



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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KIPLING SOCIETY



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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. 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., CMG, MC. (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.

Until further notice the Society's Office at Greenwich House, 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, will be open on Wednesdays only of each week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Members will be welcomed on other days if they will notify the Hon. Secretary in advance. This particularly applies to Overseas Members.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 12 Newgate Street, E.C.1, at 2.30 p.m. on Wednesday, **February 19th, 1958.** *No separate notice will be sent.*

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

January 15th, 1958, at 84 Eccleston Square. 5.30 p.m. for 6.0 p.m. Subject: "Two Stories of the Hereafter—'On the Gate' (*Debits and Credits*) and 'Uncovenanted Mercies' (*Limits and Renewals*)."

March 12th, 1958, at 84 Eccleston Square. 5.30 p.m. for 6.0 p.m. Subject: The Parnesius stories in *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

May 14th, 1958, at 84 Eccleston Square. 5.30 p.m. for 6.0 p.m. 'A Kipling Quiz.' Two teams will compete in answering questions about Kipling's work. In the event of either team not knowing the answer to a question, the audience will be invited to supply it.

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Notes

ON July 14th, 1957, the *Sunday Times* made its 7,000th appearance, a long and distinguished record. In this issue there are two interesting notes about Kipling, the first on the front page, where the line, "Oh, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers?" is placed under a picture of some children watching a steamer leaving Folkestone Harbour. The second mention (noted in *K.J.*, No. 123), in the literary section of the paper, comes from the pen of Mr. Raymond Mortimer: "I continue to believe that he (Kipling) was the most gifted writer of English prose born in the 'sixties or 'seventies, and that he is grossly undervalued by most of my contemporaries and juniors."

In his book called "Georgian Adventure" (1937), Douglas Jerrold compares Kipling's power of being 'comprehended' by the ordinary, non-literary man with that of a later poet; he tells us that he had been talking to Rupert Brooke, who had insisted on being transferred from a particular battalion "because there was no one in it to whom he could possibly talk." Jerrold then went on with a junior officers' drill at Whale Island, where, during an interval, it was learnt that Cradock's squadron had met with disaster at Coronel. On making some remark to the P.O. Instructor, the man replied: "Well, sir, it's the price of admiralty." Jerrold commented: "Kipling could talk to that man, but Brooke could not." This seems an ex-

cellent illustration of not losing "the common touch."

Books about Sussex are plentiful—their name is legion—and those that have any permanent value give prominence to Kipling's connection with that county. In the Highways and Byways series the late E. V. Lucas had much to say of Kipling's work and how apposite it was to the locality—he quotes the "Sussex" poem in full. F. G. Brabant in his "Rambles in Sussex" (fifty years old, but a very charming book, well worth reading) makes no less than nine references, all of which have value in helping to locate scenes that are laid in the county. That this interest is still sustained may be seen in a more recent volume, "Companion into Sussex" (1950) by Norman Wymer, which has half-a-dozen allusions, the last being a long one of two pages that give some intimate details of Kipling's connection with Burwash and a good description of Bateman's. Not so happy as the foregoing is a misquotation from "Puck's Song," to be found in a work dealing with the neighbouring county, "The Kentish Stour" by Robert H. Goodsall (1953). The stanza is introduced thus: "Most of the sites on which these Stour watermills stand have been used from time immemorial—

Little mill that clacks
So busy by the brook
Ground her corn and paid her tax
Ever since Domesday Book,"

which rather spoils the simple charm of the verse. And Kipling's mill was on the Dudwell in Sussex—not the Stour of Kent.

Once again, London—and Britain, too—has lost another of its historic and beautiful homes: the Grange, North End Road, Fulham; its neighbour, Otto House, almost as beautiful, had already gone, so the orderly minds of our borough and county councillors thought they would make a pair, to harmonise. It was cleverly done; allow the building to remain unoccupied and neglected, and leave it to time, weather and hooliganism to render the place past repair. The Grange was the home of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Kipling's uncle-in-law, and "Aunt Georgy, my mother's sister." What this haven of rest meant to him, fresh from the awful woman of Southsea, is best told in his own words: "At the Grange I had love and affection as much as the greediest, and I was not very greedy, could desire. There were most wonderful smells of paint and turpentine whiffing down from the big studio on the first floor where my uncle worked; there was the society of my two cousins, and a sloping mulberry tree which we used to climb for our plots and conferences." . . . "There were pictures, finished or half-finished, of lovely colours; and in the rooms chairs and cupboards such as the world had not yet seen, for William Morris (our Deputy 'Uncle Topsy') was just beginning to fabricate these things. There was an incessant come and go of young people and grown-ups all willing to play with us—except an elderly person called 'Browning,' who took no proper interest in the skirmishes which happened to be raging on his entry." So this charming house and lovely garden, with its memories of the Burne-Jones family, Browning, William Morris and others, including the youthful Rudyard, is allowed to become a sacrifice on the Altar of Indifference.

Congratulations to the B.B.C. on its rendering of four of the Jungle Book stories on Sunday afternoons in the Children's Hour; these have been exceedingly well 'put over' and should make the young idea imitate Oliver Twist.

Just before the Hitler War there appeared a most useful manual for students, "The Victorians and After, 1830-1914," being Part IV of "Introductions to English Literature," edited by Professor Bonamy Dobrée, who, with Edith Batho, is the joint author of this fourth volume. In spite of the *phobia* which one (I think) of the authors has for 'Imperialism,' it must be admitted that Kipling receives full, fair and careful consideration. As with Chevrillon, this is an attempt—in the main successful, though brief—to unveil the underlying meaning in his work: "Loyalty and abnegation, work and laughter, those were Kipling's anodynes against despair; and with that philosophy to move him he created a gallery of figures which can take their place beside any born in our period, figures purged by suffering, cleansed of self-love, sustained by their manhood and their sense of humour." However, there is no doubt here whatever of the merits or demerits of the British Empire, that Kipling is one of the few Great Ones, and that his fame will last: "His prose was based on seventeenth-century English, and he is the greatest master of the short story in the language . . . his wide sympathies, his intense love of life and of the humbler people who live it and do its work, his respect for virtues without which society cannot exist, and his comic sense, combined with the virility and vividness of his prose, are likely to make his work enduring."

BASIL M. BAZLEY.

Editorial Note

WITH its next number (No. 125) *The Kipling Journal* returns to its pre-war size of twenty-four pages. It will also return to its original layout in place of the double columns which seem to have begun as a War-time economy (since a slightly smaller type could thus be used) and continued as a habit. It is hoped that the more spacious—and gracious—page may provide both pleasanter and easier reading as well as a setting more worthy of our status among the periodicals published by literary societies, such as our senior *The Dickensian* and our junior *The Trollopian*.

The increased size of the *Journal* will allow of greater variety in our contributions, which, it is hoped, will please Members who have been troubled by too much or too little space given to one particular kind of article. It is hoped that we shall be able now to include in each number a critical article and an article of the "Reader's Guide" variety, as well as reports of talks and meetings; also short articles or notes on the originals or meanings of characters or incidents in Kipling's works.

There has been a special request for these short articles, and the Editor will be grateful to any Members who may care to submit them. An excellent example of the kind required, that on "Kotick" by the Hon. Librarian, is included in the present number. The Editor would also be grateful for notes of any articles about Kipling or his works which members may come across. These will be listed in each number of the *Journal* under the heading "Recent Publications." This will also include reprints and new editions and selections of Kipling's works, also of books containing chapters or essays of Kipling interest.

Any such notes may be sent direct to the Editor (Roger Lancelyn Green, Poulton-Lancelyn, Bebington, Wirral)—who apologises in advance for the delays which may occur in acknowledging such contributions.

The Kipling Journal, being a quarterly publication, will henceforth appear in March, June, September and December—provided nothing unforeseen occurs to "interfere with the traffic and all it implies!"

R. L. G.

Recent Publications

- "The Encaenia of 1907." By Howard G. Baetzhold. *The Oxford Magazine*, Feb. 28, 1957. [On Kipling and Mark Twain.]
- "Sing a Song of Empire: Rudyard Kipling, Man of Ice and Iron." By John Atkins. *Books and Bookmen*, March, 1957.
- "The Finest Story about India." By Nirad C. Chaudhuri. *Encounter*, April, 1957. [On *Kim*.]
- "Rudyard Kipling and Fair Criticism." By Roger Lancelyn Green. *Books and Bookmen*, May, 1957.
- "Rudyard Kipling: A Treasury of Short Stories." *Bantam Books*, New York. Price 75 cents. [Fifty stories—all written before 1896.]

The Real Naulakha

by Charles Lesley Ames

ALTHOUGH the facts and history of the authentic Naulakha jewels are not widely known, it is very far from being a mythical jewel and its history is of considerable interest. Kipling may or may not have known its later history, though he certainly knew of its fame, and in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier made his own proper use of the existence of a jewel which is a real rival of the Kohinoor.

The story of the Naulakha is told on pages 158 and 159 of Volume I of Perceval Landon's "Nepal" (dated 1928), part of which is quoted below.

The Nana Sahib of execrable fame, who caused to be perpetrated the treacherous massacre of the British troops after they surrendered at Cawnpore on June 26th, 1857, and the subsequent massacre of about 250 English women and children, fled to Nepal in the latter days of the Mutiny, seeking protection of the Jang Bahadur Rana, the Prime Minister, who was the real ruler of the country and in whose family the office became hereditary under the title of Maharaja. From Landon's work I quote :

" . . . Jang Bahadur emphatically refused to extend any shelter to Nana Sahib himself. 'Tell Nana Sahib and Bala Rao I will not protect them and disturb my relations with the English. If you want to fight the English and the Gorkhalis, say so, and you shall be massacred to a man.' There was a curious rumour, which caused the Governor - General in India some anxiety, that two Englishmen had been carried off by Nana Sahib at the time of his flight. Narsingh Padhya

sent in a report to Sidhiman Singh, the Military Governor of this district, that two Englishwomen had been murdered near Membukha cantonment.

"According to the Calcutta records, Nana Sahib accepted the implied suggestion that, provided Jang Bahadur never saw him again, he would not be hunted for. He and Tantia the younger* then delivered their wives over to the custody of the Nepalese, assumed the mendicant robes of the Atit order, and went west. But before leaving Deondari, one of the most dramatic incidents of this flight took place. Nana Sahib, as has been said, took with him from Bithur the most valuable jewels in his possession. They included the famous 'Naulakha,' the principal jewel of the Peshwas. It is—for it exists still—a long necklace of pearls, diamonds and emeralds, and is perhaps without a rival in the world.

" The Maharaja of Darbhanga owns this necklace now. It descended through Jang Bahadur's brother, Rana U dip Singh, to Maharaja Bir Sham Sher, whose widow sold it to the Maharaja Deva Sham Sher during the short time that the latter was Prime Minister. In 1901 he was expelled from Nepal, and the Maharaja of Darbhanga has told the story to the writer of how a message reached him one night that a wonderful necklace was for sale. 'I said at once that must be the Nepalese necklace, for I was certain that two such jewels did not exist. I asked for time to consider the matter, but I was told that it was absolutely essential that the bargain should be concluded that

night.' The Maharaja of Darbhanga bought the necklace and has added slightly to it, but in its general shape it is practically what Nana Sahib sold to Jang Bahadur.

"The quite unsympathetic Prime Minister** offered 93,000 rupees, and Nana, compelled to take the offer or leave it, accepted the money. But Kasi Bai,** with a shrewdness beyond her years, made a personal appeal to Jang Bahadur, and was given in place of the money the revenues of two villages, Dhangara and Raharia, in return for an annual payment by her of 4,500 rupees. This gave her a margin of between six and seven thousand rupees a year, besides the four hundred a month which Jang Bahadur allowed her for her maintenance and the use of a house rent-free adjoining Thapathali outside Katmandu.

"Among other jewels belonging to Nana Sahib that were then transferred to the keeping of the Prime

Minister's family in Nepal was a remarkable single emerald three inches in length, which Nana Sahib had had mounted as a seal. It is now the chief stone in the official head-dress of the Prime Minister, and may be seen lying horizontally against the right-hand side of the head-dress (see p. 238). Below it is a cluster of fine emeralds of great size like a bunch of grapes. This also is part of the treasures of Nana Sahib."

I saw the head-dress just mentioned at a Durbar held early in April, 1950, in Katmandu, when it was worn by the then Maharaja Mohun Shamshere Jung Badahur Rana.

Be it added that Landon's "Nepal" is by all odds the most authoritative historical work on that fascinating country, and also that the description which he gives of the Naulakha corresponds to that in Kipling's novel.

*Son of Tantia Topi.

**i.e., Jang Bahadur.

***The Nana Sahib's young and favourite wife.

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse on Rudyard Kipling

THE following items are all extracted from the book Performing Flea, an autobiographical work by P. G. Wodehouse, published in 1953 by Herbert Jenkins of London, and are quoted here by kind permission of the author and publishers. They are actually from letters written at the times given at the head of each, but the extract here preceding them is an afterthought put it when the book was being prepared for press.

". . . The stories of Rudyard Kipling no longer seem to be popular and I wonder how many young men and

women under thirty have read *Mrs. Bathurst*, a great short story in spite of its leisurely start. But even now, fifty years after that story was written, I should dearly like to know the solution to the mystery.

Can anyone explain what happened between Vickery and Mrs. Bathurst, or why Vickery, having seen her walking toward the camera in a motion picture of the arrival of a train at an English railway station, shown at a circus in Durban—or was it Cape Town?—should have expressed such consternation? It was

true, I know, that he had thought of her as still living in New Zealand, but why, even supposing that they had had a love affair, should her arrival in England when he was in South Africa have so disturbed him? Why, too, should he have made that cryptic remark to Pyecroft that his lawful wife had died in childbirth? I often think I should like to insert a notice in *The Times* personal column asking that some clever person would clear up the mystery of 'Mrs. Bathurst' before it is too late."

* * * * *

"Rogate Lodge,
Sept. 28th, 1928.

"Listen, Bill, something really must be done about Kip's 'Mrs. Bathurst.' I read it years ago and didn't understand a word of it. I thought to myself: 'Ah, youthful ignorance!' A week ago I re-read it. Result precisely the same. What did the villain do to Mrs. Bathurst? What did he tell the Captain in his cabin that made the Captain look very grave and send him up-country where he was struck by lightning? And, above all, how was Kip allowed to get away with six solid pages of padding at the start of the story?"

* * * * *

"Low Wood,
January 20th, 1936.

". . . Doesn't Kipling's death give you a sort of stunned feeling? He seems to leave such a gap. I didn't

feel the same about Doyle or Bennett or Galsworthy. I suppose it is because he is so associated with one's boyhood. It has made me feel older all of a sudden."

* * * * *

"36 Boulevard Souchet,
August 27th, 1946.

". . . But now when I move my right eye a sort of black thing swings across it. If it is only a blood vessel, right ho, but, like you, I was brought up on *The Light that Failed* and suspect any funny business along those lines.

"Incidentally, why do all these critics — George Orwell, for instance — assume *The Light that Failed* was a flop and is recognised as such by the reading world? It certainly didn't flop in the sense of 'not making money, as it probably sold several hundred thousand in the ordinary edition and was also serialized and successfully dramatized. And if they mean that it's a failure because it doesn't grip you, they are simply talking through their hats.

"It's odd, this hostility to Kipling. How the intelligentsia do seem to loathe the poor blighter, and how we of the *canaille* revel in his stuff. One thing I do think is pretty unjust — when they tick him off for not having spotted the future of the India Movement and all that sort of thing. I mean, considering that he left India for ever at the age of twenty-two."

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are: U.K.—Mrs. C. Fisher, Mrs. L. Clark, Mrs. D. Shipman; Messrs. A. Floyd, J. W. Hill, H. L. Marsterson, W. S. Tower, W. R. Winterton. Canada—Mrs. C. W. U. Chivers, Mrs. D. Crane, Miss E. Pomeroy; Drs. G. E. Miller, K. C. Miller, A. G. Ross; H. Simp-

son, Esq. Chile—Miss J. Santa Cruz, Miss V. Santa Cruz. Auckland 0151—Lt.-Comdr. J. Lennox-King. U.S.A.—Mr. Cruden F. Cole, Mr. Raymond Massey, Mr. Clifton Stroud, Mrs. Robert R. Manley, Junr.

We heartily welcome these ladies and gentlemen.

Kipling and Horace

by Roger Lancelyn Green

CROFTS taught me to loathe Horace for two years; to forget him for twenty, and then to love him for the rest of my days, and through many sleepless nights," wrote Kipling in *Something of Myself* (p. 33), nevertheless his first "version" of Horace appeared in print during his last term at school (*United Services College Chronicle*, No. 10, July 24th, 1882). Of this item Kipling wrote in his essay "An English School" (first published in *Youth's Companion*, October, 1893), which was collected in *Land and Sea Tales* (p. 268): "There was one boy, however, to whom every Latin quantity was an arbitrary mystery, and he wound up his crimes by suggesting that he could do better if Latin verse rhymed as decent verse should. He was given an afternoon's reflection to purge himself of his contempt; and feeling certain that he was in for something rather warm, he turned 'Donec gratus eram' [Bk. III, Ode IX] into pure Devonshire dialect, rhymed, and showed it up as his contribution to the study of Horace."

Kipling's "translation" is included in *Edition de Luxe*, Vol. XVIII, *Outward Bound Edition*, Vol. XVII, *Sussex Edition*, Vol. XXXV, and Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling*, pp. 39-40. The method may be seen best by comparing Kipling's fourth and fifth stanzas with Conington's translation:

KIPLING

" SHE—

Yeou'm like me. I'm in lovv with young
Frye—
Him as lives out tu Appledore Quay;
An' if dyin' 'ud 'elp 'im I'd die—
Twice ower for he.

HE—

But s'posin' I threwed up Jane
An' niver went walkin' with she—
An' come back to yeou again—
How 'ud that be - "

CONINGTON

" LYDIA—

I love my own fond lover,
Young Calais, son of Thurian Ornytus:
For him I'd die twice over,
Would Fate but spare the sweet survivor
thus.

HORACE—

What now, if Love returning
Should pair us 'neath his brazen yoke
once more,
And, bright-hair'd Chloe spurning,
Horace to off-cast Lydia ope 'his door - "

To all intents and purposes, Kipling seems to have gone away from school like the average boy described by Mr. Hartopp in "Regulus," with "one score of totally unrelated Latin tags which any child of twelve could have absorbed in two terms." You will find them scattered, rather meagrely, through his works: "In *saecula saeculorum*," says the Devil in "The Last of the Stories" [*Abaft the Funnel*, p. 320], first published in *The Week's News*, September 15th, 1888; "Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas," says Dick Helder in *The Light that Failed* [U.E., p. 145] at the end of 1890; and so on.

References to Horace in *Stalky & Co.* (1899) need not be taken as more than local colouring—nor, indeed, do they amount to much: "'King'll be a cheerful customer at second lesson. I haven't prepared my Horace one little bit, either,' said Beetle"—in "An Unsavoury Interlude"—and nor had Kipling.

How he came back to Horace in the early years of the new century is not recorded. Carrington in his Biography suggests that the Horatian influence can be traced frequently in Kipling's more serious poems: but the Horatian Ode was a long established verse form in English, and we cannot be certain that the effect of

Crofts' teaching " broad and deep continueth, Greater than his knowing." Kipling's own development of the Horatian Ode may have been the cause of his new and devoted interest in Horace—and the awakener of grateful recollections of Crofts's teaching. It may have been a chance dip into Horace, or an intentional reference to him.

It is at least a possibility that direct reference to Horace was made in preparation for writing the Roman stories which appeared in *Puck of Pook's Hill* in 1906 [they would all have been written by the end of 1905, as they appeared as a complete serial in *The Strand Magazine*, beginning January, 1906].

" When I left Rome for Lalage's sake," sings Parnesius—and Horace had sung of Lalage in the twelfth Ode of his Book I :

"A wolf, while roaming trouble-free
In Sabine wood, as fancy led me,
Unarm'd I sang my Lalage,
Beheld, and fled me."

[Conington's translation]

The whole of Parnesius's song is full of Horatian touches, though not written as a Horatian Ode : but "A British-Roman Song " which precedes "On the Great Wall " might almost be a translation from the mythical " Book Five."

Kipling, then, loved Horace " with an abiding passion " (Carrington, p. 33—but where is this quotation from?) at least by the year 1906 ; and in 1908 (we have his own word for the date of composition) he wrote "Regulus," his finest and most lasting tribute both to Horace and to Crofts, for what

" we learned from famous men,
Knowing not we learned it.
Only, as the years went by—
Lonely, as the years went by—
Far from help as years went by—
Plainer we discerned it."

When "Regulus " was collected into *A Diversity of Creatures* in 1917, it

was followed by the poem, " A Translation : Horace, Bk. V, Ode 3 "—a poem invented by Kipling, since there is, of course, no fifth book of Horace's Odes. Another poem, in a more serious vein, appeared as "The Pro-Consuls " in *The Years Between* (1919), pp. 87-90, and may have been published in some periodical before that date.

In April, 1917, Kipling was writing to C. R. L. Fletcher (his collaborator in *A History of England*, 1911) : " Kindly supply me with the original of that Horatian Ode which I have so inadequately translated. . . . I have already been attacked in a private letter, by a so-called scholar, who asserts that no such book as the Fifth ever existed." [Whole letter quoted in Carrington, p. 481.]

It does not appear that Fletcher supplied the Latin version himself, but probably he was responsible for asking A. D. Godley to do so, or for introducing him to Kipling.

The result was the volume published by Basil Blackwell in 1920 [not 1922, as stated by Carrington, p. 481], with the title page in imitation of a volume in the Oxford Classical Texts : " Q. HORATI FLACCI / CARMINUM LIBRUM / QUINTUM // A RUDYARDO KIPLING / ET / CAROLO GRAVES / ANGLICE REDDITUM // ET VARIORUM NOTIS ADORNATUM / AD FIDEM CODICUM MSS. EDIDIT / ALUREDUS D. GODLEY // OXONII / APUD BASILIUM BLACKWELL / MDCCCXX," which is, being interpreted, "The Fifth Book of Horace's Odes, rendered into English by Rudyard Kipling and Charles Graves, and adorned with notes of variations faithfully edited from the original manuscripts by A. D. Godley. Oxford : Basil Blackwell, 1920."

"The genesis of Horace Odes Book V was in the brains of Kip-

ling," wrote Charles Graves on September 10th, 1941, as quoted in *Kipling Journal* No. 76, p. 21, Dec. 1945. "It occurred to him about the blackest time of the last war, end of 1917 and early months of 1918, as a means of keeping up one's spirits and distracting our thoughts from present troubles, and he wrote to me outlining his plan and making many admirable suggestions for subjects of the sham odes.

"He only wrote one himself (I contributed a dozen), but he was 'the begetter' of the scheme. His next step was to secure a band of scholars to translate them into Latin, and he could not have got a better-equipped company, Godley, Knox, Ramsay and Powell. Godley also wrote the essay in Latin prose.

"The little book had a limited circulation but a good press. • • •

On page [ii] of the book (verso of title-page) appears a note in Latin which was translated by M. R. D. Vos in *The Kipling Journal* No. 97, April 1951, as follows :

"Those learned men, John Powell and Ronald Knox (who took upon himself the chief work of our *apparatus criticus*), both of Oxford, and Allan Ramsay of Cambridge, have earned our warmest thanks, in that without their constant help we could never have offered this Fifth Book to the reader in its present form.

"We acknowledge our debt to others as well, especially to the kindness of the Publishers, who allowed us to reprint two translations, made by that ingenious writer and distinguished Horatian scholar, Rudyard Kipling. These were of two of the odes in this book (the First and the Sixth) which he disinterred in the course of his studies, and of which

his translations, published elsewhere, met with general approval.

"It is also to the diligence, or good fortune, of Mr. Kipling that we owe the discovery of that fragment of unknown origin which he has allowed us to publish on the last page of this volume."

The above quotations may appear contradictory, but the facts are these : there are four Kipling contributions to the book—Odes One and Six were not written for it, but are "A Translation" from *A Diversity of Creatures* and "The Pro-Consuls" from *The Years Between*. As Graves rightly says, Kipling only wrote one verse "translation" for the book, number Thirteen, "Why gird at Lollius?" His fourth contribution is the prose version of Ode Six, which is a skit on schoolboy translations in class similar to Paddy Vernon's attempt at part of the Regulus Ode in the story : "He (Regulus) is related to have removed from himself the kiss of the shameful wife and of his small children as less by the head, and, being stern, to have placed his virile visage on the ground. Until he should have confirmed the sliding fathers as being the author of counsel never given under an alias."

Apart from these four Kipling versions, there are, as Graves says, twelve by himself, all signed "C. L. Graves." Of the Latin, the Preface is by Monseigneur Ronald Knox and A. D. Godley : Knox is also responsible for Odes III, IV, V, VII, XIV and XV, the duplicate versions in the Appendix of I, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, and the Alpha version of XIII; Godley for Odes IX and XII and the Gamma version of XIII; Ramsay for I, VI and XIII, and Powell for II, VIII, X and XI.

There is a translation of the Preface in *The Kipling Journal*, No. 93, for April, 1950, made by S. A. Courtauld.

Although there was no enlarged edition of "Book Five," Kipling wrote four more odes purporting to be translations from it. These are "To the Companions: Horace, Ode 17, Bk. V," "The Portent: Horace, Ode 20, Bk. V," "The Survival: Horace, Ode 22, Bk. V," "The Last Ode: Horace, Ode 31, Bk. V"—all of which appeared in *Debts and Credits* in 1926, and were later included in all editions of "Collected Verse."

Not included in any published edition are "Selections from / THE FREER VERSE HORACE / BY / Rudyard KIPLING / Garden City, New York / Doubleday, Doran & Company, inc. / 1932"—an item printed privately for copyright purposes in America—a foretaste of the "something Rudyard did not live to complete" of which Carrington speaks on p. 282, after quoting three examples. He does not mention *The Freer Verse Horace*, but

quotes the verses as written as "marginal glosses—hitherto unpublished—in his favourite copy" of Horace. The first version quoted by Carrington accompanies Book I, Ode IX, and runs:

" 'Tis cold! Heap on the logs—and let's
get tight!
The Gods can turn this world for just one
night.
I will enjoy myself and be no scorners
Of any nice girl giggling in a corner."

This one is not included in *The Freer Verse Horace*, but the other two (Bk. I, Odes 22 and 24) are there, together with verses ranging in length from four to eleven lines accompanying Bk. I, Odes 5, 13; Bk. II, Odes 8, 10; Bk. III, Odes, 7, 13, 16, 17; Bk. IV Odes 12, 13; also a nine-line stanza with reference to Bk. II, Ode 20 and Bk. III, Ode 30—which may well serve as Epilogue to the present study:

" Gods! What a breath I have blown
Through the wide world for all ages!
Praise me or damn me or let me alone,
What does it matter - My Soul is my
own—
And THAT is my work and my wages!
What I have done, I have done.
It is first-class stuff and I know it.
Nothing under the sun
Shall minish or overthrow it."

Lord Wavell on Kipling

ERIC Linklater was seated in a car with Lord Wavell, proceeding from Holland into Germany, and, as he relates, "It was not the legendary Wavell who sat beside me—silent and unresponsive as some rough headland frowning above a chattering sea—but a man eager for conversation and argument; and the subject he chose was Rudyard Kipling.

Now, my knowledge of Kipling's work is respectable enough, and I had no need to simulate admiration. But Kipling is a difficult subject and cannot, I think, be properly judged except against the background of Northern India in the heroic decades

when our imperialism was evangelical in essence, and a man's work was regarded, by the evangelists, as his necessary act of worship. But except under some compulsion of the soul, or as stepping-stones to a large purpose, work is not widely recognised as desirable in itself; and when Kipling came home he found only a minority who shared his faith and the vision of the dedicated soldiers and civilians of the Empress of India. Being disappointed in his fellow-subjects, he grew embittered; and in his later years his thwarted hopes, now harshly repressed, sometimes made his writing obscure. . . .

But Wavell would hear nothing against him, and out of his prodigious memory drew quotation after quotation that refuted my criticism. From the Lama to Mr. Pyecroft, from Hobden back to Mrs. Hauksbee, he summoned his forces and loyally maintained that righteous anger, such as Kipling often showed, could not be described as bitterness, which was an impoverishment of the spirit; and what I called obscurity was, in fact, the natural expression of an ever-deepening understanding. There was nothing overbearing in Wavell's manner, nothing really combative. He had had so much pleasure from Kipling that gratitude was bound to speak warmly, and a genial delight in argument played robustly on the surface of old affection. I began to feel that it was ungracious to look for weaknesses in so good a poet, in so rare a story-teller; and before we reached Duisburg I had gone back to the generosity of boyhood, and there was no visible fault in the author of *Kim* and *Kaa's Hunting*, of *The Last Chantey*, and the *St. Helena Lullaby*.

At Duisburg that night there was a ball that might have become—or so one thought, with a morbid fascination, at the time—as famous as the dancing in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. The Russian blockade of Berlin had just begun, and Russia's further intentions were quite obscure; though one could hardly doubt that they were unfriendly. But in the meantime the Highlanders and their guests were dancing, and the lifting kilts and the tartan sashes made a very gallant spectacle. A little gallantry, one reflected, was almost all that Europe had to defend her, should Russia move; and the leaping gaiety of the reels, at such an hour, was a comforting reminder of many occa-

sions when pride and gaiety saved the day.

Then, for a little while, the dancing stopped. We heard a farther and more numerous music, and from the broad steps of the house we saw the pipers of the Black Watch and the Gordons, with an escort of torch-bearers, come marching through the green darkness of a pine-wood. The red tartan and the green, white plumes and gleaming drums, the beat of drum and the fierce delight of the piper's tune. There was an absurdity of pride in their tune, the whole-hearted swagger of the old centuries when men knew no larger enemies than the hands and courage of their enemies, and fear had hardly been discovered. For fear lost its meaning against that tune. So long as the spirit lived and the tune was good, the end of the day would bring no difference, whatever had befallen. A salute for victory, a lament for the dead: that was all the difference, and all that mattered was the goodness of the tune.

Gaiety endured until the night was almost done, and quickly reappeared at breakfast-time. I had never breakfasted with a Field-Marshal before, and thought a stately silence would prevail. But the Black Watch is not as other regiments. We are amateurs of history, we dabble in literature, and in conversation we can be nicely allusive. There was a sergeant of the 2nd Battalion who, speaking of the desperate and bloody sally from Tobruk, in 1941, declared: "We drove the Jerries afore us, sir, like Christ clearing the money-changers out of the Temple!" And now, at Bernard Fergusson's breakfast-table, the coffee cups and toast-racks were pushed aside to make a space for rhyme and iambic pentameters.

Wavell, coming straight from his

Chancellor's duty and academic ceremony, had discovered that some of his toilet-gear was missing. He had told Fergusson: "I left my shaving brush at Aberdeen"; and Fergusson, quick to catch the sentence's iambic flow, had promptly seen what could be launched upon it. "What about the *ballade* you were going to write, sir?" he enquired. He had made a beginning, said Wavell, but as Fergusson had suggested it, he thought Fergusson should help to finish it. He read a stanza or two, and some half-made lines. He gave his manuscript to Fergusson, who found a few missing rhymes and gave it back. They completed it before the coffee was cold, and the last stanza and the *envoi* read:

My chin, once glossy as a nectarine,
Now looks like holly on a Christmas card,
Or straggly hawthorns in a woodland scene
Such as is deftly drawn by Fragonard;
No R.S.M. would pass me for a guard
However much I titivate and preen.
My luck would daunt a Roland or Bayard;
I left my shaving-brush at Aberdeen.

Pity me, Prince : the water here is hard,
Hourly my tongue inclines to the obscene,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the
 pard,
I left my shaving-brush at Aberdeen.

Laughter on the face of greatness has a moving beauty. Wavell wiped a tear of laughter from his wounded eye, and across the breakfast-table he seemed to recede and grow in magnitude in the perspective of history. In the distance were Delhi and the black-bearded troopers of the Viceroy's Bodyguard; Ethiopia lay beneath his arm; swift and secret in the darkness the Army of the Nile moved out against the vast, imposing structure of the Italian Empire, and O'Connor, for our first taste of victory, rode his armoured columns westward through Cyrenaica. . . .

We spoke of all that—over a magnitude of Meursault—and Doyne Bell remembered an evening when Wavell

had dined with us at the Savile Club, and startled our table with his comment on some excesses of the time. There had been talk of authority's growing taste for authority, of the concentration of power in political hands and the politician's excessive demand for power. It was not, in essence, a political debate, but rather a moral discussion: it was no political doctrine that was deplored, but only political excess. And Wavell, leaning forward, heavy-shouldered, listened in silence until, by infection, silence grew general. And then he spoke. Kipling, he said, had noticed such a tendency in our times, and deplored it. He had, indeed, propounded a drastic remedy for it. Did we remember *Macdonough's Song*? he asked. And in a very gentle voice, with a gentle smile on his desert-graven cheeks, he recited:

"Whatever, for any cause,
Seeketh to take or give
Power above or beyond the Laws,
Suffer it not to live!
Holy State or Holy King—
Or Holy People's Will—
Have no truck with the senseless thing.
Order the guns and kill!"

Silence returned—but only for a moment—to our table. It was, indeed, more than ordinary silence, more than mere lack of words. The little currents of thought and apprehension that usually chatter in worn runlets through the mind were stilled as if by a sudden frost; and in the hush of a winter morning we looked, and blinked, at the ice-glare on that cold conclusion. It was Wavell himself who broke the silence and found an easier topic. Golf, I think. He was going to St. Andrews. . . .

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" Kotick of Lukannon "

IN his narrative on *The Beaches of Lukannon*, R. M. Patterson, in "Blackwood's Magazine" for September, relates how Charles Carrington's "Life" of Kipling led him by stages of re-reading his Kipling to "The Jungle Book," and in particular to "Lukannon" and "The White Seal." Fascinated as a boy by this tale of lonely islands, Mr. Patterson found the years had not diminished his interest—"the magic," he writes, "was still there." Research work in a Library brought to his hands a large volume, "The Seal Islands of Alaska" by H. W. Elliot, printed at the U.S. Government Printing Office in Washington in 1881—a wonderful book describing immense herds of enormous seals, ruthlessly hunted by Russian and Japanese—of ceaseless wrangles between the British, Canadian and U.S. Governments. Reading this fascinating book reminded Mr. Patterson of "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers" and of Kotick, the White Seal. Elliot's account was so full of information and detail that Mr. Patterson came to the opinion that Kipling had thoroughly examined

it and from it fashioned his seal stories and verses.

Elliot also writes of a small, insignificant island south of the Cape of Good Hope where seal rookeries were to be found—Kipling describes "a little speck of an island south of the Cape of Good Hope." But Elliot was at fault and Kipling possibly failed to check his geographical references, for there is *no* island, however insignificant, south of the Cape. And with his keen imagination whetted, how could he fail to make use of such an abundance of information and knowledge? The very names were there for the asking: Kerick Booterin and Patalamon his son, Zaharrof and Limmershin, all are in "The Seal Islands of Alaska" with "Matkah," "Kotick" and "the holluschickie," which were the names invented by the Russian hunters for the female seals, their babies and the young bachelor seals. Even Lukannon is none other than that early seal-fur trader who gave his name, Lukanin, to those lonely Aleutian beaches in 1788.

W. G. B. MAITLAND.

OBITUARY — Professor André Chevrillon

ONE of the most eminent *littérateurs* of our day, André Chevrillon, passed away on July 10th, 1957, at the age of 93, leaving the world of literary criticism the poorer for his departure; France held her distinguished son in high esteem; her English ally should be grateful for his appreciation of Kipling, without doubt the best work of its kind in French or any other language. Not only did he make Kipling known to the French; he could have claimed with justice that he also 'interpreted' him to his own countrymen—in fact, to the English-speaking world in general. From his numerous works we may select two which are pertinent to our Society: "Three Studies in

English Literature" (Kipling, Shakespeare and Galsworthy), published here in an excellent translation by Florence Simmonds in 1928; and "Kipling," published in Paris, 1936. In the former we may read many well-reasoned and original remarks, the value of which may be judged by the subjoined excerpts. Writing after the Boer War, Chevrillon says: "It is a notable trait in the so-called Imperialist poet that the war provoked him to no martial gesture, no word of hatred or defiance of the enemy." When dealing with purely literary quality he speaks with no uncertain voice, as in "The Sea and the Hills," where, he says, "Here strength rises to the level of majesty," and "Reces-

sional" is described as being of "five short stanzas, suggesting a congregation rapt in prayer, and an effect such as no modern poet had produced upon a nation."

Kipling's conception of duty and service is finely drawn: "Those he loves, those he claims as his brethren, are the men who toil together with other men . . . all those obscure millions whose daily labour strengthens and augments the achievements of our race, lifting the deadweight of things and fighting the forces of decay." A piece which makes a special appeal to the great Frenchman is "A Nativity," of which he writes: "A heart-rending lamentation, so simple—its sharp anguish suggested by the repetition of certain words that echo in this tortured soul. We have heard many

chords in Kipling's poetry, but none quite like this. The lines go through us, like the long-drawn notes of a fine violin." It is a Frenchman—not, to our shame, a Briton—who discovers beauties which seem to have eluded the observation of the poet's compatriots; his clear, analytical mind saw the whole gamut of Kipling's work—not merely the charm of a *mot juste*, but the hidden spiritual meaning that lies behind mere felicity of phrase. Professor Chevrillon was a Member of the *Académie française* and was responsible for Kipling's election to the Institut de France; he stayed at Bateman's at least once, and Kipling supplied him with some biographical notes for his books.

BASIL M. BAZLEY.

Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Melbourne Branch

THIRTY-EIGHT members and friends were welcomed by the President, Sir Archie Michaelis, to the Annual Meeting and Dinner at Scots Church Hall, Russell Street, on Monday, March 25th, 1957.

After the Dinner, and the Loyal Toast, Mr. E. J. Batten proposed "The Immortal Memory," while the President followed with "Our Guests."

The Annual Meeting being opened, the President spoke feelingly of the untimely death of Mr. Gannet Brown, a prominent Churchman, Boy Scout official and a respected and well-loved member of many years standing. It was decided that a letter of sympathy be sent to Mrs. Brown, our esteemed Vice-President.

The President then introduced the Guest Speaker, Mr. Norman McCance, a well-known journalist and radio personality, whose subject was "Kipling's Animals."

Mr. McCance was in great form and his witty and provocative remarks showed his great love for, and know-

ledge of, Kipling as well as his diverse erudition as a Naturalist.

After pointing out that the legend of the Wolf Child is world-wide, he spoke divertingly of the language used by the animals in the Jungle Books. Although he showed that Riki Tiki was not always true to Natural History, he admitted it was his favourite story and took off on a delightful tangent about Darzee the Tailor Bird and the different species of birds who use the trailing wing decoy. "The Bull that Thought," "The Walking Delegate," "Red Dog," "White Seal" were all commended with many interesting sidelights from the viewpoint of the Naturalist.

As Mr. McCance is also an apiarist of many years standing, he was able to deal faithfully with stories such as "The Mother Hive" and "The Vortex."

Visitors and members joined in thanking Mr. McCance and in a lively and friendly discussion which brought an enjoyable evening to a close.

The September Discussion Meeting

Our September meeting at 84 Eccleston Square was the best we have yet had. An audience of 25 listened with delight to Professor

Carrington's talk on *The Light That Failed*. An article based on this talk will appear in the next number of the *Journal*.

Hon. Secretary's Notes

A larger Kipling Journal

As readers will have seen on an earlier page, we are about to realise a cherished ambition by enlarging the *Journal* from 16 to 24 pages, starting with the first number in 1958. Our Magazine first dropped to 16 pages (from 20) in July, 1943, and has remained there ever since except for three random flashes back to 20. For more than 11 unbroken years we have had to put up with 'slim sixteen,' and this notable expansion to 24 (last seen in Dec. '41), is due to the generosity of, firstly, Mr. Charles L. Ames (a U.S.A. Vice-President and a strong advocate of the project) and, secondly, those of our Life Members who felt able to respond to the appeal we sent to all Life Members in July.

Sale of Sets of the Journal

The two sets advertised in last July's *Journal* were soon snapped up, and no doubt some other Members who joined after 1927 would like to possess the whole of this fascinating series. Please make your enquiries to the Hon. Secretary.

We very much thank the Member who recently sent us, anonymously, five of the scarce *Journals* listed in our last issue. Owing to a consignment of spares arriving from the Hon. Secretary, U.S.A., the stock situation has changed for the better, but if anyone can spare the following numbers we shall be glad of them:—
56, 62, 67, 77, 82, 86.

The Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Society was held at 12 Newgate Street, E.C.1, on Wednesday, August 21st, 1957, at 2.30 p.m.

Regrettably, only Members of the Council were present. We hope that in future other Members who are able to attend will do so, as, apart from the *Journal*, it is the only chance we have of keeping them in touch with the Society's progress.

1. The Annual Report for 1956 was adopted.

2. The President and Hon. Officers were re-elected.

3. The Hon. Auditors were re-elected, and a vote of thanks for their kind services was passed unanimously.

4. Dr. A. P. Thurston retires from the Council, having completed three years thereon. Mrs. C. W. Scott-Giles was elected into the vacancy.

The meeting agreed that Lt.-Col. I. S. Munro, having accepted the office of Chairman for the year (if so elected by the Council), should remain on the Council for a further term.

5. A vote of thanks to the retiring Chairman, Maj.-Gen. Sir John Taylor, C.I.E., D.S.O. (unfortunately absent through illness), was carried unanimously.

The Annual Luncheon

Sixty-three Members and Guests assembled at the Connaught Rooms on Wednesday, October 23rd, for the Society's Annual Luncheon. But for the 'flu epidemic we should have been well over seventy. As last year, the food and service were excellent, and everyone enjoyed themselves. Our President, Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning, was in the Chair, and we were fortunate in securing the Earl of Scarbrough, the Lord Chamberlain, as Guest of Honour. He proposed the toast of "The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling" in an admirable speech, which will be printed in the next issue of the *Journal*.

Speakers from the Society

One of our jobs—and an important one—is to provide a speaker on Kipling whenever asked to do so, and Members may be interested to know that in November one of us is to speak to Colchester Literary Society on "Rudyard Kipling and some of his Work." Owing to press-dates, no report on the result can appear in this number. Meanwhile, we urge Members, both at Home and Overseas, to lose no opportunity of speaking locally on Kipling. This is an excellent way of bringing the Society before the public; we shall gladly provide any would-be speaker with all possible help, including Society Brochures for distribution to his or her audience.

A.E.B.P.

Letter Bag

" Little Animals of Varro "

At a recent meeting of the Society curiosity was aroused about the 'little animals of Varro' mentioned in *The Eye of Allah (Debits and Credits)*. The reference appears to be to the twelfth chapter of the second book of Varro on Farming (*M. Terentii Varronis, Rerum Rusticarum Libri Tres*), a text-book written in 27 B.C. and still treated as an authority in the thirteenth century A.D. Varro writes, on choosing the site of a farmhouse :

" The farmhouse which faces the East has the best aspect. . . . If you should be obliged to build close to a river . . . it will become unwholesome in summer. Note also if there is any swampy ground . . . certain minute animals, invisible to the eye, breed there and, borne by the air, reach the inside of the body by way of the mouth and nose, and cause diseases which are difficult to get rid of." (*quod crescunt animalia quaedam misuta quae non possunt oculi consequi et per aera intus in corpus per os ac nares perveniunt atque efficiunt difficilis morbos.*)

It is clear from the context that Varro was not alluding to mosquitoes but to something smaller.

The fabulous story of bees breeding in the carcass of a bull ("A farmer of the Augustan age") is to be found in the same work of Varro.—C. E. CARRINGTON, 63 Holland Park Road, W.14.

" McAndrew's Hymn "

I have read your October number with great interest, especially the annotation of "McAndrew" by Mr. Butterworth. This is so valuable to a "non-engineer" that I cannot think how I can have read the poem many hundreds of times in the last 60 years without its help. My favourite passage (of the annotation, of course) is :

"A gib and a cotter were roughly two cotters through one slot, there being no taper in the slot, the taper being between the gib and the cotter, but a gib had projections on to help to secure a strap end, and was really quite a different thing to a cotter."

This is most illuminating (rather like a taper), and if I only knew what

a gib was, or what a cotter looked like, I am sure I should have no more difficulty with McAndrew.

I am overjoyed to help Mr. Butterworth in one small matter. He says he cannot find any reference to an artifex (with two r's to remind us that McAndrew was a Scot) anywhere. I can tell him of two places :

(1) In the Latin Grammar—

" Common are to either sex

Artifex and opifex."

This is not very helpful, perhaps, but consider No. 2.

(2) In any good dictionary—

Artifex : Artificer, maker ; inventor; ENGINEER.

—P. LLOYD-TANNER, Grafton, West Byfleet, Surrey.

Replying to Mr. H. L. Butterworth's question in the current *Kipling Journal* re date of "McAndrew's Hymn," etc. ; it was first printed in *Scribner's Magazine* for December, 1894. *Carrington's Life*, p. 212, states that it was written in December, 1893.

In *Scribner's Magazine* in a panel heading, below an illustration by Howard Pyle, is the following : " and the night we got in, sat up from twelve to four with the Chief Engineer, who could not sleep either . . . said that the engines made him feel quite poetical at times, and told me things about his past life. He seems a pious old bird ; but I wish I had known him earlier in the voyage." —(Extract from private letter.)

The "letter" was obviously Kipling's own. In the poem, McAndrew mentions that the *Sarah Sands* was burned "thirty years ago." She was on fire when trooping in 1857, which makes the *internal* date of the poem 1887. Kipling was not at sea in that year, nor was he until 1892, yet it seems probable that the "Hymn" was based on an actual sea passage and engineer. The voyage of the poem is evidently a New Zealand return one, but did such passenger vessels call at Rio ? Kipling hadn't "Rolled down to Rio" until many years later.

The "Hymn" seems to have been based on composite experiences and memories of various voyages.

"Trim-hammer" on p. 9 of the *Journal* should be "trip-hammer."—T. E. ELWELL, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

The Kipling Society

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