The KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY

JULY 1950

VOL. XVII No. 94 PRICE 2/-

CONTENTS

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

VOL. XVII. No. 94. JULY, 1950

Notes

VICTORIAN WIZARDS.

IT was said of a hapless monarch sundry centuries ago that "nothing in life became him like the leaving it." To-day it is a world-wide proverb for ever. But it was not a whit more true than it is of Rudyard Kipling, considering how he passed away in the same week as his friend, King George V of happy memory, so that in our calendars and annals they look like being inseparably and unfailingly remembered. Again, for a young writer from the East seeking success among the periodicals, no period could have served him better than the 'eighties and 'nineties, as an article in the present number goes to show. For some time to come the libraries bid fair to be busy with books on two men of letters in that stirring time,—men who had dealings with our favourite writer, and had influence undoubtedly on the advancement of authors and the marketing of current literature.

Frederick Greenwood, co-founder and first editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," seems to have helped the ball of criticism in a paragraphic comment to the effect that "if he had three grains of spirituality, Kipling would be the greatest genius of modern days." This was written in the year 1898, when the new arrival had written quite enough to satisfy a critic on the first or chemical proposition. What, for instance, about "Recessional" or "The Song of the Women" and its lovely plea for the Christian spirit in a pagan land—to take two cases alone? As for the second proposition, it had already been said or approached in high quarters, and in echoing it, Greenwood was better prompted than by that airy mood which causes so many practised scribes to risk a purely hypothetic generalisation with complacency more than once in an average season,

The other book (a newer one) on Henley does tardy justice to a man with a dash of genius who wrote great verse and excellent prose, but was cursed with villainous health, the torments of gout in early years and a limb he lost by amputation. All this might have been a household word years ago, for his friend and confrère, the late Charles Whibley, collected all the best material, and promised us a definitive biography which, alas, never came.

R.K. AND HENLEY.

What concerns us here is that in that day of short fiction, some of Kipling's freshest and best effusions went into Henley's post-box, and their prompt acceptance helped to keep the youngster's Spartan fare equal to the demands of a doughty brain and a healthy body. At the same time he seems to have taken the editor's fancy for exotic humanity and hard home truths. Henley's manners were marked by roughness and refinement in about equal parts, but his geniality was usually boisterous, and all this made men strangers of distinction wonder, as Ticknor, the American bookman, did at the Ettrick Shepherd, and marvel that so rough and shaggy a frame could encircle the delicate soul that wrote an exquisite ballad like "Kilmeny." Henley's exterior and manner upset many newcomers, but they may have amused Kipling if only for the combination of Uncle Toby's blunt whimsicality with the lameness of Corporal Trim.

A good deal of mixed correspondence passed between them, all coloured by the expansive imperialism they so richly shared. After all, Henley was true poet to the very core, and we may all defy Time to cancel lyrics like "Out of the night that covers me,"

"Or ever the knightly years were gone„" and the elegy he must have written for himself, beginning "A late lark twitters from the quiet skies," —as tender a tribute to the Reaper as anything that any age can show. It must have been the man's turbulent body that so inflamed his temper and his speech, and carried him off before his time. But many find it the greatest marvel of all that with so many enviable gifts of mind, he could collaborate with one Farmer of mixed repute in producing a "Dictionary of Slang," of which they boasted that it collected over a hundred synonyms for the most ill-used monosyllable in the language, and none fit for decent print.

VENOM—WITH REGRETS.

It was in the crypt of St. Paul's in 1907 that so many of us met to see Lord Plymouth unveil the Rodin bust, and hear George Wyndham deliver his perfect tribute to Henley's worth and memory. The anti-climax came when Whibley canvassed the pressmen to make sure of a mention among those present. By that time the smoke had blown away that Henley created for himself in 1898 when he turned on his dead friend, R. L. Stevenson, and wrote an estimate in the "Pall Mall Magazine" that was not only inexplicable, but wanton and cruel. Mr. Connell takes a deal of trouble to trace it to the quarrel of women folk; but this fails to explain why any man should "poison the wells", as the saying goes, by trying to mask the repulsiveness of venom with a shallow pretence of reluctance. I would dearly like to know what that loyal soul, R.K., had to say of such a sorry exhibition. Fortunately Henley's ways had worn him down, and when he found himself being lumped with an outcrop of miscellaneous talent as "one of Henley's young men," he protested in good set terms, as he had every right to do.

Let us link them, if at all, on a far more human note, and it is this: Kipling lost an only son in war-time, and Henley lost his little daughter, an only child, with a suddenness that unmanned him. Now that they have exchanged the shadows of human existence for a fuller and a better world, let us hope they are all reunited on mutual terms, and Tusitala of the company! When Sir Sidney Colvin's edition of the latter's correspondence appeared years ago, it was a pleasure in my review to draw attention to the gallant strain R.L.S. kept up with a confrère like R.K. whose work he so deeply admired. In a way they had almost changed places,—geographically speaking,—but there was not a misgiving in either, nor any atom of envy. Let anyone who wants to see the art of banter at its best, turn to the letters exchanged (in supposition, of course) between their favourite heroes, Terence Mulvaney and Alan Breck; and then realise how the mock challenge to a duel passed off in laughter, for the writers, so far as we can find, never had a wry word.

OVERSIGHT?

A recent obituary in a great paper which shall be nameless, tells of the death of Mr. George Wilson, for half a century on the staff of the "Cape Times," and editor-in-chief for two spells of that long period. For the major interval of 25 years its editor was the most famous it ever had, in Sir Maitland Park, formerly acting editor of the "Allahabad Pioneer." He was appointed on the recommendation of his close friend, Rudyard Kipling, who also acted as sponsor at the christening of Sir Maitland's namesake son. The latter as a captain in the Black Watch fought with the Indian Expeditionary Army in the first World War, and won his M.C. The curious thing is that in the obituary mentioned, Sir Maitland finds no place, although for nearly the whole of his term, he was Cape correspondent of the paper that prints it. What would R.K. have said of this, had he survived to read and note such a disparity?

J. P. COLLINS.

Lord Wavell R.I.P.

OUR HONOURED PAST PRESIDENT.

THE widespread consensus of sorrow and praise in regard to Earl Wavell and his passing is a fitting tribute to an outstanding and selfless career, with a full half century of devoted service to the British race and all mankind. He died on May 24 in a nursing home in London after an operation, at the age of 67. The sad event entails a special and grievous loss to our members, because of his exceptional standing as a Kipling authority, and the distinction and assistance he lent the Society as a great past President. Steps were taken at once to send an expression of heartfelt sympathy with Lady Wavell and their son, Viscount Keren, and to arrange for representatives of the Council to attend the funeral.

His masterly lectures on "Generals and Generalship," already a classic, reveal to the full his inborn gifts as a leader of men, with exceptional powers of penetration and analysis. Taking the world's great war commanders, his personal choice falls on Marlborough, and if there was irony in this because of his contacts with the lord of Blenheim's greatest descendant, Mr. Churchill, there was hardly less in Lord Wavell's insistence on administration as the first of war essentials, considering how his later campaigns suffered from the want of it. Yet, like the true soldier that he was, he never gave way to a murmur.

SHERE KHAN'S SKIN.

Nevertheless, this disability, due to German pressure, lent all the more lustre to his powerful blow which ended Italy's hopes in North Africa, and Mussolini's evil and treacherous ambitions of gain from France's collapse. This brilliant campaign, by the way, brought the victor a welcome cable from our Secretary, with a characteristic reply. Sir Christopher turned to account the "Dishlicker," as the foulest beast in the "Jungle-Books." With Mussolini's humiliation in view, here is the message cabled to the Field-Marshal, Cairo :—

"Kipling Society sends congratulations on Tabaqui's discomfiture, and all good wishes,"

In similar vein, this was the jovial and witty answer :—

"Many thanks. Hope Shere Khan's skin will soon be on Council Rock."

Neither of these allusions will ever be wasted on those who know their saga of Mowgli, especially the reference to Shere, the hateful tiger, doomed to share Tabaqui's downfall. Finding Egypt's cable system congested unto uselessness, Lord Wavell wrote by next day's air-mail a "hasty scrawl" to inform us that the Cairo censor's staff were baffled by these Kipling nicknames. Accordingly they had demanded explanations which, of course, they got and enjoyed. But the episode shows how even in an hour of triumph and wrath, a touch of Kipling idiom had kept the Field Marshal's humour well to the fore.

Then came our hero's three years of Viceroyalty in a changing India, where his firmness and humanity went to deal with the famine in days of violent political rivalries and racial complexities fiercely at work. He came home with the fervent gratitude of all, because he had proved himself a veritable statesman as well as a governor-general. Hence the enthusiasm that awaited him when he came to address our Annual Conference of 1948. Our October number of that year shows what a blend it made of the President's literary judgment and conversational charm, in spite of his habitual diffidence. We also remember well the three apt Kipling quotations he chanced upon by the "Virgilian" method to hail our 20th anniversary. As for his unsurpassable anthology, "Other Men's Flowers," culled from the best of our poetry, it shows how his marvellous memory had retained for years so many favourite pieces to afford him companionship and inspiration.

Peace to his honoured and heroic ashes ! Some day, let us hope, admirers and comrades from every land may find his resting-place in the cloister garth at Winchester marked by an approriate monument, to link him with his brother-genius and kindred spirit, Rudyard Kipling.

J. P. C.

The Coming of Kipling

By ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

ON a certain morning in the autumn of 1889 Sidney Low, editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, the most esteemed, high class evening paper of its day, records that : "There walked into my office a short, dark young man with a bowler hat, a rather shabby tweed over-coat, an emphatic voice, a charming smile, and behind his spectacles a pair of the brightest eyes I had ever seen. He told me that he had his way to make in English Literature, and intended to do it, though at that time he was young, very poor and (in this country) quite unknown. I suggested that he might help to keep his pot boiling by writing sketches and short stories for the *St. James's*, which suggestion he willingly accepted . . . A day or two later he sent me a contribution which I received with delight, and promptly printed. This, so far as I know, was the first piece from Kipling's pen published in England

FIRST CONTRIBUTION

The identity of this first contribution which ushered in the new chapter of Kipling's life appears to be unknown, for Low merely describes it as " a miniature story in his best ' early manner,' full of drama, incident and atmosphere, and all compressed into some fifteen hundred words" and, after whetting our appetites thus, does not name it but goes on to regret that it has never been re-published. This does no more than place it as earlier than December 7th when " The Limitations of Pambé Serang" appeared in the *St. James's* which was afterwards collected in *Life's Handicap* ; it also means that it was not the amusing sketch called "The Battle of Rupert Square" which Kipling first reprinted in *The Sussex Edition* in 1935, for that only appeared on December 28th. Two earlier stories in the *St. James's* have been suggested : "The Comet of a Season" and "Gallihawk's Pup," neither of which deserve Low's eulogy, though they may have been amongst the "pot-boiling" sketches which Low received during Kipling's first two months in London ; but "Charming Cinderella" of November 16th, though it has not so far been claimed as by him, is infinitely better than any of the others and quite probable from the evidence of form and style.

Although Kipling did not arrive in London until late October, nor achieve his first real success until the December number of *Macmillan's Magazine* included that ever-delightful riot of colour and humour "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," some little hint of his existence might have been discovered earlier in the year by the lovers of good literature.

THE "RAILWAY LIBRARY" BOOKLETS

A few copies of the original Indian edition of *Plain Tales* and six of the little "railway library" booklets bearing the imprint of Wheeler of Allahabad, had preceded their author by a few months, and one or two papers had taken fleeting notice of them, the only suggestion of their importance being the notice in *The Saturday Review* (still edited by Walter Herries Pollock) probably from the pen of Andrew Lang :

" Mr. Kipling is a new writer . . . He is so clever, so fresh, and so cynical that he must be very young ; like other young people, he will be kinder to life when he has seen more of it . . . There is a new and enjoyable talent at work in Anglo-Indian literature."

But no other flags were hung out for the new-comer, nor did any literary column — a much more prominent feature of the dailies and weeklies than now—hail the arrival of Mr. Kipling in London. He arrived quietly, after coming round the world to pay his passage by sending back travel articles (afterwards collected as *From Sea to Sea)* to his old paper, *The Pioneer* of Allahabad, and settled himself in three shabby and inconspicuous rooms on the seventh floor at 19 Villiers Street, off The Strand, where Dick Helder was to take up his abode less than two years later in *The Light That Failed.* Once in residence Kipling, who was at that time reduced to a

complete lack of ready money, settled resolutely down to the career of a hard-up journalist, eating twopenny breakfasts of sausage and mash, and seeking his entertainment at Gatti's music hall across the way—where the fourpenny ticket included a mug of beer.

"WORKING FEVERISHLY"

It was then that he called upon Sidney Low and found a home for half a dozen or so sketches and stories turned out during the next couple of months "when he was working feverishly in a humble lodging off The Strand, writing for many hours of every day and night."

At first, if we may trust as autobiographical the articles which continued to appear regularly in *The Civil and Military Gazette* until February, 1890, he found London a strange and disconcerting place, foreign with a close and foggy foreignness that jarred upon him and made him homesick for India. The earliest sketch with a London setting seems to be "The New Dispensation" which appeared on December 10th, 1889, and so was probably written at the beginning of November, allowing six weeks or so for it to reach Allahabad and find its way into print. This deals with the troubles of an Anglo-Indian not accustomed to the domestic servant of civilization, and hankering after the faithful and devoted attendance of his native dependent. A few weeks later in the next sketch he is growing more homesick and speaks of his frequent visits to the Horse Guards: "If you stand long enough between the mounted sentries . . . you will presently meet every human being you ever knew in India. When I am not happy—that is to say, once a day—I run off and play on the pavement in front of the Horse Guards, and watch the expression on the gentlemen's faces as they come out."

Of greater interest are Kipling's first reactions to the minor literary "coteries" amongst which he found himself during the few months before he discovered his true level. "Culture" at that time was the plaything of London society, and new "crazes" swept the capital in blind and exaggerated waves of uncritical "movements." In vogue at that moment seem to have been the works of Guy de Maupassant, Pierre Loti and Paul Bourget: in "The Three Young Men" (2 January 1890) Kipling narrates how he was introduced to various youths most grievously afflicted with the new cult, and how, not to seem out of the fashion, he himself perused the works of those authors and came to the conclusion that "unwholesome was a mild term for these interesting books, which the young men assured me that they read for style. When a fat Major makes that remark in an Indian club, everybody hoots and laughs. But you must not laugh overseas, especially at young gentlemen who have been at Oxford."

THE "NEO-ÆSTHETES"

Kipling appears to have met first with the younger and less responsible devotees of "Culture," and to have recoiled in understandable distaste from that loud but insignificant group of "neo-æsthetes" who have come to be associated with the *Yellow Book*. As he wrote in the verses called "In Partibus" (*Civil and Military Gazette* 23 December 1889) beginning:

> "But I consort with long-haired things
> In velvet collar rolls
> Who talk about the Aims of Art
> And "theories" and "goals"
> And moo, and coo with women-folk
> About their blessed souls. . . .

But the petty wars of critics and their followers in which Kipling found himself liable to become involved went deeper than the morbid or wouldbe-unconventional inanities of ill-educated young men bent upon the childish delight of "shocking." There was much folly being talked and written at that time (and its echoes are ringing still) of the merits and demerits of "Realism" and "Romance" as applied particularly to prose fiction. Narrow-minded critics (and, sad to say, novelists of true genius who ought to have known better) were waging a destructive war against all things "Romantic," and burning exaggerated incense before the great "Realist" gods of Russia and of France.

(To be concluded)

The Elms, Rottingdean

by OWEN TWEEDY

EVER since I first started travelling, I've carried one of Kipling's verses in my pocket. It comes from "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal" who had "tried all the 'appy roads that take you o'er the world" and was one of those who "cannot use one bed too long, but must get 'ence . . . and go observin' matters till they die." And to me it has always been as though Kipling, like myself, must have had a jolly strain of "wanderlust" mixed with an equally jolly trait of inquisitiveness. He certainly went "observin' matters" all his life; and is it going too far to say that he, too, was one of "such as cannot use one bed too long"? India, London, Vermont, Torquay, Rottingdean and, lastly, Burwash and Bateman's which was his final home—his second in Sussex.

"ON THE MOVE."

Kipling had been only seventeen when he left Westward Ho ! and set out back to India. He was only thirty-seven when he finally cast anchor at Burwash and settled down in earnest. And throughout those twenty formative years of his life from 1882 to 1902 he was off-and-on relentlessly on the move, and I've always liked to think of him during those years as a bit of a tramp himself—restless, tireless and often testy.

For such a nature settling down was a problem. But after fifteen of those *Wanderjahre* he got somewhere towards a solution. In 1897 he plumped outright for England as his home. No one need bother about his first selection, Torquay. The house looked beautiful but "felt" wrong, and after a depressing month or so, Kipling was on the road again. And so in the summer he came to Sussex. He had chosen Rottingdean because his aunt, Lady Burne-Jones, lived there, and for a month or so the Kiplings and their two daughters were her guests, and during that August their only son, John, was born. They liked the place : the children had cousins to play with—the Stanley Baldwins and the Mackails who lived in other houses round the village green, and for Kipling himself there was the company not only of the "Beloved Aunt" but also of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and of his son, Philip, and of Stanley Baldwin himself, and much good talking and walking and laughing. So when chance offered a tenancy of "The Elms," standing like a fort right in the centre of their village green, the Kiplings gladly took it as a temporary haven. They were to stay on there for the next five years.

But those five years proved to be more *Wanderjahre.* In 1897 the family visited South Africa where war was soon to break out. Next, in 1899, they were in New York and there Josephine, their elder daughter, died. Lastly in 1900 they were back again in Cape Town, and Kipling quickly found himself roped in to help to edit "The Friend" which Lord Roberts had launched in Bloemfontein to give his troops something to read. So one way and another, during those five years from 1897 to 1902, "The Elms" was in fact less a home than a *pied-à-terre.* And that is possibly why Kipling's connection with Sussex which he loved, is usually associated solely with Burwash and Bateman's, and not with Rottingdean nor with "The Elms," where incidentally he finished "Recessional" and from which, in 1902, he proudly clattered forth in his "Heath Robinson" Locomobile and found Bateman's and, at last, had a permanent home in Sussex by the sea.

THE HOUSE.

"The Elms" is suited by its name. There are three elms in the garden and two more top the high flint-stone wall which encircles the tiny property almost like the outer defences of an old castle. Without cluster the landmarks of the village. On the sea side to the south are the War Memorial and the pond which boasts the loudest ducks in Sussex. Above to the north-east is Rottingdean Church, a lovely old building on a slow slope so that from the porch there is a beautiful interior vista on ascending levels—first, the pillared nave; then the chancel; and last, the altar and above it a mag-

nificent east window, the work of Burne-Jones at his best. Round the other two sides of the Green are Down House, Court House, Hillside, North End, Gothic House and the Dene—a happy mellow perimeter with, in the centre, the Elms peering over its flint-stone walls.

The house looks as though, like Topsy, it had "just growed up." On the sunny garden side there are two levels—the small original square three-storied Georgian mansion and tailing from it a single-storey addition for the modern kitchen and two jolly garden rooms. The front faces the Church and on either side of the beautiful hall-door are two storeys with bow-windows ; and from the wide casement windows of the attics above them are views to the south over the pond and on to the village roof-tops and beyond out to the grey sea and the Channel.

TWISTS AND TURNS.

I have just been staying there, and seldom have I known a house with so many baffling twists and turns and so many unexpected steps for a Johnny-head in-air to stumble over. Half-way up the main stairs there is one maddening beam against which, ever since "George in pudding time came over," successive inmates (including myself) have been knocking their heads with agonising regularity. But—knocks or no knocks—I fell in love with the house straight away. It seemed to enjoy being lived in; to have a real welcome for the new-comer, and, above all, to breathe round every corner the sort of atmosphere of romance and adventure which Hansel and Gretel found in the witch's cottage in the forest. I wonder was Kipling won over like myself on that day in 1897 when he first saw it? Anyhow, he took the place gladly and settled down to work in the low-ceilinged, bow-windowed room which opens on the right out of the hall on the ground floor.

It is only a few steps from it out into the garden. And what a beautiful garden ! Below the drawing-room windows it is green, close-mown lawn sloping down to the evergreen hedge which hides the wall. The three elms grow straight out of the grass and below each is a long wooden seat. In the spring the bulbs are everywhere, and a Japanese cherry blooms brilliantly among purple lilac trees. Later come the wallflowers—russet-red and saffron-yellow; and then, the summer, with the herbaceous borders in a riot of colour. And beyond to the west over the wall the thick dark-green of the ilex trees in Hillside where the rooks make their nests ; and above them on the brow of the downs, towards Brighton, the silhouette of the old Rottingdean windmill—a land-mark and a sea-mark for miles and miles, north, south, east and west.

LEFT AFTER FIVE YEARS.

All this Kipling left after five years : and he left without regret. For despite the stout rampart of the high flint-stone walls, "The Elms" failed to provide him the seclusion and the peace he demanded. It was a case of :

"Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

The nigger in the woodpile was the local bus. It plied from Brighton, and its clientèle was tripper, and trippers have to be catered for tripper-wise. So the bus-drivers took to stopping the bus before "The Elms" and then in penetrating Sussex tones they would inform all and sundry—including Kipling who was trying to work in his study, ten yards away on the inside of the wall—that "This is the house where Rudyard Kipling lives." And on Kipling's ears would then fall the loud comments of the trippers who, as likely as not, would next try to invade his sanctuary. Kipling stood it for a while and then protested. For a time he wrote letters which remained un-answered. Finally he visited the bus-office in person.

"Have you received my letters " he asked.

"Yes."

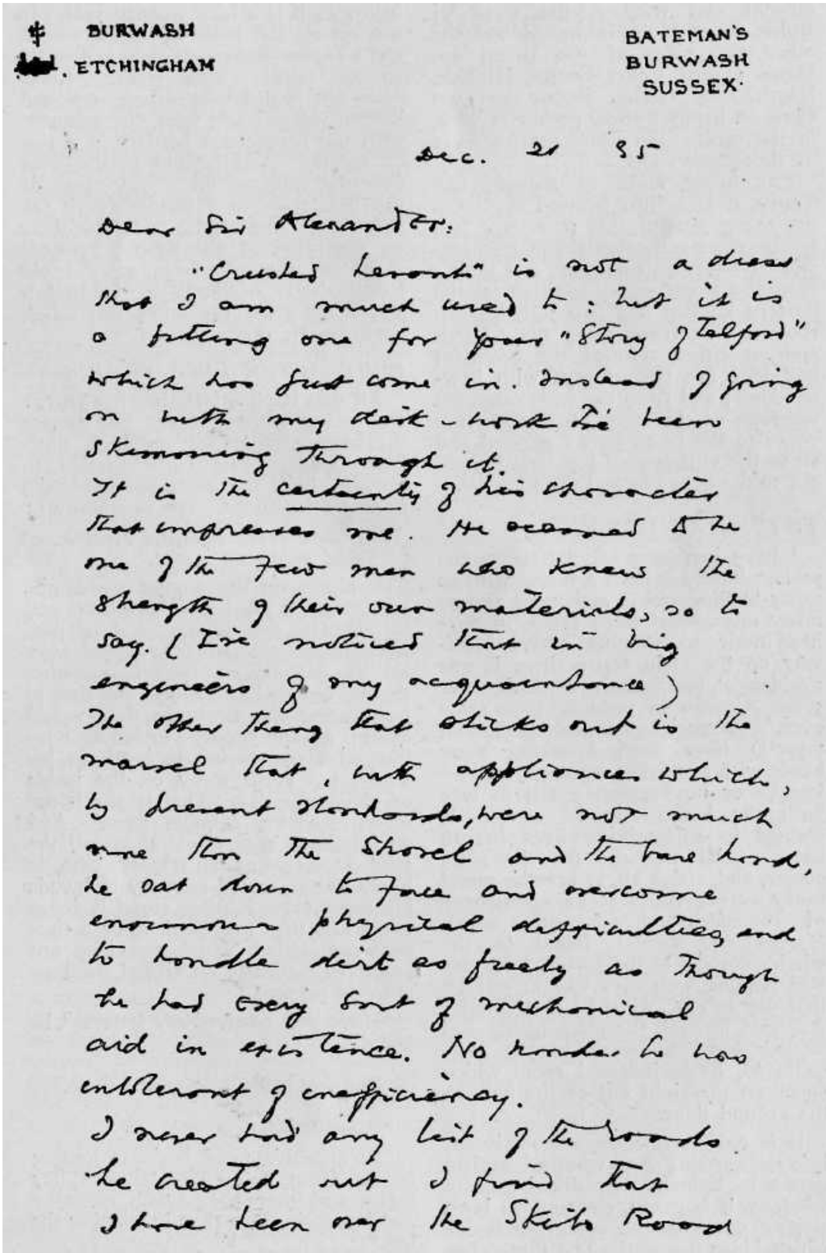
"But you haven't answered them."

"No."

"Why?"

"Because it's good business getting letters from you. The trippers buy them, and there's as much money—and more—in them than in running the bus."

(continued on page 10)



BURWASH
ETCHINGHAM

BATEMAN'S
BURWASH
SUSSEX

Dec. 21 '35

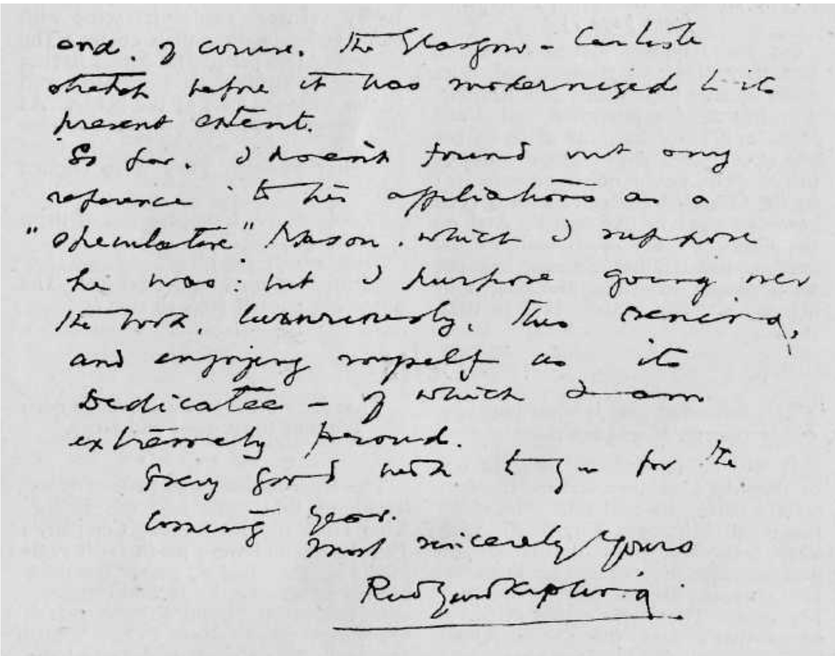
Dear Sir Alexander:

"Crusted Levant" is not a dress that I am much used to: but it is a fitting one for your "Story of Telford" which has just come in. Instead of going on with my desk-work I've been skimming through it.

It is the certainty of his character that impresses me. He seemed to be one of the few men who knew the strength of their own materials, so to say. (I've noticed that in big engineers of my acquaintance)

The other thing that sticks out is the marvel that, with appliances which, by present standards, were not much more than the shovel and the bare hand, he sat down to force and overcome enormous physical difficulties, and to handle dirt as freely as though he had every sort of mechanical aid in existence. No wonder he was intolerant of inefficiency.

I never had any bit of the roads he created but I find that I have been over the Skite Road



and, of course, the Glasgow - Carlisle stretch before it was modernised to its present extent.
So far, I haven't found out any reference to his applications as a "Speculative" Mason, which I suppose he was; but I purpose going over the book, luxuriously, then renewing, and enjoying myself as its Dedicatee - of which I am extremely proud.
Every good wish to you for the coming year.
Most sincerely yours
Rudyard Kipling.

One *of R.K.s Last Letters*

ON these pages we reproduce a facsimile of a letter received by Sir Alexander Gibb from Rudyard Kipling in December, 1935. It is reprinted here by permission of Mrs. Bambridge. Although the letter was not the last one Kipling wrote by hand before his death, it is certainly one of the last.

Auckland N.Z. *Branch*

WE thank Mrs. Buchanan, the Hon. Secretary of the Auckland, New Zealand, Branch, for their Fifteenth Annual Report. During the year the Branch suffered a heavy loss in the death of Miss Buchanan, Mrs. J. I. Purdie and Major Ernest Dawson—whose passing was noted in our last issue. The report conveys thanks to Mr. Bazley and Mr. Maitland for their kind gifts of books for the Library, and also mentions the interesting visits paid by members to Batemans, Burwash, while in this country. At meetings *Kim* was re-read with much enjoyment, and all agreed that this masterpiece had lost none of its interest in its fifty years. The report concludes with thanks to Dr. Hilda Northcroft for her hospitality, and to Mr. Faigan, the Chairman, and Mr. Leonard, the Treasurer, for all their attention to the affairs of **the Auckland** Branch.

(The Elms, Rottingdean, continued from page 7)

So the Kiplings moved on again. But they clung to Sussex, and Burwash became their home. But Rottingdean has not forgotten him, and if one asks for "The Elms," as often as not one is corrected with a slight smile of pride. "Oh, yes. Kipling's house. Just by the Church. You can't miss it. You know he used to live here." And on the Green on the south wall of the garden, the Kipling Society has put up a plaque recording the length of his stay at "The Elms"—1897 to 1902. Every visitor reads it—some with more understanding than others. The other day two peripatetic dames having studied it, strolled on round the wall to the entrance gate of the house. As they reached it, the present occupier and her sister emerged with their shopping baskets. They were regaled with this.

"Look, dear. I suppose one of them is Mrs. Kipling."

"But which one?"

"I think it must be the fat one. The other one doesn't look so rich."

Belts

THE following note is contributed by Sir George MacMunn :—

It will be remembered how in one of Kipling's soldier stories he says certain words shouted into a barrack-room will bring out a regiment with their belts—the most murderous of weapons with their brass buckle plates. He pursues the subject in "Belts" beginning "There was a row in Silver street that's near the Dublin Quay between an Irish Regiment and English Cavalree."

* * *

For it was "Belts, belts, belts, and that's one for you." The fatal words that Kipling referred to were the mistaken or treacherous order to Pope's cavalry brigade at Chillianwallah in the second Sikh war, namely :—"Threes about," probably mistaken for "Threes right," but it involved the famous 14th Light Dragoons (14th Huzzars) in a wild stampede with the merciless Sikh swordsmen after them. The old regimental quarrels, which unfortunately broke out at times, now happily a thing of the past, are recalled in "Belts," the second verse beginning :—

"There was a row in Silver street,
The Regiment was out,
They called us "Delhi Rebels,"
And we answered "Threes About"
That drew them like a Hornet's nest,
We met them good and large."

* * *

The Irish regiment was one of those battalions that came into the British Line from the East India Company's Europeans, and were made Irish regiments as they had so many Irishmen in their ranks—*i.e.* the Dublin Fusiliers, etc. The insult "Delhi Rebels" refers to what was called "The White Mutiny." The Crown transferred the Company's Europeans to the British Army — a perfectly legal matter according to the Crown lawyers—but the men thought otherwise and demanded an alternative return home or a bounty. Feelings ran very high and a vast underground movement was going on unknown to their officers, on the part of about 10,000 men. It was so serious, coming just after the mutiny of the Bengal army, that severe measures had to be taken and one artilleryman was sentenced to death. Eventually, the ill-advised action of the Crown resulted in their releasing all the men, most of whom after a holiday at home re-enlisted to return to India. This is only another instance of inner knowledge of so many things that Kipling had.

"Belts" ends up merrily : "Oh, buckle and tongue was the song we sung, from the Harrisons down to the Park."

A CORRECTION

In Mr. Courtauld's translation of the Preface to the Fifth Book of Horace's Odes, which appeared in the April 1950 issue of the Kipling Journal (No. 93), a correspondent calls our attention to two type errors on page 3 : "mendations" should read "emendations" and "Orello" should read "Orelli."

"Stalky & Co."

A Note on Kipling's famous story by Col. H. A. TAPP, O.B.E., M.C.

"STALKY & Co." was first published in December 1899, shortly after the outbreak of war with the Boers in South Africa. Some of the chapters had already appeared separately in magazines, but the story with the title " Stalky " was not included in the one volume issue.

We know that Kipling had taken considerable trouble to regain the local colour he had lost since the days when he was at the United Services College nearly 17 years earlier. It is true he visited his old school on two or more occasions, notably when Cormell Price was giving up the Headmastership at the end of the summer term of 1894.

Moreover, the finishing touches to " Stalky & Co." were not completed until Kipling had visited Cormell Price in Torquay. It is not difficult to surmise that much yarning over old days was indulged in to the merriment of both parties. I doubt whether " Bates" knew what was likely to be written about himself. A friend of Cormell Price's accompanied him to stay with Kipling at Rottingdean one week-end in 1897, when the then unfinished " Stalky & Co." was discussed. Later in the evening, Cormell Price in reply to a question by his friend, replied " Kipling remembers many things that I have forgotten, and I remember some things that he would like me to forget." Long afterwards the friend repeated these words to Kipling, whose smiling comment was : " Yes, the dear fellow never gave me away." How much more could Kipling have told us is something we shall never know. As far as I know, Cormell Price's opinion of " Stalky & Co." when it was eventually published has not been disclosed. No doubt he was satisfied with the portrayal of "The Head " depicted as a strong and lovable man, eminently fitted to control his charge of some 200 awkward humans. It is because he so successfully treated the boys as human beings that he became a good Headmaster.

R.K.'s OLD MASTERS

Kipling treated his old masters, all of them true characters but with fictitious nicknames, and roughly the right proportion of justice due to them. "King" (Mr. W. C. Crofts) was rather more of an outstanding character than he is depicted. Twice before joining the U.S.C. he had won the Diamond Challenge Sculls at Henley. He was a magnificent swimmer, and an enthusiastic pioneer photographer. It is thanks to Crofts that many Old Boys have had in their possession photographs taken by him during his 19 years at Westward Ho ! "Prout" (Mr. M. H. Pugh), whose nickname was " Hoofer " on account of his large feet, was a very kindly and generous Housemaster and greatly liked by his boys. In character he was more even-tempered than Crofts, and far less domineering. Perhaps, as " Prout " in " Stalky & Co.," Pugh is a little undervalued? After leaving Westward Ho ! Pugh went to Cranleigh School where he proved a good Housemaster, popular with staff and boys. " The Rev. John Gillett " (The Rev. G. Willes) was for a long time the School's chaplain. " Stalky & Co." shows him to be the popular character he was in life. Willes was a great friend of Kipling's, and it is more than likely that it was he who encouraged his pupil to acquire a considerable knowledge of the Bible. " Hartopp " (Mr. H. A. Evans), who plays a large part in the story, had as his special interest the School's Natural History Society which flourished among some groups at the Coll :. Mr. H. C. Stevens, a Housemaster who took Holy Orders while he was at Westward Ho ! does not figure in " Stalky & Co.," but it is interesting to learn that he so frequently used the word " stalky " in his classes, perhaps even in Kipling's time, but certainly long before the book appeared. Stalkiness in some form or another seems to have permeated life at Westward Ho !

" THE WEASEL" TOUCHY

All the Masters figuring in " Stalky & Co." had left Westward Ho! by the time the book was published and

their personal opinions are not known to me. The Masters at the Coll : when the book first came out, I understand, treated the account of their predecessors and the story generally, with a mixture of scorn, amusement and indifference—a book to be read but not taken too seriously. We do know that " Foxy " was really upset at the description of himself. I imagine he would like to have called the writer back into the gym and put him through his paces in no uncertain style. Schofield disliked being described as the " little red-haired sergeant " who swooped about in rubber-soled shoes for the purpose of detecting crime among the boys. Kipling might very well have made even more of the character " Foxy," but we must be satisfied with the picture drawn **for** us. " The Weasel," his proper nickname, was possibly a little touchy and rightly so, but we can rest assured that his reputation has not been damaged by his former pupil, who knew his true worth. On the contrary he will be long remembered as an outstanding school sergeant with the highest qualifications and the noblest of characters. By those who knew Schofield, the part he played in the book and the actual man he was, can be interwoven to expose the wonderful spirit which existed at Westward Ho ! and which he did so much to foster.

W. C. CROFTS IN HIS STUDY

(King in " Stalky & Co."). At Westward Ho ! the college was divided into four Houses, and while the nomenclature changed from time to time, the names by which the Houses were best and longest known were Crofts', Green's, Pugh's and Stevens'.

(Illustration reproduced from " United Services College, 1874-1911 " by Col. H. A. Tapp, O.B.E., M.C.)

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

The principal characters, " Stalky," " Beetle " and " McTurk " were three pals, who for part of their time at Westward Ho !. shared a study, and their exploits are entertaining. They themselves have admitted that their influence in the school was less pronounced than portrayed. The Coll : would not have closed down had any of the trio been expelled for their pranks. In a letter to me not very long before he died, " Stalky " wrote : " Kipling, Beresford and I joined up and formed a playful gang. One episode that stands out most clearly is that of my running away from the school. I was ill at the time. I wanted to go to sea and be wrecked on an island and have a parrot and a man Friday. I was away three days, and then as none of the small vessels I got in touch with wanted anything like a cabin boy, and I was very hungry, I had ignominiously to return and give myself up. A public licking rounded off the occasion. Cormell Price did not lay on the cane too fiercely, and on the whole I rather enjoyed the limelight into which I was introduced. This adventure occurred before the other two arrived at Westward Ho ! and in consequence it is not referred to in " Stalky & Co." It would not have fitted very well into that fictional record, as obviously there was nothing particularly Stalky about it."

Kipling was handicapped by bad eyesight and came in for a considerable amount of chaffing. None of the three " gangsters" were good at games, " Stalky " perhaps achieving more distinction than the others. We know of " Gigsy's " efforts at swimming, and we know he was no tenderfoot. " Stalky " was probably the keenest " bug hunter "—this may not be quite the right term to use—he was fond of animals. The *Chronicle* tells us of L. C. Dunsterville, reading papers at the meetings of the Literary and Debating Society on such subjects as "Ants." "Foxes" and "Otters." To gain his knowledge no doubt some real stalking was necessary. The fact remains that when the trio were becoming senior they were passed over for promotion to Prefect—probably this was the only time in his life " Stalky" was passed over for promotion. Power of leadership was evidently not apparent in any of the three, and there was more promising material in the school to choose from in the eyes of the authorities.

A VICTORIAN SURPRISE PACKET

And what was the result of the appearance of " Stalky & Co." during that December of 1899? Victorian mothers, and perhaps fathers too, were shocked at the alleged happenings at Westward Ho ! Could they continue to send their sons all the way to the coast of North Devon, when other schools passed boys direct into Woolwich and Sandhurst? It was difficult for any Headmaster to follow Mr. Cormell Price, and the third decade of the school's life was not so successful as the previous 20 years. It was thought that the book " Stalky & Co." did some harm to the U.S.C, but the chief fault lay in the stuffiness of the parents rather than the author, who had no intention of making matters more difficult for the school where he had spent four really happy years—the first happy years of his life. No book about a Public School had appeared since " Tom Brown's School Days " and so " Stalky & Co." was rather a surprise packet, arriving at a time of some confusion towards the end of the Victorian era.

It is unlikely that " Stalky & Co." will be recognised as the best school story ever written, but it is not far from this eminent position. Those who know the locality and knew even a few of the characters portrayed can very easily visualise the true value of the old United Services College. There is no need to regard every episode in " Stalky & Co." as actual history. Kipling himself has pronounced the story as fictional with some factual foundation. It is by reading between the lines that the true and splendid spirit which existed at Westward Ho ! can be appreciated and enjoyed. For England's sake, long live the spirit of " Stalky & Co."

We Can't Forget Kipling

A MELBOURNE BROADCAST

THAT the spirit of Kipling shines brightly in Melbourne, Australia, is evident from the notes recently received from Mr. J. V. Carlson, the Hon. Secretary of the Melbourne Branch. In a broadcast entitled "We can't forget Kipling," he said :

"When I hear people say that Kipling is forgotten, or who express polite incredulity when told of the Kipling Society with its Branches, and the *Kipling Journal* published quarterly, then as secretary to the Melbourne Branch I get a ' bee in my bonnet,' that you can't forget Rudyard Kipling.

"Well, while there are children there will always be the *Just-So Stories* with those phrases so dear to the child mind :—The elephant with his curiosity and the quest which took him to the banks of the ' great grey green greasy Limpopo River all set about with fever trees, the wild cat who walked by his lone self in the wet wild woods, and who never told anybody, and scores of others; and the songs of the book set to music by Sir Edward German, headed by the popular ' Rolling Down to Rio.'

" So until children cease saying ' tell us a story ' the magic in the *Just-So Stories* will never let Kipling be forgotten.

"The Cubs and the Scouts can't forget Kipling. The Cubs have taken their games and plays from the *Jungle Books* where Mowgli, his lessons learned, walks through the Jungle, the envy of boys all over the world. *Land and Sea Tales* cater for Scouts. *Stalky & Co.,* based on Kipling's schooldays, is part of every boy's education, and in the dedicatory verse ' Let us now praise famous men," he makes a worthwhile comment on education :

'They ,
Tried to teach us common sense
Truth and God's own common sense
Which is more than knowledge.'

Kipling has been acknowledged as master of the short story, and such characters as Mulvaney, Learoyd. Ortheris, Pyecroft, 'Brugglesmith' and "Puck of Pooks Hill " have a definite place in the language.

His verse has not yet been given its rightful place though T. S. Eliot, who must be competent to judge, says that Kipling has not mutations . . . he succeeds in everything he sets out to do.' Which leaves us free to enjoy what we like and that is legion. He will never be forgotten, while there are engineers to echo, M'Andrews :—

" ' Romance ! Those first class passengers they like it very well, Printed and bound in little books ; but why don't poets tell? I'm sick of all their quirks and turns—the loves and doves they dream—Lord, send a man like Robert Burns to Sing the Song o'Steam . . . . '

Soldiers, sailors, all those who love the sea won't forget Kipling, nor will the English.

Take of English earth as much
As either hand may rightly clutch ;
In the taking of it breathe
Prayer for all who lie beneath,

' Australians, too, will remember Kipling in the lines given for the opening of the Melbourne Shrine of Remembrance. Literally given because Kipling, who did not usually explain, says diffidently in his remarkable autobiography, that he would not like people whose good opinions he valued to think that he took payment for any of his memorial or patriotic verses.

' So long as memory, valour and faith endure
Let these stones witness, through the years to come.

Because of certain men, who strove to reach,
Through the red surf, the crest no man might hold,
And gave their name for ever to a beach
Which shall outlive Troy's tale when time is old . . . '

"And yet it is as the sincere artist that Kipling will never be forgotten !

' My new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare.
By my own work before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

Thank you ! Rudyard Kipling. You will never be forgotten.

[NOTE : *The quotations referred to are of course abbreviated.*—Ed.]

The Livingston Kipling Collection

AT HARVARD LIBRARY

IN our last issue we announced with regret the death of Mrs. Flora V. Livingston of Cambridge, Massachusetts, U.S.A., who was a Vice-President and Life Member of the Kipling Society. We have received from Mr. Carl T. Naumburg, the Secretary of the Kipling Society for the United States, the following note :

"The Harvard Kipling Collection which Mrs. Flora V. Livingston so generously, industriously and intelligently gathered and presented is now, through the fortunate addition of the W.B.O. Field collection, the most complete in existence. The only other which may rank with it appears to be the File Collection presented to the British Museum by the Kipling executors. Mrs. Livingston was able to check off her list of desiderata every book, pamphlet or periodical known to exist in more than one copy, except less than half a dozen. And among the copies which she assembled are a considerable number of unrecorded variants.

When, in the early '40s, the Kipling market was at its lowest ebb she continued to buy enthusiastically and astutely items which she had never hitherto been able to afford. At the Ballard sale she acquired for Harvard a large number of copyright issues which had long eluded her and even in the year of her death she purchased several important manuscript poems and letters which she added to the Collection.

Her minute knowledge of the intricacies of Kipling bibliography displayed in her published work on that subject, she generously shared with collectors and booksellers. In return she was often given the first refusal of new discoveries, frequently at prices which were intended for her alone. No one will ever know what sacrifices she made for the Collection—seldom did she ask for aid in buying an expensive item—and rarely did a month pass in which she failed to acquire some notable addition.

She was always self-effacing in speaking of the Collection, far more so than is customary and even proper for collectors. For example, in checking bibliographies, the symbol which she used to indicate her Collection was always ' H ' rather than ' L.' And she was unfeignedly delighted when, through some accidental gift to the library, a copy in finer condition than one which she had presented was acquired. The gift of the Norton manuscripts of Kipling and of the Field series of rare early pamphlets and ' office files ' of Indian newspapers were great acquisitions which she welcomed without any apparent feeling of rivalry with her own collection. One of the pleasantest events of her later years was evidently the evening she spent with the members of the Club of Odd Volumes when an exhibition of the combined Kipling collections was displayed in honour of Mr. Field's gift.

In the future, whenever possible, it will be the duty and pleasure of the Harvard Library to add to the Collection any item which eluded Mrs. Livingston's vigilance or which she never had an opportunity to acquire. Of such there will be remarkably few."

New Members

THE following new members of the Kipling Society have recently been enrolled :—

London.	Mr. T. B. Miller.
	Mr. H. F. Wallace.
	Miss E. F. Coote Lake
	Mr. B. Joyson-Cork.
	Mrs. N. Brett.
	Sir Brunel Cohen, K.B.E.
	Mrs. A. B. Shepherd.
London.	Mr. N. J. Nicholson.
	Mr. W. K. M. Langley, C.B.E.
	Lt. Col. K. Horan.
,,	The Earl of Birkenhead.
Malaya,	Mr. M. C. ff. Sheppard.
France.	Mr. J. R. Pierre.
India.	Mr. K. Jamiluddin, M.A.
Ceylon.	Mr. H. Ingram Lock.
Malta.	Mrs. E. M. Wilkinson.
Quetta.	Col. H. Grant Taylor.

Letter Bag

Correspondents are asked to keep letters for publication as short as possible.

HARVEY CUSHING'S STORY

MR. JOHN F. FULTON in his biography of the famous American surgeon, Harvey Cushing, writes that in January 1936 Cushing, who had undergone an operation, "was distressed by the news of Rudyard Kipling's death, for he had always admired him and exchanged letters with him on several occasions." He goes on—"And H.C. frequently told the story of having heard him address a student audience in London extemporaneously, so it appeared, and seemingly with no effort. When he asked Mr. Kipling afterwards how he managed to speak in such a finished manner so easily, Kipling replied that he had worked on the address for a month, and had delivered it at least fifteen times from memory : he then withdrew from his pocket the manuscript which he forthwith turned over to a reporter from the British Medical Journal."

No doubt the speech was the one delivered on 1st October 1908 to students at Medical School of Middlesex Hospital which was published under titles—

"Doctors."
"The Doctor and the Patient."
"A Doctor's Work."

This speech of some 500-600 words is the most complete synopsis of this length that is possible in English on the subject.

R. E. HARBORD.

Spring Grange, Wood End,
Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts.

THE LITTLE ARRAH HOUSE

The Kipling Journal, No. 32, contains an interesting article by Captain E. W. Martindell on the above house. I have a reprint of a rare publication, "Two Months in Arrah" by J. J. Halls, who was Civil Surgeon at Arrah and one of its defenders during the Mutiny. Consequently I add **a** few further facts that might be of interest and that are not given by Captain Martindell.

Kipling in "Winning the Victoria Cross" in "Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides" stated that the siege lasted three weeks, whereas from Halls' account I note it was one week.

Besides the inconvenience to the garrison from putrefying horses, the resulting plague of flies was greater, together with the irritating smoke of burning dried chillis. However, more serious dangers were a mine started from a nearby out-house to the foundations of the fort and two small four-pounders that were fired at close range ; but rotten marksmanship caused no serious damage to Boyle's work of fortification. The mining was hampered by the Sikhs' nightly raids removing to the fort the mining tools which were used to dig the well in the basement of the fort, thus ensuring ample water.

Wake wrote in pencil a diary on the wall of the main room. When I stayed in this house in 1895 the walls had been lime-washed previously. Lord Curzon, when Viceroy, got experts to try to bring to light this unique record but without success, so a memorial tablet was placed on the wall.

Major V. Eyre's successful relief from Buxar followed the failure and retreat of the Dinapore force four days previously.

DOUGLAS W. SCOTLAND.

Gallorie Cottage,
Carr Bridge, Inverness-shire.

"MRS. BATHURST"

The correspondence in your Journal about Kipling's story "Mrs. Bathurst" tempts me to quote Kipling's own account of the origins of the story. The quotation, from "Something of Myself," p. 101, will be known to many of your readers but may be unknown to some.

"All I carried away from the magic town of Auckland was the face and voice of a woman who sold me beer at a little hotel there. They stayed at the back of my head till ten years later when, in a local tram of the Cape Town suburbs, I heard a petty officer from Simonstown telling a companion about a woman in New Zealand who ' never scrupled to help a lame duck or put her foot on a scorpion.'

Then—precisely as the removal of the key log in a timber jam starts the whole pile—those words gave me the key to the face and voice at Auckland and a tale called ' Mrs. Bathurst ' slid into my mind, smoothly and orderly as floating timber on a bank-high river."

SEYMOUR PHILPS.

London.

A SKETCH OF R.K.

My sister, Mrs. B. M. Williams of Folkestone, and only interested in Kipling because of her brother's interest, has made a discovery which may possibly be of interest to the Society. To quote her letter to me :—

"In a house I was viewing the other day, I remarked on a particularly nice sketch of Rudyard Kipling. I was in a man's den, a sort of workshop attic. Mrs. Emerson told me that her husband had taken it from a friend's sketch book. I think they were all at a lecture at Strasburg in 1921 and the artist, their friend, was on the platform with Kipling and there made the sketch. The artist's name is "Robida," head of the art school at Calais in 1925 and in Paris after. I wondered if you would care to mention this to the Kipling Society in case anyone would be interested to see it. It belongs to Mrs. Emerson, 11 Castle Hill Avenue, Folkestone. Mrs. Emerson knows that I am writing this to you and would be pleased for it to be seen.

I thought there might possibly be members in that part of Kent who would like to avail themselves of the privilege. I am only so sorry that I live so far away.

J. S. I. MCGREGOR.

78 Meade Street, George,
Cape Province, South Africa.

HASTY JUDGMENTS AGAIN

Why do Kipling's critics never take the trouble to read what he said? The idea that, according to him, East and West are parallel lines that will never meet, seems at last to have been discredited but one of these ' critics ' has re-discovered the enormities of "The Absent-Minded Beggar." On Sunday, April 30th, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, in a broadcast about what happened in the year 1900, referred to the "shoddy patriotism" expressed in that poem. If he and other hasty critics would read line 2 of its first verse, they would find that ' shoddiness ' is vigorously condemned ; it reads :—

When you've finished killing
Kruger with your mouth.

Miss Ellaline Terris, whose opinion is certainly quite as valuable, thinks otherwise :—"I am proud to be the possessor of the original copy of ' Cook's Son,' his (Sullivan's) setting of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's splendid verses written by him at the time of the Boer War. What a daring thing it is for a minnow like I am even to whisper an appreciation of genius, but Mr. Kipling is my favourite author, and I am convinced that if every young man living were to commit his ' If ' to memory, the world would be peopled with real gentlemen and we should hear no more of the post-war bad manners of to-day." (Ellaline Terris : "By herself and with others.")

BASIL M. BAZLEY.

IN HYMN BOOKS

How many of Kipling's poems or verses are included in hymn books? A few days ago, for the first time, I came across a Methodist hymn book, and found it contained two of Kipling's poems :

"Lest we forget"—(The Five Nations).
"Land of our Birth"—(Puck of Pook's Hill).

"Lest we forget" (The Recessional) is often sung at C. of E. services and services of remembrance, etc., but as far as I know it is not included in th Ancient and Modern hymn book unless it is *to* be included in the new edition shortly to be published. It is included in the Church Hymnal.

Both hymns are also to be found in the Congregational hymn book.

I understand the B.B.C. are shortly publishing a hymn book. Will they include the Recessional ?

Do any other verses of Kipling lend themselves as hymns or verses to be sung on special occasions ?

(Col.) H. A. TAPP

Braeside, Haslemere.

Boscombe Printing Co. (1933) Ltd I/Ia Haviland Road, Bournemouth

The Kipling Society

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

President:

Lt-General Sir FREDERICK A. M. BROWNING, 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. IAN HAY BEITH, C.B.E., M.C.
VICTOR BONNEY, F.R.C.S.
Maj.-Gen. Sir JULIUS H. BRUCHE, K.C.B., C.M.G., Australia.
Mrs. W. M. CARPENTER, U.S.A.
Lt.-Gen. Sir SIDNEY CLIVE, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.
S. A. COURTAULD, D.L.
Sir ALEXANDER GIBB, G.B.E., C.B.
Gen. Sir A. J. GODLEY, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C.
Viscount GOSCHEN, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
THE EARL OF GOWRIE, V.C., G.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.
M. EDOUARD HERRIOTT (France).
Sir RODERICK JONES, K.B.E.
Sir CHRISTOPHER LYNCH-ROBINSON, BART.
DONALD MACKINTOSH (Australia).
Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE F. MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.
Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.
CARL T. NAUMBURG, U.S.A.
Lord WEBB-JOHNSON, K.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O.
Sir CHARLES WINGFIELD, K.C.M.G.
THE RIGHT HON LORD WOOLTON.

Council:

Chairman: Lt-Col. J. K. STANFORD, O.B.E., M.C.

T. C. ANGUS, D.F.C., A.M.I.E.E.
B. M BAZLEY.
Maj.-Gen. IAN HAY BEITH, C.B.E., M.C.
I. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E.
E. D. W. CHAPLIN.
R. E. HARBORD, *Deputy Chairman*.
W. G. B. MAITLAND.
Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.
PHILIP RANDALL.
Sir CHRISTOPHER LYNCH-ROBINSON, BART.
Colonel H. A. TAPP, O.B.E., M.C.
Mrs. R. F. THORP.
J. R. TURNBULL, M.C.

Hon. Treasurer:
R. E. HARBORD.

Hon. Solicitor:
PHILIP RANDALL.

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

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

Hon. Auditors:
Messrs. MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL.

Hon. Secretary:
Sir CHRISTOPHER LYNCH-ROBINSON, BT.

Offices:
c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund,
Greenwich House, 11/13 Newgate Street, 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:
MISS S. A. E. STROM,
117 Williams Road,
Windsor, Melbourne.

Hon. Secretary:
J. V. CARLSON,
13 Craigrossie Avenue,
Coburg, West, Melbourne.

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada):
President: K. C. SYMONS.
Hon. Secretary: MRS. MAUD BARCLAY, 506 Niagara Street, Victoria, B.C.

Hon. Secretary, U.S.A.:
CARL T. NAUMBURG, 210 West 90 Street, New York 24, N.Y.