth in *A Charm* may be Kipling's own.

<sup>8</sup> In *A Diversity of Creatures*.

## A Reader's Guide to "Just So Stories"\*

IN No. 1 of *The Kipling Journal* the introductory article, on page 2, giving details of the aims and objects of the Society stated: "There are many cryptic items (in Kipling's writings) and few can say what is meant by them." This booklet has been published to deal with the prose part of the stories only, in which there seems

to be more Crypticism (and humour) to the square page than in any other of Kipling's writings. It is doubly surprising that about 200 cryptic or obscure items have been explained in the 24 pages of the Guide, and that this baffling" element of Kipling's genius has been revealed at the trifling cost of half-a-crown.

Apart from the explanations there are many interesting items recorded in the two-page preface, and in particular the initials 'R.K.' (to register the fact that the artist was Kipling himself) have been hunted out of hiding in different places on the drawings. Also, the different wordings on the map, on page 95, which had been reduced in size to almost unreadability have now been put neatly together in a most interesting account of Sir Matthew Voyses's attempt to 'Sail the Amazon' in 1503. Many of us will, at last, be able to understand this mixture of map and tiny snatches of script. Another of the more difficult explanations is given by Kipling himself in a letter to Sir John Bland-Sutton, which is quoted in full.

When it was proposed to compile

and publish this work I had doubts as to its possibility, mainly on the ground of expense, as the Society was not justified in taking the financial risk. But the main movers took this themselves, feeling sure that all members would purchase a copy, and that many would take an extra one or more for interested friends, for whom a copy of the Society's leaflet would be enclosed.

J.H.C.B.

*\*Copies of "A Reader's Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Just So Stories for Little Children" (including "The Tabu Tale" and "Ham and the Porcupine"), compiled by R. E. Harbord, 1955, price 2s. 6d post free, may be obtained from Mr. Harbord at the Spring Grange Private Press, Wood End, Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts, or from the offices of the Kipling Society, Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.*

## Branch Notes

### Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

Mr. J. V. Carlson, the Hon. Secretary of the Branch, reports a very successful Annual Meeting and Dinner on March 3rd, attended by sixty-six members and their friends. Sir Archie Michaelis, President of the Melbourne Branch, was in the chair, and the guest speaker was Sir John Medley, of the University of Melbourne. Other speakers were Mr. G. Brown, Professor Wadham, Mrs. Broughton and Mr. E. J. Batten.

### Victoria, B.C., Canada

From the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Maud Barclay, we have received a report of the Branch's Annual Dinner, when Professor E. Godfrey, the President of the Branch, was in the chair. The chief guest was Mr. Willard Ireland, Provincial Librarian and Archivist for British Columbia, who spoke on "The Importance of Kipling's Writing for Here and Now." Captain and Mrs. Prentice were welcomed back from their visit to Britain. Captain Prentice had re-visited Bateman's and

expressed his delight in "finding everything looking exactly the same as he knew it in the days when he used to stay there as a guest of Rudyard Kipling."

### Auckland, New Zealand

The Auckland Branch, which has met monthly for the past nineteen years (1936-1955), continues its work successfully. Mrs. Edith M. Buchanan, a Vice-President of the Society and Hon. Secretary of the Branch, reports a roll of 57 members. Among speakers at recent meetings were Sir Stephen. Allen (who gave an address on the 'Tree of Justice' from 'Rewards and Fairies'), Dr. R. B. Phillipps, of Cambridge, N.Z., and Dr. Horton, who gave a diagnosis of the story 'A Doctor of Medicine,' suggesting that Rudyard Kipling's imagination had been inspired to write this story from reading the Report of the Plague Commission of 1908. As a Christmas greeting, the Auckland Branch received two pressed maple leaves from members of the Victoria Branch, B.C., Canada.

## Letter Bag

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

### The Lumbering ' Dhoni '

With reference to the query raised by a South African member in the October, 1954, issue of the *Journal* about "the lumbering dhoni," in the course of my duties with the French Air Force in Indo-China I have had the opportunity to talk with some Indian officers, members of the International Control Commission in the fair kingdom of Laos. (They were somewhat surprised to discover a French airman's interest in Kipling.)

As far as I could understand, their explanation of dhoni—which, they said, derives from Sanscrit—is "smoke and smell like burning incense." Those who could speak French added: "Volutes de fumée odorante"—like the smoke rising from a funeral pyre.

On the other hand, none could supply any information concerning "mowgli" (with a small 'm')—R. KRASKER.

### Somewhere Down South

"Wireless," akin to "The Finest Story in the World" in its eeriness, but surely superior to it in its setting and atmosphere, is a little puzzling as to its location.

Where was Mr. Cashell's shop? It faced south, for an east wind blew hanging game across the left side of its window. It was within sound of "breakers along the sea-front," presumably from the English Channel, yet it was within "a great city," which hardly applies to a town on the South Coast.

Then the hearing of wireless messages from "men-o'-war off the Isle of Wight" is called "eavesdropping across half South England," but young Mr. Cashell eventually contacts Poole "clear as a bell," which would place that town at no great distance. The

story was first printed in the U.S.A. in 1902, when wireless telegraphy was little used by amateurs.

But "half South England" from the Isle of Wight brings us most certainly to Cornwall or Kent, and the "great city" could not be London, because of the "breakers along the sea-front," also because Mr. Thaynor dreams of his own shop in London, not where he is then a dispenser.

"St. Agness" church is, of course, taken from Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," which is the foundation of the story.

Has any member a clue to this puzzle?—T. E. ELWELL, Ramsey, I.O.M.

### Reader's Guide to "Brugglesmith"

Many of the readers of the recently published *Just So* booklet (see page 12 of *Journal* No. 113) have asked for the team's reports on other stories, and now comes your offer to consider printing our notes in the *Journal*.

I am most grateful and submit "Brugglesmith" for your examination, in the hope that you will be able to find room for it in your Autumn or Winter number.

I want to say how much we thank you personally for all the help and encouragement you have given us.

This letter rather presumes that most members of the Kipling Society have read the *Just So* booklet, but, in fact, sales have been rather slow. Perhaps if they read "Brugglesmith" in the *Journal* they will write for copies of that little book.—R. E. HARBORD, Spring Grange, Wood End, Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts.

[We hope to publish the Notes on "Brugglesmith" in the Autumn issue of the *Journal*.—Ed., K.J.]

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are:—LONDON—Miss A. Steadman; Associate Member, Mrs. L. Strain. MELBOURNE—Miss M. Hoylake, Mr. C. P. Flockart. VICTORIA—Mrs. D. Bradbury, U.S.A.—The Chapin Library.

# 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.

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, M.I.E.E.

E. D. W. CHAPLIN.

R. E. HARBORD.

Sir C. LYNCH-ROBINSON, BART.

W. G. B. MAITLAND.

Lt.-Col. ION S. MUNRO, O.B.E.

A. SEYMOUR PHILPS, F.R.C.S.

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.1.

*Hon. Secretary:*

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

### Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada):

*President:* Captain J. D. PRENTICE.

*Vice-President:* ARTHUR FRYER

*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.